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A

Complete Edition

of the

Poets

of

GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Second.

Containing

Spenser, Shakespeare, Davies & Hall.

LONDON:

Printed for John & Arthur Arch, *23. Gracechurch Street.*

and for Bell & Bradfute *and* I. Mundell & Co. *Edinburgh.*

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL;

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

VOLUME SECOND.

CONTAINING THE WORKS OF

SPENSER,
SHAKSPEARE,

DAVIES, AND
HALL.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN & ARTHUR ARCH, No 23. GRACE-CHURCH-STREET;
AND FOR BELL & BRADFUTE, AND J. MUNDELL & Co. EDINBURGH.

1794.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER,

FROM THE TEXT OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

Containing

THE FAERY QUEENE.
COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME AGAIN.
VIRGIL'S GNAT.
THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.
HYMNS.
VISIONS.
MOTHER HUBBARD'S TALE.
PROTHALAMION.
EPITHALAMION.
SONNETS.
ELEGIAC POEMS.
TEARS OF THE MUSES.
RUINS OF ROME.
RUINS OF TIME.
MINOPOTMOS.
&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyſelf preſent,
As child whoſe parent is unkent,
To him that is the Preſident
Of Nobleneſſe and Chivalrie——
And, aſked who thee forth did bring?
A Shepeheard's ſwaine ſay did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy head——
And when thou art paſt jeopardie,
Come tell me what was ſaid of mee,
And I will ſend more after thee.

SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1792.

THE LIFE OF SPENSER.

THE authentic materials which hiſtory has preſerved, concerning Edmund Spenſer, are by no means ſufficient to enable us to give a full account of his life, or ſuch a deſcription, either of his perſon or of his fortune, as will completely gratify the admirer of Engliſh Poetry, or of real genius.

He was born in London, and flouriſhed during the illuſtrious reign of Queen Elizabeth; but what rank his parents held in ſociety is very uncertain: A circumſtance which, of itſelf, renders it probable that his deſcent was obſcure.

The time, both of his birth and of his death, has been diſputed. Concerning the firſt, we are not in poſſeſſion of any circumſtance which can authoriſe us to hazard even a conjecture. The latter event, in all probability, happened about the year 1598.

But while the accounts of his birth and family are ſo obſcure and imperfect, and while many of the events of his life are loſt in oblivion, Edmund Spenſer is well known by his works, which have been read with admiration and delight ever ſince their firſt publication.

He had his education at Pembroke-Hall in Cambridge; where, after he had remained for ſome time, ſtoring his mind with uſeful knowledge, he ſtood for a Fellowſhip, in competition with a Mr. Andrews, afterwards Biſhop of Wincheſter; but without ſucceſs. This diſappointment, and the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, obliged him to retire from the college. He took up his reſidence with ſome friends in the north. And in this retirement he became enamoured of the beautiful Roſalind, whom he celebrates with ſo much elegance in his paſtoral poems, and of whoſe cruelty we find him uttering ſo many pathetic complaints.

It was in this retirement that the genius of Spenſer firſt began to diſtinguiſh itſelf; and the Shepherd's Calendar was the firſt fruit of his unſucceſsful paſſion. This firſt effort of his genius he dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney, who was regarded as the moſt accompliſhed and reſpectable gentleman of the age in which he lived. Sir Philip was himſelf a poet of no inferior talents, and ſoon diſcovered the merit of Spenſer, whom he continued to countenance and protect till the end of his life.

By the advice of his friends, Spenſer in a ſhort time quitted this retirement, and went to London, that he might be more in the road of preferment. Here he experienced the judicious and generous patronage of the amiable Sir Philip Sydney, who, on reading a few ſtanzas of his Fairy Queen, which Spenſer had at this time begun to write, was ſo ſtruck with the inimitable deſcription of ſome of the characters, that he ordered his ſteward to pay the author two hundred pounds; and prepared the way for his being known and received at Court.

Although nothing could have been more auſpicious than this introduction, yet Spenſer did not derive from it any immediate benefit. He was indeed created Poet Laureat to Queen Elizabeth; but for ſome time he poſſeſſed only the place without the penſion. His generous and noble patron was, from the nature of his employments, and the active ſhare he had in the campaigns of the Low Countries, obliged to be much abſent from Court; and the Lord Treaſurer Burleigh, who did not hold Spenſer's merit in the ſame eſtimation, inſtead of promoting his intereſt with the Queen, is ſaid to have intercepted her favour to this ingenious and unfortunate man.

This

This misfortune ſtruck the elegant mind of the poet ſo deeply, that the impreſſion ſeems not to have been effaced during a great part of his life. And, as might have been expected, we find him in many parts of his works, indulging himſelf in the moſt tender complaints of this ungenerous and undeſerved treatment. In his poem called the Ruins of Time, which was written ſome time after Sydney's death; in the ſpeech of Calliope; in the poem intitled the Tears of the Muſes; in his Mother Hubbard's Tale; and at the end of book 6. of the Fairy Queen: there are ſeveral lines which carry a moſt pointed alluſion to the repulſe and oppoſition of the Lord Treaſurer. This conduct, on the part of the poet, naturally widened the breach between him and Burleigh; till what, at firſt, was perhaps only neglect in the Treaſurer, was converted into a ſettled hatred.

Notwithſtanding this violent and illiberal oppoſition of the Treaſurer, however, the Queen, upon Spenſer's preſenting her with ſome poems, ordered him a gratuity of an hundred pounds; and, ſome time after his appearance at Court, his uncommon abilities gained him the eſteem and acquaintance of the moſt eminent men of that time.

His firſt appearance in active life was in the year 1579, when he was ſent abroad by the Earl of Leiceſter; but on what particular ſervice he was employed is uncertain.

He was next recommended as ſecretary to the Lord Grey of Wilton, upon his being choſen deputy of Ireland. In this ſituation he acquitted himſelf with great ſkill and ability, as may appear from his diſcourſe on the ſtate of Ireland, in which are to be found many ſolid and judicious remarks, that reflect as much honour on his talents for public buſineſs, as his other productions do on his genius for poetry

Our author ſeemed now for ever exempted from the difficulties and embarraſſments of his former life. His ſervices to the Crown were rewarded, by a grant from Queen Elizabeth of 3000 acres of land in the county of Corke. His houſe was in Kilcolman; and the river Mulla, which he has more than once ſo beautifully introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds.

About this time, Spenſer contracted an intimate friendſhip with the great and learned Sir Walter Raleigh; and the poem called "Colin Clout's come home again," in which Sir Walter is deſcribed, after the paſtoral manner, in the character of the Shepherd of the Ocean, is a beautiful memorial of this friendſhip, which originated at firſt from congeniality of ſoul and ſimilarity of taſte in the polite arts. Sir Walter did Spenſer conſiderable ſervices at Court, and rendered the Queen better acquainted with his writings than ſhe had ever been before.

In this delightful retirement he was a more ſucceſsful lover, than when he paid his addreſſes to Roſalind. The hiſtory of the progreſs of his new amour may be traced in the collection of his ſonnets; and the excellent epithalamium which we find among his writings, was occaſioned by his obtaining the object of his affection in marriage.

It was here too, that he finiſhed his celebrated poem of the Fairy Queen, which was begun and continued at different intervals of time, and of which only the three firſt books were at firſt publiſhed. In a following edition he added three more: but the laſt ſix books (excepting the two cantos of Mutability) were unfortunately loſt by his ſervant, whom he had ſent before him in haſte to England; a circumſtance which the admirers of genuine merit, and of this moſt admirable poem, muſt for ever regret.

Spenſer, however, was ſoon driven from this ſerene and tranquil ſcene. In the rebellion of the Earl of Deſmond he loſt his eſtate. And upon his return to England, the weight of his misfortunes was doubled, from the want of his beſt friend the brave Sir Philip Sydney, who, a few years before, had died of the wounds he had received in an action in the Netherlands, univerſally lamented, as the ornament of the Engliſh nation.

The remainder of Spenſer's life, were it better known, would probably be little elſe than the mournful detail of affliction. His fortune was now broken; his heart was wounded with calamity; and the evening of a day, in which he had ſeen but few bright hours, was ſpent in the deep gloom of adverſity.

He died in the ſame year with his powerful enemy the Lord Burleigh, which was in 1598, and about twelve years after his beloved patron Sir Philip Sydney. He was buried, at his own requeſt, in Weſtminſter Abbey, near the famous Geoffrey Chaucer. His obſequies were attended by the poets

of

of that time. Several copies of verſes were thrown into his grave; and a monument to his memory was erected at the charge of the famous Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Eſſex.

Beſides thoſe pieces of Spenſer which have been preſerved, we find he had written ſeveral others, of which the titles only can now be traced. Among theſe the moſt conſiderable were, nine comedies, inſcribed with the names of the Nine Muſes. The reſt, which are mentioned in his own letters, and thoſe of his friends, are, his Dying Pelicane, his Pageants, Stemmata Dudleyana, the Canticles paraphraſed, Eccleſiaſtes, Seven Pſalms, Hours of our Lord, Sacrifice of a Sinner, Purgatory, A Se'nnight's Slumber, The Court of Cupid, and the Hell of Lovers. He is likewiſe ſaid to have written a treatiſe in proſe, called the Engliſh Poet.

As for the Epithalamion Thameſis, and his Dreams, both mentioned by himſelf in one of his letters, it is probable they are ſtill preſerved, though under different names. His dreams, there is reaſon to conclude, have been publiſhed under the ſeveral titles of, Viſions of the World's Vanity, Bellay's Viſions, Petrarch's Viſions, &c.; and the ſubſtance of the Epithalamion Thameſis has been preſerved in Canto XI. of Book IV. of the Fairy Queen, in that beautiful epiſode of the marriage of the Thames and Medway, which is ſo great an ornament to that book.

We are equally ignorant, what family Spenſer left behind him, as we are concerning many of the events of his own life. The only circumſtance that ſeems to merit any credit, is, that a perſon, in the reign of King William, came over from Ireland to ſolicit the lands which had belonged to his anceſtors, and brought along with him letters of recommendation as a deſcendant of Spenſer. His claim was allowed to be good, and he obtained his ſuit. He could give no account whatever of the works of his illuſtrious anceſtor which are wanting; and in all probability, therefore, we muſt conclude, with regret, that they are irrecoverably loſt.

A LETTER OF THE AUTHOR'S

Expounding his whole intention in the course of this Worke; which, for that it giueth great light to the Reader, for the better understanding is hereunto annexed.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNT.

Lord Warden of the Stanneryes and her Maiestie's liefetenaunt of the Country of Cornewayll.

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I haue entituled The Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as well for auoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to discouer unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or bye-accidents, therein occasioned. The general end, therefore, of all the booke, is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline; which, for that I conceiued, should be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter, then for profite of the ensample, I chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furtheſt from the daunger of enuy, and suspition of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique poets historicall; first Homere, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Æneas; after him Ariosto compriſed them both in his Orlando; and lately Tasso disseuered them again, and formed both parts in two persons, namely, that part which they in philosophy call Ethice, or Vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named Politice, in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellente poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a braue knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as Aristotle hath deuised; the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of politicke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this methode will seem displeasaunt, which

had rather haue good diſcipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or ſermoned at large, as they uſe, then thus clowdily enwrapped in allegorical deuiſes. But ſuch, me ſeeme, ſhould be ſatisfide with the uſe of theſe days, ſeeing all things accounted by their ſhowes, and nothing eſteemed of, that is not delightful and pleaſing to commune ſcence. For this cauſe is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquiſite depth of his judgment, formed a commune-wealth, ſuch as it ſhould be; but the other in the perſon of Cyrus, and the Perſians, faſhioned a gouerment ſuch as might beſt be; ſo much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by enſample then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the perſon of Arthure: whom I conceiue, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin deliuered to be brought up, ſo ſoone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to haue ſeene in a dream or viſion the Faery Queene, with whoſe excellent beauty rauiſhed, he awaking reſolued to ſeeke her out; and ſo being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly inſtructed, he went to ſeeke her forth in Faery Land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceiue the moſt excellent and glorious perſon of our ſoueraine the Queene, and her kingdom in Faery Land. And yet in ſome places els, I do otherwiſe ſhadow her. For conſidering ſhe beareth two perſons, the one of a moſt royal Queene or Empreſſe, the other of a moſt vertuous and beautifull lady, this latter part in ſome places I doe expreſſe in Belphœbe, faſhioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia: Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the perſon of Prince Arthure I ſette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue for that (according to Ariſtotle and the reſt) it is the perfection of all the reſt, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole courſe I mention the deeds of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii other vertues, I make xii other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the hiſtory: of which theſe three bookes contayn three.

The firſt of the Knight of the Red-croſſe, in whom I expreſſe Holyneſſe: the ſeconde of Sir Guyon, in whom I ſette forth temperaunce: the third of Britomartis, a lady-knight, in whom I picture chaſtity. But becauſe the beginning of the whole work ſeemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occaſion of theſe three knights ſeuerall aduentures. For the methode of a poet hiſtorical is not ſuch, as of an hiſtoriagrapher. For an hiſtoriographer diſcourſeth of affayrs orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thruſteth into the middeſt, euen where it moſt concerneth him, and there recourſing to the thinges forepaſte, and diuining of thinges to come; maketh a pleaſing analyſis of all.

The beginning, therefore, of my hiſtory, if it were to be told by an hiſtoriographer, ſhould be the twelfth booke, which is the laſt, where I deuiſe that the Faery Queene kept her annuall feaſte xii days; uppon which xii ſeuerall dayes, the occaſions of the xii ſeuerall aduentures happned, which being undertaken by xii ſeueral knights, are in theſe xii books ſeuerally handled and diſcourſed. The firſt was this: In the beginning of the feaſt, there preſented himſelfe a tall clowniſhe young man, who falling before the Queene of Faeries deſired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feaſt ſhe might not refuſe; which was that he might haue the atchieument of any aduenture, which during that feaſte ſhould happen. That being graunted, he reſted him on the floore, unfitte through his ruſticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white aſſe, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike ſteed, that bore the arms of a knight, and his ſpeare in the dwarfe's hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years ſhut up in a braſen caſtle, who thence ſuffered them not to yſſew: and therefore beſought the Faery Queene to aſſygne her ſome one of her knights to take upon him that exployt. Preſently that clowniſh perſon upſtarting, deſired that aduenture: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the lady much gaineſaying, yet he earneſtly importuned his deſire. In the end the lady told him, that unleſſe that armour which ſhe brought would ſerue him, (that is the armour of a Chriſtian man ſpecified by St. Paule, v. Ephes.) that he could not ſucceed in that enterpriſe: which being forthwith put upon him with dew furnitures thereunto, he ſeemed the goodlieſt man in al that company, and was well liked of the lady. And eſteſoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that ſtrange courſer, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the firſt booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, &c.

The ſecond day there came in a palmer bearing an infant with bloody hands, whoſe parents he complained to haue bene ſlayne by an enchauntreſſe called Acraſia: and therefore craued of the Faery Queene to appoint him ſome knight to performe that aduenture, which being aſſigned to Sir Guyon, he preſently went forth with that ſame palmer: which is the beginning of the ſecond booke, and the whole ſubiect thereof. The third day there came in a groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile enchanter called Buſirane had in hand a moſt faire lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in moſt grieuous torment, becauſe ſhe would not yield him the pleaſure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour the lover of that lady preſently tooke on him that aduenture. But being unable to performe it by reaſon of the hard enchauntments, after long ſorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who ſuccoured him; and reſkewed his love.

But, by occaſion hereof, many other aduentures are intermedled, but rather as accidents, then in-

tendments: as the loue of Britomart, the ouerthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphœbe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora; and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I haue briefly ouerronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the history, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handful gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seem tedious and confused. So humbly craving the continuance of your honourable fauour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

ED. SPENSER.

23. Ian. 1589.

To the Moſt High, Mightie, and Magnificent

EMPRESSE,

Renowmed for Pietie, Vertve, and all Graciovs Government,

ELISABETH,

By the Grace of God,

QVEENE OF ENGLAND, FRAVNCE

AND IRELAND, AND OF VIRGINIA;

Defendovr of the Faith, &c.

HER MOST HVMBLE SERVANT,

EDMVND SPENSER,

Doth, in all Hvmilitie,

DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS,

To live with the Eternitie of her Fame.

VERSES

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE FAERY QUEENE.

A Viſion vpon this Concept of the Faery Queene.

Me thought I ſaw the graue where Laura lay,
Within that temple, where the veſtal flame
Was wont to burne, and paſſing by that way
To ſee that buried duſt of liuing fame,
Whoſe tumbe faire Loue, and fairer Vertue kept,
All ſuddenly I ſaw the Faery Queene;
At whoſe approch the ſoul of Petrarke wept,
And from thenceforth thoſe Graces were not ſeene;
For they this Queene attended, in whoſe ſteed
Obliuion laid him down on Laura's herſe:
Hereat the hardeſt ſtones were ſeen to bleed,
And grones of buried ghoſtes the heuens did perſe;
Where Homer's ſpright did tremble all for griefe,
And curſt the acceſſe of that celeſtial thiefe.

Another of the ſame.

The prayſe of meaner wits this Worke like profit brings, [ſings.
As doth the cuckoe's ſong delight when Philumena
If thou haſt formed right true Vertue's face herein,
Vertue herſelfe can beſt diſcerne, to whom they written bin.
If thou haſt beautie prayſd, let her ſole looks diuine
Iudge ought therein be amis, and mend it by hereine.
If chaſtitie want ought, or temperance her dew,
Behold her princely mind aright, and write thy Queen anew. [ſore
Mean while ſhe ſhall perceiue how far her vertues
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or ſuch as wrote of yore;
And thereby will excuſe and fauour thy good will,
Whoſe vertue cannot be expreſt, but by an angel's quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which ſpeak our Engliſh tongue, but thoſe of thy deuice.

To the Learned Shepheard.

Collyn, I ſee by thy new taken taſke
Some ſacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy Muſe in haughty verſe to maſke,
And loath the layes that long to lowly ſwaynes;
That lifts thy notes from ſhepheards unto kinges,
So like the liuely lark that mounting ſinges.

Thy louely Roſalinde ſeemes now forlorne,
And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in ſcorne,
Thoſe prety pypes that did thy mates delight;
Thoſe truſty mates, that loued thee ſo well,
Whom thou gau'ſt mirth, as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou earſt with thy ſweet roundelayes,
Didſt ſtirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers,
So moughtſt thou now in theſe refyned layes,
Delight the daintie eares of higher powers;
And ſo mought they, in their deep ſcanning ſkill,
Alow and grace our Collyn's flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queen of thine,
In whoſe faire eyes Loue linckt with Vertue ſittes,
Enfuſing by thoſe bewties ſyers deuine
Such high conceits into thy humble wittes,

As raiſed hath poore paſtors oaten reedes,
From ruſtic tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Red-croſſe knight with happy hand
Victorious be in that faire iſland's right,
Which thou doſt vail in type of Faery Land,
Eliza's bleſſed field, that Albion hight; [foes,
That ſhields her friendes, and warres her mightie
Yet ſtill with people, peace and plenty flowes.

But (iolly Shepeheard) though with pleaſing ſtyle
Thou feaſt the humour of the courtly trayne,
Let not conceipt thy ſettled ſence beguile,
Ne daunted be through enuy or diſdaine:
Subject thy dome to her empyring ſpright,
From whence thy Muſe and all the world takes light.

HOBYNOLL.

Fayre Thamis ſtreame, that from Ludd's ſtately towne,
Runſt paying tribute to the ocean ſeas,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be ſilent, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes:
Nere thy ſweet bankes there liues that ſacred Crowne,
Whoſe hand ſtrowes palme and neuer-dying bayes;
Let all at once with thy ſoft murmuring ſowne
Preſent her with this worthy poet's prayes;
For he hath taught hye drifts in ſhepherdes weedes,
And deep conceites now ſinges in Faeries deedes.

R. S.

Grave Muſes march in triumph and with prayſes,
Our Goddeſſe here hath giuen you leaue to land,
And biddes this rare diſpenſer of your graces
Bow downe his brow unto her ſacred hand.
Deſerte findes dew in that moſt princely doome,
In whoſe ſweete breaſt are all the Muſes bredde;
So did that great Auguſtus erſt in Roome
With leaues of fame adorne his poet's hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your Faery Queene,
Euen of the faireſt that the world hath ſeene.

H. B.

When ſtout Achilles heard of Helen's rape,
And what reuenge the ſtates of Greece deuiſd,
Thinking by ſleight the fatall warres to ſcape,
In woman's weedes himſelfe he then diſguiſde;
But this deuiſe Ulyſſes ſoon did ſpy, [try.
And brought him forth the chaunce of warre to

When Spenſer ſaw the fame was ſpredd ſo large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muſe ſhould take ſo great a charge,
As in ſuch haughty matter to be ſeene,
To ſeeme a ſhepeheard then he made his choice;
But Sidney heard him ſing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulyſſes brought faire Thetis ſonne
From his retyred life to menage armies;
So Spenſer was by Sidney's ſpeaches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes;
For well he knew his Muſe would ſoone be tyred
In her high praiſe, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles in thoſe warlike frayes
Did win the palme from all the Grecian peeres;
So Spenſer now, to his immortal prayſe,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.
What though his taſke exceed a humaine witt,
He is excuſed, ſith Sidney thought it fit.

W. L.

To look upon a worke of rare deuiſe,
The which a workman ſetteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deſerued priſe,
That unto ſuch a workmanſhip is dew,
Doth either prove the iudgment to be naught,
Or elſe doth ſhew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to diſcommend,
Would raiſe a iealous doubt, that there did lurke
Some ſecret doubt, whereto the prayſe did tend;
For when men know the goodneſs of the wyne,
Tis needleſſe for the hoaſt to have a ſynge.

Thus then to ſhew my iudgment to be ſuch
As can diſcerne of colours blacke and white,
As alls to free my minde from enuie's tuch,
That neuer giues to any man his right,
I here pronounce this workmanſhip is ſuch,
As that no pen can ſet it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Not for to ſhew the goodneſs of the ware,
But ſuch hath beene the cuſtome heretofore;
And cuſtomes very hardly broken are:
And when your taſt ſhall tell you this is trew,
Then look you giue your hoaſt his utmoſt dew,

IONOTO.

SONNETS

SENT WITH

THE FAERY QUEENE

TO SEVERAL PERSONS OF QUALITY BY THE AUTHOR.

To the Right Honourable Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, Lord High Chancellor of England, &c.

THOSE prudent heads that with their counſels wiſe
Whylom the pillours of th' earth did ſuſtain,
And taught ambitious Rome to tyranniſe,
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,
Oft from thoſe graue affaires were wont abſtaine,
With the ſweet lady Muſes for to play:
So Ennius, the elder Africane,
So Maro oft did Cæſar's cares allay:
So you great Lord, that with your counſell ſway
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes ſometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policy;
And to theſe ydle rymes lend little ſpace,
Which for their titles ſake may find more grace.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord High Threaſurer of England.

TO you, right noble Lord, who carefull breſt
To menage of moſt grave affaires is bent,
And on whoſe mightie ſhoulders moſt doth reſt
The burdein of this kingdomes gouernment
As the wide compaſſe of the firmament
On Atlas' mighty ſhoulders is vpſtayd;
Unfitly I theſe ydle rimes preſent,
The labor of loſt time, and wit unſtayd:
Yet if their deeper ſence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from commune vew
Their fairer parts are hid, aſide be layd,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchſafe them to receaue,
And wipe their faults out of your cenſure graue.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxenford, Lord High Chamberlayne of England, &c.

RECEIUE, moſt noble Lord, in gentle gree
The vnripe fruit of an vnready wit,
Which by thy countenaunce doth craue to bee
Defended from foule enuie's poiſnous bit;
Which ſo to doe may thee right well befit,
Sith th' antique glory of thine aunceſtry
Vnder a ſhady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility;
And alſo for the loue which thou doeſt beare
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee;
They vnto thee, and thou to them moſt deare;
Deare as thou art vnto thyſelfe; ſo loue
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Northumberland.

THe ſacred Muſes haue made alwaies clame
To be the nourſes of nobility,
And regiſtres of euerlaſting fame,
To all that arms profeſſe and cheualry;
Then by like right the noble progeny,
Which them ſucceed in fame and worth, are tyde
T' embrace the ſeruice of ſweete Poetry,
By whoſe endeauours they are glorifide;
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the author of their praiſe, [dide,
Which gives them life, that els would ſoone haue
And crownes their aſhes with immortal baies.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I ſend
This preſent of my pains, it to defend.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Cumberland.

REdoubted Lord, in whoſe corageous mind
The flowre of cheualry, now blooſming faire,
Doth promiſe fruite worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praiſes haue left you the haire;
To you this humble preſent I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of martiall praiſe,
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As godlie well ye ſhew'd in late aſſaies,
Yet brave enſample of long paſſed daies,
In which trew honor yee may faſhiond ſee,
To like deſire of honour may ye raiſe,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receiue it, Lord, therefore as it was ment,
For honour of your name and high deſcent.

E. S.

To the Moſt Honourable and Excellent Lord, the Earl of Eſſex, Great Maiſter of the Horſe to her Highneſſe, and Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MAgnificke Lord, whoſe vertues excellent
Doe merit a moſt famous poet's witt
To be thy liuing praiſes inſtrument,
Yet doe not diſdeigne to let thy name be writt
In this baſe Poem, for thee far vnfitt;
Nought is thy worth diſparaged thereby:
But when my Muſe, whoſe fethers, nothing flitt,
Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,
With bolder wing ſhall dare alofte to ſty
To the laſt praiſes of the Faery Queene,
Then ſhall it make more famous memory
Of thine heroicke parts, ſuch as they beene:
Till then vouchſafe thy noble countenance
To theſe firſt labours needed furtherance.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Ormond and Oſſory.

REceiue, moſt noble Lord, a ſimple taſte
Of the wilde fruite which ſaluage ſoyl hath bred
Which being through long wars left almoſt waſte,
With brutiſh barbariſme is overſpredd,
And in ſo faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnaſſus, nor one Helicone
Left for ſweete Muſes to be harboured,
But where thy ſelfe haſt thy brave manſione;
There indeede dwel faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy perſon without paragone
All goodly bountie and true honour ſits.
Such therefore, as that waſted ſoyl doth yield,
Receiue, dear Lord, in worth the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Ch. Howard, Lord High-Admiral of England, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, and one of her Maieſtee's Priuie Counſel, &c.

AND ye, braue Lord, whoſe goodly perſonage,
And noble deeds, each other garniſhing,
Make you enſample to the preſent age
Of th' old heroes, whoſe famous offspring
The antique poets wont ſo much to ſing,
In this ſame pageaunt have a worthy place,
Sith thoſe huge caſtles of Caſtilian king,
That vainly threatned kindomes to diſplace,
Like flying doves, ye did before you chace;
And that proud people, woxen inſolent
Through many victories, did firſt deface.
Thy praiſe's euerlaſting monument
Is in this verſe engrauen ſemblably.
That it may liue to all poſterity

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunſdon, High Chamberlaine to her Maieſty.

RENOWMED Lord, that for your worthineſſe
And noble deeds haue your deſerued place
High in the fauour of that Empereſſe,
The world's ſole glory and her ſexes grace;
Here eke of right haue you a worthie place,
Both for your neerneſs to that Faerie Queene,
And for your owne high merit in like cace;
Of which apparaunt proofe was to be ſeene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
Of northerne rebels ye did pacify,
And their diſloiall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Liue, Lord, for euer in this laſting verſe,
That all poſteritie thy honour may reherſe.

E. S.

To the moſt renowmed and valiant Lord, the Lord Grey of Wilton, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MOST noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
And patron of my Muſe's pupillage,
Through whoſe large bountie poured on me rife,
In the firſt ſeaſon of my feeble age,
I now doe liue, bound your's by vaſſalage:
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reaue
Out of your endleſſe debt ſo ſure a gage,
Vouchſafe in worth this ſmall guift to receaue,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue
Of all the reſt that I am tyde t' account;
Rude rymes, the which a ruſtic Muſe did weaue
In ſavadge ſoyle, far from Parnaſſo mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned loome:
The which vouchſafe, dear Lord, your favourable doome.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Lord of Buckhurſt, one of her Maieſtie's Priuie Counſell.

IN vain I think, right honourable Lord,
By this rude ryme to memorize thy name,
Whoſe learned Muſe hath writ her own record
In golden verſe, worthy immortal fame:
Thou much more fit (were leaſure to the ſame)
Thy gracious ſouerain praiſes to compile,
And her imperiall maieſtie to frame,
In loftie numbers and heroicke ſtile.
But ſith thou mayſt not ſo, giue leaue a while
To baſer wit his power therein to ſpend,
Whoſe groſſe defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And vnaduiſed ouerſights amend:
But euermore vouchſafe it to maintaine
Againſt vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable Sir Fr. Walſingham Knight, principall Secretary to her Maieſty, and of her Honourable Priuy Counſell.

THAT Mantuane poet's incompared ſpirit,
Whoſe girland now is ſet in higheſt place,
Had not Mecenas, for his worthy merit,
It firſt aduaunſt to great Auguſtus grace,
Might long perhaps haue lien in ſilence bace,
Ne bene ſo much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muſe, that learns like ſteps to trace,
Flies for like aide unto your patronage,
That are the great Mecenas of this age,
As wel to al that ciuel artes profeſſe
As thoſe that are inſpir'd with martial rage,
And craues protection of her feebleneſſe;
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayſe
In bigger tunes to ſound your liuing praiſe.

E. S.

To the Right Noble Lord, and moſt valiant Captain, Sir John Norris Knight, Lord Preſident of Mounſter.

WHO euer gave more honourable prize
To the ſweet Muſe then did the martiall crew,
That their braue deeds ſhe might immortallize
In her ſhrill tromp, and ſound their praiſes dew?
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you,
Moſt noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And precedent of all that armes enſue?
Whoſe warlike proweſſe and manly courage,
Tempred with reaſon and aduizement ſage,
Hath fild ſad Belgicke with victorious ſpoile,
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage,
And lately ſhakt the Luſitanian ſoile?
Sith then each where thou haſt diſpredd thy fame,
Loue him that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

To the right noble and valorous Knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Lieftenaunt of Cornewaile.

TO thee, that art the ſummer's nightingale,
Thy ſoueraine goddeſſes moſt deare delight,
Why doe I ſend this ruſticke madrigale,
That may thy tuneſull eare unſeaſon quite?
Thou onely fit this argument to write, [bowre,
In whoſe high thoughts Pleaſure hath built her
And daintie Love learnd ſweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unſauory and ſowre,
To taſte the ſtreames, that like a golden ſhowre
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy loue's praiſe,
Fitter perhaps to thonder martiall ſtowre,
When ſo thee liſt thy loſty Muſe to raiſe:
Yet till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthia's praiſes be thus rudely ſhowne.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable and moſt vertuous Lady, the Counteſſe of Pembroke.

REMEMBRAUNCE of that moſt heroicke ſpirit,
The heauens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with laſting baies,
Of heuenlie bliſs and euerlaſting praies;
Who firſt my Muſe did lift out of the flore,
To ſing his ſweet delights in lowlie laies,
Bids me, moſt noble Lady, to adore
His goodly image, liuing euermore
In the diuine reſemblaunce of your face,
Which with your vertues ye embelliſh more,
And natiue beauty deck with heuenlie grace:
For his, and for your own eſpecial ſake, [take.
Vouchſafe from him this token in good worth to

E. S.

To the moſt vertuous and beautiful Lady, the Lady Carew.

NE may I, without blot of endleſſe blame,
You, faireſt Lady, leaue out of this place,
But with remembraunce of your gracious name
Wherewith that courtly garlond moſt ye grace,
And deck the world, adorne theſe verſes baſe:
Not that theſe few lines can in them compriſe
Thoſe glorious ornaments of heauenly grace
Wherewith you triumph ouer feeble eyes,
And in ſubdued harts do tyranniſe;
For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And ſiluer leaues, them righte to deuiſe,
But to make humble preſent of good will;
Which, when as timely meanes it purchaſe may,
In ampler wiſe itſelfe will forth diſplay.

E. S.

To all the gratious and beautifull Ladies in the Court.

THE Chian peincter, when he was requird
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,
To make his worke more abſolute, deſird
Of all the faireſt maides to haue the vew.
Much more me needs to draw the ſemblant trew,
Of Beautie's Queene, the world's ſole woderment,
To ſharpe my ſence with ſundry beauties vew,
And ſteale from each ſome part of ornament.
If all the world to ſeeke I ouerwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I ſee,
Then that braue Court doth to mine eie preſent,
That the world's pride ſeems gathered there to bee:
Of each a part I ſtole by cunning theſte:
Forgiue it me, fair Dames! ſith leſſe you haue not leſte.

E. S.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I.

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED-CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

I.

Lo I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske
As time her taught, in lowly shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds,
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me all too meane the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade amongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

II.

Help then, O holy Virgin! chiefe of Nyne,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

III.

And thou most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus' sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde;
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jolities arrayd,
After his murdrous spoyles and bloody rage allayd.

IV.

And with them eke, O goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To think of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile;
The which to hear vouchsafe, O dearest dread! a while.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO I.

The patron of true Holineſſe
Foule Errour doth defeat;
Hypocriſie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

I.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and ſilver ſhielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many' a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry ſteede did chide his foaming bitt,
As much diſdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he ſeem'd, and faire did ſitt,
As one for knightly giuſts and fierce encounters fitt.

II.

And on his breſt a bloodie croſſe he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whoſe ſweete ſake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his ſhield the like was alſo ſcor'd,
For ſoveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did ſeeme too ſolemne ſad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greateſt Gloriana to him gave,
(That greateſt glorious Queene of Faery Lond)
To winne him worſhippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he moſt did crave.
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puiſſance in battel brave;
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and ſtearne.

IV.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beſide,
Upon a lowly aſſe more white then ſnow;
Yet ſhe much whiter, but the ſame did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke ſtole ſhee did throw,
As one that inly mourned; ſo was ſhe ſad,
And havie ſate upon her palfrey ſlow;
Seemed in hearte ſome hidden care ſhe had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe ſhe lad.

V.

So pure and innocent, as that ſame lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by deſcent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their ſcepters ſtretcht from eaſt to weſterne ſhore
And all the world in their ſubjection held,
Till that infernal feend with foule uprore
Forwaſted all their land, and them expeld; [peld.
Whom to avenge, ſhe had this knight from far com-

VI.

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That laſie ſeemd, in being ever laſt,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they paſt,
The day with cloudes was ſuddeine overcaſt,
And angry Jove an hideous ſtorme of raine
Did poure into his leman's lap ſo faſt,
That everie wight to ſhrowd it did conſtrain; [fain.
And this faire couple eke to ſhroud themſelves were

VII.

Enforſt to ſeeke ſome covert nigh at hand,
A ſhadie grove not farr away they ſpide,
That promiſt ayde the tempeſt to withſtand,
Whoſe loftie trees, yclad with ſommer's pride,
Did ſpred ſo broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any ſtarr;
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them ſeems, ſo in they entred arre.

VIII.

And foorth they paſſe, with pleaſure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes ſweete harmony,

Which therein ſhrouded from the tempeſt dred,
Seemd in their ſong to ſcorne the cruell ſky.
Much can they praiſe the trees ſo ſtraight and hy,
The ſayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propp elme, the poplar never dry,
The builder oake, ſole king of foreſts all,
The aſpine, good for ſtaves, the cypreſſe funerall.

IX.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets ſage, the firre that weepeth ſtill,
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours,
The eugh, obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for ſhaftes, the ſallow for the mill,
The mirrhe ſweete-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the aſh for nothing ill,
The fruitfull olive, and the platane round,
The carver holme, the mapple, ſeeldom inward ſound.

X.

Led with delight they thus beguile the way,
Untill the bluſtring ſtorme is overblowne;
When weening to returne, whence they did ſtray,
They cannot finde that path, which firſt was ſhowne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne
Furtheſt from end then, when they neereſt weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, ſo many turnings ſeene, [beene.
That which of them to take in diverſe doubt they

XI.

At laſt reſolving forward ſtill to fare,
Till that ſome end they find, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten ſeemd moſt bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
Amid the thickeſt woods. The champion ſtout
Eftſoones diſmounted from his courſer brave,
And to the dwarfe awhile his needles ſpere he gave.

XII.

"Be well aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
"Leſt ſudden miſchiefe ye too raſh provoke:
"The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
"Breedes dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without
"ſmoke,
"And perill without ſhow: therefore your ſtroke,
"Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
"Ah, Ladie," ſayd he, "ſhame were to revoke
"The forward footing for an hidden ſhade:
"Virtue gives herſelf light through darkneſſe for
"to wade.

XIII.

"Yea but," quoth ſhe, "the peril of this place
"I better wot then you, though nowe too late
"To wiſh you backe returne with foul diſgrace;
"Yet wiſedome warnes, whileſt foot is in the gate,
"To ſtay the ſteppe, ere forced to retrate.
"This is the Wandring Wood, the Errour's den,
"A monſter vile, whom God and man does hate:
"Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then
The fearefull dwarfe; "this is no place for living
"men."

XIV.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for ought be ſtaide,
But forth unto the darkſom hole he went,
And looked in: his gliſtring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a ſhade,
By which he ſaw the ugly monſter plaine,
Halfe like a ſerpent horribly diſplaide,
But th' other halfe did woman's ſhape retaine,
Moſt lothſom, filthie, ſoule, and full of vile diſdaine.

XV.

And as ſhe lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overſpred
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortal ſting: of her there bred
A thouſand yong ones, which ſhe dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poiſonous dugs; each one
Of ſundrie ſhapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them ſhone,
Into her mouth they crept, and ſuddain all were gone.

XVI.

There dam upſtart out of her den effraide,
And ruſhed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her curſed head, whoſe folds diſplaid,
Were ſtretcht now forth at length without entraile
She lookt about, and ſeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, ſought backe to turne againe;
For light ſhe hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in deſert darkneſs to remaine, (plaine.
Where plain none might her ſee, nor ſhe ſee any

XVII.

Which when the vahant elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to ſtay:
Therewith enrag'd ſhe loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her ſpeckled taile advaunſt,
Threatening her angry ſting him to diſmay;
Who nought aghaſt his mightie hand enhaunſt;
The ſtroke down from her head unto her ſhoulder
glaunſt.

XVIII.

Much daunted with that dint her ſence was dazd,
Yet kindling rage, herſelfe ſhe gathered round,
And all at once her beaſtlie bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho wrapping up her wreathed ſterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his ſhield, and her huge traine
All ſuddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to ſtirr he ſtrove in vaine.
God helpe the man ſo wrapt in Errour's endleſſe
traine.

XIX.

His lady, ſad to ſee his ſore conſtraint, [ye bee;
Cride out, "Now, now, Sir Knight, ſhew what
"Add faith unto your force, and be not faint
"Strangle her, els ſhe ſure will ſtrangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high diſdaine,
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he gript her gorge with ſo great paine,
That ſoon to looſe her wicked bands did her con-
ſtraine.

XX.

Therewith ſhe ſpewd out of her filthie maw
A flood of poyſon horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of fleſh and gobbets raw,
Which ſtunck ſo vildly, that it forſt him flacke

His graſping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping ſought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI.

As when old Father Nilus gins to ſwell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile ſlime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale;
But when his later ſpring gins to avale, [breed
Huge heaps of mudd he leaves, wherein there
Ten thouſand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful ſeed;
Such ugly monſtrous ſhapes elſewhere may no man reed.

XXII.

The ſame ſo ſore annoyed has the knight,
That wel nigh choked with the deadly ſtinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whoſe corage when the feend perceivd to ſhrinke,
She poured forth out of her helliſh ſinke
Her fruitfull curſed ſpawne of ſerpents ſmall,
Deformed monſters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which ſwarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred ſore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII.

A gentle ſhepheard in ſweete eventide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welke in weſt,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their haſty ſupper beſt;
A cloud of cumbrous knattes doe him moleſt,
All ſtriving to infixe their feeble ſtinges,
That from their noyance he no where can reſt,
But with his clowniſh hands their tender wings
He bruſheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV.

Thus ill beſtedd, and fearfull more of ſhame
Then of the certeine perill he ſtood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
(Reſolvd in minde all ſuddenly to win,
Or ſoone to loſe, before he once would lin)
And ſtroke at her with more than manly force;
That from her body, full of filthie ſin,
He raft her hatefull heade without remorſe:
A ſtreame of cole-black blood forth from her corſe.

XXV.

Her ſcattred brood, ſoone as their parent deare
They ſaw ſo rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly all with troublous feare,
Gathred themſelves about her body round.
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but being there withſtood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And ſucked up their dying mother's blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI.

That dreſtable ſight him much amazd,
To ſee th' unkindly impes of heaven accurſt
Devoure their dam; on whom while ſo he gazd,
Having all ſatisfide their bloudy thurſt,
Their bellies ſwolne he ſaw with fulneſſe burſt,
And bowels guſhing forth: well worthy end
Of ſuch as drunke her life, the which them nurſt.
Now needeth him no lenger labour ſpend,
His foes have ſlaine themſelves, with whom he ſhould contend.

XXVII.

His lady, ſeeing all that chaunſt from farre,
Approcht in haſt to greet his victorie,
And ſaide, "Faire Knight, borne under happie ſtarre,
" Who ſee your vanquiſht foes before you lye,
" Well worthie be you of that armory,
" Wherein you have great glory wonne this day,
" And proov'd your ſtrength on a ſtrong enimie,
" Your firſt adventure: many ſuch I pray,
" And henceforth ever wiſh that like ſucceed it may."

XXVIII.

Then mounted he upon his ſteede againe,
And with the lady backward ſought to wend:
That path he kept which beaten was moſt plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend;
But ſtill did follow one into the end,
The which at laſt out of the wood them brought:
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He paſſed forth, and new adventure ſought:
Long way he traveiled before he heard of ought.

XXIX.

At length they chaunſt to meet upon the way
An aged ſire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he ſeemde, and very ſagely ſad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in ſhew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breſt, as one that did repent.

XXX.

He faire the knight ſaluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
And after aſked him, if he did know
Of ſtraunge adventures which abroad did pas?
" Ah! my dear Sonne," quoth he, " how ſhould, alas!
" Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
" Bidding his beades all day for his treſpas,
" Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
" With holy father fits not with ſuch thinges to mell.

XXXI.

" But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
" And home-bredd evil, ye deſire to heare,
" Of a ſtraunge man I can you tidings tell,
" That waſteth all this countrie farre and neare."
" Of ſuch," ſaid he, " I chiefly doe inquere;
" And ſhall thee well rewarde to ſhew the place
" In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare;
" For to all knighthood it is foule diſgrace
" That ſucha curſed creature lives ſo long a ſpace."

XXXII.

" Far hence," quoth he, " in waſtfull wilderneſſe
" His dwelling is, by which no living wight
" May ever paſſe, but thorough great diſtreſſe."
" Now," ſaide the ladie, " draweth toward night;
" And well I wote, that of your later fight
" Ye all forwearied be: for what ſo ſtrong,
" But wanting reſt will alſo want of might?

" The sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
" At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves
" emong.

XXXIII.

" Then with the sunne take, Sir, your timely rest
" And with new day new worke at once begin:
" Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
" Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin,"
Quoth then that aged man; " the way to win
" Is wisely to advise. Now day is spent,
" Therefore with me ye may take up your in [tent;
" For this same night." The Knight was well con-
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pas
In travell to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde;
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glas:
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave Mary after and before.

XXXVI.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humor loading their eye-liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them
biddes:
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes;
Where when all drown'd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes, and there, amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy
mindes.

XXXVII.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoe's grisly dame;
And cursed Heaven, and spake reproachful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII.

And forth he cald, out of deepe darknes dredd,
Legions of sprights, the which, like litle flyes,
Fluttring about his ever damned hedd,
Awaite, whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by himself staide other worke to doo.

XXXIX.

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe,
In silver deaw, his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black
doth spred.

XL.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe,
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

XLI.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling
downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enimyes.

XLII.

The messenger approching to him spake,
But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine;
So found he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to streth; but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII.

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatened unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate; whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Half angrie, asked him, for what he came?
" Hether," quoth he, " me Archimago sent,
" He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
" He bids thee to him send for his intent
" A fit false Dreame, that can delude the sleepers
" sent"

XLIV.

The god obayde; and calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoid of careful carke,
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and
starke.
He backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull larke,
And on his little winges the Dreame he bore
In hast unto his lorde, where he him left afore:

XLV.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a lady of that other ſpright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively, and ſo like in all mens ſight,
That weaker ſence it could have raviſht quight:
The makers ſelfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with ſo goodly ſight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Caſt a black ſtole, moſt like to ſeeme for Una fit.

XLVI.

Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought,
Unto that elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he ſlept ſoundly, void of evil thought,
And with falſe ſhewes abuſe his fantaſy,
In ſort as he him ſchooled privily;
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the maker's guyle, with uſage fly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,
Whoſe ſemblance ſhe did carie under feigned hew.

XLVII.

Thus well inſtructed to their worke they haſte;
And comming where the knight in ſlomber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaſte,
And made him dreame of loves and luſtfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton bliſs and wicked joy:
Then ſeemed him his lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that falſe winged boy
Her chaſte hart had ſubdewd to learne Dame
Pleaſure's toy. [Pleaſure's toy.

XLVIII.

And ſhe herſelfe, of beautie ſoveraigne queene,
Fayre Venus, ſeemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking evermore did weene
To bee the chaſteſt flowre that aye did ſpring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a looſe leman to vile ſervice bound:
And eke the Graces ſeemed all to ſing,
Hymen, iõ Hymen, dauncing all around;
Whylſt freſheſt Flora her with yvie girlond crownd.

XLIX.

In this great paſſion of unwonted luſt,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amiſs,
He ſtarted up, as ſeeming to miſtruſt
Some ſecret ill, or hidden foe of his;
Lo there before his face his ladie is,
Under blacke ſtole hyding her bayted hooke;
And as half bluſhing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandiſhment and lovely looke,
Moſt like that virgin true which for her knight
him tooke.

L.

All cleane diſmayd to ſee ſo uncouth ſight,
And halfe enraged at her ſhameleſſe guiſe,
He thought have ſlaine her in his fierce deſpight;
But haſtie heat tempring with ſufferance wiſe,
He ſtayde his hand, and gan himſelfe adviſe
To prove his ſenſe, and tempt her feigned truth.
Wringing her hande in wemens pitteous wiſe,
Tho' can ſhe weepe, to ſtirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth,

LI.

And ſayd, "Ah! Sir, my liege lord, and my love,
"Shall I accuſe the hidden cruel fate,
"And mightie cauſes wrought in heaven above,
"Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,
"For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
"Yet this perforce he bids me do or die.
"Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched ſtate
"You, whom my hard avenging deſtinie
"Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII.

"Your owne deare ſake forſt me at firſt to leave
"My father's kingdom," there ſhe ſtopt with teares;
Her ſwollen hart her ſpeech ſeemd to bereave:
And then againe begun, "My weaker yeares,
"Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
"Fly to your fayth for ſuccour and ſure ayde;
"Let me not die in languor and long tears."
"Why, dame," quoth he, "what hath ye thus
"diſmayd? [frayd?"
"What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort meaf-

LIII.

"Love of yourſelfe," ſhe ſaide, "and deare conſtraint
"Lets me not ſleepe, but waſte the wearie night
"In ſecret anguiſh and unpitticd plaint,
"Whiles you in careleſſe ſleepe, are drowned quight."
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suſpect her truth; yet ſince no untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule diſdainefull ſpight
He would not ſhend, but ſaid, "Deare dame, I rew,
"That for my ſake unknowne ſuch griefe unto
"you grew.

LIV.

"Aſſure your ſelfe, it fell not all to ground:
"For all ſo deare as life is to my hart,
"I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
"Ne let vaine fears procure your needleſſe ſmart,
"Where cauſe is none; but to your reſt depart."
Not all content, yet ſeemed ſhe to appeaſe
Her mourneſull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not choſe but pleaſe:
So ſlyding ſoftly forth ſhe turnd as to her eaſe.

LV.

Long after lay he muſing at her mood,
Much griev'd to think that gentle dame ſo light,
For whoſe defence he was to ſhed his blood.
At laſt dull wearines of former fight
Having yrockt aſleep his irkeſome ſpright,
That troublous Dreame gan freſhly toſſe his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But when he ſaw his labour all was vaine
With that misformed ſpright he bake returnd againe.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO II.

The guilefull great enchaunter parts
The Redcroſſe knight from Truth;
In whoſe ſtead faire Falſehood ſteps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

I.

By this the northerne wagoner had ſet
His ſevenfold teme behind the ſtedfaſt ſtarre,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and ſendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearfull chaunticlere with his note ſhrill
Had warned once that Phœbus' fiery carre
In haſt was climbing up the eaſterne hill,
Full envious that Night ſo long his roome did fill.

II.

When thoſe accurſed meſſenger of hell,
That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged ſpright,
Came to their wicked maiſter, and gan tell
Their booteleſſe paines, and ill-ſucceeding night:
Who all in rage to ſee his ſkilfull might
Deluded ſo, gan threaten helliſh paine,
And ſad Proſerpine's wrath, them to affright:
But when he ſaw his threatening was but vaine,
He caſt about, and ſearcht his baleful bokes againe.

III.

Eſtſoones he tooke that miſcreated faire,
And that falſe other ſpright, on whom he ſpred
A ſeeming body of the ſubtile aire,
Like a young ſquire, in loves and luſtyhed
His wanton daies that ever looſely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Thoſe too he tooke, and in a ſecret bed,
Covered with darkneſs and miſdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

IV.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull haſt
Unto his gueſt, who after troubleous ſights
And dreams gan now to take more ſound repaſt;
Whom ſuddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghaſt with feends or damned ſprights,
And to him calls, "Riſe, riſe, unhappy ſwaine,
"That here wex old in ſleepe, whiles wicked wights
"Have knit themſelves in Venus' ſhameful chaine:
"Come ſee where your falſe lady doth her honor ſtaine."

V.

All in amaze he ſuddenly upſtart,
With ſword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who ſoone him brought into a ſecret part,
Where that falſe couple were full cloſely ment
In wanton luſt and leud embracement:
Which when he ſaw, he burnt with gealous fire;
The eie of Reaſon was with rage yblent,
And would have ſlaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was reſtreined of that aged ſire.

VI.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguiſh of his guilty ſight,
He could not reſt, but did his ſtout heart eat,
And waſt his inward gall with deepe deſpight,
Yrkeſome of life, and too long lingring night.
At laſt faire Heſperus in higheſt ſkie (light;
Had ſpent his lampe, and brought forth dawning
Then up he roſe, and clad him haſtily; (do fly.
The dwarfe him brought his ſteed; ſo both away

VII.

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off droushyhed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre;
Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful stowre.

VIII.

And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
But every hill and dale, each wood and plane,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle breast,
He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

IX.

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forests,
(Th' end of his drift) he prais'd his develish arts,
That had such might over true-meaning harts:
Yet rest not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

X.

He then devised himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magick spell?

XI.

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest.
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on hes craven crest
A bounch of heares discoloured diversly.
Full jolly knight he seemde, and well addrest;
And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

XII.

But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithless Sarazin, all armde to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy: full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlet red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave:
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

XIV.

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
She intertainde her lover all the way;
But when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray;
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickte with pride,
And hope to winne his ladies hearte that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his courser's side
The red bloud trickling staind the way as he did ride.

XV.

The Knight of the Red-crosse, when him he spide
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride.
Soone mete they both; both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astoined with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and each to other yealdeth land.

XVI.

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that with the terror of the shocke
Astoined both stand senceless as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies,
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissance envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to pierce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe; the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

XVIII.

"Curse on that crosse," quoth then the Sarazin,
"That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt;
"Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
"Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt;
"But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
"And hide thy head." Therewith upon his creste
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the reste,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairly bleste.

XIX.

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alive,
With bloudy mouth his mother Earth did kis,
Greeting his grave; his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is
Whether the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

XX.

The lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazin's shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

XXI.

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce
Cride, "Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
"On silly dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
"And to your mighty will." Her humblesse low,
In so rich weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart,
And said, "Dear dame, your suddein overthrow
"Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
"And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke
"your part."

XXII.

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
"The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
"Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
"Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
"And Fortune false bestraide me to your powre,
"Was (O what now availeth that I was!)
"Borne the sole daughter of an emperour;
"He that the wide West under his rule has,
"And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

XXIII.

"He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
"Betrothed me unto the onely haire
"Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
"Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,
"Was never prince so meke and debonaire;
"But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
"My dearest lord fell from high honor's stare
"Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
"And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

XXIV.

"His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
"Was afterward, I know not how, convaid,
"And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
"When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
"O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
"Then forth I went his woeful corse to find;
"And many yeares throughout the world I straid
"A virgin-widow, whose deepe-wounded mind
"With love long time did languish as the striken
"hind.

XXV.

"At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
"To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
"With him away; but yet could never win
"The fort that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
"There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
"Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
"The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
"Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sanfioy,
"And twixt them both was borne the bloudy
"bold Sansfloy.

XXVI.

"In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
"Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
"Craving of you in pitty of my state,
"To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eies her face to view,
Then his dull eares to heare what she did tell;
And said, "Faire Lady! hart of flint would rew
"The undeserved woes and sorrowes which ye
"shew."

XXVII.

"Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
"Having both found a new friend you to aid,
"And lost an old foe that did you molest:
"Better new friend then an old foe is said."
With chaunge of chear the seeming-simple maid
Let fall her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-said.
So forth they rode, he feining seemly merth,
And she coy lookes. So dainty, they say, maketh derth.

XXVIII.

Long time they thus together traveiled;
Til weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,
And their greene leaves trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there found
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

XXIX.

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastly got;
For golden Phœbus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide,
And his new lady it endured not:
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

XXX.

Faire-seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes; thereas they sit,
And in his lap his lady he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit;
And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girland for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough, out of whose rifte there came
Small drops of glory bloud, that trickled down the same.

XXXI.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, " O ſpare with guilty hands to teare
" My tender ſides, in this rough ryd embard;
" But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
" Leſt to you hap that happened to me heare,
" And to this wretched lady, my deare love;
" O too deare love, love bought with death too
" deare!"
Aſtond he ſtood, and up his heare hid hove.
And with that ſuddein horror could no member
move.

XXXII.

At laſt whenas the dreadfull paſſion
Was overpaſt, and manhood well awake,
Yet muſing at the ſtraunge occaſion,
And doubting much his ſenſes he thus beſpake;
" What voice of damned ghoſt from Limbo lake,
" Or guileful ſpright wandring in empty aire,
" (Both which fraile men do oftentimes miſtake)
" Sends to my doubtful eares theſe ſpeaches rare,
" And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltleſſe blood
" to ſpare?"

XXXIII.

Then groning deep, " Nor damned ghoſt," quoth he,
" Nor guileful ſprite to thee theſe words doth ſpeake;
" But once a man Fradubio, now a tree;
" Wretched man, wretched tree! whoſe nature
" weake
" A cruell witch, her curſed will to wreake,
" Hath thus transformd, and plaſt in open plaines,
" Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
" And ſcorching ſunne does dry my ſecret vaines;
" For though a tree I ſeeme, yet cold and heat
" me paines."

XXXIV.

" Say on Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
Quoth then the knight; " by whoſe miſchievous arts
" Art thou miſhaped thus, as now I ſee?
" He oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts;
" But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
" As raging flames who ſtriveth to ſuppreſſe."
" The author then," ſaid he, " of all my ſmarts,
" Is one Dueſſa, a falſe ſorcereſſe,
" That many errant knights hath brought to
" wretchedneſſe.

XXXV.

" In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
" The fire of love and ioy of chevalree
" Firſt kindled in my breaſt, it was my lott
" To love this gentle lady, whome ye ſee
" Now not a lady, but a ſeeming tree;
" With whome as once I rode accompanyde,
" Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
" That had a like faire lady by his ſyde;
" Like a faire lady, but did ſowle Dueſſa hyde:

XXXVI.

" Whoſe forged beauty he did take in hand
" All other dames to have exceded farre;
" I in defence of mine did likewiſe ſtand,
" Mine, that did then ſhine as the morning ſtarre;
" So both to battell fierce arraunged are;
" In which his harder fortune was to fall
" Under my ſpeare: ſuch is the dye of warre.
" His lady, left as a priſe martiall,
" Did yield her comely perſon to be at my call.

XXXVII.

" So doubly ſpoyld of ladies unlike faire,
" Th' one ſeeming ſuch, the other ſuch indeede,
" One day in doubt I caſt for to compare
" Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;
" A roſy girlonde was the victor's meede.
" Both ſeemde to win, and both ſeemde won to bee;
" So hard the diſcord was to be agreede:
" Frælliſſa was as faire as faire mote bee,
" And ever falſe Dueſſa ſeemde as faire as ſhee.

XXXVIII.

" The wicked witch now ſeeing all this while
" The doubtfull ballaunce equally to ſway,
" What not by right, ſhe caſt to win by guile,
" And by her helleſh ſcience raisd ſtraight way
" A foggy miſt that overcaſt the day,
" And a dull blaſt, that, breathing on her face,
" Dimmed her former beauties ſhining ray,
" And with foule ugly forme did her diſgrace:
" Then was ſhe fayre alone, when none was faire
" in place.

XXXIX.

" Then cride ſhe out, " Fye, fye, deformed wight,
" Whoſe borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
" To have before bewitched all mens ſight;
" O leave her ſoone, or let her ſoone be ſlaine!"
" Her loathly viſage viewing with diſdaine,
" Eftſoones I thought her ſuch as ſhe me told,
" And would have kild her; but with faigned
" paine [hold;
" The falſe witch did my wrathfull hand with-
" So left her, where ſhe now is turnd to tree in
" mould.

XL.

" Thensforth I tooke Dueſſa for my dame,
" And in the witch unweeting ioyd long time,
" Ne ever wiſt but that ſhe was the ſame;
" Till on a day (that day is everie prime,
" When witches wont do penance for their crime)
" I chaunſt to ſee her in her proper hew,
" Bathing herſelfe in origane and thyme:
" A filthie foule old woman I did view,
" That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

XLI.

" Her neather partes miſhapen, monſtruous,
" Were hidd in water, that I could not ſee,
" But they did ſeeme more foule and hideous
" Then woman's ſhape man would beleeve to bee.
" Thensforth from her moſt beaſtly companie
" I gan retraine, in minde to ſlipp away,
" Soone as appeared ſafe opportunitie;
" For danger great, if not aſſurd decay,
" I ſaw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to ſtray.

XLII.

" The diveliſh hag, by chaunges of my cheare,
" Perceiv'd my thought, and, drownd in ſleepie
" night,
" With wicked herbes and oyntments did beſmeare
" My body all, through charmes and magicke
" might,
" That all my ſenſes were bereaved quight;
" Then brought ſhe me into this deſert waſte,
" And by my wretched lover's ſight me pight;
" Where now enclоſd in wooden wals full faſte,
" Baniſht from living wights, our wearie daies we
" waſte."

XLIII.

" But how long time," ſaid then the Elfin Knight,
" Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"
" We may not chaunge," quoth he, " this evill plight.
" Till we be bathed in a living well;
" That is the terme preſcribed by the ſpell."
" O how," ſayd he, " mote I that well outfind,
" That may reſtore you to your wonted well?"
" Time, and ſufficed Fates, to former kynd
" Shall us reſtore, none elſe from hence may us " unhynd."

XLIV.

The falſe Dueſſa, now Fideſſa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true: but the good knight
Full of ſad feare and ghaſtly dreriment,
When all this ſpeech the living tree had ſpent,
The bleeding bough did thruſt into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with freſh clay did cloſe the wooden wound;
Then turning to his lady, dead with feare her fownd.

XLV.

Her ſeeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well ſhe knew,
And paynde himſelfe with buſie care to reare
Her out of careleſſe ſwowne. Her eylids blew
And dimmed ſight, with pale and deadly hew,
At laſt ſhe up gan lift; with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, (too ſimple and too trew)
And oft her kiſt. At length all paſſed feare,
He ſet her on her ſteede, and forward forth did beare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO III.

Forſaken Truth long ſeekes her love,
And makes the lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotion's mart, and fals
In band of leachour vylde.

I.

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollowneſſe
That moves more deare compaſſion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchedneſſe,
Through Envie's ſnares, or Fortune's freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance and faſt fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart preſt with ſo great agony
When ſuch I ſee, that all for pitty I could dy.

II.

And now it is empaſſioned ſo deepe,
For fairеſt Unaes ſake, of whom I ſing,
That my frayele cies theſe lines with teares do ſteepe,
To thinke how ſhe through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in deſpayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches ſhayre.

III.

Yet ſhe, moſt faithfull ladie, all this while
Forſaken, wofull, ſolitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wilderneſſe and waſtfull deſerts ſtrayd,
To ſeeke her knight; who ſubtily betrayd
Through that late viſion which th' enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond; ſhe of nought afrayd,
Through woods and waſtnes wide him daily ſought,
Yet wiſhed tydinges none of him unto her brought.

IV.

One day nigh wearie of the yrkſome way,
From her unhaſtie beaſt ſhe did alight,
And the graſſe her daintie limbes did lay
In ſecrete ſhadow, far from all mens ſight:
From her fayre head her fillet ſhe undight,
And layde her ſtole aſyde; her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven ſhyned bright,
And made a ſunſhine in the ſhady place:
Did never mortal eye behold ſuch heavenly grace.

V.

It fortuned out of the thickeſt wood
A ramping lyon ruſhed ſuddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after ſalvage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did ſpy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corſe;
But to the pray whenas he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aſwaged with remorſe,
And with the ſight amazd, forgat his furious forſe.

VI.

Inſtead thereof he kiſt her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maiſter the moſt ſtrong,

And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling tears did shed for pure affection.

VII.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate
"And mightie proud, to humble weake does yield,
"Forgetfull of the hungry rage which late
"Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
"But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
"How does he find in cruell hart to hate
"Her that him lov'd and ever most adord,
"As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

VIII.

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

IX.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept he kept both watch and ward;
And when she wakt he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X.

Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandering knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde.
Till that at length she found the trodden gras
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountain hore;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damsel spyde slow-footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore:

XI.

To whom approaching she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answered not at all:
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand,
Till seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddein feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away; for never in that land
Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
And that dredd lyon's looke her cast in deadly hew.

XII.

Full fast she fled, ne never lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternal night: nought could she say,
But suddein catching hold, did her dismay
With quacking hands, and other signes of feare;
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere:

XIII.

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with feare and faint astonishment
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves*, she was not to say.

XIV.

And to augment her painefull penaunce more
Thrise every weekee in ashes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackecloth wore,
And thrise-three times did fast from any bitt;
But now for feare her beads she did forgett.
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt;
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

XV.

The day is spent, and cometh drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
And at at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe:
Instead of rest, she does lament and weepe,
For the late losse of her deare-loved knight,
And sighs and grones, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

XVI.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye,
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare:
He knocked fast, and often curst and sware,
That ready entraunce was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

XVII.

He was to weete a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
And spoild the priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII.

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,

Whith whom he he whoredome uſd that few did know;
And fed her fatt with feaſt of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne ſpared he to give her gold and rings; | things.
And now he to her brought part of his ſtolen

XIX.

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bett,
Yet of thoſe fearefull women none durſt rize,
(The lyon frayed them) him in to lett:
He would no lenger ſtay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that diſdainfull beaſt
Encountring fierce, him ſuddein doth ſurprize;
And ſeizing cruell clawes on trembling breſt,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath ſuppreſt.

XX.

Him booteth not reſiſt, nor ſuccour call,
His bleeding hart is in the venger's hand,
Who ſtreight him rent in thouſand peeces ſmall,
And quite diſmembred hath; the thirſty land
Dronke up his life, his corſe left on the ſtrand
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night
Ne dare to weepe, nor ſeeme to underſtand
The heavie hap which on them is alight,
Affraid leaſt to themſelves the like mishappen might.

XXI.

Now when broad day the world deſcovered has,
Up Una roſe, up roſe the lyon eke,
And on their former iourney forward pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandering knight to ſeeke,
With paines for paſſing that long-wandring Greeke
That for his love refuſed deitye:
Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
Still ſeeking him that from her ſtill did flye:
Then furtheſt from her hope when moſt ſhe weened nye.

XXII.

Soone as ſhe parted thence, the fearful twayne,
The blind old woman and her daughter dear,
Came forth, and finding Kirkrapine there ſlayne,
For anguiſh great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their breſts, and naked fleſh to teare:
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed deare,
Half mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her that was the cauſer of their ill:

XXIII.

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow houling and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accuſing of diſhoneſty,
That was the flowre of faith and chaſtity;
And ſtill amidſt her rayling ſhe did pray
That plagues and miſchiefes, and long miſery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endleſſe error ſhe might ever ſtray.

XXIV.

But when ſhe ſaw her prayers nought prevaile,
Shee backe retourned with ſome labour loſt;
And in the way as ſhee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes emboſt,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boſt,
But ſubtill Archimag, that Una ſought
By traynes into new troubles to have toſt:
Of that old woman tidings he beſought,
If that of ſuch a lady ſhee could tellen ought.

XXV.

Therewith ſhe gan her paſſion to renew,
And cry, and curſe, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying that harlott ſhe too lately knew,
That cauſd her ſhed ſo many a bitter teare;
And ſo forth told the ſtory of her feare.
Much ſeemed he to mone her hapleſſe chaunce,
And after for that lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forwarde gan advaunce
His fair enchaunted ſteed, and eke his charmed launce.

XXVI

Ere long he came where Una traveild ſlow,
And that wilde champion wayting her beſyde;
Whom ſeeing ſuch, for dread hee durſt not ſhow
Himſelfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil; from whence when ſhe him ſpyde,
By his like-ſeeming ſhield her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh ſhe wiſt it was the ſame,
And with faire fearfull humbleſſe towards him ſhe came:

XXVII.

And weeping ſaid, "Ah! my long-lacked lord,
"Where have ye bene thus long out of my ſight?
"Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
"Or ought have done that ye diſpleaſen might,
"That ſhould as death unto my deare heart
"light:
"For ſince mine eie your ioyous ſight did mis,
"My chearefull day is turnd to chearleſſe night,
"And eke my night of death the ſhadow is;
"But welcome now my light, and ſhining lampe
"of blis."

XXVIII.

He thereto meeting ſaid, "My deareſt dame,
"Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
"To thinke that knighthood I ſo much ſhould
"ſhame,
"As you to leave, that have me loved ſtil,
"And choſe in Faery Court of meere goodwil,
"Where nobleſt knights were to be found on
"earth
"The earth ſhall ſooner leave her kindly ſkil
"To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
"Then I leave you, my liefe, yborn of hevenly
"berth.

XXIX.

"And ſooth to ſay, why I leſte you ſo long,
"Was for to ſeeke adventure in ſtraunge place
"Where Archimago ſaid a felon ſtrong
"To many knights did daily worke diſgrace:
"But knight he now ſhall never more deface:
"Good cauſe of mine excuſe; that mote ye
"pleaſe
"Well to accept, and evermore embrace
"My faithfull ſervice, that by land and ſeas
"Have vowd you to defend: now then your
"plaint appeaſe."

XXX.

His lovely words her ſeemd due recompence
Of all her paſſed paines: one loving howre
For many years of ſorrow can diſpence:
A dram of ſweete is worth a pound of ſowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woful ſtowre
For him ſhe late endurd: ſhe ſpeaks no more
Of paſt: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eies he fixt before.
Before her ſtands her knight, for whom ſhe toyld ſo ſore.

XXXI.

Much like as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Ofte ſouſt in ſwelling Tethys ſaltiſh teare,
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With bluſtring breath of heaven, that none can bide,
And ſcorching flames of fierce Orion's hound,
Soone as the port from far he has eſpide,
His chearful whiſtle merily doth ſound,
And Nereus crownes with cups, his mates him pledg around:

XXXII.

Such ioy made Una when her knight ſhe found;
And eke th' enchaunter ioyous ſeemde no leſſe
Then the glad marchant that does vew from ground
His ſhip far come from watry wilderneſſe;
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth bleſſe.
So forth they paſt, and all the way they ſpent
Diſcourſing of her dreadful late diſtreſſe,
In which he aſkt her what the lyon ment?
Who told her all that fell in iourney as ſhe went.

XXXIII.

They had not ridden far, when they might ſee
One pricking towards them with haſtie heat,
Full ſtrongly armd, and on a courſer free,
That through his fierſneſſe formed all with ſweat,
And the ſharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder ſpurd his chauffed ſide:
His looke was ſterne, and ſeemed ſtill to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,
And on his ſhield *Sanſloy* in bloody lines was dyde.

XXXIV.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And ſaw the Red-croſſe which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire and gan eſtſoones prepare
Himſelfe to batteill with his couched ſpeare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare
To taſte th' untryed dint of deadly ſteele,
But yet his lady did ſo well him cheare
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele:
So bent his ſpeare, and ſpurd his horſe with yron heele.

XXXV.

But that proud paynim forward came ſo fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his ſharp-head ſpeare,
Through vainly croſſed ſhield he quite did perce;
And had his ſtaggering ſteede not ſhronke for feare,
Through ſhield and body eke he ſhould him beare:
Yet ſo great was the puiſſance of his puſh,
That from his ſaale quite he did him beare;
He tombling rudely downe to ground did ruſh,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did guſh.

XXXVI.

Diſmounting lightly from his loftie ſteed,
He to him ſtept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly ſaid, "Lo, there the worthie meed
"Of him that ſlew Sansfoy with bloody knife:
'Henceforth his ghoſt, freed from repining ſtrife,
"In peace may paſſen over Lethe lake,
"When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
"The black infernall furies doth aſſake.
"Life from Sansfoy thou tookſt, Sansfloy ſhall
"from thee take."

XXXVII.

Therewith in haſte his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, "O hold that heavie hand,
"Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:
"Enough is that thy foe doth vanquiſht ſtand
"Now at thy mercy: mercy not withſtand,
"For he is one the trueſt knight alive,
"Though conquered now he lye on lowly land
"And whileſt him Fortune favourd, fayre did
"thrive
"In bloudy field; therefore of life him not deprive."

XXXVIII.

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage;
But rudely rending up his helmet, would [age,
Have ſlayne him ſtreight: but when he ſees his
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His haſty hand he doth amazed hold,
And, half aſham'd, wondered at the ſight:
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round liſts, to fight:

XXXIX.

And ſaid, "Why, Archimago luckleſſe ſyre,
"What do I ſee? what hard miſhap is this,
"That hath thee hether brought to taſte mine yre?
"Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
"Inſtead of foe to wound my friend amis?"
He anſwered nought, but in a traunce ſtill lay,
nd on thoſe guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did ſit; which doen away,
He left him lying ſo, ne would ne lenger ſtay,

XL.

But to the virgin comes; who all this while
Amazed ſtands, herſelfe ſo mockt to ſee
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For ſo miſfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is ſhe now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that ſame paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie:
Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her palfrey pluckt, her village to behold.

XLI.

But her fiers ſervant, full of kingly aw
And high diſdaine, whenas his ſoveraine dame
So rudely handled by her foe he ſaw,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his ſhield, did weene the ſame

Have reft away with his ſharp-rending clawes;
But he was ſtout, and luſt did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his ſhield redeemd, and forth his ſwerd
he drawes.

XLII.

O then too weake and feeble was the forſe
Of ſalvage beaſt, his puiſſance to withſtand;
For he was ſtrong, and of ſo mightie corſe,
As ever wielded ſpeare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wiſely underſtand.
Eftſoones he perced through his chaufed cheſt
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his lordly hart: with death oppreſt
He ror'd aloud, whiles life forſooke his ſtubborne
breſt.

XLIII.

Who now is leſt to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging ſpoile of lawleſſe victor's will?
Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope diſmaid,
Her ſelfe a yielded pray to ſave or ſpill.
He, now lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and diſdaineful ſpight
Her vildly entertaines; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courſer light: [might.
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of

XLIV.

And all the way with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, ſhe filleth his dull eares,
That ſtony hart could riven have in twaine;
And all the way ſhe wetts with flowing teares;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares,
Her ſervile beaſt yet would not leave her ſo,
But follows her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wand'ring woe; [foe,
More mild in beaſtly kind than that her beaſtly

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO IV.

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa
Guydes the faithfull knight;
Where, brother's death to wreak, Sansioy
Doth chaleng him to fight.

I.

YOUNG knight whatever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleneſſe,
In choice and chaunge of thy deare-loved dame,
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove;
For unto knight there is no greater shame
Then lightneſſe and inconstancie in love;
That doth this Red-crosse knight's ensample plainly prove:

II.

Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposd to be,
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished;
The house of mightie prince it seemd to be,
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet which thether traveiled

III.

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having scaped hard
With balefull beggary or foule disgrace,
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay:
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV.

A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thicke,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightneſſe they dismaid
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightfull bowres,
And on the top a dial told the timely howres.

V.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workman's witt;
But full great pittie that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt;
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked itt;
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right,
For still to all the gates stood open wide;
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight
Cald Malvenù, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There, waiting long to win the wished sight
Of her that was the lady of that pallace bright.

VII.

By them they paſſe, all gazing on them round,
And to the preſence mount; whoſe glorious view
Their frayle amazed ſences did confound.
In living princes court none ever knew
Such endleſſe richeſſe, and ſo ſumptuous ſhew;
Ne Perſia ſelfe, the nourſe of pompous Pride,
Like ever ſaw; and there a noble crew,
Of lords and ladies ſtood on every ſide,
Which with their preſence fayre the place much beautifide.

VIII.

High above all a cloth of ſtate was ſpred,
And a rich throne, as bright as ſunny day,
On which there ſate, moſt brave embellifhed
With royall robes, and gorgeous array,
A mayden queene, that ſhone as Tytan's ray,
In gliſtring gold and pereleſſe pretious ſtone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did aſſay
To dim the brightneſſe of her glorious throne,
As envying her ſelfe, that too exceeding ſhone:

IX.

Exceeding ſhone, like Phœbus' fayreſt childe,
That did preſume his father's fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of ſteedes unwonted wilde,
Through higheſt heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of ſuch glory and advancement vayne,
While flaſhing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way moſt beaten playne,
And, wrapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the ſkyen
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to ſhyne.

X.

So proud ſhe ſhyned in her princely ſtate,
Looking to heaven, for earth ſhe did diſdayne;
And ſitting high, for lowly ſhe did hate:
Lo underneath her ſcorneful feete was layne
A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand ſhe held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face ſhe often vewed fayne,
And in her ſelfe-lov'd ſemblance took delight;
For ſhe was wondrous fayre, as any living wight.

XI.

Of grieſly Pluto ſhe the daughter was,
And ſad Proſerpina, the queene of hell;
Yet did ſhe thinke her peareleſſe worth to pas
That parentage, with pride ſo did ſhe ſwell:
And thundring Iove, that high in heaven doth dwell,
And wield the world, ſhe claymed for her ſyre,
Or if that any elſe did love excell;
For to the higheſt ſhe did ſtill aſpyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it deſyre.

XII.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her ſelf a queene, and crowned to be;
Yet rightfull kingdome ſhe had none at all,
Ne her tage of native ſoveraintie,
But did uſurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the ſceptre which ſhe now did hold;
Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but policie,
And ſtrong advizement of ſix wizards old,
That with their counſels bad her kingdome did uphold.

XIII.

Soone as the Elfin Knight in preſence came,
And falſe Dueſſa, ſeeming lady fayre,
A gentle huſher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and paſſage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the loweſt ſtayre
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeyſaunce, did the cauſe declare
Why they were come her roiall ſtate to ſee,
To prove the wide report of her great maieſtee

XIV.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke ſo lowe,
She thanckedthem in her diſdainfull wiſe;
Ne other grace vouchſafed them to ſhowe
Of princeſſe worthy; ſcarſe them bad ariſe.
Her lordes and ladies all this while deviſe
Themſelves to ſetten forth to ſtraungers ſight:
Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guiſe,
Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attyre: each others greater pride does ſpight.

XV.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
Right glad with him to have increaſt their crew;
But to Dueſs' each one himſelfe did payne
All kindneſſe and faire courteſie to ſhew,
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the ſtout Faery mongſt the middeſt crowd
Thought all their glorie vain in knightly vew,
And that great princeſſe too exceeding prowd,
That to ſtrange knight no better countenance allowd.

XVI.

Suddein upriſeth from her ſtately place
The roiall dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth, and ſhe with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the eaſt the dawning day doth call.
So forth ſhe comes; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eies amaze.

XVII.

So forth ſhe comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That ſeemd as freſh as Flora in her prime,
And ſtrove to match, in roiall rich array,
Great Iunoes golden chayre; the which, they ſay,
The gods ſtand gazing on when ſhe does ride
To Ioves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,
Drawne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus' eyes their tayles diſpredden wide.

XVIII.

But this was drawne of ſix unequal beaſts,
On which her ſix tage counſellours did ryde,
Taught to obey their beſtiall beheaſts,
With like conditions to their kindes applyde;
Of which the firſt, that all the reſt did guyde,
Was ſluggiſh Idleneſſe, the nourſe of Sin;
Upon a ſlouthfull aſſe he choſe to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke and amis thin,
Like to an holy monck the ſervice to begin.

XIX.

And in his hand his porteſſe ſtill he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little redd;
For of devotion he had little care,

Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd:
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne was very evil ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went or else astray.

XX.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
From everie worke he chalenged essoyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise,
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raignd continually.
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

XXI.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

XXII.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heate;
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweate:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can;
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

XXIII.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he seldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew.
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

XXIV.

And next to him rode lustful Lechery
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged heare,
And whally eies, (the sign of gelosy)
Was like the person selfe whom he did beare,
Who rough and blacke, and filthy, did appeare;
Unseemly man to please fair ladies eye:
Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by.
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV.

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;
And in his hand a burning harte he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new-fangleneſſe;
For he was false, and fraught with fickleneſſe,
And learned had to love with secret lookes,
And well could daunce and sing with ruefulneſſe,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
And thousand other waies to bait his fleshy hookes.

XXVI.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioyd weake womens hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move:
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow and consumes the braine.
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

XXVII.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himselfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equal ballance waide.

XXVIII.

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

XXIX.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise;
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore;
Who had enough, yet wished ever more.
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand.
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

XXX.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neibors welth that made him ever sad;
For death it was when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he hearde of harme he wexed wondrous glad.

XXXI.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse,
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifera and his owne companee.

XXXII.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no leſſe than any like did uſe;
And who with gratious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuſe;
So every good to bad he doth abuſe.
And eke the verſe of famous poets witt
He does backbite, and ſpitefull poiſon ſpues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt
Such one vile Envy was, that ſifte in row did ſitt.

XXXIII.

And him beſide rides fierce revenging Wrath
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandiſheth about his hed:
His eyes did hurle forth ſparcles fiery red,
And ſtared ſterne on all that him beheld,
As aſhes pale of hew, and ſeeming ded;
And on his dagger ſtill his hand he held,
Trembling through haſty rage when choler in him ſweld.

XXXIV.

His ruffin raiment all was ſtaind with blood
Which he had ſpilt, and all to rags yrent;
Through unadvized raſhneſs woxen wood,
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But when the furious fitt was overpaſt,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet (wiful man) he never would forecaſt [haſt.
How many miſchiefs ſhould enſue his heedleſſe

XXXV.

Full many miſchiefs follow cruell wrath;
Abhorred bloodſhed, and tumultuous ſtrife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty ſcath,
Bitter deſpight, with rancours ruſty knife,
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:
All theſe, and many evils moe, haunt ire,
The ſwelling ſplene, and frenzy raging rife,
The ſhaking palſey, and Saint Fraunces' fire.
Such one was Wrath, the laſt of this ungodly tire.

XXXVI.

And after all upon the waggon beame
Rode Sathan with a ſmarting whip in hand,
With which he forward laſht the laeſy teme,
So oft as Slowth ſtill in the mire did ſtand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy, and ſtill before their way
A foggy miſt had covered all the land;
And underneath their feet all ſcattered lay
Dead ſculls and bones of men, whoſe life had gone aſtray.

XXXVII.

So forth they merchen in this goodly ſort,
To take the ſolace of the open aire,
And in freſh flowring fields themſelves to ſport:
Emongſt the reſt rode that falſe lady faire,
The foule Dueſſa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine;
But that good knight would not ſo nigh repaire,
Him ſelfe eſtraunging from their ioyaunce vaine,
Whoſe fellowſhip ſeemd far unfit for warlike ſwaine.

XXXVIII.

So having ſolaced themſelves a ſpace,
With pleaſaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe retourned to the princely place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes ycled,
And heatheniſh ſhield, wherein with letters red
Was writt *Sanſfoy*, they new arrived find:
Enflamd with fury and fiers hardyhed,
He ſeemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nouriſh bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

XXXIX.

Who when the ſhamed ſhield of ſlaine Sansfoy
He ſpide with that ſame Faery champion's page,
Bewraying him that did of late deſtroy
His eldeſt brother; burning all with rage
He to him lept, and that ſame envious gage
Of victor's glory from him ſnatch'd away:
But th' Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Diſdaind to looſe the meed he wonne in fray,
And him rencountring fierce reſkewd the noble pray.

XL.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And claſh their ſhields, and ſhake their ſwerds on by,
That with their ſturre they troubled all the trane;
Till that great queene, upon eternall paine
Of high diſpleaſure that enſewen might,
Commanded them their fury to refraine;
And if that either to that ſhield had right,
In equall liſts they ſhould the morrow next it fight.

XLI.

" Ah! deareſt dame," quoth then the paynim bold,
" Pardon the error of enraged wight,
" Whome great griefe made forget the raines to hold
" Of Reaſon's rule, to ſee this recreaunt knight
" (No knight, but treachour full of falſe deſpight
" And ſhameful treaſon) who through guile hath ſlayn
" The proweſt knight that ever field did fight,
" Even ſtout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
" Whoſe ſhield he bears renverſt, the more to heap diſdain.

XLII.

" And to augment the glorie of his guile,
" His deareſt love, the farie Fideſſa, loe
" Is there poſſeſſed of the traytour vile,
" Who reapes the harveſt ſowen by his foe,
" Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
" That brother's hand ſhall dearly well requight,
" So be, O Queene! you equall favour ſhowe."
Him little anſwered th' angry Elfin Knight;
He never meant with words, but ſwords, to plead his right:

XLIII.

But threw his gauntlet as a ſacred pledg
His cauſe in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edg
To be aveng'd each on his enimy.
That night they paſs in ioy and iollity,
Feaſting and courting both in bowre and hall,
For ſteward was exceſſive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to reſt them call.

XLIV.

Now whenas darkſome Night had all diſplayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brighteſt ſkye,
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away ſweet ſleepe from ſlugg ſh eye,

To muſe on means of hoped victory :
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arreſted all that courtly company,
Uproſe Dueſſa from her reſting place,
And to the paynim's lodging comes with ſilent pace :

XLV.

Whom broad awake ſhe findes in troublous fitt,
Fore-caſting how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoves with ſpeaches ſeeming fitt ;
" Ah ! deare Sanſioy, next deareſt to Sansfoy,
" Cauſe of my new griefe, cauſe of my new ioy ;
" Ioyous to ſee his ymage in mine eye,
" And greevd to thinke how foe did him deſtroy,
" That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye ;
" Lo his Fideſſa to thy ſecret faith I flye."

XLVI.

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad ſay on the ſecrete of her hart ;
Then ſighing ſoft, " I learn that litle ſweet
" Oft tempred is," quoth ſhe, " with muchell ſmart ;
" For ſince my breſt was launcht with lovely dart
" Of deare Sansfoy, I never ioyed howre,
" But in eternall woe my weaker hart
" Have waſted, loving him with all my powre,
" And for his ſake have felt full many an heavie ſtowre.

XLVII.

" At laſt, when perils all I weened paſt,
" And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
" Into new woes unweeting I was caſt,
" By this falſe faytor, who unworthie ware
" His worthie ſhield, whom he with guilefull ſnare
" Entrapped ſlew, and brought to ſhamefull grave :
" Me ſilly maid away with him he bare,
" And ever ſince hath kept in darkſome cave,
" For that I would not yield that to Sansfoy I gave.

XLVIII.

" But ſince faire ſunne hath ſperſt that lowring clowd,
" And to my loathed life now ſhews ſome light,
" Under your beames I will me ſafely ſhrowd
" From dreaded ſtorme of his diſdainfull ſpight :
" To you th' inheritance belongs by right
" Of brothers prayſe, to you eke longes his love :
" Let not his love, let not his reſtleſs ſpright,
" Be unreveng'd that calles to you above
" From wandring Stygian ſhores, where it doth endleſſe move."

XLIX.

Thereto ſaid he, " Faire Dame ! be nought diſmaid
" For ſorrowes paſt ; their griefe is with them gone :
" Ne yet of preſent peril be affraide,
" For needleſſe feare did never vantage none ;
" And helpleſſe hap it booteth not to mone,
" Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are paſt,
" Tho' greeved ghoſt for vengeance deep do grone :
" He lives that ſhall him pay his dewties laſt,
" And guiltie elfin blood ſhall ſacrifice in haſt."

L.

" O, but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth ſhe,
" Of Fortune falſe, and oddes of armes in field."
" Why, Dame," quoth he, " what oddes can ever bee
" Where both doe fight alike to win or yield ?"
" Yea, but," quoth ſhe, " he beares a charmed ſhield,
" And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce ;
" Ne none can wound the man that does them wield."
" Charmd or enchaunted," anſwerd he then ferce,
" I no whit reck ; ne you the like need to reherce.

LI.

" But, fair Fideſſa ! ſithens Fortune's guile,
" Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
" Returne from whence ye came, and reſt a while,
" Till morrow next that I the elfe ſubdew,
" And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew."
" Ay me, that is a double dearh," ſhe ſaid,
" With proud foes ſight my ſorrow to renew :
" Where ever yet I be, my ſecret aide
" Shall follow you." So paſſing forth ſhe him obaid.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdues his faithleſſe foe;
Whom falſe Dueſſa ſaves, and for
His cure to hell does goe.

I.

The noble hart, that harbours virtuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never reſt untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such reſtleſſe paſſion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing how that doughtie tournament
With greateſt honour he atchieven might:
Still did he wake, and ſtill did watch for dawning light.

II.

At laſt the golden orientall gate
Of greateſt heaven gan to open fayre,
And Phœbus freſh, as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, ſhaking his deawie hayre,
And hurld his gliſtring beams through gloomy ayre:
Which when the wakeful elfe perceiv'd, ſtreightway
He ſtarted up, and did him ſelfe prepayre
In ſun-bright armes and battailous array,
For with that pagan proud he combatt will that day.

III.

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to ſtraunger knights may fall:
There many minſtrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen many a lord.

IV.

Soone after comes the cruel Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily,
And ſternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creature's eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie ſpices fetch from furtheſt Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a ſolemn oth they binde,
T' obſerve the ſacred laws of armes that are aſſynd.

V.

At laſt forth comes that far renowmed queene,
With royall pomp and princely maieſte;
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under ſtately canapee,
The warlike feates of both thoſe knights to ſee.
On th' other ſide in all mens open vew
Dueſſa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his ſhield is hangd with bloody hew;
Both thoſe the lawrell girlands to the victor dew.

VI.

A ſhrilling trompett ſownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad themſelves addreſſe;
Their ſhining ſhieldes about their wreſtes they tye,
And burning blades about their heads doe bleſſe,
The inſtruments of wrath and heavineſſe:
With greedy force each other doth aſſayle,
And ſtrike ſo fiercely, that they do impreſſe
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

VII.

The Sarazin was ſtout and wondrous ſtrong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after blood and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled ſtrokes like dreaded thunders threat;
For all for praiſe and honour he did fight.
Both ſtricken ſtryke, and heaten both doe beat;
That from their ſhields forth flieth firie light,
And helmets hewen deepe ſhew marks of either's might.

VIII.

So th' one for wrong, the other ſtrives for right:
As when a gryſon ſeized of his pray,
A dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through wideſt ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away;
With hideous horror both together ſmight,
And ſouce ſo ſore, that they the heavens affray:
The wiſe ſouthſayer, ſeeing ſo ſad ſight,
Th' amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortal fight.

IX.

So th' one for wrong, the other ſtrives for right,
And each to deadly ſhame would drive his foe:
The cruell ſteele ſo greedily doth bight
In tender fleſh, that ſtreames of blood down flow,
With which the armes, that earſt ſo bright did ſhow,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape ſo wyde,
That victory they dare not wiſh to either ſide.

X.

At laſt the paynim chaunſt to caſt his eye,
His ſuddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his brother's ſhield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And ſaid, "Ah! wretched ſonne of wofull fyre,
"Doeſt thou ſit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
"Whyleſt here thy ſhield is hangd for victor's hyre?
"And, ſluggiſh german, doeſt thy forces ſlake,
"To after-ſend his foe, that him may overtake?

XI.

"Goe, caytive Elfe! him quickly overtake,
"And ſoone redeeme from his long-wandring woe:
"Goe, guiltie Ghoſt! to him my meſſage make,
"That I his ſhield have quit from dying foe."
Therewith upon his creſt he ſtroke him ſo,
That twiſe he reeled, readie twiſe to fall:
End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call [all."
The falſe Dueſſa, "Thine the ſhield, and I, and

XII.

Soone as the Faerie heard his ladie ſpeake,
Out of his ſwowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earſt was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did ſhake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and ſhame, and ladies ſake,
Of all attonce he caſt aveng'd to be,
And with ſo' exceeding furie at him ſtrake,
That forced him to ſtoupe upon his knee:
Had he not ſtouped ſo, he ſhould have cloven bee.

XIII.

And to him ſaid, Goe now, proud Miſcreant!
"Thyſelfe thy meſſage do to german deare;
"Alone he wandring thee to long doth want:
"Goe, ſay his foe thy ſhield with his doth beare."
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have ſlaine; when lo a darkſome clowd
Upon him fell; he no where doth appeare,
But vaniſht is. The Elfe him calls all alowd,
But anſwer none receives; the darknes him does ſhrowd.

XIV.

In haſte Dueſſa from her place aroſe,
And to him running ſayd, "O proweſt knight
"That ever ladie to her love did choſe,
"Let now abate the terrour of your might,
"And quench the flame of furious deſpight,
"And bloodie vengeance: lo th' infernall powres,
"Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
"Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres:
"The conqueſt your's, I your's, the ſhield and glory your's."

XV.

Not all ſo ſatisfide, with greedy eye
He fought all round about, his thirſty blade
To bath in blood of faithleſſe enimy,
Who all that while lay hid in ſecret ſhade:
He ſtandes amazed how he thence ſhould fade.
At laſt the trumpets triumph ſound on hie,
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie
And to him brought the ſhield, the cauſe of enmitie.

XVI.

Wherewith he goeth to that ſoveraine queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes preſent of his ſervice ſeene:
Which ſhe accepts with thankes and goodly gree,
Greatly advaunceing his gay chevalree:
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the ayre it fils, and flyes to heaven bright.

XVII.

Home is he brought, and layd in ſumptuous bed,
Where many ſkilfull leaches him abide
To ſalve his hurts, that yet ſtill freſhly bled.
In wine and oyle they waſh his woundes wide,
And ſoftly gan embalme on everie ſide;
And all the while moſt heavenly melody
About the bed ſweet muſic did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony;
And all the while Dueſſa wept full bitterly.

XVIII.

As when a weary traveller, that ſtrayes
By muddy ſhore of broad ſeven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which in falſe griefe hyding his harmeful guile,
Doth weepe full ſore, and ſheddeth tender tears;
The fooliſh man, that pities all this while
His mourneful plight, is ſwallowed up unwares,
Forgetfull of his owne that mindes another's cares.

XIX.

So wept Dueſſa untill eventyde,
That ſhyning lampes in love's high houſe were light;
Then forth ſhe roſe, ne lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' heathen knight

In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day;
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the casterne coast of heaven makes speedy way:

xx.

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus' chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth coming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for iourney new,
And cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

xxi.

Who when she saw Duessa sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare,
(For never did such brightnes there appeare)
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying, "Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave
"Abyde till I have told the message which I have."

xxii.

She stayd, and foorth Duessa gan proceede,
"O thou most auncient grandmother of all!
"More old than Iove, whom thou at first didst
"breede,
"Or that great house of gods cælestiall,
"Which was begot in Dæmogorgon's hall,
"And sawst the secrets of the world unmade;
"Why suffredst thou thy nephewes deare to fall
"With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrayde?
"Lo where the stout Sansioy doth sleepe in deadly
"shade.

xxiii.

"And him before I saw with bitter eyes
"The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare;
"And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
"Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
"That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
"O what of gods then boots it to be borne,
"If old Avcugles sonnes so evill heare?
"Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
"When two of three her nephews are so fowle
"forlorne?

xxiv.

"Up then; up, dreary Dame, of darknes queene,
"Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
"Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene
"That dreaded Night in brighteft day hath place,
"And can the children of fayre Light deface."
Her feeling speaches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mother's face:
Yet pitty in her hart was never prov'd
Till then; for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

xxv.

And said, "Deare Daughter! rightly may I rew
"The fall of famous children borne of mee,
"And good successes which their foes ensew;
"But who can turne the streame of Destinee,
"Or breake the chayne of strong Necessitee,
"Which fast is tyde to Iove's eternall seat?
"The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
"And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
"To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

xxvi.

"Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
"For some shall pay the price of others guilt;
"And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
"Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
"But what art thou that telst of nephews kilt?"
"I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,
Quoth she, "however now in garments gilt,
"And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came;
"Duessa I, the daughter of Deccipt and Shame.

xxvii.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying, "In that fayre face
"The falsc resemblance of Deceipt I wist
"Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
"It carried, that I scarse in darksome place
"Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
"Of Falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
"O welcome, child! whom I have longd to see,
"And now have seene unwares. Lo now I go
"with thee."

xxviii.

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle wel-favourd witch;
Through mirksome aire her ready way she makes:
Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp, [twitch;
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to
Then soming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

xxix.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the paynim lay
Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy blood congealed
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

xxx.

And all the while she stood upon the ground
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

xxxi.

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole:
By that same hole an entraunce dark and bace
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature never past
That backe retourned without heavenly grace;

But dreadful furies, which their chains have braſt
And damned ſprights ſent forth to make ill men aghaſt.

xxxii.

By that ſame way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charett, fild with ruſty blood,
And downe to Plutoes hous are come bilive;
Which paſſing through, on every ſide them ſtood
The trembling ghoſts with ſad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and ſtaring wide
With ſtonie eies; and all the helliſh brood
Of feends infernal flockt on every ſide, [ride.
To gaze on erthly wight that with the Night durſt

xxxiii.

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many ſoules ſit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghoſts in torments fry,
And with ſharp ſhrilling ſhriekes doth bootleſſe cry,
Curſing high Iove, the which them thither ſent.
The houſe of endleſſe Paine is built thereby,
In which ten thouſand ſorts of puniſhment
The curſed creatures doe eternally torment.

xxxiv.

Before the threſhold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thouſand adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his briſtles ſtrong,
And felly gnarre, until Dayes enemy
Did him appeaſe; then downe his taile he hong,
And ſuffered them to paſſen quietly;
For ſhe in hell and heaven had power equally.

xxxv.

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the queene of heaven to ſin;
And Siſyphus an huge round ſtone did reele
Againſt an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirſty Tantalus hong by the chin,
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhœus ioynts were ſtretched on a gin,
Theſeus condemned to endleſſe ſlouth by law;
And fifty ſiſters water in leake veſſels draw.

xxxvi.

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their ſmart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them do pace,
Till they be come unto the furtheſt part,
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uneaſy, dolefull, comfortleſſe,
In which ſad Æſculapius far apart
Empriſond was in chaines remedileſſe,
For that Hippolytus' rent corſe he did redreſſe.

xxvii.

Hippolytus a iolly huntſman was,
That wont in charett chace the foming bore;
He all his peers in beauty did ſurpas,
But ladies love as loſſe of time forbore:
His wanton ſtepdame loved him the more;
But when ſhe ſaw her offred ſweets refuſd,
Her love ſhe turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treaſon falſe accuſd,
And with her gealous termes his open eares abuſd,

xxxviii.

Who all in rage his ſea-god ſyre beſought
Some curſed vengeaunce on his ſonne to caſt:
From ſurging gulf two monſters ſtreight were brought,
With dread whereof his chaſing ſteedes aghaſt,
Both charett ſwifte and huntſman overcaſt.
His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite diſmembred, and his members chaſt
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
That of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

xxxix.

His cruel ſtep-dame ſeeing what was donne
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing the innocence of her ſonne:
Which hearing, his raſh ſyre began to rend
His heare, and haſty tong, that did offend;
Tho gathering up the reliques of his ſmart
By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts frend,
Them brought to Aeſculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned every part.

xl.

Such wondrous ſcience in mens witt to rain
When Iove avized, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endleſſe life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thruſt him downe alive,
With flaſhing thunderbolt ywounded ſore;
Where long remaining, he did alwaies ſtrive
Himſelfe with ſalves to health for to reſtore,
And ſlake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

xli.

There auncient Night arriving, did alight
From her nigh-weary wayne, and in her armes
To Æſculapius brought the wounded knight;
Whom having ſoftly diſaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him diſcover all his harmes,
Beſeeching him with prayer and with praiſe,
If either ſalves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
A ſordonne wight from dore of death mote raiſe,
He would at her requeſt prolong her nephews daies.

xlii.

"Ah! Dame," quoth he, "thou tempteſt me in "vaine
"To dare the thing which daily yet I rew;
"And the old cauſe of my continued paine
"With like attempt to like end to renew.
"Is not enough that thruſt from heaven dew
"Here endleſſe penaunce for one fault I pay,
"But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
"Thou biddeſt me to eeke? can Night defray
"The wrath of thundring Iove that rules both "night and day?"

xliii.

"Not ſo," quoth ſhe; "but ſith that heaven's "king
"From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
"Why feareſt thou, that canſt not hope for thing?
"And feareſt not that more thee hurten might,
"Now in the powre of everlaſting Night?
"Go to then, O thou far-renowned ſonne
"Of great Apolo! ſhew thy famous might
"In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
"Great pains, and greater praiſe, both never to be "donne."

xliv.

Her words prevaild; and then the learned leach

His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay
And all things els the which his art did teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dredd Darkneſſe, and let ſtay
Aveugles ſonne there in the leaches cure;
And bake retourning took her wonted way,
To ronne her timely race, whilſt Phœbus pure,
In weſterne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV.

The falſe Dueſſa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to ſtately palace of dame Pryde,
Where when ſhe came, ſhe found the Faery knight
Departed thence; albee (his woundes wyde
Not thoroughly heald) unready were to ryde.
Good cauſe he had to haſten thence away;
For on a day his wary dwarfe had ſpyde
Where in a dungeon deep huge nombers lay
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and day;

XLVI.

A ruefull ſight as could be ſeen with eie;
Of whom he learned had in ſecret wiſe
The hidden cauſe of their captivitie;
How, mortgaging their lives to Covetiſe;
Through waſtfull pride and wanton riotiſe,
They were by law of that proud tyranneſſe,
Provokt with wrath, and Envyes falſe ſurmiſe,
Condemned to that dongeon mercileſſe,
Where they ſhould live in wo, and dye in wretchedneſſe.

XLVII.

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon,
Till through celeſtiall doome, thrown out of dore,
Into an oxe he was transformd of yore:
There alſo was king Crœſus, that enhaunſt
His hart too high through his great richeſſe ſtore;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunſt
His curſed hand gainſt God, and on his altares daunſt:

XLVIII.

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That firſt the world with ſword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd:
There alſo was that mightie monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native ſyre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammon's ſonne be magnifide,
Till ſcornd of God and man a ſhamefull death he dide.

XLIX.

All theſe together in one heape were throwne,
Like carcaſes of beaſtes in butchers ſtall;
And in another corner wide were ſtrowne
The antique ruins of the Romanes fall;
Great Romulus, the grandſyre of them all;
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus;
Stout Scipio, and ſtubborne Hanniball,
Ambitious Sylla, and ſterne Marius;
High Cæſar, great Pompey, and fiers Antonius.

L.

Amongſt theſe mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vain, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whoſe ſides transfixt
With ſonnes own blade her fowle reproches ſpoke;
Fayre Sthenobœa, that herſelf did choke
With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will;
High-minded Cleopatra, that with ſtroke
Of aſpes ſting her ſelfe did ſtoutly kill; [fill:
And thouſands moe the like, that did that dongeon

LI.

Beſides the endleſſe routes of wretched thralles,
Which thether were aſſembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride, and waſted welthes decay.
But moſt of all, which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high princes courtes and ladies bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp or wanton play
Conſumed had their goods and thriftleſſe howres,
And laſtly throwne themſelves into theſe heavy ſtowres.

LII.

Whoſe caſe whenas the carefull dwarfe had tould,
And made enſample of their mournfull fight
Unto his maiſter, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early roſe, and ere that dawning light
Diſcovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy poſterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be ſpyde;
For doubtleſſe death enſewd if any him deſcryde.

LIII.

Scarſe could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corſes, like a great lay-ſtall,
Of murdred men which therein ſtrowed lay,
Without remorſe of decent funerall,
Which al through that great princeſſe pride did fall,
And came to ſhamefull end: and them beſyde,
Forth ryding underneath the caſtell wall,
A donghill of dead carcaſes he ſpyde,
The dreadfull ſpectacle of that ſad houſe of Pryde.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VI.

From lawleſſe Luſt by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releaſt;
Whom ſalvage nation does adore,
And learnes her wiſe beheaſt.

I.

As when a ſhip, that ſlyes fayre under ſayle,
An hidden rock eſcaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The mariner yet half amazed ſtares
At perill paſt, and yet in doubt ne dares
To ioy at his fool-hapie overſight;
So doubly is diſtreſt twixt ioy and cares
The dreadleſſe corage of this Elfin knight,
Having eſcapt to ſad enſamples in his ſight.

II.

Yet ſad he was that his too haſtie ſpeed
The fayre Dueſſ' had forſt him leave behind;
And yet more ſad that Una his deare dreed,
Her truth had ſtaynd with treaſon ſo unkind,
Yet crime in her could never creature find:
But for his love, and for her owne ſelfe ſake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to ſeeke, ne ever would forſake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sanſloy did overtake:

III.

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a foreſt wilde,
And turning wrathfull fyre to luſtfull heat,
With beaſtly ſin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vaſſall of his pleaſures vilde:
Yet firſt he caſt by treatie and by traynes
Her to perſuade that ſtubborne fort to yielde;
For greater conqueſt of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it conſtraines.

IV.

With fawning words he courted her a while,
And looking lovely, and oft ſighing ſore,
Her conſtant hart did tempt with diverſe guile;
But wordes, and lookes, and ſighs, ſhe did abhore,
As rock of diamond ſtedfaſt evermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrie luſtfull eye,
He ſnatcht the vale that hong her face before;
Then gan her beautie ſhyne as brighteſt ſkye,
And burnt his beaſtly hart t'enforce her chaſtitye.

V.

So when he ſaw his flattring arts to fayle,
And ſubtile engines bett from batteree,
With greedy force he gan the fort aſſayle,
Whereof he weend poſſeſſed ſoone to bee,
And win rich ſpoile of ranſackt chaſtitee.
Ah, heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged ſee,
How can ye vengeance iuſt ſo long withhold,
And hurle not flaſhing flames upon that paynim bold?

VI.

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortleſſe,
Does throw out thrilling ſhrieks and ſhrieking cryes,
(The laſt vaine helpe of wemens great diſtreſſe)
And with loud plaintes importuneth the ſkyes,
The molten ſtarres do drop like weeping eyes;
And Phœbus flying ſo moſt ſhamefull ſight,
His bluſhing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hydes for ſhame. What witt of mortall wight
Can now deviſe to quitt a thrall from ſuch a plight?

VII.

Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make her selfe a way :
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
From lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd :
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd :

VIII.

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far-rebownded noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent ;
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, misshapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

IX.

The wyld wood-gods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin doolfull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments and fayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate :
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state ;
All stand astoined at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so woefull plight.

X.

She more amazd in double dread doth dwell,
And every tender part for feare does shake :
As when a greedy wolfe, through honger fell,
A seely lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in haste he does forsake,
Which quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim,
With chaunge of feare to see the lyon looke so grim.

XI.

Such fearfull fitt assaid her trembling hart ;
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to move, she had ;
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;
Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
And ruffick horror all asyde doe lay,
And gently grenning shew a semblance glad
To comfort her ; and feare to put away,
Their backward-bent knees, teach her humbly to obay.

XII.

The doubtfull damzell dare not yet committ
Her single person to their barbarous truth.
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
Lats learnd what harme to hasty truth ensu'th :
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beauty soverayne,
Are wonne with pitty and u wonted ruth,
And all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance fayne.

XIII.

Their harts she gheSSeth by their humble guise,
And yieldes her to extremitie of time ;
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime :
They all as glad as birdes of ioyous pryme
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheard's ryme,
And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
Doworship her as queene, with olive girlond cround.

XIV.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double eccho ring.
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring ;
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;
Who with the noyse awaked commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing,
And aged limbs, on cypresse staddle stout,
And with an yvie twine his waste is girt about.

XV.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad ;
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad :
They drawing nigh unto their god present
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent :
The god himselfe viewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent :
His owne fayre Dyrope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

XVI.

The wood-borne people fall before her fiat,
And worship her as goddesse of the wood,
And old Sylvanus' selfe bethinkes not what
To thynke of wight so fayre, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly broode :
Sometimes Dame Venus selfe he seemes to see,
But Venus never had so sober mood ;
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

XVII.

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love and dearest Cyparisse,
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this ;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all wordly blisse ;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wil'd annoy.

XVIII.

The woody Nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thether runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades,
Flocke all about too see her lovely face ;
But when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace ;
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they find.

XIX.

Glad of such lucke, the lukelesse lucky mayd
Did her content to please their feeble eyes.
And long time with that salvage people stayd,
To gather breath in many miseryes :

During which time her gentle wit ſhe plyes
To teach them truth, which worſhipt her in vaine,
And made her th' image of idolatryes;
But when their booteleſſe zeale ſhe did reſtrayne
From her own worſhip, they her aſſe would worſhip fayne.

XX.

It fortuned a noble warlike knight
By iuſt occaſion to that forreſt came,
To ſeeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
From whence he tooke his well-deſerved name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame;
And fild far landes with glory of his might;
Plain, faithfull, true, and enimy of ſhame,
And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

XXI.

A Satyres ſonne, yborn in forreſt wyld,
By ſtraunge adventures as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde,
That was in ſacred bandes of wedlocke tyde,
To Therion, a looſe unruly ſwayne,
Who had more ioy to raunge the forreſt wyde,
And chaſe the ſalvage beaſte with buſie payne,
Then ſerve his ladies love, and waſte his pleaſures vayne.

XXII.

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
And could not lacke her lover's company;
But to the wood ſhe goes, to ſerve her turne,
And ſeeke her ſpouſe, that from her ſtill does fly,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunſt her wandring for to find,
And kindling coles of luſt in brutiſh eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her perſon thrall unto his beaſtly kind.

XXIII.

So long in ſecret cabin there he held
Her captive to his ſenſuall deſyre,
Till that with timely fruit her belly ſweld,
And bore a boy unto that ſalvage ſire;
Then home he ſuffred her for to retyre,
For ranſome leaving him the late-born childe,
Whom, till to ryper years he gan aſpyre,
He nouſled up in life and maners wilde,
Emongſt wild beaſtes and woods, from lawes of men exilde.

XXIV.

For all he taught the tender ymp was but
To baniſh cowardize and baſtard feare;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the lyon and the rugged beare,
And from the ſhe-beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roaring buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes, not made to beare;
And the robuckes in flight to overtake,
That everie beaſt for feare of him did fly and quake.

XXV.

Thereby ſo fearleſſe and ſo fell he grew,
That his own ſyre, and maiſter of his guiſe,
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
And oft for dread of hurt would him adviſe
The angry beaſtes not raſhly to deſpiſe,
Nor too much to provoke: for he would learne
The lyon ſtoup to him in lowly wiſe,
(A leſſon hard) and make the libbard ſterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

XXVI.

And for to make his power approved more,
Wyld beaſtes in yorn yokes he would compell;
The ſpotted panther, and the tuſked bore,
The pardale ſwift, and the tigre cruell,
The antelope and wolfe, both fiers and fell,
And them conſtraine in equall teme to draw.
Such ioy he had their ſtubborne harts to quell,
And ſturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheaſt they feared as a tyran's law.

XXVII.

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woodes, to ſee her little ſonne,
And chaunſt unwares to meet him in the way,
After his ſportes and cruell paſtime donne,
When after him a loyoneſſe did runne,
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away did wonne;
The lyon whelpes ſhe ſaw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes withouten childiſh feare.

XXVIII.

The fearfull dame all quaked at the ſight,
And turning backe gan faſt to fly away,
Until with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perſuaded was to ſtay,
And then to him theſe womaniſh words gan ſay;
" Ah, Satyrane! my dearling and my ioy,
" For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
" To dally thus with death is no fitt toy:
" Go find ſome other play-fellows, mine own ſweet boy."

XXIX.

In theſe and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught,
And there abode, whylſt any beaſt of name
Walkt in that forreſt, whom he had not taught
To fear his force; and then his courage haught
Deſyrd of foreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for ſtraunge adventures ſought,
In which his might was never overthrowne,
But through al Faery Lond his famous worth was blowne.

XXX.

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures ſpent,
Unto thoſe native woods for to repaire,
To ſee his ſyre and ofspring auncient;
And now he thether came for like intent,
Where he unawares the faireſt Una found,
(Straunge lady, in ſo ſtraunge habiliment)
Teaching the Satyres, which her ſat around,
Trew ſacred lore, which from her ſweet lips did redound.

XXXI.

He wondered at her wiſedome hevenly rare,
Whoſe like in womens wit he never knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her ſad ſorrows rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which ſuch troubles threw,

And ioyd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle dame, ſo hurtleſſe and ſo trew;
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her diſcipline of faith and verity.

xxxii.

But ſhe, all vowd unto the Red-croſſe knight,
His wandring perill cloſely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight;
But her deare heart with anguiſh did torment,
And all her wit in ſecret counſels ſpent,
How to eſcape. At laſt in privy wiſe
To Satyrane ſhe ſhewed her intent,
Who, glad to gain ſuch favour, gan deviſe
How with that penſive maid he beſt might thence ariſe.

xxxiii.

So on a day when Satyres all were gone
To do their ſervice to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage ſtout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:
In vain he ſeekes that having cannot hold.
So faſt he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are paſt, and come now to the plaine.

xxxiv.

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveild had, whenas they far eſpide
A weary wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in haſt to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betyde,
Or tidings of her Knight of the Red-croſſe;
But he them ſpying gan to turne aſide
For feare, as ſeemd, or for ſome feigned loſſe:
More greedy they of newes faſt towards him do croſſe.

xxxv.

A ſilly man, in ſimple weeds forworne,
And ſolid with duſt of the long dried way;
His ſandales were with toilſome travell torne,
And face all tand with ſcorching ſunny ray,
As he had traveild many a ſommer's day
Through boyling ſands of Arabic and Ynde,
And in his hand a Iacob's ſtaffe, to ſtay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His ſcrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

xxxvi.

The knight approaching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres nor new adventures none he herd.
Then Una gan to aſke if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad, of that her champion trew
That in his armour bare a croſlet red.
"Ay me! deare Dame!" quoth he, "well may I rew
"To tell the ſad ſight which mine eies have red;
"Theſe eies did ſee that knight both living and eke ded."

xxxvii.

That cruel word her tender hart ſo thrild,
That ſuddein cold did runne through every veine,
And ſtony horrour all her ſences fild
With dying fitt, that downe ſhe fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe;
Then wonne from death, ſhe bad him tellen plaine
The further proceſſe of her hidden griefe:
The leſſer pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

xxxviii.

Then gan the pilgrim thus; "I chaunſt this day,
"This fatall day, that ſhall I ever rew,
"To ſee two knights, in travell on my way,
"(A ſorry ſight) arraung'd in batteil new,
"Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:
"My fearful fleſh did tremble at their ſtrife,
"To ſee their blades ſo greedily imbrew,
"That dronke with blood, yet thriſted after life:
"What more? the Red-croſſe knight was ſlain with paynim knife."

xxxix.

"Ah! deareſt Lord," quoth ſhe, "how might that be,
"And he the ſtouteſt knight that ever wonne?"
"Ah! deareſt Dame," quoth he, "how might I ſee
"The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?"
"Where is," ſaid Satyrane, "that paynim's ſonne,
"That him of life, and us of ioy hath reſte?"
"Not far away," quoth he, "he hence doth wonne,
"Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left
"Waſhing his bloody wounds, that through the ſteele were cleft."

xl.

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in haſt,
Whiles Una, with huge heavineſſe oppreſt,
Could not for ſorrow follow him ſo faſt;
And ſoone he came, as he the place had gheſt,
Whereas that pagan proud himſelfe did reſt
In ſecret ſhadow by a fountaine ſide:
Even he it was that erſt would have ſuppreſt
Faire Una; whom when Satyrane eſpide,
With foule reprochful words he boldly him deſide;

xli.

And ſaid, "Ariſe thou curſed miſcreant, [train
"That haſt with knightleſſe guile and trecherous
"Faire knighthood ſowly ſhamed, and doeſt vaunt
"That good knight of the Red-croſſe to have ſlain:
"Ariſe, and with like treaſon now maintain
"Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."
The Sarazin this hearing, roſe amain,
And catching up in haſt his three-ſquare ſhield,
And ſhining helmet, ſoone him buckled to the field;

xlii.

And drawing nigh him ſaid, "Ah! miſborn elfe,
"In evill houre thy foes thee hither ſent,
"Another's wrongs to wreak upon thy ſelfe;
"Yet ill thou blameſt me for having blent
"My name with guile and traiterous intent:
"That Red-croſſe knight, perdie, I never flew;

" But had he beene where earſt his armes were lent,
" Th' enchaunter vaine his errour ſhould not rew;
" But thou his errour ſhalt, I hope, now proven
" trew."

XLIII.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fierſly to aſſaile,
Each other bent his enemy to quell;
That with their force they perſt both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleſhes fraile,
That it would pitty any living eie:
Large floods of blood adowne their ſides did raile;
But floods of blood could not them fatisfie:
Both hongred after death; both chofe to win or die.

XLIV.

So long they fight, and full revenge purſue,
That fainting each, themſelves to breathen lett,
And ofte refreſhed, battell oft renew.
As when two bores, with rancling malice mett,
Their gory ſides freſh bleeding fiercely frett,
Til breathleſſe both themſelves aſide retire,
Where, foming wrath, their cruell tuſkes they whett,
And trample the earth, the whiles they may reſpire,
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

XLV.

So fierſly, when theſe knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight retourne, increaſing more
Their puiſſant force and cruell rage attonce
With heaped ſtrokes more nugely than before,
That with their drery wounds and bloody gore
They both deformed, ſcarſely could bee known.
By this ſad Una, fraught with anguiſh ſore,
Led with their noiſe, which through the aire was thrown,
Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had ſown.

XLVI.

Whom all ſo ſoone as that proud Sarazin
Eſpide, he gan revive the memory
Of his leud luſts and late attempted ſin,
And lefte the doubtfull battel haſtily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie;
But Satyrane with ſtrokes him turning, ſtaid,
And ſternely bad him other buſineſs plie,
Then hunt the ſteps of pure unſpotted maid:
Wherewith he al enrag'd theſe bitter ſpeeches ſaid;

XLVII.

" O fooliſh Faeries ſonne, what fury mad
" Hath the incenſt to haſt thy dolefull fate?
" Were it not better I that lady had,
" Then that thou hadſt repented it too late?
" Moſt ſenceleſſe man he that himſelfe doth hate
" To love another: lo then for thine ayd
" Here take thy lover's token on thy pate."
So they to fight; the whiles the royall mayd
Fled farre away, of that proud paynim ſore afrayd.

XLVIII.

But that falſe pilgrim which that leaſing told,
Being indeed old Archimage, did ſtay
In ſecret ſhadow all this to behold,
And much reioyced in their bloody fray;
But when he ſaw the damſell paſſe away,
He left his ſtond, and her purſewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her laſt decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace,
And eke this battel's end, will need another place.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VII.

The Red-croſſe knight is captive made,
By gyaunt proud oppreſt :
Prince Arthure meets with Una, great-
ly with thoſe newes diſtreſt.

I.

What man ſo wiſe, what earthly witt ſo ware,
As to diſcry the crafty cunning traine
By which Deceipt doth maſke in viſour faire,
And caſt her colours died deepe in graine,
To ſeeme like Truth, whoſe ſhape ſhe well can faine,
And ſitting geſtures to her purpoſe frame,
The guiltleſſe man with guile to entertaine ?
Great maiſtreſſe of her art was that falſe dame,
The falſe Dueſſa, cloked with Fideſſaes name.

II.

Who when, returning from the drery Night;
She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
Where ſhe had left the noble Red-croſſe knight,
Her hoped pray, ſhe would no lenger byde,
But forth ſhe went to ſeeke him far and wide.
Ere long ſhe fownd, whereas he wearie ſate,
To reſt him ſelfe, foreby a fountaine ſyde,
Diſarmed all of yron coted plate,
And by his ſide his ſteed the graſſy forage ate.

III.

Hee feedes upon the cooling ſhade, and bayes
His ſweatie forehead in the breathing wynd
Which through the trembling leaves full gentle playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of ſundrie kynd
Doe chaunt ſweet muſick to delight his mynd.
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of careleſnes unkind
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With ſowle words tempring faire ; foure gall with hony ſweet,

IV.

Unkindneſſe paſt, they gan of ſolace treat,
And bathe in pleaſaunce of the ioyous ſhade,
Which ſhielded them againſt the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade
About the fountaine like a girlond made,
Whoſe bubbling wave did ever freſhly well,
Ne ever would through fervent ſommer fade ;
The ſacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

V.

The cauſe was this : One day when Phœbe fayre,
With all her band, was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyrd, with heat of ſcorching ayre,
Satt downe to reſt in middeſt of the race ;
The goddeſſe wroth gan fowly her diſgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be ſuch as ſhe her ſelfe was then in place ;
Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and ſlow,
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.

VI.

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
And lying downe upon the ſandie graile,
Dronke of the ſtreame, as cleare as chriſtall glas ;
Eftſoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie ſtrong was turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powres at firſt themſelves not felt,
Till crudled cold his courage gan aſſayle,
And chearefull blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his bodie ſwelt.

VII.

Yet goodly court he made ſtill to his dame,
Pourd out in looſneſſe on the graſſy grownd,
Both careleſſe of his health and of his fame;
Till at the laſt he heard a dreadfull ſownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the earth for terror ſeemd to ſhake,
And trees did tremble. Th' elfe therewith aſtownd,
Upſtarted lightly from his looſer make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his ſhield, his monſtrous enimy
With ſturdie ſteps came ſtalking in his ſight,
An hideous geaunt, horrible and hye,
That with his talneſſe ſeemd to threat the ſkye;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed:
His living like ſaw never living eye,
Ne durſt behold; his ſtature did exceed
The hight of three the talleſt ſonnes of mortall feed.

IX.

The greateſt Earth his uncouth mother was,
And bluſtring Aeolus his boaſted ſyre,
Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
Her hollow womb did ſecretly inſpyre,
And fild her hidden caves with ſtormie yre,
That ſhe conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time
In which the wombes of wemen do expyre,
Brought forth this monſtrous maſſe of carthly ſlime,
Puſt up with emptie wynd, and fild with ſinfull cryme.

X.

So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high deſcent whereof he was yborne,
And through preſumption of his matchleſſe might,
All other powres and knighthood he did ſcorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to loſſe; his ſtalking ſteps are ſtayde
Upon a ſnaggy oke, which he had torne
Out of his mother's bowelles, and it made
His mortal mace, wherewith his foemen he diſmayde,

XI.

That, when the knight he ſpyd, he gan advaunce
With huge force and inſupportable mayne,
And towards him with dreadfull fury praunce;
Who hapleſſe, and eke hopeleſſe, all in vaine
Did to him pace, ſad battaile to darrayne,
Diſarm'd, diſgraſte, and inwardly diſmayde;
And eke ſo faint in every ioint and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain, which him feeble made,
That ſcarſely could he weeld his bootleſſe ſingle blade.

XII.

The geaunt ſtrooke ſo maynly mercileſſe,
That could have overthrowne a ſtony towre;
And were not hevenly grace that him did bleſſe
He had beene pouldred all as thin as flowre:
But he was wary of that deadly ſtowre,
And lightly leapt from underneath the blow:
Yet ſo exceeding was the villein's powre,
That with the winde it did him overthrow,
And all his ſences ſtoond, that ſtill he lay full low.

XIII.

As when that diveliſh yron engine, wrought
In deepeſt hell, and framd by furies ſkill,
With windy nitre and quick ſulphur fraught,
And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyſe, and all the ayre doth choke
That none can breath, nor ſee, nor heare at will,
Through ſmouldry cloud of duſkiſh ſtincking ſmoke,
That th' only breath him daunts who hath eſcapt the ſtroke;

XIV.

So daunted when the geaunt ſaw the knight,
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to duſt thought to have battred quight,
Untill Dueſſa loud to him gan crye,
" O great Orgoglio! greateſt under ſkye,
" O hold thy mortall hand for ladies ſake;
" Hold for my ſake, and doe him not to dye,
" But vanquiſht thine eternall bondſlave make,
" And me thy worthy meed unto thy leman take."

XV.

He hearkned, and did ſtay from further harmes,
To gayne ſo goodly guerdon as ſhe ſpake;
So willingly ſhe came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was poſſeſſed of his new-found make:
Then up he took the ſlombred ſenceleſſe corſe,
And ere he could out of his ſwowne awake,
Him to his caſtle brought, with haſtie forſe,
And in a dongeon deepe him threw without remorſe.

XVI.

From that day forth Dueſſa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne ſet on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall maieſtye:
Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hartes with awful terror tye,
A monſtrous beaſt, ybredd in filthy fen,
He choſe, which he had kept long time in darkſom den.

XVII.

Such one it was as that renowmed ſnake
Which great Alcides in Stremona ſlew,
Long foſtred in the filth of Lerna lake,
Whoſe many heades out-budding ever new,
Did breed him endleſſe labour to ſubdew.
But this ſame monſter much more ugly was;
For ſeven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron breaſt, and back of ſcaly bras,
And all embrewed in blood his eyes did ſhine, as glas.

XVIII.

His tayle was ſtretched out in wondrous length,
That to the hous of hevenly gods it raught,
And with extorted powre and borrow'd ſtrength,
The ever-burning lamps from thence it braught,
And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught;

And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred thinges, and holy hastes fortaught.
Upon this dreadful beast, with sevenfold head,
He set the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

XIX.

The wofull dwarfe, which saw his maister's fall,
(Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed)
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, took up his forlorne weed;
His mightie armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed;
(The rueful moniments of heavinesse)
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

XX.

He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull lady, wofull Una, met
Fast flying from the paynim's greedy pray,
Whileft Satyrane him from pursuit did let;
Who when her eyes she on the dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowful regret,
And lively breath her sad breast did forsake;
Yet might her piteous hart be seen to pant and quake.

XXI.

The messenger of so unhappie newes,
Would faine have dyde; dead was his hart within;
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes;
At last, recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chauf her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turn:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne; [mourne;
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and

XXII.

"Ye dreary instruments of doleful sight,
"That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
"Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
"Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
"Sith cruell Fates the careful threds unfold,
"The which my life and love together tyde?
"Now let the stony dart of senceleffe cold
"Perce to my hart, and pas through everie syde,
"And let eternal night so sad sight fro my hyde.

XXIII.

"O lightsome day (the lampe of highest Iove,
"First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
"When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove)
"Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
"And shut up heaven's windowes shyning wyde;
"For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
"And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
"Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed, [meed.
"But feeled up with death shall have their deadly

XXIV.

Then downe again she fell unto the ground,
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last, when Life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enimy,
With soltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
"Tell on," quoth she, "the woful tragedy,
"The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye.

XXV.

"Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
"And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
"Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy; light
"Then that I feele and harbour in mine hart:
"Who hath endur'd the whole can beare ech part.
"If death it be, it is not the first wound
"That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
"Begin, and end the bitter baleful stound;
"If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found."

XXVI.

Then gan the dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old,
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht paynim bold;
The wretched payre transformed to treen mould;
The house of Pryde, and perilles round about;
The combat which he with Sanfioy did hould;
The luckleffe conflict with the gyaunt stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

XXVII.

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway,
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never lady loved dearer day,
Then she did love the Knight of the Red-crosse,
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

XXVIII.

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the dwarfe the way to her assynd:
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale.
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale, [vale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a

XXIX.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his squyre, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus' brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most

XXX. [pretious rare:

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights;
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, yearv'd with curious slights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother-perle, and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd;
For all the creft a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd

His golden winges; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
That suddeine horrour to faint hartes did show;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

XXXII.

Upon the top of all his lostie creft
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
With sprincled pearle and gold full richly dreft,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

XXVIII.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
(Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene)
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewen out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

XXXIV.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phœbus' golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia wexed pale and faynt,
As when her face is staynd with magicke art's con-

XXXV. [straint.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call,
But all that was not such as seemd in sight,
Before that shield did fade, and sudden fall;
And when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

XXXVI.

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes;
For he that made the same was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes:
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell;
Both shield, and sword and armour, all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to armes he fell;
But when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie Lond, where yet it may be seen if sought.

XXXVII.

A gentle youth, his dearly loved squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square;
A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborn steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chaust that any on his backe should sitt,
The yron rowels into frothy some he bitt.

XXXVIII.

Whenas this knight nigh to the lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her aunswers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine;
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire-feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humour fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray. [say;
Wherewith enmoued, these bleeding words she gun to

XXXIX.

"What worlds delight, or ioy of living speach,
"Can hart, so plongd in sea of sorrowes deep,
"And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
"The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
"And in my hart his yron arrow steep,
"Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
"Such helpelesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
"Then rip up griefe where it may not availe;
"My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and
"waile."

XL.

"Ah! lady deare," quoth then the gentle knight,
"Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous great;
"For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
"Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
"But, woefull lady! let me you intrete
"For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
"Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
"And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:
"Found never help who never would his hurts
"impart."

XLI.

"O but," quoth she, "great griefe will not be
"tould,
"And can more easily be thought then said."
"Right so," quoth he; "but he that never would,
"Could never: will to might gives greatest aid."
"But griefe," quoth she, "does greater grow
"displaid,
"If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire."
"Despaire breeds not," quoth he, "where faith is
"staid."
"No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does
"paire."
"Flesh may empaire," quoth he, "but reason can
"repaire."

XLII.

His goodly reason and well-guided speach
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her persuaded to disclose the breach
Which Love and Fortune in her hart had wrought;
And said, "Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
"You to inquere the secrets of my griefe;
"Or that your wisdome will direct my thought;
"Or that your proweese can me yield relieefe;
"Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you
"briefe.

XLIII.

"The forlorne maiden, whom your eies have seene
"The laughing stock of Fortune's mockeries,
"Am th' oncly daughter of a king and queene,
"Whose parents deare (whiles equal destinies
"Did runne about, and their felicities

" The favourable heavens did not envy)
" Did ſpred their rule through all the territories
" Which Phiſon and Euphrates floweth by,
" And Gehon's golden waves doe waſh continually:

XLIV.

" Till that their cruell curſed enemy,
" An huge great dragon, horrible in ſight;
" Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
" With murdrous ravine and devouring might
" Their kingdome ſpoild, and countrey waſted quight:
" Themſelves, for feare into his iawes to fall,
" He forſt to caſtle ſtrong to take their flight,
" Where laſt embard in mighty brazen wall,
" He has them now fowr years beſiegd to make them thrall.

XLV.

" Full many knights, adventurous and ſtout,
" Have enterprizd that monſter to ſubdew:
" From every coaſt, that heaven walks about,
" Have thither come the noble martial crew,
" That famous harde atchievements ſtill purſew;
" Yet never any could that girlond win,
" But all ſtill ſhronke, and ſtill he greater grew:
" All they for want of faith, or guilt of ſin,
" The piteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

XLVI.

" At laſt, yled with far reported praiſe,
" Which flying Fame throughout the world had ſpred
" Of doughty knights, whom Faery Land did raiſe,
" That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
" Forthwith to court of Gloriane I ſped,
" (Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright!)
" Whoſe kingdomes ſeat Cleopolis is Red,
" There to obtaine ſome ſuch redoubted knight,
" That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

XLVII.

" Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
" There for to find a freſh unproved knight,
" Whoſe manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
" Had never beene, ne ever by his might
" Had throwne to ground the unregarded right;
" Yet of his proweſſe proofe he ſince hath made
" (I witnes am) in many a cruell fight:
" The groning ghoſts of many one diſmaide
" Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII.

" And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting ſword, and his devouring ſpeare,
" Which have endured many a dreadfull ſtowre,
" Can ſpeake his proweſſe, that did earſt you beare,
" And well could rule; now he hath left you heare
" To be the record of his ruefull loſſe,
" And of my doleful diſaventurous deare.
" O heavie record of the good Red-croſſe,
" Where have yee left your lord, that could ſo well you toſſe?

XLIX.

" Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
" That he my captive languor ſhould redeeme,
" Till all unweeting, an enchaunter bad
" His ſence abuſd, and made him to miſdeeme
" My loyalty, not ſuch as it did ſeeme;
" That rather death deſire then ſuch deſpight.
" Be iudge, ye Heavens! that all things right eſteeme,
" How I him lov'd, and love with all my might:
" So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

L.

" Thenceforth me deſolate he quite forſooke,
" To wander where wilde Fortune would me lead,
" And other bywaies he himſelfe betooke,
" Where never foote of living wight did tread,
" That brought not backe the balefull body dead,
" In which him chaunced falſe Dueſſa meete,
" Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
" Who with her witchcraft and miſſeeming ſweete,
" Inveigled him to follow her deſires unmeete.

LI.

" At laſt, by ſubtile ſleights ſhe him betraid
" Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall,
" Who him diſarmed, diſſolute, diſmayed,
" Unwares ſurpriſed, and with mighty mall
" The monſter mercileſſe him made to fall,
" Whoſe fall did never foe before behold;
" And now in darkeſome dungeon, wretched thrall,
" Remedileſſe for aie he doth him hold.
" This is my cauſe of griefe, more great then may be told."

LII.

Ere ſhe had ended all ſhe gan to faint;
But he her comforted, and faire beſpake,
" Certes, madame, ye have great cauſe of plaint,
" That ſtouteſt hart, I weene, could cauſe to quake;
" But be of cheare, and comfort to you take,
" For till I have acquit your captive knight,
" Aſſure your ſelfe I will you not forſake."
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearleſſe ſpright;
So forth they went, the dwarfe them guiding ever right.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight;
Who ſlayes the gyaunt, wounds the beaſt,
And ſtrips Dueſſa quight.

I.

Ay me! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall!
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And ſtedfaſt truth acquite him out of all:
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he through his own fooliſh pride
Or weaknes, is to ſinfull bands made thrall:
Els ſhould this Red-croſſe knight in bands have dyde,
For whoſe deliverance ſhe this prince doth thether guyde.

II.

They ſadly traveild thus, untill they came
Nigh to a caſtle builded ſtrong and hye:
Then cryde the dwarfe, "Lo yonder is the fame,
"In which my lord my liege doth luckleſſe ly,
"Thrall to that gyaunt's hatefull tyranny,
"Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres aſſay."
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie ſteed, and badd the lady ſtay,
To ſee what end of fight ſhould him befall that day.

III.

So with his ſquire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that caſtle wall,
Whoſe gates he fownd faſt ſhutt, ne living wight
To warde the fame, nor anſwere commers call;
Then tooke that ſquire an horne of bugle ſmall,
Which hong adowne his ſide in twiſted gold,
And taſſelles gay: wyde wonders over all
Of that ſame hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uſes manifold.

IV.

Was never wight that heard that ſhrilling ſownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be eaſy heard arownd,
And ecchoes three aunſwer'd it ſelfe againe:
No faulſe enchauntment nor deceiptfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blaſt,
But preſently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate ſo ſtrong, no locke ſo firme and faſt,
But with that piercing noiſe flew open quite, or braſt.

V.

The ſame before the geaunt's gate he blew,
That all the caſtle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of free-will open flew.
The gyaunt ſelfe diſmaied with that ſownd,
Where he with his Dueſſa dalliaunce fownd,
In haſt came ruſhing forth from inner bowre,
With ſtaring countenance ſterne, as one aſtownd,
And ſtaggering ſteps, to weet what ſuddein ſtowre
Had wrought that horror ſtrange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

VI.

And after him the proud Dueſſa came,
High mounted on her many-headed beaſt,
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creeſt,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feaſt:
That when the knight beheld his mightie ſhild
Upon his manly arme he ſoone addreſt,
And at him fierſly flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedineſſe through every member thrild.

VII.

Therewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with ſcornefull wrath and high diſdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged ſnubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at firſt encounter to have ſlaine;
But wiſe and wary was that noble pere,
And lightly leaping from ſo monſtrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought to thinke ſuch thunderbolts to beare.

VIII.

Ne ſhame he thought to ſhonne ſo hideous might:
The ydle ſtroke, enforcing furious way,
Miſſing the marke of his miſaymed ſight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy ſway
So deepely dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw:
The ſad earth, wounded with ſo ſore aſſay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with ſtrange feare did like an earthquake ſhow.

IX.

As when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall ſins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Entold in flames, and ſmouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament,
The fiers threeforked engin making way,
Both loftie towres and higheſt trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry paſſage ſtay,
And ſhooting in the earth caſtes up a mount of clay.

X.

His boyſtrous club, ſo buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe ſo light,
But that the knight him at advantage fownd;
And whiles he ſtrove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He ſmott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to grouud, depriv'd of native might:
Large ſtreames of blood out of the truncked ſtock
Forth guſhed, like freſh-water ſtreame from riven rock.

XI.

Diſmayed with ſo deſperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He lowdly brayd with beaſtly yelling fownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe:
As great a noyſe as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth ſting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmurring.

XII.

That when his deare Duеſſa heard, and ſaw
The evil ſtownd that dangered her eſtate,
Unto his aide ſhe haſtily did draw
Her dreadfull beaſt; who, ſwolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud orecamptcous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes:
But him the ſquire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fiers with ſingle ſword in hand,
And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwarke ſtand.

XIII.

The proud Duеſſa, full of wrathful ſpight
And fiers diſdaine, to be affronted ſo,
Enforſt her purple beaſt with all her might,
That ſtop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of ſo unequal foe;
But nathemore would that courageous ſwayne
To her yeeld paſſage, gainſt his lord to goe,
But with owtrageous ſtrokes did him reſtraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

XIV.

Then took the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which ſtill ſhe bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and deſpeyre did many thereof ſup,
And ſecret poyſon through their inner partes;
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts;
Which after charmes and ſome enchauntments ſaid,
She lightly ſprinkled on his weaker partes;
Therewith his ſturdie corage ſoone was quayd,
And all his ſences were with ſuddein dread diſmayd.

XV.

So downe he fell before the cruell beaſt,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did ſeize,
That life nigh cruſht out of his panting breſt;
No powre he had to ſtirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well aviſe,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beaſt gan turne his enterpriſe;
For wondrous anguiſh in his hart it wrought,
To ſee his loved ſquyre into ſuch thraldom brought.

XVI.

And high advauncing his blood-thirſtie blade,
Stroke one of thoſe deformed heads ſo ſore,
That of his puiſſaunce proud enſample made;
His monſtreus ſcalpe down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed ſhape misſhaped more:
A ſea of blood guſht from the gaping wownd,
That her gay garments ſtaynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field arownd,
That over ſhoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

XVII.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That to have heard great horror would have bred;
And ſcourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,
(Through great impatience of his grieved hed)
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie ſted
Would have caſt downe, and trodd in durty myre,
Had not the gyaunt ſoone her ſuccoured,
Who, all enrag'd with ſmart and frantic yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forſt the knight retyre.

XVIII.

The force which wont in two to be diſperſt,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more ſtrong then both were erſt,
With which his hideous club a'oft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor ſmites,

That ſtrongeſt oake might ſeeme to overthrow:
The ſtroke upon his ſhield ſo heavie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low.
What mortall wight could ever beare ſo monſtrous blow?

XIX.

And in his fall his ſhield, that covered was,
Did looſe his vele by chaunce, and open flew,
The light whereof, that heven's light did pas,
Such blazing brightneſſe through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the ſame endure to vew:
Which when the gyaunt ſpyde with ſtaring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and ſoft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hyee
For to have ſlain the man that on the ground did lye.

XX.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beaſt, amazd
At flaſhing beames of that ſun-ſhiny ſhield,
Became ſtark blind, and all his ſences dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And ſeemd himſelfe as conquered to yield:
Whom when his maiſtreſſe proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintneſſe reeld,
Unto the gyaunt lowdly ſhe gan call,
"O helpe, Orgoglio! helpe, or els we periſh all."

XXI.

At her ſo pitteous cry was much amoov'd
Her champion ſtout; and, for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,
But all in vaine; for he has redd his end
In that bright ſhield, and all their forces ſpend
Themſelves in vaine: for ſince that glauncing ſight
He hath no powre to hurt nor to defend;
As where th' Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the ſences quight.

XXII.

Whom when the prince, to battcill new addreſt,
And threatning high his dreadfull ſtroke, did ſee,
His ſparkling blade about his head he bleſt,
And ſmote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled: as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whoſe hare-ſtrings with keene ſteele nigh hewen be,
The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with feare-full drift.

XXIII.

Or as a caſtle, reared high and round,
By ſubtile engins and malitious ſlight
Is undermined from the loweſt ground,
And her foundation forſt, and feebled quight,
At laſt downe falles, and with her heaped hight
Her haſtie ruine does mère heavy make,
And yields it ſelfe unto the victour's might;
Such was this gyaunt's fall, that ſeemd to ſhake
The ſtedfaſt globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

XXIV.

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall ſteele him ſmote againe ſo ſore,
That headleſſe his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne foule bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous ſtore
But ſoone as breath out of his breſt did pas,
That huge great body, which the gyaunt bore,
Was vaniſht quite, and of that monſtrous mas
Was nothing leſte, but like an emptie bladder was.

XXV.

Whoſe grievous fall when falſe Dueſſa ſpyde,
Her golden cup ſhe caſt unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw aſyde;
Such piercing griefe her ſtubborne hart did wound,
That ſhe could not endure that dolefull ſtound;
But leaving all behind her, fled away;
The light-foot squyre her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to ſtay,
So brought unto his lord, as his deſerved pray.

XXVI.

The roiall virgin, which beheld from farre,
In penſive plight and ſad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running faſt to greet his victorie
With ſober gladneſſe and myld modeſtie,
And with ſweet ioyous cheare him thus beſpake;
"Fayre braunch of nobleſſe, flowre of chevalrie!
"That with your worth the world amazed make,
"How ſhall I quite the paynes ye ſuffer for my ſake?

XXVII.

"And you, freſh budd of vertue ſpringing faſt,
"Whom theſe ſad eyes ſaw nigh unto death's dore,
"What hath poore virgin, for ſuch perill paſt,
"Wherewith you to reward? accept therefore
"My ſimple ſelfe, and ſervice evermore.
"And he that high does ſit, and all things ſee
"With equall eye, their merites to reſtore,
"Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
"And what I cannot quite, requite with uſuree.

XXVIII.

"But ſith the heavens and your faire handeling
"Have made you maſter of the field this day,
"Your fortune maſter eke with governing,
"And well begonne, end all ſo well, I pray,
"Ne let that wicked woman ſcape away;
"For ſhe it is that did my lord bethrall,
"My deareſt lord! and deepe in dongeon lay,
"Where he his better dayes hath waſted all.
"O heare how piteous, he to you for ayd does call!"

XXIX.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his ſquyre
That ſcarlet whore to keepen carefully,
Whyles he himſelfe, with greedie great deſyre,
Into the caſtle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did eſpye;
Then gan he lowdly through the houſe to call,
But no man car'd to anſwere to his crye;
There raigned a ſolemne ſilence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was ſeene, in bowre or hall.

XXX.

At laſt, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old, old man, with beard as white as ſnow,
That on a ſtaffe his feeble ſteps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
For his eye ſight him fayled long ygo;

And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unuſed ruſt did overgrow:
Thoſe were the keyes of every inner dore, [ſtore.
But he could not them uſe, but kept them ſtill in

XXXI.

But very uncouth ſight was to behold
How he did faſhion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward ſtill was turnd his wrincled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are went to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And ſofter-father of the gyaunt dead;
His name, Ignaro, did his nature right aread.

XXXII.

His reverend heares and holy gravitee
The knight much honord, as beſeemed well,
And gently aſkt where all the people bee
Which in that ſtately building wont to dwell?
Who anſwerd him full ſoft, he could not tell.
Againe he aſkt where that ſame knight was layde,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puiſſaunce fell
Had made his caytive thrall? Againe he ſayde
He could not tell; ne ever other anſwere made.

XXXIII.

Then aſked he which way he in might paſs?
He could not tell, againe he anſwered.
Thereat the courteous knight diſpleaſed was,
And ſaid, "Old Syre, it ſeemes thou haſt not red
"How ill it ſits with that ſame ſilver hed
"In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vain to bee;
"But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
"With Nature's pen, in age's grave degree,
"Aread in grave wiſe what I demaund of thee."

XXXIV.

His anſwere likewiſe was, he could not tell.
Whoſe ſenceleſſe ſpeach, and doted ignorance,
Whenas the noble prince had marked well,
He gheſt his nature by his countenance,
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance:
Then to him ſtepping, from his arme did reache
Thoſe keyes, and made himſelfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach:
There was no barre to ſtop, nor foe him to empeach.

XXXV.

There all within full rich arayd he found
With royall arras and reſplendent gold,
And did with ſtore of every thing abound,
The greateſt princes preſence might behold;
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltleſſe babes and innocents trew,
Which there were ſlaine, as ſheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
And ſacred aſhes over it was ſtrowed new.

XXXVI.

And there beſide of marble ſtone was built
An altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,
On which trew Chriſtians blood was often ſpilt,
And holy martyres often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and ſtrong tyranny;
Whoſe bleſſed ſprites from underneath the ſtone
To God for vengeance cryde continually,
And with great griefe were often heard to grone;
That hardeſt hart would bleede to heare their piteous mone.

XXXVII.

Through everie rowme he ſought, and everie bowr,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At laſt he came unto an yron doore,
That faſt was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongſt that bounch to open it withall;
But in the ſame a little grate was pight,
Through which he ſent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were houſed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce,
Theſe pitteous plaintes and dolours did reſound;
"O! who is that which brings me happy choyce
"Of death, that here lye dying every ſtound,
"Yet live perforce in baleful darkneſſe bound?
"For now three moones have changed thrice their
"hew,
"And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
"Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew.
"O! welcome thou, that doſt of death bring
"tydings trew."

XXXIX.

Which when that champion heard, with percing
Of pity deare his hart was thrilled fore, [point
And trembling horrour ran through every ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight ſo fowle forlore;
Which ſhaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deep deſcent, as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthy banefull ſmell.

XL.

But neither darkneſſe fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous ſmell, his purpoſe could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with conſtant zele and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that priſoner up to reare,
Whoſe feeble thighes, unhable to uphold
His pined corſe, him ſcarſe to light could beare;
A ruefull ſpectacle of death and ghaſtly drere.

XLI.

His ſad dull eles, deepe ſunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted ſunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits
And empty ſides deceived of their dew,
Could make a ſtony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whoſe mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive ſteele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene conſum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decay'd, and al his fleſh ſhrunk up like withered flowres.

XLII.

Whome when his lady ſaw, to him ſhe ran
With haſty ioy: to ſee him made her glad,
And ſad to view his viſage pale and wan,
Who earſt in flowres of freſheſt youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares ſhe waſted had,
She ſaid, "Ah! deareſt Lord! what evil ſtarre
"On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence
"That of your ſelfe ye thus berobbed arre, [bad,
"And this miſſeeming hew your manly looks doth
"marre?

XLIII.

" But welcome now, my lord, in wele or woe,
" Whoſe preſence I have lackt too long a day ;
" And fye on fortune, mine avowed foe,
" Whoſe wrathful wreakes themſelves doe now
" alay.
" And for theſe wrongs ſhall treble penaunce pay
" Of treble good : good growes of evils prieſe."
The chearleſſe man, whom ſorrow did diſmay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe ;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV.

" Faire Lady !" then ſaid that victorious knight,
" The things that grievous were to doe or beare,
" Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight ;
" Beſt muſicke breeds delight in loathing eare :
" But th' only good that growes of paſſed feare,
" Is to be wiſe, and ware of like agein.
" This daies enſample hath this leſſon deare
" Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
" That bliſſe may not abide in ſtate of mortall men.

XLV.

" Henceforth, Sir Knight, take to you wonted
" ſtrength,
" And maiſter theſe miſhaps with patient might :
" Loe where your foelies ſtretcht in monſtrous
" length ;
" And loe that wicked woman in your ſight,
" The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
" Now in your powre, to let her live or die."
" To doe her die," quoth Una, " were deſpight,
" And ſhame t'avenge ſo weake an enimy ;
" But ſpoile her of her ſcarlot robe, and let her fly."

XLVI.

So as ſhe bad, that witch they diſaraid,
And rob'd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were diſplaid ;
Ne ſpared they to ſtrip her naked all :
Then, when they had deſpoyld her tire and call,
Such as ſhe was their eies might her behold,
That her miſſhaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whoſe ſecret filth good manners biddeth not be
told.

XLVII.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honourable eld,
Was overgrowne with ſcurfe and filthy ſcald ;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her ſowre breath abhominably ſmeld ;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld ;
Her wrizled ſkin, as rough as maple rind,
So ſcabby was, that would have loath'd all wo-
mankind.

XLVIII.

Her neather parts, the ſhame of all her kind,
My chaſter Muſe for ſhame doth bluſh to write ;
But at her rompe ſhe growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight :
And eke her feete moſt monſtrous were in ſight ;
For one of them was like an eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight ;
The other like a beares uneven paw.
More ugly ſhape yet never living creature ſaw.

XLIX.

Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
And wondred at ſo fowle deformed wight.
" Such then," ſaid Una, " as ſhe ſeemeth here,
" Such is the face of Falſhood, ſuch the ſight
" Of ſowle Dueſſa, when her borrowed light
" Is laid away, and counterfeſaunce knowne."
Thus when they had the witch diſrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open ſhowne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies un-
knowne.

L.

She flying faſt from heaven's hated face,
And from the world that her diſcovered wide,
Fled to the waſtfull wilderneſſe apace,
From living eies her open ſhame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves long uneſpide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that caſtle afterwards abide,
To reſt themſelves, and weary powres repaire,
Where ſtore they fownd of al that dainty was and
rare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells;
The knights knitt friendly bands:
Sir Trevian flies from Deſpeyre,
Whom Red-croſſe knight withſtands.

I.

O goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The virtues linked are in lovely wize,
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave pourſuit of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others ſafety deſpize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that ſtands;
But friendly each did others praiſe devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good prince redeemd the Red-croſſe knight from bands.

II.

Who when their powres, empayrd through labours long,
With dew repaſt they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now wexed ſtrong,
Them liſt no longer there at leiſure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell;
But ere they parted, Una faire beſought
That ſtraunger knight his name and nation tell,
Leaſt ſo great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles thought.

III.

" Fair Virgin!" ſaid the prince, " yee me require
" A thing without the compas of my witt;
" For both the lignage and the certein ſire
" From which I ſprong from mee are hidden yitt;
" For all ſo ſoone as life did me admitt
" Into this world, and ſhewed heven's light,
" From mother's pap I taken was unfitt,
" And ſtreight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
" To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall " might.

IV.

" Unto old Timon he me brought bylive;
" Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
" In warlike feates th' experteſt man alive,
" And is the wiſeſt now on earth I weene:
" His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
" Under the foot of Rauran moſſy hore,
" From whence the river Dee, as ſilver cleene,
" His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
" There all my daies he trained me up in vertuous " lore.

V.

" Thether the great magicien Merlin came,
" As was his uſe, oft-times to viſit mee;
" For he had charge my diſcipline to frame,
" And tutor's nouriture to overſee.
" Him oft and oft I aſkt in privity,
" Of what loines and what lignage I did ſpring:
" Whoſe aunſwere bad be ſtill aſſured bee,
" That I was ſonne and heir unto a king,
" As Time in her iuſt term the truth to light " ſhould bring."

VI.

" Well worthy Impe," ſaid then the lady gent,
" And pupil fit for ſuch a tutor's hand;
" But what adventure, or what high intent,
" Hath brought you hether into Fary Land,
" Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of martiall " band."
" Full hard it is," quoth he, " to read aright
" The courſe of heavenly cauſe, or underſtand
" The ſecret meaning of th' eternall might,
" That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of " living wight:

VII.

" For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
" Me hether sent, for cause to me unghest;
" Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
" Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
" With forced fury following his behest,
" Me hether brought by wayes yet never found,
" You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest."
" Ah! courteous Knight," quoth she, " what secret wound
" Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?"

VIII.

" Dear Dame," quoth he, " you sleeping sparkes awake,
" Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow;
" Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
" Till living moisture into smoke do flow,
" And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
" Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
" But told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
" I will revele what you so much desire.
" Ah! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respyre.

IX.

" It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
" When corage first does creepe in manly chest;
" Then first that cole of kindly heat appeares
" To kindle love in every living brest;
" But me had warned old Timon's wise behest,
" Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
" Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
" As miserable lovers use to rew,
" Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

X.

" That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
" As losse of time, and vertues enimy,
" I ever scorn'd, and ioyd to stirre up strife,
" In middest of their mournful tragedy;
" Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
" And blow the fire which them to ashes brent:
" Their God himselfe, grieved at my libertie,
" Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
" But I them warded all with wary government.

XI.

" But all in vaine; no fort can be so streng,
" Ne flesshly brest can armed be so sownd,
" But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
" Or unawares at disadvantage sownd:
" Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd.
" And who most trustes in arme of flesshly might,
" And boasts in beauties chain not to be bownd,
" Doth soonest fall in disadventrous fight,
" And yeeldes his captive neck to victours most despight.

XII.

" Ensample make of him your hapless ioy,
" And of my selfe now mated, as ye see,
" Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging Boy
" Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee:
" For on a day prickt forth with iollitee
" Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
" Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
" The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent
" Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII.

" Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
" From lofty steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:
" The verdant grass my couch did goodly dight,
" And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd:
" Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
" And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
" Me seemed by my side a royall mayd
" Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay;
" So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV.

" Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
" She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
" For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
" As, when just time expired, should appeare.
" But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
" Was never hart so ravisht with delight;
" Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
" As she to me delivered all that night
" And at her parting said, she Queene of Faeries hight.

XV.

" When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
" And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
" I sorrowed all so much as erst I ioy'd,
" And washed all her place with watry eyen.
" From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
" From that day forth I cast in careful mynd,
" To seeke her out with labor and long tyne,
" And never vow to rest till her I fynd:
" Nyne monthes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbynd."

XVI.

Thus as he spoke, his visage wexed pale,
And change of hew great passion did bewray;
Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
Till gentle Una thus to him did say:
" O happy Queen of Faeries, that hast sownd,
" Mongst many, one that this great proweesse may
" Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd.
" True lovers are often sown, but seldom grow on grownd."

XVII.

" Thine, O!" then said the gentle Red-crosse knight,
" Next to that ladies love shal be the place,
" O fayrest Virgin! full of heavenly light,
" Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
" Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
" And you, my Lord, the patrone of my life,
" Of that greate queene may well gaine worthie grace;
" For ener worthie you, through prowes prieze,
" (Yf living man mote worthie be) to be her liefe."

XVIII.

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden sunne his glistring head gan shew,

And ſad remembraunce now the prince amoves
With freſh deſire his voyage to purſew;
Als Una earnd her traveill to renew.
Then thoſe two knights, faſt friendſhip for to bynd,
And love eſtabliſh each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the ſignes of gratefull mynd,
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

XIX.

Prince Arthur gave a box of diamond ſure,
Embowed with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wownd could heale incontinent.
Which to requitte, the Red-croſſe knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saveour's teſtament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable ſoules to ſave

XX.

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way
To ſeeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe that all her realme did pray.
But ſhe now weighing the decayed plight,
And ſhrunken ſynewes of her choſen knight,
Would not a while her forward courſe purſew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadful fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew;
For him to be yet weak and wearie well ſhe knew.

XXI.

So as they traveild, lo they gan eſpy
An armed knight towards them gallop faſt,
That ſeemed from ſome feared foe to fly,
Or other grieſly thing that him aghaſt.
Still as he fledd his eye was backward caſt,
As if his feare ſtill followed him behynd:
Als flew his ſteed, as he his bandes had braſt,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
As he had been a ſole of Pagaſus his kind.

XXII.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarmd, and curld uncombed hares
Upſtaring ſtiffe, diſmaid with uncouth dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe; and, to increaſe his feares,
(In fowle reproach of knighthood's fayre degree)
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his gliſtring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.

XXIII.

The Red-croſſe knight toward him croſſed faſt,
To weet what miſter wight was ſo diſmay'd;
There him he findes all ſenceleſſe and aghaſt,
That of himſelfe he ſeemd to be afrayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward ſtayd,
Till he theſe wordes to him deliver might;
"Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
"And eke from whom make ye this haſty flight?
"For never knight I ſaw in ſuch miſſeeming plight."

XXIV.

He anſwerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare to his firſt amazement, ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes and hartleſſe hollow hew,
Aſtoniſht ſtood, as one that had aſpyde
Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett again beſpake
The gentle knight, who nought to him replyde;
But trembling every ioynt did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at laſt theſe words ſeemed forth to ſhake;

XXV.

"For God's dear love, Sir Knight, do me not ſtay,
"For loe! he comes, he comes faſt after mee."
Eft looking backe would faine have runne away,
But he him forſt to ſtay, and tellen free
The ſecrete cauſe of his perplexitie;
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie ſpeach
Could his blood-frozen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
Yett forſt at laſt, he made through ſilence ſuddein breach.

XXVI.

"And am I now in ſafetie ſure," quoth he,
"From him that would have forced me to dye?
"And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
"That I may tell this hapleſſe hiſtory?"
"Feare nought," quoth he, "no daunger now "is nye."
"Then ſhall I you recount a ruefull caſe,"
Said he, "the which with this unlucky eye
"I late beheld, and, had not greater grace
'Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

XXVII.

"I lately chaunſt (would I had never chaunſt!)
"With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
"Sir Terwin hight, that well himſelfe advaunſt
"In all affayres, and was both bold and free,
"But not ſo happy as mote happy bee:
"He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
"That him again lov'd in the leaſt degree;
"For ſhe was proud, and of too high intent,
"And ioyd to ſee her lover languiſh and la- "ment:

XXVIII.

"From whom retourning ſad and comfortleſſe,
"As on the way together we did fare,
"We met that villen, (God from him me bleſſe!)
"That curſed wight, from whom I ſcapt why "leare;
"A man of hell, that calls himſelfe Deſpayre;
"Who firſt us greets, and after fayre arcedes
"Of tydinges ſtraunge, and of adventures rare;
"So creeping cloſe, as ſnake in hidden weedes,
"Inquireth of our ſtates and of our knightly "deedes:

XXIX.

"Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
"Emboſt with bale and bitter byting griefe,
"Which love had launched with his deadly darts,
"With wounding words, and termes of foule re- "prieſe,
"He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
"That earſt us held in love of lingring life;
"Then hopleſſe, hartleſſe, gan the cunning thiefe
"Perſwades us dye, to ſtint all further ſtrife:
"To me he lent this rope, to him a ruſty knife;

" With which ſad inſtrument of haſty death,
" That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
" A wyde way made to let forth living breath;
" But I, more fearfull, or more lucky wight,
" Diſmayd with that deformed diſmall ſight,
" Fledd faſt away, halfe dead with dying feare;
" Ne yet aſſur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
" Whoſe like infirmity like chaunce may beare;
" But God you never let his charmed ſpeaches
" heare!"

XXXI.

" How many a man," ſaid he, " with idle ſpeach
" Be wonne to ſpoyle the caſtle of his health?
" I wote," quoth he, " whom tryall late did teach
" That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
" His ſubtile tong like dropping honny mealt'h
" Into the hart, and fearcheth every vaine,
" That ere one be aware, by ſecret ſtealth
" His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.
" O never, Sir, deſire to try his guilefull traine!"

XXXII.

" Certes," ſaid he, " hence ſhall I never reſt,
" Till I that treachour's art have heard and tryde:
" And you, Sir knight, whoſe name mote I requeſt,
" Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde."
" I that hight Treviſan," quoth he, " will ryde
" Againſt my liking backe, to doe you grace;
" But not for gold nor glee will I abyde
" By you, when ye arrive in that ſame place,
" For lever had I die then ſee his deadly face."

XXXIII.

Ere long they come where that ſame wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That ſtill for carrion carcaſſes doth crave;
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghaſtly owle,
Shrieking his baleſull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
And all about it wandring ghoſtes did wayle and howle:

XXXIV.

And all about old ſtockes and ſtubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever ſeen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees,
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whoſe carcaſſes were ſcattered on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durſt approchen neare,
But th' other forſt him ſtaye, and comforted in feare.

XXXV.

That darkeſome cave they enter, where they find
That curſed man low ſitting on the ground,
Muſing full ſadly in his ſullein mind;
His grieſly lockes long growen and unbound,
Diſordred hong about his ſhoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
Lookt dcadly dull, and ſtared as aſtound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were ſhronke into his iawes, as he did never dine

XXXVI.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked ſides he wrapt abouts;
And him beſide there lay upon the gras
A dreary corſe, whoſe life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled freſh, alas!
In which a ruſty knife faſt fixed ſtood,
And made an open paſſage for the guſhing flood.

XXXVII.

Which piteous ſpectacle approving trew
The woful tale that Treviſan had told,
Whenas the gentle Red-croſſe knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villein ſayd, " Thou damned wight,
" The author of this fact we here behold,
" What iuſtice can but iudge againſt thee right,
" With thine owne blood to price his blood here
" ſhed in ſight?

XXXVIII.

" What franticke fitt," quoth he, " hath thus diſ-
" traught
" Thee, fooliſh man, ſo raſh a doome to give?
" What iuſtice ever other iudgement taught,
" But he ſhould die who merits not to live?
" None els to death this man deſpayring drive,
" But his owne guiltie mind deſerving death.
" Is then uniuſt to each his dew to give?
" Or let him die that loatheth living breath?
" Or let him die at eaſe that liveth here uneath?

XXXIX.

" Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
" To come unto his wiſhed home in haſte,
" And meetes a flood that doth his paſſage ſtay,
" Is not great grace to help him over paſt,
" Or free his feet, that in the myre ſticke faſt?
" Moſt envious man, that grieves at neighbours
" good,
" And fond, that ioyeſt in the woe thou haſt,
" Why wilt not let him paſſe that long hath ſtood
" Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy ſelfe not pas the
" flood?

XL.

" He there does now enioy eternall reſt
" And happy eaſe, which thou doeſt want and
" grave,
" And further from it daily wandereſt:
" What if ſome little payne the paſſage have,
" That makes frayle fleſh to feare the bitter wave?
" Is not ſhort payne well borne that bringes long
" eaſe,
" And layes the ſoule to ſleepe in quiet grave?
" Sleepe after toyle, port after ſtormie ſeas,
" Eaſe after warre, death after life, does greatly
" pleaſe."

XLI.

The knight much wondred at his ſuddein wit,
And ſayd, " The terme of life is limited,
" Ne may a man prolong or ſhorten it:
" The ſouldier may not move from watchfull ſted,
" Nor leave his ſtand, untill his captaine bed."

" Who life did limit by almightie doome,
Quoth he, " knowes beſt the termes eſtabliſhed;
" And he that points the centonell his roome,
" Doth licenſe him depart at ſound of morning
" droome.

XLII.

" Is not his deed what ever thing is donne
" In heaven and earth? did not he all create
" To die againe? all ends that was begonne:
" Their times in his eternall booke of Fate
" Are written ſure, and have their certein date:
" Who then can ſtrive with ſtrong Neceſſitie,
" That holds the world in his ſtill-chaunging ſtate?
" Or ſhunne the death ordaynd by Deſtinie?
" When houre of Death is come, let none aſke
" whence, nor why.

XLIII.

" The lenger life, I wote the greater ſin;
" The greater ſin, the greater puniſhment:
" All thoſe great battels which thou boaſts to win,
" Through ſtrife, and blood-ſhed, and avengement,
" Now prayſd, hereafter deare thou ſhalt repent;
" For life muſt life, and blood muſt blood, repay.
" Is not enough thy evill life foreſpent?
" For he that once hath miſſed the right way,
" The further he doth goe, the further he doth
" ſtray.

XLIV.

" Then doe no further goe, no further ſtray,
" But here ly downe, and to thy reſt betake,
" Th' ill to prevent, that life enſewen may:
" For what hath life that may it loved make,
" And gives not rather cauſe it to forſake?
" Feare, ſickneſſe, age, loſſe, labour, ſorrow, ſtrife,
" Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to
" quake,
" And ever fickle Fortune, rageth rife:
" All which, and thouſands mo, do make a loath-
" ſome life.

XLV.

" Thou, wretched man! of death haſt greateſt
" need,
" If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy ſtate;
" For never knight that dared warlike deed,
" More luckleſs diſaventures did amate;
" Witnes the dungeon deepe wherein of late
" Thy life ſhut up for death ſo oft did call;
" And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
" Yet death then would the like miſhaps foreſtall,
" Into the which hereafter thou maieſt happen fall.

XLVI.

" Why then doeſt thou, O man of ſin! deſire
" To draw thy dayes forth to their laſt degree?
" Is not the meaſure of thy ſinfull hire
" High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
" Againſt the day of wrath, to burden thee?
" Is not enough that to this lady mild
" Thou falſed haſt thy faith with periuree,
" And ſold thy ſelfe to ſerve Dueſſa vild,
" With whom in all abuſe thou haſt thy ſelfe defild?

XLVII.

" Is not he iuſt, that all this doth behold
" From higheſt heven, and beares an equall eie?
" Shall he thy ſins up in his knowledge fold,
" And guiltie be of thine impietie?
" Is not his law, Let every ſinner die,
" Die ſhall all flesh? what then muſt needs be
" donne,
" Is it not better to die willinglie,
" Then linger till the glas be all out-ronne?
" Death is the end of woes: die ſoone, O Faries
" ſonne!"

XLVIII.

The knight was much enmoved with this ſpeach,
That as a ſword's poynt through his hart did perſe,
And in his conſcience made a ſecrete breach,
Well knowing trew all that he did reherſe,
And to his freſh remembraunce did reverſe
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did diſperſe,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX.

In which amazement when the miſcreaunt
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
(Whiles trembling horror did his conſcience daunt
And helliſh anguiſh did his ſoule aſſaile)
To drive him to deſpaire, and quite to quaile,
Hee ſhewd him painted in a table plaine
The damned ghoſts that doe in torments waile,
And thouſand feends that doe them endleſſe paine
With fire and brimſtone, which for ever ſhall
remaine.

L.

The ſight whereof ſo thoroughly him diſmaid,
That nought but death before his eies he ſaw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous ſentence of th' Almightie law.
Then gan the villein him to over-craw,
And brought unto him ſwords, ropes, poiſon, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw,
And bad him chooſe what death he would deſire,
For death was dew to him that had provokt God's
ire.

LI.

But whenas none of them he ſaw him take,
He to him raught a dagger ſharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of aſpin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was
ſeene
To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning meſſenger had beene.
At laſt reſolv'd to work his finall ſmart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did ſtart.

LII.

Which whenas Una ſaw, through every vaine
The cruddled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a ſwowne; but ſoone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand ſhe ſnatcht the curſed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him ſaid, " Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight,
" What meaneſt thou by this reprochfull ſtrife?
" Is this the battaile which thou vaunſt to fight
" With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and
" bright?

LIII.

" Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleeſhy wight,
" Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
" Ne diveliſh thoughts diſmay thy conſtant ſpright.
" In heavenly mercies haſt thou not a part?
" Why ſhouldſt thou then deſpeire that choſen art?
" Where iuſtice growes ,there growes eke greater
" grace,
" The which doth quench the brond of helliſh
" ſmart,
" And that accurſt hand-writing doth deface.
" Ariſe, Sir knight, ariſe, and leave this curſed
" place."

LIV.

So up he roſe, and thence amounted ſtreight.
Which when the carle beheld, and ſaw his gueſt
Would ſafe depart, for all his ſubtile fleight,
He choſe an halter from among the reſt,
And with it hong himſelfe, unbid, unbleſt.
But death he could not worke himſelfe thereby,
For thouſand times he ſo himſelfe had dreſt,
Yet nathleſſe it could not doe him die,
Till he ſhould die his laſt, that is eternally.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO X.

Her faithful knight fayre Una brings
To houſe of Holineſſe;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to heavenly bleſſe.

I.

What man is he that boaſts of fleſhly might,
And vaine aſſuraunce of mortality,
Which all ſo ſoone as it doth come to fight
Againſt ſpirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fielde moſt cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man aſcribe it to his ſkill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any ſtrength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, both powre and eke will.

II.

By that which lately hapned, Una ſaw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint,
And all his ſinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enpriſonment and hard conſtraint,
Which he endured in his late reſtraint,
That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight;
Therefore to cheriſh him with diets daint,
She caſt to bring him where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III.

There was an auncient houſe not far away,
Renowmd throughout the world for ſacred lore,
And pure unſpotted life: ſo well, they ſay,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wiſedome of a matrone grave and hore,
Whoſe onely ioy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched ſoules, and helpe the helpeleſſe pore:
All night ſhe ſpent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

IV.

Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thether to ariſe;
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exerciſe:
The eldeſt two moſt ſober, chaſt, and wiſe,
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were,
Though ſpouſd, yet wanting wedlock's ſolemnize;
But faire Chariſſa to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

V.

Arrived there, the dore they find faſt lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes; but when they knockt,
The porter opened unto them ſtreight way.
He was an aged ſyre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly caſt, and gate full ſlow,
Wont on a ſtaffe his feeble ſteps to ſtay,
Hight Humilta. They paſſe in, ſtouping low,
For ſtreight and narrow was the way which he did ſhow.

VI.

Each goodly thing is hardeſt to begin;
But entred in, a ſpatious court they ſee,
Both plaine and pleaſaunt to be walked in,
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee;
His name was Zele, that him right well became,
For in his ſpeaches and behaviour hee
Did labour lively to expreſs the ſame,
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came.

VII.

There fayrely them receives a gentle squyre,
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre,
In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence: he them with speaches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
But simple, trew, and eke unfamed sweet,
As might become a squyre so great persons to greet.

VIII.

And afterwardes them to his dame he leades,
That aged dame, the lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades;
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace;
Where, when that faireſt Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from hevenly race,
Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

IX.

And her embracing said, "O happy earth,
"Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
"Most vertuous virgin, borne of hevenly berth,
"That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
"From tyrant rage, and ever-dying dread,
"Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
"Yett ceasseſt not thy weary soles to lead:
"What grace hath thee now hether brought this way?
"Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hether stray?

X.

"Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
"Here in this place, or any other wight
"That hether turnes his steps; so few there bee
"That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:
"All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
"With many rather for to goe astray,
"And be partakers of their evil plight,
"Then with a few to walke the righteſt way.
"O foolish Men! why hast ye to your own decay?"

XI.

"Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
"O Matrone sage!" quoth she, "I hether came;
"And this good night his way with me addrest,
"Ledd with thy prayses and broad blazed fame,
"That up to heven is blowne." The auncient dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

XII.

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,
Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise;
With countenance demure and modest grace
They numbred even steps and equall pace;
Of which the eldeſt, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her christall face,
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heven's light.

XIII.

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood;
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood.

XIV.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish, in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to heven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

XV.

They seeing Una, towardes her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly ioy each other for to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke requeſt,
And him salute with well-beseeming glee,
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed beſt,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble geſt.

XVI.

Then Una thus, "But she your sister deare,
"The deare Charissa, where is she become?
"Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?"
"Ah! no," said they, "but forth she may not
"For she of late is lightned of her wombe, [come;
"And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
"That her to see should be but troublesome."
"Indeed," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore;
"But thankt be God, and her encrease so ever-more."

XVII.

Then said the aged Cælia, "Deare Dame,
"And you, good Sir, I wote that of your toyle
"And labors long, through which ye hether came,
"Ye both forwearied be; therefore a whyle
"I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."
Then called she a groome, that forth him ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd;
His name was Meeke Obedience rightfully aredd.

XVIII.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre requeſt,
To have her knight into her schoole-hous plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisedom of her wordes divine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestial discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine,

XIX.

And that her sacred booke, with blood ywritt,
That none could reade except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whitt,
And heveniy documents thereout did preach
(That weaker wit of man could never reach)
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free-will,
That wonder was to hear her goodly speach;
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

XX.

And when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hasty sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heven's hight:
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway;
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:
Almighty God her gave such powre and puissaunce great.

XXI.

The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heveniy grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes;
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

XXII.

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Els has his sinnes so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his deareft Una did behold,
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity;

XXIII.

And came to Cælia to declare her smart,
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience,
And well could cure the same; his name was Patience:

XXIV.

Who comming to that sowle-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief;
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might,
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

XXV.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did rankle yett within,
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin;
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

XXVI.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate,
And made him pray both earely and eke late;
And ever as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie-whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted iott.

XXVII.

And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day;
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play;
And sad Repentaunce used to embay
His body in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blottes of sin to wash away:
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes dore.

XXVIII.

In which his torment often was so great,
That like a lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his own synewes eat.
His owne deare Una hearing evermore
His ruefull shrieks and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
For pitty of his payne and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,
For well she wist his cryme could els be never cleare.

XXIX.

Whom thus recover'd by wise Patience,
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who ioyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull breft.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull neft:
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.

XXX.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare,
As hell she hated, chaste in worke and will:
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

XXXI.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold,

Whom ſtill ſhe fed, whiles they were weake and young,
But thruſt them forth ſtill as they wexed old:
And on her head ſhe wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
Whoſe paſſing price uneath was to be told;
And by her ſyde there ſate a gentle payre
Of turtle doves, ſhe ſitting in an yvory chayre.

xxxii.

The knight and Una entring, fayre her greet,
And bid her ioy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with court'ſies ſeeming meet,
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her beſought to be ſo good,
As in her vertuous rules to ſchoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withſtood
In that ſad houſe of Penaunce, where his ſpright
Had paſt the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

xxxiii.

She was right ioyous of her iuſt requeſt;
And taking by the hand that Faeries ſonne,
Gan him inſtruct in everie good beheſt
Of love, and righteouſnes, and well to donne,
And wrath and hatred warely to ſhonne,
That drew on men God's hatred and his wrath,
And many ſoules in dolours had fordonne:
In which when him ſhe well inſtructed hath,
From thence to heaven ſhe teacheth him the ready path.

xxxiv.

Wherein his weaker wandring ſteps to guyde,
An auncient matrone ſhe to her does call,
Whoſe ſober lookes her wifedome well deſcryde;
Her name was Mercy, well knowne over all
To be both gratious and eke liberall;
To whom the carefull charge of him ſhe gave,
To leade aright, that he ſhould never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldes wave,
That Mercy in the end his righteous ſoule might ſave.

xxxv.

The godly matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her preſence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with buſhy thornes and ragged breares,
Which ſtill before him ſhe remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready paſſage ſtay;
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to ſhrinke, or from the right to ſtray,
She held him faſt, and firmely did upbeare,
As carefull nourſe her child from falling oft does reare.

xxxvi.

Eftſoones unto an holy hoſpitall,
That was foreby the way, ſhe did him bring,
In which ſeven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to ſervice of high heaven's King,
Did ſpend their daies in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore
That by the wearie way were traveiling,
And one ſate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

xxxvii.

The firſt of them, that eldeſt was and beſt,
Of all the houſe had charge and governement,
As guardian and ſteward of the reſt:
His office was to give entertainement
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto ſuch as could him feaſt againe,
And double quite for that he on them ſpent,
But ſuch as want of harbour did conſtraine;
Thoſe for God's ſake his dewty was to entertaine.

xxxviii.

The ſecond was as almner of the place:
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thriſty give to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once himſelfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for thoſe whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd up ſtill in ſtore,
Which as a ſtocke he left unto his ſeede;
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he leſſe, yet ſome he would give to the pore.

xxxix.

The third had of their wardrobe cuſtody,
In which were not rich tyres nor garments gay,
(The plumes of Pride and winges of Vanity)
But clothes meet to keep keene cold away,
And naked nature ſeemely to aray,
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no ſpare clothes to give he had,
His owne cote he would cut, and it diſtribute glad.

xl.

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore priſoners to relieve with gratious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had ſtayd;
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd;
And he that harrowd hell with heavie ſtowre,
The faulty ſoules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

xli.

The fift had charge ſick perſons to attend,
And comfort thoſe in point of death which lay;
For them moſt needeth comfort in the end,
When ſin, and hell, and death, doe moſt diſmay
The feeble ſoule departing hence away.
All is but loſt that living we beſtow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O Man! have mind of that laſt bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, ſo lyes it ever low.

xlii.

The ſixt had charge of them now being dead,
In ſeemely ſort their corſes to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
That to their hevenly ſpouſe both ſweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their ſoules ſhall ſave.
The wondrous workmanſhip of God's owne mould,
Whoſe face he made all beaſtes to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour ſhould.
Ah, deareſt God! me graunt I dead be not defould!

xliii.

The ſeventh, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead,

And wydowes ayd, leaſt they ſhould he undone :
In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull cauſes downe to tread,
And when they ſtood in moſt neceſſitee,
He did ſupply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV.

There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,
The firſt and chiefeſt of the ſeven, whoſe care
Was gueſts to welcome, towardes him did pas,
Where ſeeing Mercie, that his ſteps upbare,
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlineſſe,
And ſeemely welcome for her did prepare ;
For of their order the was patroneſſe,
Albe Chariſſa were their chiefeſt foundereſſe.

XLV.

There ſhe awhile him ſtayes, himſelfe to reſt,
That to the reſt more hable he might bee ;
During which time, in every good beheſt,
And godly worke of almes and charitee,
Shee him inſtructed with great induſtree :
Shortly therein ſo perfect he became,
That from the firſt unto the laſt degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteouſneſſe, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill, that was both ſteepe and hy,
On top whereof a ſacred chappell was,
And eke a litle hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did ly,
That day and night ſaid his devotion,
No other worldly buſineſs did apply ;
His name was hevenly Contemplation ;
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

XLVII.

Great grace that old man to him given had,
For God he often ſaw from heaven's hight ;
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had loſt their kindly ſight,
Yet wondrous quick and perſaunt was his ſpright,
As eagles eie, that can behold the ſunne.
That hill they ſcale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at laſt he wonne.

XLVIII.

There they do find that godly aged ſire,
With ſnowy lockes adowne his ſhoulders ſhed,
As hoary froſt with ſpangles doth attire
The moſſy braunches of an oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every ſinew ſeene, through his long faſt ;
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed ;
His mind was full of ſpirituall repaſt,
And pynd his fleſh to keep his body low and chaſt.

XLIX.

Who when theſe two approching he eſpide,
At their firſt preſence grew agrieved ſore,
That forſt him lay his hevenly thoughts aſide ;
And had he not that dame reſpected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him ſaluted ſtanding far afore,
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight
And aſked to what end they clomb that tedious hight ?

L.

" What end," quoth ſhe, " ſhould cauſe us take " ſuch paine,
" But that fame end, which every living wight
" Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine?
" Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
" To that moſt glorious houſe, that gliſtreth bright
" With burning ſtarres and ever-living fire,
" Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
" By wiſe Fidelia ? ſhee doth thee require
" To ſhew it to this knight, according his deſire."

LI.

" Thrice happy man !" ſaid then the father grave,
" Whoſe ſtaggering ſteps thy ſteady hand doth " lead,
" And ſhewes the way his ſinfull ſoule to ſave,
" Who better can the way to heaven aread
" Then thou thyſelfe, that was both borne and bred
" In hevenly throne, where thouſand angels ſhine?
" Thou doeſt the praiers of the righteous ſead
" Preſent before the Maieſty divine,
" And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII.

" Yet ſince thou bidſt, thy pleaſure ſhal be donne.
" Then come, thou Man of Earth ! and ſee the way
" That never yet was ſeene of Faries ſonne,
" That never leads the traveiler aſtray ;
" But after labors long, and ſad delay,
" Brings them to ioyous reſt and endleſſe blis.
" But firſt thou muſt a ſeaſon faſt and pray,
" Till from her bands the ſpright aſſoiled is,
" And have her ſtrength recur'd from fraile in- " firmitis."

LIII.

That done, he leads them to the higheſt mount,
Such one as that ſame mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either ſide diſparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon ; where, writt in ſtone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flaſhing fire about him ſhone ;

LIV.

Or like that ſacred hill, whoſe head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endleſſe memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd :
Or like that pleaſaunt mount, that is for ay
Through famous poets verſe each where renownd,
On which the thriſe three learned ladies play
Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV.

From thence, far off he unto him did ſhew
A little path that was both ſteepe and long,
Which to a goodly citty led his vew, [ſtrong
Whoſe wals and towres were builded high and

Of perle and precious ſtone, that earthly tong
Cannot deſcribe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my ſimple ſong:
The Citty of the Greate King hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happineſſe doth dwell.

LVI.

As he thereon ſtood gazing, he might ſee
The bleſſed angels to and fro deſcend
From higheſt heven in gladſome companee,
And with great ioy into that citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend;
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere
What ſtately building durſt ſo high extend
Her lofty towres unto the ſtarry ſphere.
And what unknowen, nation there empeopled were.

LVII.

" Faire Knight," quoth he, " Hieruſalem that is,
" The new Hieruſalem, that God has built
" For thoſe to dwell in that are choſen his,
" His choſen people purg'd from ſinful guilt
" With pretious blood, which cruelly was ſpilt
" On curſed tree, of that unſpotted Lam
" That for the ſinnes of all the world was kilt;
" Now are they ſaints all in that citty ſam,
" More dear unto their God then younglings to " their dam."

LVIII.

" 'Till now," ſaid then the knight, " I weened well
" That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
" In which that faireſt Faery Queene doth dwell,
" The faireſt citty was that might be ſeene;
" And that bright towre, all built of chriſtall " clene,
" Panthea, ſeemd the brighteſt thing that was;
" But now by proofe all otherwiſe I weene;
" For this great citty that does far ſurpas,
" And this bright angels towre quite dims that " towre of glas "

LIX.

" Moſt trew," then ſaid the holy aged man;
" Yet is Cleopolis for earthly frame
" The faireſt peece that eie beholden can;
" And well beſeemes all knights of noble name,
" That covett in th' immortall booke of Fame
" To be eternized, that ſame to haunt,
" And does their ſervice to that ſoveraigne dame,
" That glory does to them for guerdon graunt;
" For ſhe is hevenly borne, and heven may iuſtly " vaunt.

LX.

" And thou, faire Ymp, ſprong out from Engliſh " race,
" How ever now accompted Elfin's ſonne,
" Well worthy doeſt thy ſervice for her grace,
" To aide a virgin deſolate fordonne:
" But when thou famous victory haſt wonne,
" And high emongſt all knights haſt hong thy " ſhield,
" Thenceforth the ſuitt of earthly conqueſt ſhonne,
" And waſh thy hands from guilt of bloody field,
" For blood can nought but ſin, and wars but ſor- " rows yield.

LXI.

" Then ſeek this path that I to thee preſage,
" Which after all to heaven ſhall thee ſend;
" Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
" To yonder fame Hieruſalem doe bend,
" Where is for thee ordaind a bleſſed end;
" For thou emongſt thoſe ſaints, whom thou doeſt " ſee,
" Shalt be a ſaint and thine owne nation's frend
" And patrone: thou Saint George ſhalt called bee,
" Saint George of mery England, the ſigne of vic- " toree."

LXII.

" Unworthy wretch," quoth he, " of ſo great " grace,
" How dare I thinke ſuch glory to attaine?"
" Theſe that have it attaynd were in like cace,"
Quoth he, " as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."
" But deeds of armes muſt I at laſt be faine,
" nd ladies love, to leave, ſo dearely bought?"
" What need of armes where peace doth ay re- " maine,"
Said he, " and battailes none are to be fought?
" As for looſe loves they are vaine, and vaniſh into nought."

LXIII.

" O let me not," quoth he, " then turne againe
" Backe to the world, whoſe ioyes ſo fruitleſſe are,
" But let me here for aie in peace remain,
" Or ſtreightway on that laſt long voiage fare,
" That nothing may my preſent hope empare."
" That may not be," ſaid he, " ne maiſt thou yitt
" Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
" Who did her cauſe into thy hand committ,
" Till from her curſed foe thou have her freely " quitt."

LXIV.

" Then ſhall I ſoone," quoth he, " ſo God me " grace,
" Abett that virgin's cauſe diſconſolate,
" And ſhortly back returne unto this place,
" To walke this way in pilgrim's poore eſtate.
" But now aread, old Father, why of late
" Didſt thou behight me borne of Engliſh blood,
" Whom all a Faeries ſonne doen nominate?"
" That word ſhall I," ſaid he, " avouchen good,
" Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy " brood.

LXV.

" For well I wote thou ſpringſt from ancient race
" Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
" And many bloody battles fought in place,
" High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
" And vanquiſht them, unable to withſtand:
" From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
" There as thou ſlept in tender ſwadling band,
" And her baſe Elfin brood there for thee left:
" Such men do chaungelings call, ſo chaungd by " Faeries theft.

LXVI.

" Thence ſhe thee brought into this Faery Lond,
" And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
" Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
" As he his toyleſome teme that way did guyde,

" And brought thee up in ploughman's ſtate to
" hyde,
" Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name;
" Till prickt with courage and thy forces pryde,
" To Fary Court thou cam'ſt to ſeek for fame,
" And prove thy puiſſiant armes, as ſeems thee beſt.
" became."

LXVII.

" O holy Sire!" quoth he, " how ſhall I quight
" The many favours I with thee have fownd,
" That haſt my name and nation redd aright,
" And taught the way that does to heaven bownd?"
This ſaide, adowne he looked to the grownd,
To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
Through paſſing brightnes, which did quite confound
His feeble ſence, and too exceeding ſhyne:
So darke are earthly thinges compard to things divine.

LXVIII.

At laſt, whenas himſelfe he gan to fynd,
To Una back he caſt him to rẽtyre,
Who him awaited ſtill with penſive mynd.
Great thankes and goodly meede to that good ſyre
He thens departing gave, for his paynes hyre;
So came to Una, who him ioyd to ſee,
And after litle reſt gan him deſyre
Of her adventure myndfull for to bee:
So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters three.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO XI.

The Knight with that old Dragon fights
Two dayes inceſſantly;
The third him overthrowes, and gaynes
Moſt glorious victory.

I.

High time now gan it wex for Una fayre,
To thinke of thoſe her captive parents deare,
And their forwaſted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approached neare,
With hartie wordes her knight ſhe gan to cheare,
And in her modeſt manner thus beſpake;
" Dear Knight! as deare as ever knight was deare,
" That all theſe ſorrowes ſuffer for my ſake,
" High heaven behold the tedious toil ye for me
" take!

II.

" Now are we come unto my native ſoyle,
" And to the place where all our pereilles dwell;
" Here haunted that feend, and does his daily ſpoyle;
" Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,
" And ever ready for your foeman fell:
" The ſparke of noble corage now awake,
" And ſtrive your excellent ſelfe to excell:
" That ſhall ye evermore renowmed make
" Above all knights on earth that batteill under-
take."

III.

And pointing forth, " Lo yonder is," ſaid ſhe,
" The braſen towre, in which my parents deare
" For dread of that huge feend empriſond be,
" Whom I from far ſee on the walles appeare,
" Whoſe ſight my feeble ſoule doth greatly cheare,
" And on the top of all I do eſpye
" The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
" That, O my Parents! might I happily
" Unto you bring, to eaſe you of your miſery!"

IV.

With that they heard a roaring hideous ſownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And ſeemd uneath to ſhake the ſtedfaſt ground.
Eftſoones that dreadful dragon they eſpyde,
Where ſtrecht he lay upon the ſunny ſide
Of a great hill, himſelfe like a great hill;
But all ſo ſoone as he from far deſcryde [fill,
Thoſe gliſtring armes, that heaven with light did
He rouſd himſelfe full blyth, and haſtned them
untill.

V.

Then badd the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herſelfe withdraw aſyde,
From whence ſhe might behold that battailles
proof,
And eke be ſafe from daunger far deſcryde:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.
Now, O thou ſacred Muſe! moſt learned dame,
Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
The nourſe of Time and everlaſting Fame,
That warlike handes ennobleſt with immortall
name;

VI.

O gently come into my feeble breſt,
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage
Wherewith the martiall trompes thou doeſt infeſt,
And hartes of great heroës doeſt enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aſwage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to ſownd,
The God of Warre, with his fiers equipage
Thou doeſt awake, ſleepe never he ſo ſownd,
And ſcared nations doeſt with horror ſterne a-
ſtownd.

VII.

Fayre Goddeſſe! lay that furious fitt aſyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe ſing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great Faery Queene and paynim king,
That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long and endleſſe prayſe:
But now a while lett downe that haughtie ſtring,
And to my tunes thy ſecond tenor raiſe,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

VIII.

By this the dreadful beaſt drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haſte,
That with his largeneſſe meaſured much land,
And made wide ſhadow under his huge waſte,
As mountaine doth the valley overcaſte.
Approaching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monſtrous, horrible, and vaſte,
Which, to increaſe his wondrous greatnes more,
Was ſwoln with wrath, and poyſon, and with bloody gore:

IX.

And over all with braſen ſcales was armd,
Like plated cote of ſteele, ſo couched neare
That nought mote perce, ne might his corſe bee harmd
With dint of ſwerd, nor puſh of pointed ſpeare;
Which, as an eagle, ſeeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So ſhaked he, that horror was to heare;
For, as the claſhing of an armour bright,
Such noyſe his rouſed ſcales did ſend unto the knight.

X.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did diſplay,
Were like two ſayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gatherèd full, and worketh ſpeedy way;
And eke the pennes that did his pinions bynd,
Were like mayne-yerds with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him liſt the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted paſſage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the hevens ſtood ſtill, amazed with his threat.

XI.

His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred foldes,
Does overſpred his long bras-ſcaly back,
Whoſe wreathed boughtes whenever he unfoldes,
And thick-entangled knots adown does ſlack,
Beſpotted as with ſhieldes of red and blacke,
It ſweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lacke;
And at the point two ſtinges infixed arre,
Both deadly ſharp, that ſharpeſt ſteele exceeden farre.

XII.

But ſtinges and ſharpeſt ſteele did far exceed
The ſharpneſſe of his cruel-rending clawes:
Dedd was it ſure, as ſure as death indeed,
Whatever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his moſt hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes
Wyde gaped, like the grieſly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abyſſe all ravin fell.

XIII.

And that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yett trickling blood and gobbets raw
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That ſight thereof bredd cold congealed feare;
Which to increaſe, and all at once to kill,
A cloud of ſmoothering ſmoke and ſulphure ſeare
Out of his ſtinking gorge forth ſteemed ſtill,
That all the ayre about with ſmoke and ſtench did fill.

XIV.

His blazing eyes, like two bright ſhining ſhieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and ſparkled living fyre:
As two broad beacons, ſett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to ever ſhyre,
And warning give that enemies conſpyre
With fire and ſword the region to invade,
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Thoſe glaring lampes were ſett that made a dreadful ſhade.

XV.

So dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
Forelifting up aloft his ſpeckled breſt,
And often bounding on the bruſed gras,
As for great joyance of his new-come gueſt.
Eftſoones he gan advance his haughty creſt,
As chauffed bore his briſtles doth upreare,
And ſhoke his ſcales, to battaile ready dreſt,
That made the Red-croſſe knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defyance to his foeman neare.

XVI.

The knight gan fayrely couch his ſteady ſpeare,
And fierſely ran at him with rigorous might;
The pointed ſteele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But glauncing by, foorth paſſed forward right:
Yet ſore amoved with ſo puiſſaunt puſh,
The wrathfull beaſt about him turned light,
And him ſo rudely paſſing by did bruſh
With his long tayle, that horſe and man to ground did ruſh.

XVII.

Both horſe and man up lightly roſe againe,
And freſh encounter towardes him addreſt;
But th' ydle ſtroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to reſt.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beaſt,
To be avenged of ſo great deſpight;
For never felt his imperceable breſt
So wondrous force from hand of living wight,
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puiſſant knight.

XVIII.

Then with his waving wings diſplayed wyde,
Himſelfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with ſtrong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which night too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unſound,
To beare ſo greate a weight: he cutting way

With his broad sayles, about him soared round:
At last low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

XIX.

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As bagard hauke presuming to contend
With hardy fowle, above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the prey too heavy for his flight,
Which coming down to ground, does free itselfe by fight.

XX.

He so disseized of his griping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength into the stroake he layd,
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd,
The piercing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the monster lowdly cryde.

XXI.

He cryde as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat,
The roaling billows beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge;
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

XXII.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snacht the wood,
And quite asunder broke; forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe-rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nose-thrill.

XXIII.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all-enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in straighter bandes too rash implies;
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd:

XXIV.

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell;
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come he did them still forsake.

XXV.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in adamant rocke it had been pight.
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to stye above the ground,
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVI.

Then full of grief and anguish vehement
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII.

Not that great champion of the antique world,
Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt
With Centaures blood, and bloody verses charmd,
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd,
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

XXVIII.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent,
With heat, toile, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefes did torment,
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will never come when needes require;
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

XXIX.

It fortuned, (as fayre it them befell)
Behynd his backe, unweeting where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that curssed dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

XXX.

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;

Thoſe that with ſickneſſe were infected ſore
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Iordan, did excell,
And th' Engliſh Bath, and eke the Germa Spau,
Ne can Cephiſe, nor Hebrus, match this well;
Into the ſame the knight back overthrowen fell.

xxxi.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to ſteepe
His fierie face in billows of the weſt,
And his faint ſteedes watred in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did reſt;
Whan that infernall monſter, having keſt
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advaunce his broad diſcoloured breſt
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

xxxii.

Which when his penſive lady ſaw from farre,
Great woe and ſorrow did her ſoule aſſay,
As weening that the ſad end of the warre,
And gan to higheſt God entirely pray,
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night ſhe watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her ſad dreriment,
But praying ſtill did wake, and waking did lament.

xxxiii.

To-morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan roſe to runne his daily race;
But earely ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the ſea faire Titan's dewy face,
Up roſe the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if ſhe might ſpy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace;
For ſhe had great doubt of his ſafety,
Since late ſhe ſaw him fall before his enimy.

xxxiv.

At laſt ſhe ſaw where he upſtarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
As eagle freſh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath leſte his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himſelfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the ſkies,
His newly-budded pinions to aſſay
And marveiles at himſelfe ſtil as he flies;
So new this new-borne knight to batteill new did riſe.

xxxv.

Whom when the damned feend ſo freſh did ſpy,
No wonder if he wondred at the ſight,
And doubted whether his late enimy
It were, or other new-ſupplied knight:
He, now to prove his late renewed might,
High brandiſhing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his creſted ſcalp ſo ſore did ſmite,
That to the ſcull a yawning wound it made;
The deadly dint his dulled ſences all diſmaid.

xxxvi.

I wote not whether the revenging ſteele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or ſharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
Or other ſecret vertue did enſew;
Els never could the force of fleſhly arme,
No molten metall in his blood embrew
For till that ſtownd could never wight him harme
By ſubtilty, nor ſlight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

xxxvii.

The cruell wound enraged him ſo ſore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping lions ſeemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto conſtraine:
Then gan he toſſe aloft his ſtretched traine,
And therewith ſcourge the buxome aire ſo ſore,
That to his force to yielden it was faine;
Ne ought his ſturdy ſtrokes might ſtand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore:

xxxviii.

The ſame advauncing high above his head,
With ſharpe indented ſting ſo rude him ſmott,
That to the earth him drove, as ſtricken dead,
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall ſting his angry needle ſhott
Quite through his ſhield, and in his ſhoulder ſeasd,
Where faſt it ſtucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous ſore diſeasd,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeas'd.

xxxix.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grievous ſmart which him did wring,
From loathed ſoile he gan him lightly reare,
And ſtrove to looſe the far infixed ſting;
Which when in vaine he tryde with ſtruggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the knotty ſtring
Of his huge taile he quite aſonder clefte;
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the ſtump him lefte.

xl.

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred ſmoake and flaſhing fire,
The hell-bred beaſt threw forth unto the ſkies,
That all was covered with darkneſſe dire:
Then fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
He caſt at once him to avenge for all;
And gathering up himſelfe out of the mire,
With his uneven wings did fiercely fall [withall.
Upon his ſunne-bright ſhield, and grypt it faſt

xli.

Much was the man encumbred with his hold,
In fear to loſe his weapon in his paw,
Ne wiſt yett how his talaunts to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by ſtrength the griped gage away;
Thrice he aſſayd it from his foote to draw,
And thriſe in vaine to draw it did aſſay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

xlii.

Tho when he ſaw no power might prevaile,
His truſty ſword he cald to his laſt aid,
Wherewith he fierſly did his foe aſſaile,

And double blowes about him ſtoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron pkaid,
As ſparckles from the andvile uſe to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are ſwaid;
Therewith at laſt he forſt him to unty
One of his graſping feete, him to defend thereby.

XLIII

The other foote, faſt fixed on his ſhield,
Whenas no ſtrength nor ſtroks mote him conſtraine.
To looſe, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He ſmott thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought ſo wondrous puiſſaunce might ſuſtaine:
Upon the ioint the lucky ſteele did light,
And made ſuch way, that hewd it quite in twaine:
The paw yet miſſed not his miniſht might,
But hong ſtill on the ſhield, as it at firſt was pight.

XLIV.

For grieſe thereof, and deviliſh deſpight,
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the hevens light,
Enrold in duſkiſh ſmoke and brimſtone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling ſtew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountains molten new,
Enwrapt in cole-blacke clowds and filthy ſmoke,
That al the land with ſtench, and heven with horror choke.

XLV.

The heat whereof, and harmful peſtilence,
So ſore him noyd, that forſt him to retire
A little backward for his beſt defence,
To ſave his body from the ſcorching fire,
Which he from helliſh entrailes did expire.
It chaunſt (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backeward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did ſlide,
And downe he fell, with dread of ſhame ſore terrifide.

XLVI.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beſide,
Loaden with fruit and apples roſy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were redd;
For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
And life eke everlaſting did befall;
Great God it planted in that bleſſed ſtedd
With his almighty hand, and did it call [fall.
The Tree of Life, the crime of our firſt father's

XLVII.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that ſoile, where all good things did grow,
And freely ſprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them ſow,
Till that dredd dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoſo did eat, eftſoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!
That tree through one man's fault hath doen us all to dy.

XLVIII.

From that firſt tree forth flowd as from a well,
A trickling ſtreame of balme, moſt ſoveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground ſtill fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine;
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
The ſenceleſſe corſe appointed for the grave;
Into that ſame he fell, which did from death him ſave.

XLIX.

For nigh thereto the ever-damned beaſt
Durſt not approach, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preſerved did deteſt;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to ſad ſucceeding Night,
Who with her ſable mantle gan to ſhade
The face of earth and ways of living wight,
And high her burning torch ſet up in heaven bright.

L.

When gentle Una ſaw the ſecond fall
Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through loſſe of blood, mov'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Beſmear'd with pretious balme, whoſe virtuous might
Did heale his woundes, and ſcorching heat alay,
Againe ſhe ſtricken was with ſore affright,
And for his ſafetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

LI.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
And fayr Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herſelfe to reare
With roſy cheekes, for ſhame as bluſhing red:
Her golden locks for haſt were looſely ſhed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers ſpred,
From heven high to chace the chearleſſe darke;
With mery note her lowd ſalutes the mounting larke.

LII.

Then freſhly up aroſe the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himſelfe to battaile ready dight;
Whoſe early foe awaiting him beſide
To have devoured, ſo ſoone as day he ſpyde,
When now he ſaw himſelfe ſo freſhly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe diſmaid, and gan his fate to feare;
Natheleſſe with wonted rage he him advaunced neare:

LIII.

And in his firſt encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought at once him to have ſwallowed quight,
And ruſht upon him with outrageous pryde;
Who him recounting fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright
Taking advantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with ſo importune might,
That deepe emperſt his darkſome hollow maw,
And back retyrd, his life blood forth withal did draw.

LV.

The knight himſelf even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a maſs it ſeemd,
And his deare lady, that beheld it all,
Durſt not approach for dread, which ſhe miſdeemd;
But yet at laſt, whenas the direfull feend
She ſaw not ſtirre, off-ſhaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and ſaw that ioyous end;
Then God ſhe prayſd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchievde ſo great a conqueſt by his might.

LVI.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vaniſht into ſmoke and cloudes ſwift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble ſo great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whoſe falſe foundation waves have waſht away,
With dreadfull poyſe is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe, great Neptune doth diſmay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Red-croſſe knight
Betrouthed is with ioy;
Though falſe Dueſſa it to barre
Her falſe ſleightes doe imploy.

I.

Behold I ſee the haven nigh at hand
To which I meane my wearie courſe to bend;
Vere the maine ſhete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And ſeemeth ſafe from ſtorms, that may offend:
There this fayre virgin, wearie of her way,
Muſt landed bee, now at her iourneyes end;
There eke my feeble barke a while may ſtay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

II.

Scarſely had Phœbus in the glooming Eaſt
Yett harneſſed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creaſt,
When the laſt deadly ſmoke aloft did ſteeme
That ſigne of laſt-out-breathed life did ſeeme
Unto the watchman on the caſtle-wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull beaſt did deeme,
And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had ſeene the dragon's fatall fall.

III.

Uproſe with haſty ioy and feeble ſpeed
That aged ſyre, the lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Thoſe tydinges were, as he did underſtand;
Which whenas trew by tryall he out-fond,
He badd to open wyde his braſen gate,
Which long time had beene ſhut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his ſtate,
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

IV.

Then gan triumphant trompets ſownd on hye,
That ſent to heven the ecchoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victory
Gainſt him that had them long oppreſt with tort,
And faſt impriſoned in ſieged fort.
Then all the people, as in ſolemne feaſt,
To him aſſembled with one full conſort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beaſt,
From whoſe eternall bondage now they were releaſt.

V.

Forth came that auncient lord and aged queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd,
And ſad habiliments right well beſeene:
A noble crew about them waited rownd,
Of ſage and ſober peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to ſound,
But now they laurel braunches bore in hand;
Glad ſigne of victory and peace in all their land.

VI.

Unto that doughtie conquerour they came,
And him before themſelves proſtrating low,
Their lord and patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As freſh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow,
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light,
And in their hands ſweet timbrells all upheld on hight.

VII.

And them before the fry of children yong
Their wanton ſportes and childiſh mirth did play,
And to the maydens ſownding tymbrels ſong
In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,
And made delightfull muſick all the way,
Untill they came where that fayre virgin ſtood;
As fayre Diana in freſh ſommer's day
Beholdes her nymphes, enraung'd in ſhady wood,
Some wreſtle, ſome do run, ſome bathe in chriſtall flood:

VIII.

So ſhe beheld thoſe maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,
Themſelves to ground with gracious humbleſſe bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heven her everlaſting fame;
Then on her head they ſett a girlond greene,
And crowned her twixt earneſt and twixt game;
Who in herſelf-reſemblance well beſeene,
Did ſeeme ſuch as ſhe was, a goodly maiden queene.

IX.

And after all the raſkall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement
To ſee the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admired, as from heaven ſent,
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment;
But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monſtrous large extent,
The ſight with ydle feare did them diſmay,
Ne durſt approach him nigh, to touch, or once aſſay.

X.

Some feard, and fledd; ſome feard, and well it faynd;
One, that would wiſer ſeeme then all the reſt,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow breſt,
Or in his wombe might lurke ſome hidden neſt
Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull ſeede:
Another ſaide, that in his eyes did reſt
Yet ſparkling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
Another ſaid, he ſaw him move his eyes indeed.

XI.

One mother, whenеas her foole-hardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyl'd,
And to her goſſibs gan in counſell ſay,
"How can I tell but that his talants may
"Yet ſcratch my ſonne, or rend his tender hand?"
So diverſly themſelves in vaine they fray;
Whiles ſome more bold to meaſure him nigh ſtand
To prove how many aures he did ſpred of land.

XII.

Thus ſtacked all the folke him rownd about;
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion ſtout
After his foes defeaſaunce did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
And thouſand thankes him yeeldes for all his paine;
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kiſſeth manifold.

XIII.

And after to his pallace he them bringes,
With ſhaumes and trompets, and with clarions ſweet,
And all the way the ioyous people ſinges,
And with their garments ſtrowes the paved ſtreet;
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet
Of all that royall princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Beſpredd with coſtly ſcarlott of great name,
On which they lowly ſitt, and fitting purpoſe frame.

XIV.

What needes me tell their feaſt and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty diſhes to devize,
Of comely ſervices, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large diſcourſe of roiall princes ſtate;
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne,
For th' antique world exceſſe and pryde did hate:
Such proud luxurious pompe is ſwollen up but late.

XV.

Then when with meates and drinkes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient lord gan fit occaſion finde
Of ſtraunge adventures and of perils ſad,
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demand of his renowmed gueſt;
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance ſad,
From poynt to poynt, as is before expreſt,
Diſcourſt his voyage long, according his requeſt.

XVI.

Great pleaſure, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly king and queene did paſſionate,
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard,
That oft they did lament his luckleſſe ſtate,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heapd on him ſo many wrathfull wreakes;
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So toſſed was in Fortune's cruel freakes;
And all the while ſalt teares bedeawd the hearers checks.

XVII.

Then ſayd that royall pere in ſober wiſe,
"Deare Sonne! great beene the evils which ye bore
"From firſt to laſt in your late enterpriſe,
"That I note whether praiſe or pitty more;
"For never living man, I weene, ſo ſore
"In ſea of deadly daungers was diſtreſt;
"But ſince now ſafe ye ſeized have the ſhore,
"And well arrived are, (high God be bleſt!)
"Let us devize of eaſe and everlaſting reſt."

XVIII.

"Ah! deareſt Lord," ſaid then that doughty knight,
"Of eaſe or reſt I may not yet devize,
"For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
"I bownden am, ſtreight after this emprize,
"(As that your daughter can ye well advize)
"Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
"And her to ſerve ſixe yeares in warlike wize

" Gainſt that proud paynim king that works her
" teene;
" Therefore I ought crave pardon till I there have
" beene."

XIX.

" Unhappy falls that hard neceſſity,"
Quoth he, " the troubler of my happy peace,
" And vowed foe of my felicity,
" Ne I againſt the ſame can juſtly preace:
" But ſince that band ye cannot now releaſe,
" Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne)
" Soone as the terme of thoſe ſix yeares ſhall ceaſe,
" Ye then ſhall hether backe retourne agayne,
" The marriage to accompliſh vowd betwixt you
" twayne:

XX.

" Which for my part I covet to performe,
" In fort as through the world I did proclame,
" That whoſo kild that monſter moſt deforme,
" And him in hardy battayle overcame,
" Should have mine onely daughter to his dame,
" And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee;
" Therefore ſince now to thee perteynes the
" fame,
" By dew deſert of noble chevalree,
" Both daughter and eke kingdome lo I yield to
" thee."

XXI.

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
The faireſt Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his onely hayre:
Who forth proceeding with ſad ſober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning ſtarre appeare
Out of the eaſt, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wiſhed light;
So faire and freſh that lady ſhewd herſelfe in
ſight:

XXII.

So faire and freſh, as freſheſt flowre in May;
For ſhe had layd her mournefull ſtole aſide,
And widow-like ſad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie ſhe did hide,
Whiles on her wearie iourney ſhe did ride;
And on her now a garment ſhe did weare
All lilly white, withouten ſpot or pride,
That ſeemd like ſilke and ſilver woven neare,
But neither ſilke nor ſilver therein did appeare.

XXIII.

The blazing brightneſſe of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her ſun-ſhyny face,
To tell, were as to ſtrive againſt the ſtreame;
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare-loved knight,
All were ſhe daily with himſelfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celeſtial ſight:
Oft had he ſeene her faire, but never ſo faire
dight.

XXIV.

So fairely dight when ſhe in preſence came,
She to her ſyre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence;
Who with great wiſedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to ſay—but eare he thus had ſayd,
With flying ſpeede, and ſeeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man diſmayd,
A meſſenger with letters, which his meſſage ſayd.

XXV.

All in the open hall amazed ſtood
Att ſuddeinneſſe of that unwary ſight,
And wondred at his breathleſſe haſty mood;
But he for nought would ſtay his paſſage right,
Till faſt before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat, great humbleſſe he did make,
And kiſt the ground whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he diſcloſing, red thus, as the paper ſpake;

XXVI.

' To thee, moſt mighty king of Eden fayre,
' Her greeting ſends in thee ſad lines addreſt
' The wofull daughter and forſaken heyre
' Of that great emperour of all the Weſt,
' And bids thee be avized for the beſt,
' Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
' Of wedlocke to that new unknowen gueſt;
' For he already plighted his right hand
' Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII.

' To me, ſad mayd, or rather widow ſad,
' He was affyaunced long time before,
' And ſacred pledges he both gave, and had,
' (Falſe erraunt knight, infamous, and forſwore)
' Witneſſe the burning altars, which he ſwore,
' And guilty heavens of his bold periury,
' Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
' Yet I to them for iudgment iuſt doe fly,
' And them coniure t'avenge this ſhamefull
" iniury.

XXVIII.

' Therefore ſince mine he is, or free or bond,
' Or falſe or trew, or living, or elſe dead,
' Withhold, O foverayne Prince! your haſty hond
' From knitting league with him, I you aread;
' Ne weene my right with ſtrength adowne to
' tread,
' Thro' weakneſſe of my widowhed or woe,
' For Truth is ſtrong her rightfull cauſe to plead,
' And ſhall finde friends, if need requireth ſoe,
' So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor
' foe.

' FIDESSA.'

XXIX.

When he theſe bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings ſtraunge did him abaſhed make,
That ſtill he ſate long time aſtoniſhed,
As in great muſe, ne word to creature ſpake.
At laſt his ſolemne ſilence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes faſt fixed on his gueſt;
" Redoubted knight! that for myne only ſake
" Thy life and honour late aventureſt,
" Let nought be hid from me that ought to be
" expreſt.

XXX.

" What meane theſe bloody vowes and idle
" threats;
" Throwne out from womaniſh impatient mynd?

" What hevens, what altars, what enraged heates,
" (Here heaped up with termes of love un-
" kynd)
" My conſcience cleare with guilty bands would
" bind?
" High God be witneſſe that I guiltleſſe ame:
" But if yourſelfe, Sir knight, ye faulty ſynd,
" Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
" With cryme does not it cover, but diſcloſe the
" ſame."

xxxi.

To whom the Red-croſſe knight this anſwere ſent;
" My lord, my king, be nought hereat diſmayd,
" Till well ye wote, by grave intendiment,
" What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
" With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
" It was in my miſhaps, as hitherward
" I lately traveild, that unwares I ſtrayd
" Out of my way, through perils ſtraunge and
" hard;
" That day ſhould faile me ere I had them all
" declard.

xxxii.

" There did I find, or rather I was fownd,
" Of this falſe woman, that Fideſſa hight,
" Fideſſa bight, the falſeſt dame on grownd,
" Moſt falſe Dueſſa, royall richly dight,
" That eaſy was t'enveigle weaker ſight;
" Who by her wicked arts and wiely ſkill,
" Too falſe and ſtrong for earthly ſkill or might,
" Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
" And to my foe betrayd, when leaſt I feared
" ill."

xxxiii.

Then ſtepped forth the goodly royall mayd,
And on the ground herſelfe proſtrating low,
With ſober countenance thus to him ſayd;
" O pardon me, my ſoveraine Lord, to ſhow
" The ſecret treaſons which of late I know
" To have bene wrought by that falſe ſorcereſſe;
" She, onely ſhe, it is that earſt did throw
" This gentle knight into ſo great diſtreſſe,
" That death him did awaite in daily wretched-
" neſſe.

xxxiv.

" And now it ſeemes that ſhe ſuborned hath
" This crafty meſſenger with letters vaine,
" To worke new woe and unprovided ſcath,
" By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
" Wherein ſhe uſed hath the practicke paine
" Of this falſe footman, clockt with ſimpleneſſe,
" Whome if ye pleaſe for to diſcover plaine,
" Ye ſhall him Archimago find, I gheſſe,
" The falſeſt man alive; who tries ſhall find no
" leſſe."

xxxv.

The king was greatly moved at her ſpeach,
And all with ſuddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that meſſenger rude hands to reach.
Eftſoones the gard, which on his ſtate did wait,
Attacht that faytor falſe, and bound him ſtrait;
Who ſeemingly ſorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withſtand,
And often ſemblaunce made to ſcape out of their hand.

xxxvi.

But they him lay'd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with iron chains;
And with continual watch did warely keepe:
Who then would thinke, that by his ſubtile trains
He could eſcape ſowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that prince's wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late-forbidden bains,
And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde
With ſacred rites and vowes forever to abyde.

xxxvii.

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for ſuch a turne moſt fitt,
The houſling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon ſprinckled wide;
At which the buſhy teade a groome did light,
And ſacred lamp in ſecret chamber hide,
Where it ſhould not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

xxxviii.

Then gan they ſprinckle all the poſts with wine,
And made great feaſt to ſolemnize that day;
They all perfumde with frankincenſe divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the houſe did ſweat with great aray;
And all the while ſweet Muſicke did apply
Her curious ſkill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
The whiles one ſung a ſong of love and iollity.

xxxix.

During the which there was an heavenly noiſe
Heard ſownd through all the pallace pleaſantly,
Like as it had bene many an angels voice
Singing before th' eternall Maieſty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye;
Yet wiſt no creature whence that hevenly ſweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt ſecretly
Himſelfe thereby reſte of his ſences meet,
And raviſhed with rare impreſſion in his ſprite.

xl.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
And ſolemne feaſte proclaymd throughout the land.
That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by ſignes to underſtand
The uſual ioyes at knitting of love's band:
Thrife happy man the knight himſelfe did hold,
Poſſeſſed of his ladies hart and hand:
And ever, when his eie did her behold
His heart did ſeeme to melt in pleaſures manifold.

xli.

Her ioyous preſence and ſweet company
In full content he there did long enioy;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealoſy,
His deare delights were hable to annoy:
Yet ſwimming in that ſea of blisful ioy,
He nought forgott how he whilome had ſworne,
In caſe he could that monſtrous beaſt deſtroy,

Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne;
The which he ſhortly did, and Una left to mourne.

XLII.

Now ſtrike your ſailes, yee iolly Mariners!
For wee be come into a quiet rode,
Where we muſt land ſome of our paſſengers,
And light this weary veſſell of her lode;
Here ſhe a while may make her ſafe abode,
Till ſhe repaired have her tackles ſpent,
And want ſupplide: and then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto ſhe is bent:
Well may ſhe ſpeede, and fairely finiſh her intent.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II.

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

I.

RIGHT well I wote, moſt mighty Soveraine!
That all this famous antique hiſtory
Of ſome th' aboundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of iuſt memory;
Sith none that breadeth living aire doth know
Where is that happy Land of Faery,
Which I ſo much doe vaunt, yet no where ſhow,
But vouch antiquities which no body can know.

II.

But let that man with better ſence advize,
That of the world leaſt part to us is red;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are diſcovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous veſſel meaſured
The Amazons huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfulleſt Virginia who did ever vew?

III.

Yet all theſe were when no man did them know,
Yet have from wiſeſt ages hidden beene;
And later times thinges more unknowne ſhall ſhow.
Why then ſhould witleſſe man ſo much miſweene,
That nothing is but that which he hath ſeene?
What if within the moones fayre ſhining ſpheare,
What if in every other ſtarre unſeene,
Of other worldes he happily ſhould heare? [peare.
He wonder would much more; yet ſuch to ſome ap-

IV.

Of Faery Lond yet if he more inquyre,
By certein ſignes, here ſett in ſondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
But yield his ſence to bee too blunt and bace,
That note without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O fayreſt Princeſſe under ſky!
In this fayre mirrhour maiſt behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in Lond of Faery,
And in this antique ymage thy great aunceſtry.

V.

The which O pardon me thus to unfold
In covert vele, and wrap in ſhadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which ells could not endure thoſe beames bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchſafe with patient eare
The brave adventures of this Faery Knight,
The good Sir Guyon, gratiouſly to heare,
In whom great rule of temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abuſd,
The Red-croſs knight awaytes;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia ſlaine
With Pleaſures poiſoned baytes.

I.

That conning architect of cancred guyle,
Whom princes late diſpleaſure left in bands
For falſed letters and ſuborned wyle,
Soone as the Red-croſſe knight he underſtands
To beene departed out of Eden landes,
To ſerve again his ſoveraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes
Himſelfe he frees by ſecret meanes unſeene,
His ſhackles emptie lefte, himſelfe eſcaped cleene.

II.

And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd
To worken miſchiefe, and avenging woe,
Wherever he that godly knight may fynd,
His only hart-ſore and his only foe;
Sith Una now he algates muſt forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earſt reſtore
To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe,
Where ſhe enioyes ſure peace for evermore,
As wether-beaten ſhip arryv'd on happie ſhore.

III.

Him therefore now the obiect of his ſpight
And deadly feude he makes: him to offend
By forged treaſon or by open fight
He ſeekes, of all his driſte the aymed end:
Thereto his ſubtile engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his fayre-fyled tonge,
With thouſand other ſleightes; for well he kend
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong;
For hardly could bee hurt, who was already ſtong.

IV.

Still as he went he craftie ſtales did lay,
With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
And privy ſpyals plaſt in all his way,
To weete what courſe he takes, and how he fares,
To ketch him at a vauntage in his ſnares:
But now ſo wiſe and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
That he deſcryde and ſhonned ſtill his ſlight:
The fiſh that once was caught new bayt wil hardly byte.

V.

Nath'leſſe th' enchaunter would not ſpare his payne;
In hope to win occaſion to his will; [payne;
Which, when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaungd his mind from one to other ill;
For to all good he enimy was ſtill.
Upon the way him fortuned to meete,
Fayre marching underneath a ſhady hill,
A goodly knight, all armed in harneſſe meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

VI.

His carriage was full comely and upright,
His countenance demure and temperate,
But yett ſo ſterne and terrible in fight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble ſtate,
And mickle worſhip in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in liſts debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huon's hand,
When with King Oberon he came to Fary Land.

VII.

Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of rypeſt yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
That with a ſtaffe his feeble ſteps did ſtire,
Leaſt his long way his aged limbes ſhould tire;
And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He ſeemd to be a ſage and ſober ſyre,

And ever with ſlow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling ſteed with equal ſteps to tread.

VIII.

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke ſome uncouth wyle;
Eftſoones untwiſting his deceiptfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle,
And with faire countenance and flattring ſtyle
To them approaching, thus the knight beſpake;
" Fayre ſonne of Mars! that ſeeke with warlike " ſpoyle
" And great atchievments, great yourſelfe to make,
" Vouchſafe to ſtay your ſteed for humble miſers " ſake."

IX.

He ſtayd his ſteed for humble miſers ſake,
And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt;
Who faigning then in every limb to quake
Through inward feare, and ſeeming pale and faint,
With piteous mone his piercing ſpeech gan paint;
" Dear Lady! how ſhall I declare thy cace,
" Whome late I left in languorous conſtraynt?
" Would god thyſelfe now preſent were in place,
" To tell this ruefull tale; thy ſight could win " thee grace;

X.

" Or rather would, (O would it ſo had chaunſt!)
" That you, moſt noble Sir! had preſent beene
" When that lewd rybauld, with vile luſt advaunſt,
" Laid firſt his filthie hands on virgin cleene,
" To ſpoyle her dainty corps ſo faire and ſheene,
" As on the earth, great mother of us all,
" With living eye more fayre was never ſeene
" Of chaſtity and honour virginall:
" Witnes ye Heav'ns! whom ſhe in vaine to help " did call,"

XI.

" How may it be," ſayd then the knight halfe " wroth, [ſhent?"
" That knight ſhould knighthood ever ſo have
" None but that ſaw," quoth he, " would weene " for troth,
" How ſhamefully that mayd he did torment:
" Her looſer golden lockes he rudely rent,
" And drew her on the ground, and his ſharpe " ſword
" Againſt her ſnowy breſt he fiercely bent,
" And threatned death with many a bloodie word;
" Tonge hates to tell the reſt that eye to ſee ab- " hord."

XII.

Therewith amoved from his ſober mood,
" And lives he yet," ſaid he, " that wrought " this act,
" And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?"
" He lives," quoth he, " and boaſteth of the fact,
" Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt."
" Where may that treachour, then," ſaid he, " be " found,
" Or by what means may I his footing tract?"
" That ſhall I ſhew," ſayd he, " as ſure as hound
" The ſtricken deare, doth chaleng by the bleed- " ing wound."

XIII.

He ſtayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
And zealous haſte away is quickly gone
To ſeeke that knight, where him that crafty ſquyre
Suppoſd to be. They do arrive anone,
Where ſate a gentle lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare diſcheveled,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone:
Her ſwollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blub- bered.

XIV.

The knight approaching nigh, thus to her ſaid,
" Faire Lady! through fowle ſorrow ill bedight
" Greate pitty is to ſee you thus diſmayd,
" And marre the bloſſom of your beauty bright:
" Forthe appeaſe your griefe and heavy plight,
" And tell the cauſe of your conceived payne;
" For if he live, that hath you doen deſpight,
" He ſhall you doe dew recompenſe agayne,
" Or els his wrong with greater puiſſance main- [taine."

XV.

Which when ſhe heard, as in deſpightfull wiſe,
She wilfully her ſorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did deſpiſe:
Her golden lockes moſt cruelly ſhe rent,
And ſcratcht her face with ghaſtly dreriment
Ne would ſhe ſpeake, ne ſee, ne yet be ſeen,
But hid her viſage, and her head downe bent,
Either for greveous ſhame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with ſorrow had transfixed beene:

XVI.

Till her that ſquyre beſpake; " Madam, my lieſe,
" For God's deare love be not ſo wilfull bent,
" But doe vouchſafe now to receive reliefe,
" The which good Fortune doth to you preſent:
" For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment?
" When ill is chaunſt, but doth the ill increaſe,
" And the weake minde with double woe tor- " ment." [peaſe
When ſhe her ſquyre heard ſpeake, ſhe gan ap-
Her voluntarie paine, and feele ſome ſecret eaſe.

XVII.

Eftſoone ſhe ſaid, " Ah! gentle truſtie Squyre,
" What comfort can I wofull wretch conceave?
" Or why ſhould ever I henceforth deſyre
" To ſee faire heaven's face, and life not leave,
" Sith that falſe traytour did my honour reave?"
" Falſe traytor, certes," ſaide the Faerie knight,
" I read the man, that ever would deceave
" A gentle lady, or her wrong through might;
" Death were too litle paine for ſuch a fowle de- " ſpight.

XVIII.

" But now, fayre Lady! comfort to you make,
" And reade who hath ye wrought this ſhame- " full plight,
" That ſhort revenge the man may overtake,
" Whereſo he be, and ſoone upon him light."
" Certes," ſaide ſhe, " I wote not how he hight,
" But under him a gray ſteede he did wield,
" Whoſe ſides with dapled circles weren dight;
" Upright he rode, and in his ſilver ſhield [field."
" He bore a bloodie croſſe, that quarter'd all the

XIX.

" Now by my head," ſaide Guyon, " much I
" muſe,
" How that ſame knight ſhould doe ſo fowle amis,
" Or ever gentle damzell ſo abuſe;
" For may I boldly ſay, he ſurely is
" A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:
" I preſent was, and can it witneſſe well,
" When armes he ſwore, and ſtreight did enterpris
" Th' adventure of the errant damozell,
" In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare
" tell.

XX.

" Nathleſſe he ſhortly ſhall againe be tryde,
" And fairely quit him of the imputed blame;
" Els be ye ſure he dearely ſhall abyde,
" Or make you good amendment for the ſame:
" All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of
" ſhame.
" Now therefore, Lady, riſe out of your paine,
" And ſee the ſalving of your blotted name."
Full loth ſhe ſeemd thereto, but yet did faine;
For ſhe was inly glad her purpoſe ſo to gaine.

XXI.

Her purpoſe was not ſuch as ſhe did faine,
Ne yet her perſon ſuch as it was ſeene;
But under ſimple ſhew and ſemblant plaine
Lurkt falſe Dueſſa ſecretly unſcene,
As a chaſte virgin that had wronged beene:
So had falſe Archimago her diſguiſd,
To cloke her guile with ſorrow and ſad teene,
And eke himſelfe had craftily deviſd
To be her ſquire, and to do her ſervice well aguiſd.

XXII.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
Where ſhe did wander in waſte wilderneſſe,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
And with greene moſſe cov'ring her nakedneſſe,
To hide her ſhame and loathly filthineſſe,
Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty ſpoyld: her natheleſſe
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
Did thus reveſt, and deckt with due habiliments.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from purſuit of praiſe and fame,
To ſlug in ſlouth and ſenſuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed ſhame.
And now exceeding griefe him overcame,
To ſee the Red-croſſe thus advaunced hye,
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Againſt his praiſe to ſtirre up enmitye
Of ſuch, as vertues like mote unto him all ye,

XXIV.

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way,
Through woods and mountaines, till they came
at laſt
Into a pleaſant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whoſe high heads overplaſt
The valley did with coole ſhade overcaſt;
Through midſt thereof a little river rold,
By which there ſate a knight with helme unlaſte,
Himſelfe refreſhing with the liquid cold,
After his travell long and labours manifold.

XXV.

" Lo yonder he," cryde Archimage alowd,
" That wrought the ſhamefull fact which I did
" ſhew,
" And now he doth himſelfe in ſecret ſhrowd,
" To fly the vengeaunce for his outrage dew:
" But vaine; for he ſhall dearely do him rew;
" So God ye ſpeed, and ſend you good ſucceſſe,
" Which we far off will here abide to vew."
So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulneſſe,
That ſtreight againſt that knight his ſpeare he did
addreſſe.

XXVI.

Who ſeeing him from far ſo fierce to pricke,
His warlike arms about him gan embrace,
And in the reſt his ready ſpeare did ſticke;
Tho whenas ſtill he ſaw him towards pace,
He gan rencounter him in equal race.
They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
When ſuddeinly that warriour gan abace
His threatned ſpeare, as if ſome new miſhap
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap;

XXVII.

And cryde, " Mercie, Sir Knight! and mercie,
" Lord!
" For mine offence and heedeleſſe hardiment,
" That had almoſt committed crime abhord,
" And with reprochfull ſhame mine honour ſhent
" Whiles curſed ſteele againſt that badge I bent,
" The ſacred badge of my Redeemer's death,
" Which on your ſhield is ſet for ornament."
But his fierce foe his ſteed could ſtay uneath,
Who prickt with courage kene did cruell battell
breath.

XXVIII.

But when he heard him ſpeake, ſtreightway he
knew
His errour; and, himſelfe inclyning, ſayd,
" Ah! deare Sir Guyon, well becometh you,
" But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
" Whoſe haſty hand ſo far from reaſon ſtrayd,
" That almoſt it did haynous violence
" On that fayre ymage of that heavenly mayd
" That decks and armes your ſhield with faire
" defence:
" Your court'ſie takes on you anothers dew of-
" fence."

XXIX.

So beene they both atone, and doen upreare
Their bevers bright each other for to greet,
Goodly comportaunce each to other beare,
And entertaine themſelves with court'ſies meet.
Then ſaide the Red-croſſe knight, " Now mote I
" weet,
" Sir Guyon, why with ſo fierce faliaunce,
" And ſell intent, ye did at earſt me meet;
" For ſith I know your goodly gouvernaunce,
" Great cauſe, I weene, you guided, or ſome un-
" couth chaunce."

XXX.

" Certes," ſaid he, " well mote I ſhame to tell
" The fond encheaſon that me hether led:
" A falſe infamous faitour late befell
" Me for to meet, that ſeemed ill beſted,

" And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
" A knight had wrought againſt a lady gent;
" Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
" Where you he made the marke of his intent,
" And now is fled: foule ſhame him follow wher
" he went."

xxxi.

So can he turne his earneſt unto game,
Through goodly handling and wiſe temperaunce.
By this his aged guide in preſence came,
Who ſoone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
Eftſoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
Sith him in Faery Court he late avis'd;
And ſaid, " Fayre Sonne! God give you happy
" chaunce, (vizd,
" And that deare croſſe uppon your ſhield de-
" Wherewith above all knights ye goodly ſeeme
" aguizd.

xxxii.

" Ioy may you have and everlaſting fame,
" Of late moſt hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
" For which enrolled is your glorious name
" In heavenly regeſters above the ſunne,
" Where you a ſaint with ſaints your ſeat have
" wonne:
" But wretched we, where ye have left your
" marke,
" Moſt now anew begin like race to ronne.
" God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
" And to the wiſhed haven bring thy weary
" barke."

xxxiii.

" Palmer," him anſwered the Red-croſſe knight,
" His be the praiſe that this atchiev'ment wrought,
" Who made my hand the organ of his might;
" More than goodwill to me attribute nought,
" For all I did, I did but as I ought."
" But you, faire Sir! whoſe pageant next en-
" ſewes,
" Well mote ye thee, as well can wiſh your thought,
" That home ye may report thriſe happy newes;
" For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle
" thewes."

xxxiv.

So courteous conge both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will;
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make
With his blacke palmer, that him guided ſtill;
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his ſteedy ſtaffe did point his way:
His race with reaſon, and with words his will,
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did ſtay,
And ſuffred not in wrath his haſty ſteps to ſtray.

xxxv.

In this faire wize they traveild long yfere,
Through many hard aſſayes which did betide,
Of which he honour ſtill away did beare,
And ſpred his glory through all countryes wide.
At laſt, as chaunſt them by a foreſt ſide
To paſſe, for ſuccour from the ſcorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
With piercing ſhrieckes and many a doleſull lay,
Which to attend a while their forward ſteps they ſtay.

xxxvi.

" But if that careleſſe hevens," quoth ſhe, " de-
" ſpiſe
" The doome of iuſt revenge, and take delight
" To ſee ſad pageaunts of men's miſeries,
" As bownd by them to live in lives deſpight,
" Yet can they not warne death from wretched
" wight.
" Come then, come ſoone, come, ſweeteſt Death,
" to me,
" And take away this long lent loathed light:
" Sharpe be thy wounds, but ſweete the medicines
" be,
" That long captived ſoules from weary thraldome
" free.

xxxvii.

" But thou, ſweete Babe! whom frowning froward
" Fate
" Hath made ſad witneſſe of thy father's fall,
" Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living ſtate,
" Long maiſt thou live, and better thrive withall,
" Then to thy luckleſſe parents did befall:
" Live thou, and to thy mother dead atteſt,
" That cleare ſhe dide from blemiſh criminall;
" Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding breſt
" Loe I for pledges leave. So give me leave to
" reſt."

xxxviii.

With that a deadly ſhrieke ſhe forth did throw,
That through the wood re-echoed againe,
And after gave a grone ſo deepe and low,
That ſeemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing paine:
As gentle hynd, whoſe ſides with cruell ſteele
Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the ſad pang approaching ſhe does feele,
Braies out her lateſt breath, and up her eies doth feele.

xxxix.

Which when that warriour heard, diſmounting ſtraict
From his tall ſteed, he ruſht into the thick,
And ſoone arrived where that ſad pourtraict
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick;
In whoſe white alabaſter breſt did ſtick
A cruell knife, that made a grieſly wownd,
From which forth guſht a ſtream of gore blood thick,
That all her goodly garments ſtaind arownd,
And into a deepe ſanguine dide the graſſy grownd.

xl.

Pitifull ſpectacle of deadly ſmart,
Beſide a bubling fountaine low ſhe lay,
Which ſhe increaſed with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray;
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruel ſport inſtead of ſorrow dew;
For in her ſtreaming blood he did embay
His litle hands and tender joints embrew;
Pitifull ſpectacle, as ever eie did vew.

xli.

Beſides them both, upon the ſoiled gras,
The dead corſe of an armed knight was ſpred,

Whoſe armour all with blood beſprincled was;
His ruddy lips did ſmyle, and roſy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded;
Seemd to have beene a goodly perſonage,
Now in his freſheſt flowre of luſtyhed,
Fitt to enflame faire lady with loves rage;
But that fiers Fate did crop the bloſſome of his age.

XLII.

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan wexe as ſtarke as marble ſtone,
And his freſh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his ſences ſeem'd bereft attone:
At laſt his mighty ghoſt gan deepe to grone,
As lion, grudging in his great diſdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himſelfe mone;
Til ruth and fraile affection did conſtraine
His ſtout courage to ſtoupe, and ſhew his inward paine.

XLIII.

Out of her gored wound the cruell ſteel
He lightly ſnatcht, and did the floodgate ſtop
With his faire garment; then gan ſoftly feel
Her feeble pulſe, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop;
Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forſaken ſhop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the laſt ſhe gan to breath out living aire.

XLIV.

Which he perceiving greatly gan reioice,
And goodly counſell (that for wounded hart
Is meeteſt med'cine) tempred with ſweete voice;
"Ay me! deare Lady, which the ymage art
"Of ruefull pitty and impatient ſmart,
"What direfull chaunce, armd with avenging fate,
"Or curſed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
"Thus fowle to haſten your untimely date?
"Speake, O dear Lady! ſpeak: help never comes
"too late."

XLV.

Therewith her dim eie-lids ſhe up gan reare,
On which the drery death did ſitt, as ſad
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare:
But when as him, all in bright armour clad,
Before her ſtanding ſhe eſpied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely ſtarted, yet ſhe nothing drad;
Streight downe againe herſelfe in great deſpight
She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

XLVI.

The gentle knight her ſoone with carefull paine
Uplifted light, and ſoftly did uphold:
Thriſe he her reard, and thriſe ſhe ſunck againe,
Till he his armes about her ſides gan fold,
And to her ſaid, "Yet if the ſtony cold
"Have not all feized on your frozen hart,
"Let one word fall that may your griefe unfold,
"And tell the ſecrete of your mortall ſmart:
"He oft' finds preſent helpe who does his griefe impart."

XLVII.

Then caſting up a deadly looke, full low
She ſeigh't from bottome of her wounded breſt,
And after many bitter throbs did throw;
With lips full pale, and foltring tong oppreſt.
Theſe words ſhe breathed forth from riven cheſt;
"Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight thou bee,
"To lett a weary wretch from her dew reſt,
"And trouble dying ſoules tranquilitee:
"Take not away now got, which none would give to me."

XLVIII.

"Ah! far be it," ſaid he, "deare Dame, fro mee,
"To hinder ſoule from her deſired reſt,
"Or hold ſad life in long captivitee;
"For all I ſeeke is but to have redreſt
"The bitter pangs that doth your heart infeſt.
"Tell then, O Lady! tell what fatall prieſe
"Hath with ſo huge misfortunes you oppreſt,
"That I may caſt to compas your reliefe,
"Or die with you in ſorrow, and partake your griefe."

XLIX.

With feeble hands then ſtretched forth on hye,
As Heven accuſing guilty of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In theſe ſad wordes ſhe ſpent her utmoſt breath;
"Heare, then, O Man! the ſorrows that uneath
"My tong can tell, ſo far all ſence they pas;
"Loe this dead corpſe, that lies here underneath,
"The gentleſt knight that ever on greene gras
"Gay ſteed with ſpurs did pricke, the good Sir Mordant was.

L.

"Was (ay the while, that he is not ſo now!)
"My lord, my love, my deare lord, my deare love,
"So long as Hevens iuſt with equall brow
"Vouchſafed to behold us from above.
"One day when him high corage did emmove,
"(As wont ye knightes to ſeeke adventures wilde)
"He pricked forth his puiſſant force to prove,
"Me then he left enwombed of this childe,
"This luckleſs childe, whom thus ye ſee with blood defild.

LI.

"Him fortuned (hard fortune, ye may gheſſe)
"To come where vile Acraſia does wonne;
"Acraſia, a falſe enchaunterreſſe,
"That many errant knights hath fowle fordonne:
"Within a wandring iſland, that doth ronne
"And ſtray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is:
"Fayre Sir! if ever there ye travell, ſhonne
"The curſed land where many wend amiſs,
"And know it by the name; it hight the Bowre of Blis.

LII.

"Her blis is all in pleaſure and delight,
"Wherewith ſhe makes her lovers dronken mad,
"And then with words and weedes of wondrous might,
"On them ſhe workes her will to uſes bad:
"My lieſeſt lord ſhe thus beguiled had,
"For he was fleſh; (all fleſh doth frayltie breed)
"Whom when I heard to beene ſo ill beſtad,
"(Weake wretch) I wrapt myſelfe in palmer's weed,
"And caſt to ſeek him forth through danger and great dreed.

LIII.

" Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
" Full meaſured three quarters of her yeare,
" And thriſe three tymes had filld her crooked
" hornes,
" Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
" And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
" Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought;
" The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my mid-
" wives I weare,
" Hard help at need. So deare thee, Babe! I
" bought;
" Yet nought too dear I deemd, while ſo my deare
" I ſought.

LIV.

" Him ſo I ſought, and ſo at laſt I fownd,
" Where him that witch had thralled to her will,
" In chaines of luſt and lewde deſyres ybownd,
" And ſo transformed from his former ſkill,
" That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
" Till through wiſe handling and faire governaunce,
" I him recured to a better will,
" Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce;
" Then meanes I gan deviſe for his deliverance.

LV.

" Which when the vile enchauntereſſe perceivd
" How that my lord from her I would reprive,
" With cup thus charmd him parting ſhe deceiv'd;
' Sad verſe, give death to him that death does give,
' And loſſe of love to her that loves to live,
' So ſoone as Bacchus with the nymphe does lincke.'
" So parted we, and on our iourney drive,
" Till coming to this well, he ſtoupt to drincke:
" The charme fulfild, dead ſuddenly he downe did
" fincke.

LVI.

" Which when I wretch"——Not one word more
ſhe fayd;
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And ſlyding ſoft, as downe to ſleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That ſeeing, good Sir Guyon could uneath
From teares abſtayne; for griefe his hart did grate,
And from ſo heavie ſight his head did wreath,
Accuſing Fortune and too cruell Fate,
Which plonged had faire lady in ſo wretched ſtate.

LVII.

Then turning to his palmer ſaid, " Old Syre,
" Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
" And feeble nature cloth'd with fleſhly tyre,
" When raging paſſion, with fierce tyranny,
" Robs Reaſon of her dew regaletie,
" And makes it ſervaunt to her baſeſt part:
" The ſtrong it weakens with infirmitie,
" And with bold furie armes the weakeſt hart:
" The ſtrong through pleaſure ſooneſt falles, the
" weake through ſmart."

LVIII.

" But Temperaunce," ſaid he, " with golden ſquire,
" Betwixt them both can meaſure out a meane,
" Nether to melt in pleaſures whott deſyre,
" Nor frye in hartleſſe griefe and doleſull tene:
" Thriſe happy man! who fares them both atweene.
" But ſith this wretched woman, overcome
" Of anguiſh, rather than of crime hath bene,
" Reſerve her cauſe to her eternall doome,
" And in the meane vouchſafe her honorable
" toombe."

LIX.

" Palmer," quoth he, " death is an equall doome
" To good and bad, the common inne of reſt;
" But after death the tryall is to come,
" When beſt ſhall bee to them that lived beſt:
" But both alike, when death hath both ſuppreſt,
" Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
" Which whoſo wants ſo much of his reſt,
" For all ſo great ſhame after death I weene,
" As ſelfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to becne."

LX.

So both agree their bodies to engrave:
The great earthes wombe they open to the ſky,
And with ſad cypreſſe ſeemly it embrave
Then covering with a clod their cloſed eye,
They lay therein thoſe corſes tenderly,
And bid them ſleepe in everlaſting peace:
But ere they did their utmoſt obſequy,
Sir Guyon, more affection to increaſe,
Bynempt a ſacred vow, which none ſhould ay
releace.

LXI.

The dead knight's ſword, out of his ſheath he
drew,
With which he cut a lock of all their heare,
Which medling with their blood and earth, he
threw.
Into the grave, and gan devoutly ſweare,
" Such and ſuch evil God on Guyon reare,
" And worſe and worſe, young Orphane! be thy
" payne,
" If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbeare,
" Till guiltie blood her guerdon do obtayne,"
So ſhedding many tears they cloſd the earth agayne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be clenſe,
The face of golden Meane;
Her ſiſters, two Extremities,
Strive her to baniſh cleane.

I.

Thus when Sir Guyon, with his faithful guyde,
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their ſad tragedie uptyde,
The little babe up in his armes he hent,
Who with ſweet pleaſaunce and bold blandiſhment
Gan ſmyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As careleſſe of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen; that truth emperced deepe
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares
did ſteepe;

II.

" Ah! luckleſſe Babe! borne under cruell ſtarre,
" And in dead parents balefull aſhes bredd,
" Full little weeneſt thou what ſorrowes are
" Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed.
" Poor Orphane! in the wide world ſcattered,
" As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
" And throwne forth till it be withered;
" Such is the ſtate of men; thus enter we
" Into this life with woe, and end with miſeree."

III.

Then ſoft himſelfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath diſdainfull nicitee)
His guilty handes from bloody gore to cleene:
He waſht them oft and oft, yet nought they
beene
For all his waſhing cleaner: ſtill he ſtrove,
Yet ſtill the litle hands were bloody ſeene:
The which him into great amazement drove,
And into diverſe doubt his wavering wonder
clove.

IV.

He wiſt not whether blot of ſowle offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To ſhew how fore blood-guiltineſſe he hat'th;
Or that the charme and veneme which they
dronck,
Their blood with ſecret filth infected hath,
Being diffuſed through the fenceleſs tronck,
That through the great contagion direful deadly
ſtonck.

V.

Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to bord
With goodly reaſon, and thus fayre beſpake;
" Ye bene right hard amated, gratious Lord,
" And of your ignorance great marveill make,
" Whiles cauſe not well conceived ye miſtake:
" But know that ſecret vertues are infusd
" In every fountaine and in everie lake,
" Which who hath ſkill them rightly to have
" chusd,
" To proofe of paſſing wonders hath full often
" usd:

VI.

" Of thoſe ſome were ſo from the ſourſe indewd
" By great Dame Nature, from whoſe fruitfull
" pap [deawd,
" Their wel-heads ſpring, and are with moiſture
" Which feeds each living plant with liquid ſap,
" And filles with flowres fayre Floraes painted
" But other ſome by guiſte of later grace, [lap:
" Or by good prayers, or by other hap,

" Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
" And thenceforth were renowmd, and fought
" from place to place.

VII.

" Such is this well, wrought by occaſion ſtraunge,
" Which to her nymph befell. Upon a day,
" As ſhe the woodes with bow and ſhaftes did
" raunge.
" The hartleſſe hynd and roebuck to diſmay,
" Dan Faunus chaunſt to meet her by the way,
" And kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
" Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
" And chaced her, that faſt from him did fly:
" As hynd from her, ſo ſhe fled from her enimy.

VIII.

" At laſt when fayling breath began to faint,
" And ſaw no meanes to ſcape, of ſhame affrayd,
" She ſet her downe to weepe for ſore conſtraint,
" And to Diana calling loud for ayde,
" Her deare beſought to let her die a mayd.
" The goddeſſe heard, and ſuddeine where ſhe
" fate, [mayd
" Welling out ſtreames of teares, and quite diſ-
" With ſtony feare of that rude ruſtick mate,
" Transformd her to a ſtone from ſtedfaſt virgin's
" ſtate.

IX.

" Low now ſhe is that ſtone; from whoſe two
" heads, [flow,
" As from two weeping eyes, freſh ſtreames do
" Yet calde through feare and old conceived
" dreads:
" And yet the ſtone her ſemblance ſeemes to
" ſhow, [know;
" Shapt like a maide, that ſuch you may her
" And yet her vertues in her water byde,
" For it is chaſte and pure as pureſt ſnow,
" Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde, [tryde.
" But ever, like herſelfe, unſtayned hath been

X.

" From thence it comes, that this babe's bloody
" hand
" May not be clenſd with water of this well:
" Ne certes, Sir, ſtrive you it to withſtand,
" But let them ſtill be bloody, as befell,
" That they his mother's innocence may tell,
" As ſhe bequeathd in her laſt teſtament;
" That as a ſacred ſymbole it may dwell
" In her ſonnes fleſh, to mind revengement,
" And be for all chaſte dames an endleſſe moni-
" ment."

XI.

He hearkned to his reaſon; and the childe
Uptaking, to the palmer gave to beare;
But his ſad father's armes with bloode defylde
(An heavie load) himſelfe did lightly reare;
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his loſtie ſteed with golden ſell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare:
By other accident, that earſt befell,
He is convaide; but how or where, here fits not tell.

XII.

Which when Sir Guyon ſaw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he ſoft himſelfe appeaſe,
And fairly fair on foot, however loth;
His double burden did him ſore diſeaſe.
So long they traveiled with little eaſe,
Till that at laſt they to a caſtle came,
Built on a rocke adioining to the ſeas;
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous ſtrong by nature and by ſkilful frame.

XIII.

Therein three ſiſters dwelt of ſundry ſort,
The children of one ſyre by mothers three,
Who dying whylome, did divide this fort
To them by equall ſhares in equall fee;
But ſtryfull mind and divers qualitee
Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:
Still did they ſtrive and daily diſagree;
The eldeſt did againſt the youngeſt goe,
And both againſt the middeſt meant to worken woe.

XIV.

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
Receiv'd, as knight of ſo much worth became,
Of ſecond ſiſter, who did far excell
The other two; Medina was her name,
A ſober ſad and comely courteous dame;
Who rich arayd, and yet in modeſt guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threſhold mett, and well did enterprize.

XV.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comley courted with meet modeſtie,
Ne in her ſpeach, ne in her haviour,
Was lightneſſe ſeene or looſer vanitie,
But gratious womanhood and gravitie
Above the reaſon of her youthly yeares;
Her golden lockes ſhe roundly did uptye
In braided tramels, that no looſer heares
Did out of order ſtray about her daintie eares.

XVI.

Whileſt ſhe herſelfe thus buſily did frame
Seemely to entertaine her new-come gueſt,
Newes hereof to her other ſiſters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton reſt,
Accourting each her frend with laviſh feſt;
They were two knights of pereleſſe puiſſaunce,
And famous far abroad for warlike geſt,
Which to theſe ladies love did countenaunce;
And to his miſtreſſe each himſelfe ſtrove to advaunce.

XVII.

He that made love unto the eldeſt dame
Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
Yet not ſo good of deedes as great of name,
Which he by many raſh adventures wan,
Since errant armes to ſew he firſt began:
More huge in ſtrength than wiſe in workes he was,
And reaſon with foole-hardize over-ran; [bras.
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was, for terrour more, all armd in ſhyning braſ.

XVIII.

But he that lov'd the youngeſt was Sanſloy,
He that faire Una late ſowle outraged,

The moſt unruly and the boldeſt boy
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And all to lawleſſe luſt encouraged,
Through ſtrong opinion of his matchleſſe might;
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right;
He now this ladies champion choſe for love to fight.

XIX.

Theſe two gay knights, vowd to ſo diverſe loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre againſt his foeman moves,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th' others pleaſing ſervice to abate
Tō magnifie his owne: but when they heard
How in that place ſtraunge knight arrived late,
Both knights and ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fercely unto batteill ſterne themſelves prepar'd.

XX.

But ere they could procede unto the place
Where he abode, themſelves at diſcord fell,
And cruell combat ioynd in middle ſpace:
With horrible aſſault and fury fell
They heapt huge ſtrokes, the ſcorned life to quell,
That all on uprore from her ſettled ſeat
The houſe was rayſd and all that in did dwell;
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
Did rend the rattling ſkies with flames of fouldring heat.

XXI.

The noyſe thereof cald forth that ſtraunger knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His ſun-broad ſhield about his wriſt he bond,
And ſhyning blade unſheath'd, with which he ran
Unto that ſtead, their ſtrife to underſtond;
And at his firſt arrivall them began
With goodly means to pacifie well as he can.

XXII.

But they him ſpying, both with gready forſe
Att once upon him ran, and him beſet
With ſtrokes of mortall ſteele without remorſe,
And on his ſhield like yron ſledges bet.
As when a bear and tygre, being met
In cruell fighte, on Lybicke ocean wide,
Eſpye a traveiler with feet ſurbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
They ſtint their ſtrife, and him aſſayle on everie ſide.

XXIII.

But he, not like a wearie travelere,
Their ſharp aſſault right boldly did rebut,
And ſuffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put;
Whoſe grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
Againſt themſelves turning their wrathfull ſpight,
Gan with new rage their ſhieldes to hew and cut:
But ſtill when Guyon came to part their fight,
With heavie load on him they freſhly gan to ſmight.

XXIV.

As a tall ſhip toſſed in troublous ſeas,
Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rockes, do diverſly diſeaſe,
Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,
That her on either ſide doe ſore aſſay,
And boaſt to ſwallow her in greedy grave;
She ſcorning both their ſpights does make wide way,
And with her breſt breaking the ſomy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire herſelf doth ſave:

XXV.

So boldly he him beares, and ruſheth forth
Between them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great proweſſe and heroick worth
He ſhewd that day, and rare enſample made,
When two ſo mighty warriours he diſmade:
Attonce he wards and ſtrikes, he takes and paies;
Now forſt to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him laies;
So double was his paines, ſo double be his praiſe.

XXVI.

Straunge ſort of fight, three valiaunt knights to ſee
Three combats ioine in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmitee,
All for their ladies froward love to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So love does raine
In ſtouteſt minds, and maketh monſtrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continual iarre.
O miſerable men, that to him ſubiect arre!

XXVII.

Whilſt thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The fair Medina, with her treſſes torne,
And naked breſt, in pitty of their harmes,
Emongſt them ran, and, falling them beforne,
Beſought them by the womb which them had born,
And by the loves which were to them moſt deare,
And by the knighthood which they ſure had ſworn,
Their deadly cruell diſcord to forbeare,
And to her iuſt conditions of faire peace to heare.

XVIII.

But her two other ſiſters ſtanding by
Her lowd gainſaid, and both their champions bad
Purſew the end of their ſtrong enmity,
As ever of their loves they would be glad;
Yet ſhe with pitty words and counſell ſad
Still ſtrove their ſtubborne rages to revoke;
That at the laſt ſuppreſſing fury mad,
They gan abſtaine from dint of direfull ſtroke,
And hearken to the ſober ſpeaches which ſhe ſpoke.

XXIX.

" Ah! puiſſant Lords, what curſed evil ſpright,
" Or fell Erinnys, in your noble harts,
" Her helliſh brond hath kindled with deſpight,
" And ſtird you up to worke your wilfull ſmarts?
" Is this the ioy of armes? be theſe the partes
" Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thruſt,
" And not regard dew right and iuſt deſarts?

" Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unjuſt,
" That more to mighty hands than rightful cauſe
" doth truſt.

xxx.

" And were there rightful cauſe of difference,
" Yet were not better fayre it to accord.
" Then with blood-guiltineſſe to heape offence,
" And mortal vengeaunce ioyne to crime abhord?
" O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefeſt lord!
" Sad be the ſights, and bitter fruites of warre,
" And thouſand furies wait on wrathfull ſword:
" Ne ought the praiſe of proweſſe more doth
" marre,
" Then foule revenging rage and baſe contentious
" iarre.

xxxi.

" But lovely concord and moſt ſacred peace
" Doth nouriſh virtue, and faſt friendſhip breeds;
" Weake ſhe makes ſtrong, and ſtrong thing
" does increace,
" Till it the pitch of higheſt praiſe exceeds:
" Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
" By which ſhe triumphes over yre and pride,
" And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.
" Be therefore, O my deare Lords! pacifide,
" And this miſſeeming diſcord meekly lay aſide."

xxxii.

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And suncke ſo deepe into their boyling breſts,
That downe they lette their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abaſe their lofty creſts
To her faire preſence and diſcrete beheſts.
Then ſhe began a treaty to procure,
And ſtabliſh terms betwixt both their requeſts,
That as a law for ever ſhould endure;
Which to obſerve in word of knights they did
aſſure.

xxxiii.

Which to confirme, and faſt to bind their league,
After their weary ſweat and bloody toile,
She them beſought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repair a while,
To reſt themſelves, and grace to reconcile.
They ſoone conſent; ſo forth with her they fare,
Where they are well receivd, and made to ſpoile
Themſelves of ſoiled arms, and to prepare
Their minds to pleaſure, and their mouths to
dainty fare.

xxxiv.

And thoſe two froward ſiſters (their faire loves)
Came with them eke, all were they wondrous [loth,
And fained cheare, as for the time behoves,
But could not colour yet ſo well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both;
For both did at their ſecond ſiſter grutch
And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
Their inner garment frett, not th' utter touch;
Onethought her cheare too little, th' other thought
too mutch.

xxxv.

Eliſſa (ſo the eldeſt hight) did deeme
Such entertainment baſe, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would ſpeake, but evermore did ſeeme
As diſcontent for want of mirth or meat;
No ſolace could her paramour intreat
Her once to ſhew, ne court, nor dalliaunce,
But with bent lowring brows, as ſhe would threat,
She ſcould, and frownd with froward countenaunce
Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

xxxvi.

But young Periſſa was of other mynd,
Full of diſport, ſtill laughing, looſely light,
And quite contrary to her ſiſter's kynd;
No meaſure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleaſure and delight;
In wine and meats ſhe flow'd above the banck,
And in exceſſe exceeded her own might;
In ſumptuous tire ſhe ioyd herſelf to pranck;
But of her love too laviſh, little have ſhe thanck.

xxxvii.

Faſt by her ſide did ſitt the bold Sanſloy,
Firt mate for ſuch a mincing mincon,
Who in her looſeneſſe tooke exceeding ioy;
Might not be found a francker franion,
Of her leawd parts to make companion.
But Huddibras, more like a malecontent,
Did ſee and grieve at his bold faſhion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment;
Yett ſtill he ſatt, and inly did himſelfe torment.

xxxviii.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina ſate,
With ſober grace and goodly carriage;
With equall meaſure ſhe did moderate
The ſtrong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire ſhe ever would aſſwage,
When they would ſtrive dew reaſon to exceed;
But that ſame froward twaine would accorage,
And of her plenty adde unto their need;
So kept ſhe them in order, and herſelfe in heed.

xxxix.

Thus fairely ſhe attempered her feaſt,
And pleaſd them all with meete ſatiety:
At laſt, when luſt of meat and drinke was ceaſt,
She Guyon deare beſought of curteſie,
To tell from whence he came through ieopardy,
And whether now on new adventure bownd.
Who with bold grace and comely gravity,
Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,
From lofty ſiege began lofty words aloud to
ſownd.

xl.

" This thy demand, O Lady! doth revive
" Freſh memory in me of that great queene
" (Great and moſt glorious virgin queene alive)
" That with her ſoveraine power and ſcepter
" ſheene
" All Faery Lond does peaceably ſuſtene.
" In wideſt ocean ſhe her throne does reare,
" That over all the earth it may be ſeene;
" As morning ſunne her beames diſpredden cleare,
" And in her face faire peace and mercy doth ap-
" peare.

xli.

" In her the richeſſe of all heavenly grace
" In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye;
" And all that elſe this world's encloſure bace
" Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
" Adornes the perſon of her majeſtye;

" That men beholding ſo great excellence,
" And rare perfection in mortalitye,
" Do her adore with ſacred reverence,
" As th' idole of her Maker's great magnificence.

XLII.

" To her I homage and my ſervice owe,
" In number of the nobleſt knightes on ground;
" Mongſt whom on me ſhe deigned to beſtowe
" Order of Maydenhead, the moſt renownd
" That may this day in all the world be found.
" An yearely ſolemne feaſt ſhe wontes to make,
" The day that firſt doth lead the yeare around,
" To which all knightes of worth and courage bold
" Reſort, to heare of ſtraunge adventures told.

XLIII.

" There this old palmer ſhewd himſelfe that day,
" And to that mighty princeſſe did complaine
" Of grievous miſchiefes, which a wicked Fay
" Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
" Whereof he crav'd redreſſe. My ſoveraine,
" Whoſe glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
" Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
" Eftſoones deviſd redreſſe for ſuch annoyes;
" Me all unfitt for ſo great purpoſe ſhe employes.

XLIV.

" Now hath faire Phœbe with her ſilver face
" Thriſe ſeene the ſhadowes of the neather world,
" Sith laſt I left that honorable place,
" In which her roiall preſence is enrold;
" Ne never ſhall I reſt in houſe nor hold,
" Till I that falſe Acraſia have wonne,
" Of whoſe fowle deedes, too hideous to be told,
" I witneſſe am, and this their wretched ſonne,
" Whoſe woefull parents ſhe hath wickedly fore-donne."

XLV.

" Tell on, fayre Sir!" ſaid ſhe, " that doleful tale,
" From which ſad ruth does ſeeme you to reſtraine,
" That we may pitty ſuch unhappy bale,
" And learne from pleaſures poyſon to abſtaine:
" Ill, by enſample, good doth often gayne."
Then forward he his purpoſe gan purſew,
And told the ſtory of the mortall payne
Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,
As with lamenting eyes himſelfe did lately vew.

XLVI.

Night was far ſpent, and now in ocean deep
Orion, flying faſt from hiſſing ſnake,
His flaming head did haſten for to ſteep,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make;
Whilſt with delight of that he wiſely ſpake
Thoſe gueſtes beguyled did beguyle their eyes
Of kindly ſleepe, that did them overtake:
At laſt, when they had markt the chaunged ſkyes,
They wiſt their houre was ſpent, then each to reſt him hyes.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK II. CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadochio getting Guyon's
Horſe, is made the ſcorne
Of knighthood trew, and is of fayre
Belphoebe ſowle forlorne.

I.

Soone as the morrow fayre, with purple beames,
Diſperſt the ſhadowes of the miſty night,
And Titan, playing on the eaſtern ſtreames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with ſpringing light,
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uproſe from drowſie couch, and him addreſt
Unto the iourney which he had behight;
His puiſſant armes about his noble breſt,
And many-folded ſhield he bound about his wreſt.

II.

Then taking congé of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earneſtly committ, and her coniure
In vertuous lore to trayne his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture enſu'th;
And that ſo ſoone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might for memory of that dayes ruth
Be called Ruddymane, and thereby taught
T'avenge his parents death on them that had it wrought.

III.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good ſteed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce: helpleſſe what may it boot
To frett for anger, or for grieſe to mone?
His palmer now ſhall foot no more alone.
So Fortune wrought, as under greene woodes ſyde
He lately heard that dying lady grone,
He left his ſteed without, and ſpeare beſyde,
And ruſhed in on foot to ayd her ere ſhe dyde.

IV.

The whyles a loſſell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie never caſt his mynd,
Ne thought of honour ever did aſſay
His baſer breſt, but in his keſtrell kynd
A pleaſing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing toung and troublous ſpright
Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd,
He that brave ſteed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both ſteed and ſpeare, and ran away full light.

V.

Now gan his hart all ſwell in iollity,
And of himſelfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
That puffed up with ſmoke of vanity,
And with ſelfe-loved perſonage deceiv'd,
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd
For ſuch as he him thought, or faine would bee;
But for in court gay portaunce he perceiv'd,
And gallaunt ſhow to be in greateſt gree,
Eftſoones to court he caſt t'advaunce his firſt degree.

VI.

And by the way he chaunced to eſpy
One ſitting ydle on a ſunny banck,
To whom avaunting in great bravery,
As peacocke, that his painted plumes doth pranck,
He ſmotè his courſer in the trembling flanck,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling ſpeare;
The ſeely man ſeeing him ride ſo ranck,
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying, "Mercy" loud, his pitious handes gan reare.

VII.

Thereat the scarcrow wexed wondrous prowd,
Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,
And with big thundring voice revyld him lowd;
" Vile caytive, vassall of Dread and Despayre,
" Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
" Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
" And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre?
" Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay:
" Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus
" to stay."

VIII.

" Hold, O deare lord, hold your dead-doing
" hand,"
Then loud he cryde, " I am your humble thrall."
" Ah! wretch," quoth he, " thy destinies with-
" stand
" My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
" I give thee life; therefore prostrated fall,
" And kisse my stirrup: that thy homage bee."
The miser threw himselfe as an offall,
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

IX.

So happy peace they made and faire accord.
Eftsoones this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his lord,
In his owne kind he gan himselfe unfold;
For he was wylie-witted, and growne old
In cunning sleightes and practick knavery.
From that day forth he cast for to uphold
His ydle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

X.

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio
To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vain-glorious man, when fluttring wind does
blow
In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;
The scorn of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
And noble worth to be advaunced hye;
Such prayse is shame; but honour, vertue's meed,
Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.

XI.

So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,
Till that at length with Archimage they meet;
Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,
On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
Of his revenge to make the instrument;
For since the Red-crosse knight he erst did weet
To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,
The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon
ment;

XII.

And coming close to Trompart, gan inquere
Of him, what mightie warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden cell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmitee?
" He is a great adventurer," said he,
" That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
" And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee
" Of that deipight, never to wearen none;
" That speare is him enough to doen a thousand
" grone."

XIII.

Th' enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt;
Tho to him louting lowly did begin
To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
By Guyon, and by that false Red-crosse knight;
Which two, through treason and deceiptful gin
Had slayne Sir Mordant and his lady bright,
That mote him honour win to wreake so foule
despight.

XIV.

Therewith all suddeinly he seemd enrag'd,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenaunce,
As if their lives had in his hand been gag'd;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said, " Old man, great sure shall be thy
" meed,
" If, where those knights for feare of dew ven-
" geaunce
" Doe lurke, thou certeinly to mee areed,
" That I may wreake on them their hainous
" hateful deed."

XV.

" Certes, my lord," said he, " that shall I soone,
" And give you eke good helpe to their decay;
" But mote I wisely you advise to doon,
" Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay
" Yourselfe of sword before that bloody day;
" For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,
" And oft approv'd in many hard assay;
" And eke of surest steele, that may be sownd,
" Doe arme yourselfe against that day, them to
" confownd."

XVI.

" Dotard!" said he, " let be thy deepe advise;
" Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee
" faile,
" And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
" Els never should thy iudgement be so frayle,
" To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.
" Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
" Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
" Thou litle wotest that this right-hand can:
" Speake they, which have beheld the batailes
" which it wan."

XVII.

The man was much abashed at his boast:
Yet well he wist that whoso would contend
With either of those knightes on even coast,
Should neede of all his armes him to defend,
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend;
When Braggadochio said, " Once I did sweare,
" When with one sword seven knightes I brought
" to end,
" Thenceforth in bataile never sword to beare,
" But it were that which noblest knight on earth
" doth weare."

XVIII.

" Perdy, Sir knight," saide then th' enchaunter
" blive,

" That ſhall I ſhortly purchaſe to your hond;
" For now the beſt and nobleſt knight alive
" Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie Lond;
" He hath a ſword that flames like burning
" brond;
" The ſame by my device I undertake
" Shall by to morrow by thy ſide be fond."
At which bold word that boaſter gan to quake,
And wondred in his minde what mote that monſter make.

XIX.

He ſtayd not for more bidding, but away
Was ſuddeine vaniſhed out of his ſight:
The northerne winde his wings did broad diſplay
At his commaund, and reared him up light,
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but no where could eſpye
Tract of his foot; then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flye;
Both fledd attonce, ne ever backe returned eye;

XX.

Till that they come unto a forreſt greene,
In which they ſhrowd themſelves from cauſeleſſe feare;
Yet feare them followes ſtill, where ſo they beene:
Each trembling leafe and whiſtling wind they heare,
As ghaſtly bug, does greatly them affeare;
Yet both doe ſtrive their fearefulneſſe to faine.
At laſt they heard a horne, that ſhrilled cleare
Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
And made the forreſt ring, as it would rive in twaine.

XXI.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely ruſh,
With noyſe whereof he from his loftie ſteed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a buſh,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed;
But Trompart ſtoutly ſtaid to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftſoone there ſtepped foorth
A goodly ladie clad in hunter's weed,
That ſeemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her ſtately portance borne of heavenly birth.

XXII.

Her face ſo faire, as fleſh it ſeemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
Cleare as the ſkye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did ſhew
Like roſes in a bed of lillies ſhed,
The which ambroſiall odours from them threw,
And gazers ſence with double pleaſure fed,
Hable to heale the ſicke, and to revive the ded.

XXIII.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' hevenly Maker's light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the ſame,
So paſſing perſant and ſo wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the raſh beholders ſight:
In them the blinded god his luſtfull fyre
To kindle oft aſſayd, but had no might;
For with dred maieſtie and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace deſyre.

XXIV.

Her yvorie forhead, full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did itſelfe diſpred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the batailes of his great godhead:
All good and honour might therein be red,
For there their dwelling was; and when ſhe ſpake,
Sweete wordes like dropping honny ſhe did ſhed,
And twixt the perles and rubins ſoftly brake
A ſilver ſound, that hevenly muſicke ſeemd to make.

XXV.

Upon her eyelids many Graces ſate,
Under the ſhadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate,
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekeneſſe to her bowes:
So glorious mirrhour of celeſtiall grace,
And ſoveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How ſhall frayle pen deſcrive her heavenly face,
For feare through want of ſkill her beautie to diſgrace?

XXVI.

So faire, and thouſand thouſand times more faire,
She ſeemd, when ſhe preſented was to ſight,
And was yclad, for heat of ſcorching aire,
All in a ſilken camus lilly whight,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above beſprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets that gliſtered bright,
Like twinckling ſtarres, and all the ſkirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe,

XXVII.

Below her ham her weed did ſomewhat trayne,
And her ſtreight legs moſt bravely were embayld
In gilden buſkins of coſtly cordwayne,
All bard with golden bendes which were entayld
With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld;
Before thev faſtned were under her knee
In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all the knots, that none might ſee
How they within their fouldings cloſe enwrapped bee:

XXVIII.

Like two faire marble pillours they were ſeene,
Which doe the temple of the gods ſupport,
Whom all the people decke with girlonds greene,
And honour in their feſtivall reſort;
Thoſe ſanie with ſtately grace and princely port
She taught to tread, when ſhe herſelfe would grace;
But with the woody nymphes when ſhe did play,
Or when the flying libbard ſhe did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

XXIX.

And in her hand a ſharpe bore-ſpeare ſhe held,
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
Stufft with ſteel-headed dartes, wherewith ſhe queld
The ſalvage beaſtes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden baldricke, which forelay

Athwart her ſnowy breſt, and did divide
Her daintie paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to ſwell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only ſignifide.

xxx.

Her yellow lockes, criſped like golden wyre,
About her ſhoulders weren looſely ſhed
And when the winde emongſt them did inſpyre,
They waved like a penon wide diſpred,
And low behinde her backe were ſcattered;
And whether art it were or heedleſſe hap,
As through the flouring forreſt raſh ſhe fled,
In her rude heares ſweet flowres themſelves did lap,
And flouriſhing freſh leaves and bloſſoms did enwrap.

xxxi.

Such as Diana by the ſandy ſhore
Of ſwift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
Where all the nymphes have her unwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
To ſeeke her game; or as that famous queene
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did deſtroy,
The day that firſt of Priame ſhe was ſeene,
Did ſhew herſelfe in great triumphant ioy,
To ſuccour the weake ſtate of ſad afflicted Troy.

xxxii.

Such whenas hartleſſe Trompart did her vew,
He was diſmayed in his coward minde,
And doubted whether he himſelfe ſhould ſhew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behinde;
Both feare and hope he in her face did finde:
When ſhe at laſt him ſpying thus beſpake:
" Hayle, Groome! didſt not thou ſee a bleeding
" hynde,
" Whoſe right haunch earſt my ſtedfaſt arrow
" ſtrake?
" If thou didſt, tell me, that I may her overtake."

xxxiii.

Wherewith reviv'd, this anſwere forth he threw;
" O Goddeſſe! (for ſuch I thee take to bee)
" For nether doth thy face terreſtriall ſhew,
" Nor voyce ſound mortall; I avow to thee
" Such wounded beaſt as that I did not ſee,
" Sith earſt into this forreſt wild I came;
" But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
" To weete which of the gods I ſhall thee name,
" That unto thee dew worſhip I may rightly frame."

xxxiv.

To whom ſhe thus—but ere her words enſewd,
Unto the buſh her eye did ſuddein glaunce,
In which vaine Braggadochio was mewd,
And ſaw it ſtirre: ſhe lefte her percing launce,
And towards gan a deadly ſhafte advaunce,
In mind to marke the beaſt; at which ſad ſtowre
Trompart forth ſtept, to ſtay the mortall chaunce,
Out crying, " O! whatever hevenly powre,
" Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

xxxv.

" O ſtay thy hand; for yonder is no game
" For thy fiers arrowes them to exercize;

" But loe my lord, my liege, whoſe warlike name
" Is far renowmd through many bold emprize,
" And now in ſhade he ſhrowded yonder lies."
She ſtaid: with that he crauld out of his neſt,
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies,
And ſtanding ſtoutly up, his lofty creſt
Did fiercely ſhake and rowze, as coming late from reſt.

xxxvi.

As fearefull fowle, that long in ſecret cave
For dread of ſoring hauke herſelfe hath hid,
Nor caring how her ſilly life to ſave,
She her gay painted plumes diſorderid,
Seeing at laſt herſelfe from daunger rid,
Peepes forth, and ſoone renews her native pride,
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
Prowdly to prune, and ſet on every ſide;
So ſhakes off ſhame, ne thinks how erſt ſhe did her hide:

xxxvii.

So when her goodly viſage he beheld,
He gan himſelfe to vaunt; but when he vewd
Thoſe deadly tooles which in her hand ſhe held,
Soone into other fitts he was tranſmewd,
Till ſhe to him her gracious ſpeach renewd;
" All haile, Sir knight! and well may thee befall,
" As all the like which honor have perſewd
" Through deeds of armes and proweſſe martiall:
" All vertue merits praiſe, but ſuch the moſt of all."

xxxviii.

To whom he thus, " O faireſt under ſkie!
" Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praiſe,
" That warlike feats doeſt higheſt glorifie:
" Therein I have ſpent all my youthly daies,
" And many battailes fought, and many fraies,
" Throughout the world, whereſo they might be found,
" Endevoring my dreaded name to raiſe
" Above the moone, that Fame it may reſound
" In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond croud.

xxxix.

" But what art thou, O lady! which doeſt raunge
" In this wilde foreſt, where no pleaſure is,
" And doeſt not it for ioyous court exchaunge,
" Emongſt thine equall peres, where happy blis
" And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
" There thou maiſt love, and dearly loved be,
" And ſwim in pleaſure, which thou here doeſt miſs;
" There maiſt thou beſt be ſeene, and beſt maiſt ſee:
" The wood is fitt for beaſts, the court is fitt for thee."

xl.

" Whoſo in pompe of prowd eſtate," quoth ſhe,
" Does ſwim, and bathes himſelfe in courtly blis,
" Does waſte his daies in darke obſcuritee,
" And in oblivion ever buried is:
" Where eaſe abownds, yt's eath to doe amis;
" But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd

" Behaves with cares, cannot ſo eaſy mis.
" Abroad in armes, at home in ſtudious kynd,
" Who ſeekes with painful toile, ſhall Honour
" ſooneſt fynd:

XLI.

" In woods, in waves, in warres ſhe wonts to
" dwell,
" And wil be found with perill and with paine;
" Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell
" Unto her happy manſion attaine:
" Before her gate high God did ſweate ordaine,
" And wakefull watches, ever to abide;
" But eaſy is the way, and paſſage plaine,
" To Pleaſure's pallace; it may ſoone be ſpide,
" And day and night her dores to all ſtand open
" wide.

XLII.

" In princes court."—The reſt ſhe would have
ſayd,
But that the fooliſh man (fild with delight
Of her ſweete words, that all his ſence diſmayd,
And with her wondrous beauty raviſht quight)
Gan burne in filthy luſt, and leaping light,
Thought in his baſtard armes her to embrace:
With that ſhe, ſwarving backe, her iavelin bright
Againſt him bent, and fiercely did menace;
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII.

Which when the peſaunt ſaw, amazd he ſtood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durſt he nott
Purſew her ſteps through wild unknowen wood;
Beſides he feard her wrath, and threatned ſhott,
Whiles in the buſh he lay, not yet forgott:
Ne car'd he greatly for her preſence vayne,
But turning ſaid to Trompart, " What fowle
" blott

" Is this to knight, that lady ſhould agayne
" Depart to woods untoucht, and leave ſo proud
" diſdayne?

XLIV.

" Perdy," ſaid Trompart, " let her pas at will,
" Leaſt by her preſence daunger more befall;
" For who can tell (and ſure I feare it ill)
" But that ſhe is ſome powre celeſtiall?
" For whiles ſhe ſpake, her great words did appall
" My feeble corage, and my heart oppreſſe,
" That yet I quake and tremble over all."
" And I," ſaid Braggadochio, " thought no leſſe,
" When firſt I heard her horn ſound with ſuch
" ghaſtlineſſe.

XLV.

" For from my mother's wombe this grace I have
" Me given by eternall Deſtiny,
" That earthly thing may not my corage brave
" Diſmay with feare, or cauſe one foot to flye,
" But either helliſh feends, or powres on hye;
" Which was the cauſe, when earſt that horne I
" heard,
" Weening it had beene thunder in the ſkye,
" I hid my ſelfe from it, as one affeard,
" But when I other knew, my ſelf I boldly reard,

XLVI.

" But now, for feare of worſe that may betide,
" Let us ſoone hence depart." They ſoone agree:
So to his ſteed he gott, and gan to ride
As one unfitt therefore, that all might ſee
He had not trayned bene in chevalree;
Which well that valiaunt courſer did diſcerne,
For he deſpiſd to tread in dew degree,
But chauſd and fomd, with corage fiers and ſterne,
And to be caſd of that baſe burthen ſtill did erne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
And ſtops Occaſion;
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
By Strife is rayld uppon.

I.

In brave purſuit of honourable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble ſeed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence,
As feates of armes, and love to entertain;
But chiefly ſkill to ride ſeemes a ſcience
Proper to gentle blood: ſome others faine
To menage ſteeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

II.

But he, the rightfull owner of that ſteede,
Who well could menage and ſubdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed
With that blacke palmer, his moſt truſty guide,
Who ſuffred not his wandring feete to ſlide;
But when ſtrong paſſion or weake fleſhlineſſe
Would from the right way ſeeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperaunce and ſtedfaſtneſſe
Teach him the weak to ſtrengthen, and the ſtrong ſuppreſſe.

III.

It fortuned, forth faring on his way,
He ſaw from far, or ſeemed for to ſee,
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haſt it to agree.
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heare along upon the grownd
A handſom ſtripling with great crueltee,
Whom ſore he bett, and gor'd with many a wownd,
That cheekes with teares, and ſydes with blood, did all abownd.

IV.

And him behind a wicked hag did ſtalke,
In ragged robes and filthy diſaray,
Her other leg was lame, that ſhe no'te walke,
But on a ſtaffe her feeble ſteps did ſtay:
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and looſly hong unrold;
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold;
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinckles old.

V.

And ever as ſhe went, her toung did walke
In fowle reproch and termes of vile deſpight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeaunce on that wretched wight:
Sometimes ſhe raught him ſtones, wherewith to ſmite;
Sometimes her ſtaffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which ſhe could not goe upright;
Ne any evil meanes ſhe did forbeare
That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare.

VI.

The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorſe,
Approching, firſt the hag did thruſt away,
And after adding more impetuous forſe,
His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
And pluckt him backe; who all on fire, ſtreight way
Againſt him turning all his fell intent,
With beaſtly brutiſh rage gan him aſſay,
And ſmott, and bitt, and kickt, and ſcratcht, and rent,
And did he wiſt not what in his avengement,

VII.

And ſure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had gouernaunce it well to guide;
But when the frantick fit inflamd his ſpright,
His force was vaine, and ſtrooke more often wyde,
Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde:
And oft himſelfe he chaunſt to hurt unwares,
Whyleſt reaſon, blent through paſſion, nought deſcryde;
But, as a blindfold bull, at random fares,
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he hurts nought cares.

VIII.

His rude aſſault and rugged handeling
Straunge ſeemed to the knight, that aye with foe
In fayre defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight; yet nathemoe
Was he abaſhed now, not fighting ſo;
But more enfierced through his curriſh play,
Him ſternly grypt, and hailing to and fro,
To overthrow him ſtrongly did aſſay,
But overthrew himſelfe unwares, and lower lay:

IX

And being downe, the villein ſore did beate
And bruze with clowniſh fiſts his manly face;
And eke the hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place:
With whoſe reproch and odious menace
The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart,
Knitt all his forces, and gan ſoone unbrace
His graſping hold; ſo lightly did upſtart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.

X.

Which when the palmer ſaw, he loudly cryde,
" Not ſo, O Guyon! never thinke that ſo
" That monſter can be maiſtred or deſtroyd:
" He is not, ah! he is not ſuch a foe
" As ſteele can wound, or ſtrength can overthrow.
" That ſame is Furor, curſed cruel wight,
" That unto knighthood workes much ſhame and woe;
" And that ſame hag, his aged mother, hight
" Occaſion, the roote of all wrath and deſpight;

XI.

" With her, whoſo will raging Furor tame,
" Muſt firſt begin, and well her amenage;
" Firſt her reſtraine from her reprochfull blame
" And evill meanes, with which ſhe doth enrage
" Her frantick ſonne, and kindles his corage;
" Then wheu ſhe is withdrawne, or ſtrong with-ſtood,
" It's eath his ydle fury to aſwage,
" And calme the tempeſt of his paſſion wood:
" The bankes are overflowne when ſtopped is the flood."

XII.

Therewith Sir Guyon left his firſt empriſe,
And turning to that woman, faſt her hent
By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould ſhe ſtent
Her bitter rayling and fowle revilement,
But ſtill provokt her ſonne to wreake her wrong;
But natheleſſe he did her ſtill torment,
And catching hold of her ungratious tong,
Thereon an yron lock did faſten firme and ſtrong.

XIII.

Then whenas uſe of ſpeach was from her reft,
With her two crooked handes ſhe ſignes did make,
And beckned him; the laſt help ſhe had left:
But he that laſt lefr helpe away did take,
And both her handes faſt bound unto a ſtake,
That ſhe no'te ſtir. Then gan her ſoone to flye
Full faſt away, and did her quite forſake;
But Guyon after him in haſt did hye,
And ſoone him overtooke in ſad perplexitye.

XIV.

In his ſtrong armes he ſtifly him embraſte,
Who him gain-ſtriving nought at all prevaild;
For all his power was utterly defaſte,
And furious fitts at earſt quite weren quaild:
Oft he re'nforſt, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor ſlack:
Then him to ground he caſt, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands faſt bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron rack.

XV.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots, that did him ſore conſtraine;
Yet his great yron teeth he ſtill did grind
And grimly gnaſh, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloody ſtrakes did ſtraine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth ſparkes of fyre;
And more for ranck deſpight, then for great paine,
Shakt his long locks, colourd like copper-wyre,
And hitt his tawny beard to ſhew his raging yre.

XVI

Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captiv'd,
Turning about he ſaw that wretched ſquyre,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
Lying on ground, all foild with blood and myre;
Whom whenas he perceivd to reſpyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dreſſe:
Being at laſt recured, he gan inquyre
What hard miſhap him brought to ſuch diſtreſſe,
And made that caytive's thrall, the thrall of wretch-edneſſe?

XVII.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
" Fayre Sir!" quoth he, " what man can ſhun the hap
" That hidden lyes unwares him to ſurpryſe?
" Miſfortune waites advantage to entrap
" The man moſt wary in her whelming lap.
" So me weake wretch, of many weakeſt one,
" Unweeting and unware of ſuch miſhap,
" She brought to miſchiefe through Occaſion,
" Where this ſame wicked villein did me light upon.

XVIII.

" It was a faithleſſe ſquire, that was the ſourſe
" Of all my ſorrow and of theſe ſad teares,
" With whom from tender dug of commune nourſe
" Attonce I was upbrought; and eſte when yeares,
" More ripe us reaſon lent to choſe our peares,
" Ourſelves in league of vowed love we knitt;
" In which we long time without gealous feares

" Or faultie thoughts contynewd, as was fitt,
" And for my part, I vow, diſſembled not a whitt.

xix.

" It was my fortune (commune to that age)
" To love a lady fayre of great degree,
" The which was borne of noble parentage,
" And ſet in higheſt ſeat of dignitee,
" Yet ſeemed no leſſe to love then lovd to bee:
" Long I her ſerv'd, and found her faithful ſtill,
" Ne ever thing could cauſe us diſagree:
" Love that two harts makes one, makes eke one
" will:
" Each ſtrove to pleaſe, and others pleaſure to
" fulfill.

xx.

" My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake
" Of all my love and all my privitie,
" Who greatly ioyous ſeemed for my ſake,
" And gratious to that lady, as to mee;
" Ne ever wight that mote ſo welcome bee
" As he to her, withouten blott or blame;
" Ne ever thing that ſhe could think or ſee,
" But unto him ſhe would impart the ſame:
" O wretched man, that would abuſe ſo gentle
" dame!

xxi.

" At laſt ſuch grace I ſound, and meanes I wrought,
" That I that lady to my ſpouſe had wonne;
" Accord of friendes, conſent of parents ſought,
" Affyaunce made, my happineſſe begonne,
" There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
" Which mariage make; that day too farre did
" ſeeme:
" Moſt ioyous man, on whom the ſhining ſunne
" Did ſhew his face, myſelfe I did eſteeme,
" And that my falſer friend did no leſs ioyous
" deeme.

xxii.

" But ere that wiſhed day his beame diſcloſd,
" He either envying my toward good,
" Or of himſelfe to treaſon ill diſpoſd,
" One day unto me came in friendly mood,
" And told for ſecret how he underſtood
" That lady, whom I had to me affynd,
" Had both diſtaind her honourable blood,
" And eke the faith which ſhe to me did bynd,
" And therefore wiſht me ſtay, till I more truth
" ſhould fynd

xxiii.

" The gnawing anguiſh and ſharp geloſy,
" Which his ſad ſpeach infixed in my breſt,
" Rankled ſo ſore, and feſtred inwardly,
" That my engreeved mind could find no reſt,
" Till that the truth thereof I did out-wreſt,
" And him beſought, by that ſame ſacred band
" Betwixt us both, to counſell me the beſt:
" He then with ſolemne oath and plighted hand
" Aſſurd ere long the truth to let me underſtand.

xxiv.

" Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
" Saying he now had boulted all the floure,
" And that it was a groome of baſe degree,
" Which of my love was partner paramoure,
" Who uſed in a darkeſome inner bowre
" Her oft to meete; which better to approve,
" He promiſed to bring me at that howre,
" When I ſhould ſee that would me nearer move,
" And drive me to withdraw my blind abuſed
" love.

xxv.

" This graceleſſe man, for furtherance of his guile,
" Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,
" Who, glad t'emboſome his affection vile,
" Did all ſhe might more pleaſing to appeare.
" One day to worke her to his will more neare,
" He woo'd her thus; ' Pryne (ſo ſhe hight)
" What great deſpight doth Fortune to thee beare,
" Thus lowly to abaſe thy beautie bright,
" That it ſhould not deface all others leſſer light?

xxvi.

" But if ſhe had her leaſt helpe to thee lent,
" T'adorne thy forme according thy deſart,
" Their blazing pride thou wouldeſt ſoone have
" blent,
" And ſtaynd their prayſes with thy leaſt good
" part;
" Ne ſhould faire Claribell with all her art,
" Tho ſhe thy lady be, approch thee neare;
" For proofe thereof this evening, as thou art,
" Aray thyſelfe in her moſt gorgeous geare,
" That I may more delight in thy embracement
" deare.

xxvii.

" The mayden, proud through praiſe, and mad
" through love,
" Him hearkned to, and ſoone herſelfe arayd;
" The whiles to me the treachour did remove
" His craftie engin, and, as he had ſayd,
" Me leading, in a ſecret corner layd,
" The ſad ſpectatour of my tragedie:
" Where left, he went, and his owne falſe part
" playd,
" Diſguiſed like that groome of baſe degree,
" Whom he had feignd th' abuſer of my love to
" bee.

xxviii.

" Eftſoones he came unto th' appointed place,
" And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd
" In Claribellaes clothes: her proper face
" I not diſcerned in that darkeſome ſhade,
" But weend it was my love with whom he playd.
" Ah God! what horrour and tormenting griefe
" My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all aſſay'd!
" Me liefer were ten thouſand deathes priefe,
" Then wounde of gealous wormе, and ſhame of
" ſuch repriefe.

xxix.

" I home retourning, fraught with fowle de-
" ſpight,
" And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
" Soone as my loathed love appeard in ſight,
" With wrathfull hand I ſlew her innocent;
" That after ſoone I dearely did lament:
" For when the cauſe of that outrageous deede
" Demaunded, I made plaine and evident,
" Her faultie handmayd, with that bale did breede,
" Confeſt how Philemon her wrought to chaunge
" her weede.

xxx.

" Which when I heard, with horrible affright
" And helliſh fury all enrag'd, I ſought
" Upon myſelfe that vengeable deſpight
" To puniſh; yet it better firſt I thought
" To wreake my wrath on him, that firſt it
" wrought:
" To Philemon, falſe faytour Philemon,
" I caſt to pay that I ſo dearely bought:
" Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
" And waſht away his guilt with guilty potion.

xxxi.

" Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on
" griefe,
" To loſſe of love adioyning loſſe of frend,
" I meant to purge both with a third miſchiefe,
" And in my woes beginner it to end:
" That was Pryene; ſhe did firſt offend,
" She laſt ſhould ſmart: with which cruell intent,
" When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
" She fled away with ghaſtly dreriment,
" And I pourſewing my fell purpoſe, after went.

xxxii.

" Feare gave her winges, and rage enforſt my
" flight:
" Through woods and plaines ſo long I did her
" chace,
" Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
" Hath now faſt bound) me met in middle ſpace:
" As I her, ſo he me pourſewd apace,
" And ſhortly overtooke: I breathing yre,
" Sore chauffed at my ſtay in ſuch a cace,
" And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre,
" Which kindled once, his mother did more rage
" inſpyre.

xxxiii.

" Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
" Through wounds, and ſtrokes, and ſtubborne
" handeling,
" That death were better then ſuch agony,
" As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
" Of which in me yet ſtickes the mortall ſting,
" That during life will never be appeaſd."
When he thus ended had his ſorrowing,
Said Guyon, " Squyre, ſore have ye been diſeaſd,
" But all your hurts may ſoone through temper-
" ance be eaſd."

xxxiv.

Then gan the palmer thus, " Moſt wretched man,
" That to affections does the bridle lend;
" In their beginning they are weake and wan,
" But ſoone through ſuffrance growe to fearfull
" end:
" Whiles they are weake, betimes with them con-
" tend;
" For when they once to perfect ſtrength doe
" grow,
" Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
" Gainſt fort of reaſon, it to overthrow:
" Wrath, gelofy, griefe, love, this ſquyre have
" laid thus low.

xxxv.

" Wrath, gealoſie, griefe, love, do thus expell;
" Wrath is a fire, and gealoſie a weede;
" Griefe is a flood, and love a monſter fell;
" The fire of ſparkes, the weede of little ſeede,
" The flood of drops, the monſter Filth did
" breede:
" But ſparks, ſeed, drops, and filth, do thus delay:
" The ſparks ſoon quench, the ſpringing ſeed out-
" weed,
" The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away;
" So ſhall wrath, gealoſy, griefe, love, die, and de-
" cay."

xxxvi.

" Unlucky Squire," ſaide Guyon, " ſith thou haſt
" Falne into miſchiefe through intemperaunce,
" Henceforth take heede of that thou now haſt
" paſt,
" And guyde thy waies with warie governaunce,
" Leaſt worſt betide thee by ſome later chaunce.
" But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin."
" Phaon I hight," quoth he, " and do advaunce
" Mine auncеſtry from famous Coradin, [gin."
" Who firſt to rayſe our houſe to honour did be-

xxxvii.

Thus as he ſpake, lo far away they ſpyde
A varlet ronning towardes haſtily,
Whoſe flying feet ſo faſt their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of duſt did fly,
Which mingled all with ſweate did dim his eye.
He ſoone approched, panting, breathleſſe, whot,
And all ſo ſoyld, that none could him deſcery;
His countenaunce was bold, and baſhed not
For Guyon's lookes, but ſcornefull ey-glaunce at
him ſhot.

xxxviii.

Behind his backe he bore a braſen ſhield,
On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midſt of bloody field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne. Right well beſeemed it
To be the ſhield of ſome redoubted knight;
And in his hand two dartes exceeding flit
And deadly ſharp he held, whoſe heads were dight
In poyſon and in blood of Malice and Deſpight.

xxxix.

When he in preſence came, to Guyon firſt
He boldly ſpake; " Sir Knight, if knight thou bee,
" Abandon this foreſtalled place at erſt,
" For feare of further harme, I counſell thee,
" Or bide the chaunce at thine own iopardee."
The knight at his great boldneſſe wondered;
And though he ſcorn'd his ydle vanitee,
Yet mildly him to purpoſe anſwered,
For not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

xl.

" Varlet! this place moſt dew to me I deeme,
" Yielded by him that held it forcibly;
" But whence ſhield come that harme, which thou
" doſt ſeeme
" To threat to him that mindes his chaunce
" t'abye?"
" Perdy," ſay'd he, " here comes, and is hard by
" A knight of wondrous powre and great aſſay,
" That never yet encountred enemy
" But did him deadly daunt, or fowle diſmay;
" Ne thou for better hope, if thou his preſence
" ſtay."

XLI.

" How hight he," then ſaid Guyon, " and from
" whence?"
" Pyrochles is his name, renowmed farre
" For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
" Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre,
" The brother of Cymochles, both which arre
" The ſonnes of old Acrates and Deſpight;
" Acrates ſonne of Phlegeton and Iarre;
" But Phlegeton is ſonne of Herebus and Night;
" But Herebus ſonne of Aeternitie is hight.

XLII.

" So from immortall race he does proceede,
" That mortall hands may not withſtand his
" might,
" Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed;
" For all in blood and ſpoile is his delight.
" His am I, Atin, his in wrong and right,
" That matter make for him to worke upon,
" And ſtirre him up to ſtrife and cruell fight,
" Fly, therefore, fly this fearfull ſtead anon,
" Leaſt thy fool-hardize worke thy ſad confu-
" ſion."

XLIII.

" His be thy care, whom moſt it doth concerne,"
Sayd he: " but whether with ſuch haſty flight
" Art thou now bownd? for well mote I diſ-
" cerne
" Great cauſe, that carries thee ſo ſwift and light."
" My lord," quoth he, " me ſent, and ſtreight
" behight
" To ſeeke Occaſion, whereſo ſhe bee;
" For he is all diſpoſd to bloody fight,
" And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee:
" Hard is his hap that firſt falls in his iopar-
" dee."

XLIV.

" Madman," ſaid then the palmer, " that does
" ſeeke
" Occaſion to wrath, and cauſe of ſtrife;
" Shee comes unſought, and ſhonned followes eke.
" Happy, who can abſtaine, when rancor rife
" Kindles revenge, and threats his ruſty knife:
" Woe never wants where every cauſe is caught,
" And raſh Occaſion makes unquiet life."
" Then loe wher bound ſhe ſits, whom thou haſt
" fought,"
Said Guyon, " let that meſſage to thy lord be
" brought."

XLV.

That when the varlett heard and ſaw, ſtreightway
He wexed wondrous wroth, and ſaid, " Vile
" Knight,
" That knights and knighthood doeſt with ſhame
" upbray, [might,
" And ſhewſt th' enſample of thy childiſhe
" With ſilly weake old women thus to fight:
" Great glory and gay ſpoile ſure haſt thou gott,
" And ſtoutly prov'd thy puiſſaunce here in ſight;
" That ſhall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
" And with thy blood aboliſh ſo reprochfull blott."

XLVI.

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with yre and vengeable deſpight;
The quivering ſteele his aymed end well knew,
And to his breſt itſelfe intended right;
But he was wary, and ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunſt his ſhield atween;
On which it ſeizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebownding left the forckhead keene;
Eftſoones he fled away, and might no where be
ſeene.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK II. CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furor's chayne untyes;
Who him ſore wounds, whiles Atin to
Cymochles for ayd flyes.

I.

Whoever doth ſo temperaunce apply
His ſtedfaſt life, and all his actions frame,
Truſt me, ſhall find no greater enimy
Than ſtubborne perturbation to the ſame,
To which right well the wiſe doe give that name;
For it the goodly peace of ſtaied mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclaim;
His owne woes author, whoſo bound it findes,
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes.

II.

After that varlet's flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine faſt pricking Guyon ſpide
One in bright armes embatteiled full ſtrong,
That as the funny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, ſo ſhined bright,
And round about him threw forth ſparkling fire,
That ſeemd him to enflame on every ſide;
His ſteed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
When with the maiſtring ſpur he did him roughly ſtire.

III.

Approching nigh, he never ſtaid to greete,
Ne chaffar words, proud corage to provoke,
But prickt ſo fiers, that underneath his feete,
The ſmouldring duſt did rownd about him ſmoke,
Both horſe and man nigh able for to choke;
And fayrly couching his ſteele-headed ſpeare,
Him firſt ſaluted with a ſturdy ſtroke:
It booted nought Sir Guyon comming neare,
To thincke ſuch hideous puiſſaunce on foot to beare.

IV.

But lightly ſhunned it, and paſſing by,
With his bright blade did ſmite at him ſo fell,
That the ſharpe ſteele arriving forcibly
On his broad ſhield bitt not, but glauncing fell,
On his horſe necke before the quilted fell,
And from the head the body ſundred quight:
So him diſmounted low he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
The truncked beaſt faſt bleeding did him fowly dight.

V.

Sore bruzed with the fall, he ſlow uproſe,
And all enraged thus him loudly ſhent;
"Diſleall knight! whoſe coward corage choſe
"To wreake itſelfe on beaſt all innocent,
"And ſhund the mark at which it ſhould be ment,
"Therby thine armes ſeem ſtrong, but manhood frayl;
"So haſt thou oft with guile thine honor blent;
"But litle may ſuch guile thee now avayl,
"If wonted force and fortune doe me not muck fayl."

VI.

With that he drew his flaming ſword, and ſtrooke
At him ſo fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his ſeven-folded ſhield away it tooke,
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gaſh therein: were not his targe
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary ſowle from thence it would diſcharge;
Nathleſſe ſo ſore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his breſt his bever bent.

VII.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
And much aſham'd that ſtroke of living arme
Should him diſmay, and made him ſtoup ſo low,
Though otherwiſe it did him litle harme:
Tho' hurling high his yron-braced arme,
He ſmote ſo manly on his ſhoulder-plate,
That all his leſte ſide it did quite diſarme;
Yet there the ſteele ſtayd not, but inly bate
Deepe in his fleſh, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

VIII.

Deadly diſmayd with horror of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
Yet nathemore did it his fury ſtint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging yre:
Ne thenceforth his approved ſkill, to ward,
Or ſtrike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his ſaufgard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel tygre far'd.

IX.

He hewd, and laſht, and ſoynd, and thondred blowes,
And every way did ſeeke into his life;
Ne plate, ne male, could ward ſo mighty throwes,
But yielded paſſage to his cruell knife:
But Guyon, in the heat of all his ſtrife,
Was wary wiſe, and cloſely did awayt
Avauntage, whileſt his ſpe did rage moſt rife;
Sometimes athwart, ſometimes he ſtrooke him ſtrayt,
And falſed oft his blowes t'illude him with ſuch bayt.

X.

Like as a lyon, whoſe imperiall powre
A proud rebellious unicorn deſyes,
T'avoid the raſh aſſault and wrathful ſtowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him ronning in full courſe he ſpyes,
He ſlips aſide; the whiles that furious beaſt
His precious horne, ſought of his enimyes
Strikes in the ſtock, ne thence can be releaſt,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feaſt.

XI.

With ſuch faire ſleight him Guyon oftên fayld,
Till at the laſt all breathleſſe, weary, faint,
Him ſpying, with freſh onſett he aſſayld,
And kindling new his corage, ſeeming queint,
Strooke him ſo hugely, that through great conſtraint
He made him ſtoup perforce unto his knee,
And doe unwilling worſhip to the ſaint
That on his ſhield depainted he did ſee;
Such homage till that inſtant never learned hee.

XII.

Whom Guyon ſeeing ſtoup, pourſewed faſt
The preſent offer of faire victory,
And ſoone his dreadfull blade about he caſt,
Wherewith he ſmote his haughty creſt ſo hye,
That ſtreight on grownd made him full low to lye.
Then on his breſt his victor foote he thruſt;
With that he cryde, "Mercy! doe me not dye,
"Ne deeme thy force, by Fortune's doome iniuſt,
"That hath (maugre her ſpight) thus low me
"laid in duſt."

XIII.

Eſtſoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon ſtayd,
Tempring the paſſion with advizement ſlow,
And maiſtring might on enimy diſmayd,
For th' equall die of warre he well did know;
Then to him ſaid, "Live, and allegeaunce owe
"To him that gives thee life and liberty,
"And henceforth by this daies enſample trow,
"That haſty wroth and heedleſſe hazardry
"Doe breede repentaunce late and laſting infamy."

XIV.

So up he let him riſe; who with grim looke
And count'naunce ſterne upſtanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great diſdeigne, and ſhooke
His ſandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and duſt, for grief of mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himſelfe ſome comfort he did find,
That him ſo noble knight had mayſtered,
Whoſe bounty more then might, yet both, he wondered.

XV.

Which Guyon marking, ſaid, "Be nought agriev'd,
"Sir knight, that thus ye now ſubdewed arre;
"Was never man who moſt conqueſtes atchiev'd,
"But ſometimes had the worſe, and loſt by warre,
"Yet ſhortly gaynd that loſſe exceeded farre:
"Loſſe is no ſhame, nor to be leſſe then ſoe;
"But to bee leſſer then himſelfe doth marre
"Both looſers lott and victours prayſe alſoe:
"Vaine others overthrowes who ſelfe doth over-throw."

XVI.

"Fly, O Pyrochles! fly the dreadful warre
"That in thyſelfe thy leſſer partes doe move;
"Outrageous anger, and woe-working iarre,
"Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love:
"Thoſe, thoſe thy foes, thoſe warriours far remove,
"Which thee to endleſſe bale captived leed:
"But ſith in might thou didſt my mercy prove,
"Of courteſie to mee the cauſe aread
"That thee againſt me drew with ſo impetuous dread."

XVII.

"Dreadleſſe," ſaid he, "that ſhall I ſoone declare.
"It was complaind that thou hadſt done great tort
"Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
"And thralled her in chaines with ſtrong effort,
"Voide of all ſuccour and needful comfort:
"That ill beſeemes thee, ſuch as I thee ſee,
"To worke ſuch ſhame: therefore I thee exhort
"To chaunge thy will, and ſet Occaſion free.
"And to her captive ſonne yield his firſt libertee."

XVIII.

Thereat Sir Guyon ſmylde. "And is that all,"
Said he, "that thee ſo ſore diſpleaſed hath?
"Great mercy, ſure, for to enlarge a thrall,
"Whoſe freedom ſhall thee turne to greateſt ſcath.

" Nath'leſſe now quench thy whott emboyling
" wrath
" Loe there they bee; to thee I yield them free."
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leap, where he them bound did ſee,
And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

XIX.

Soone as Occaſion felt herſelfe untyd,
Before her ſonne could well aſſoyled bee,
She to her uſe returnd, and ſtreight deſyde
Both Guyon and Pyrochles: th' one (ſaid ſhee)
Becauſe he wonnne; the other becauſe hee
Was wonne: ſo matter did ſhe make of nought
To ſtirre up ſtrife, and garre them diſagree:
But ſoone as Furor was enlargd, ſhe ſought
To kindle his quencht fyre, and thouſand cauſes wrought.

XX.

It was not long ere ſhe inflam'd him ſo,
That he would algates with Pyrochles fight,
And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
Becauſe he had not well maintaind his right,
But yielded had to that ſame ſtraunger knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might;
So both together fiers engraſped bee,
Whyles Guyon ſtanding by their uncouth ſtriſe does ſee.

XXI.

Him all that while Occaſion did provoke
Againſt Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him ſtirring to bee wroke
Of his late wronges, in which ſhe oft him blam'd
For ſuffering ſuch abuſe as knighthood ſham'd,
And him diſabled quyte: but he was wiſe,
Ne would with vaine occaſions be inflam'd;
Yet others ſhe more urgent did deviſe;
Yet nothing could him to impatience entiſe.

XXII.

Their fell contention ſtill increaſed more,
And more thereby increaſed Furor's might,
That he his foe has hurt and wounded ſore,
And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his ſpight,
Now brought to him a flaming fyer-brond,
Which ſhe in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,
Had kindled; that ſhe gave into his hond,
That armd with fire more hardly he mote him withſtond.

XXIII.

Tho gan that villein wex ſo fiers and ſtrong,
That nothing might ſuſtaine his furious forſe;
He caſt him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorſe,
And fowly battered his comely corſe,
That Guyon much diſdeignd ſo loathly ſight.
At laſt he was compell'd to cry perforſe,
" Help, O Sir Guyon! helpe, moſt noble knight,
" To rid a wretched man from hands of helliſh
" wight."

XXIV.

The knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
And gan him dight to ſuccour his diſtreſſe,
Till that the palmer, by his grave reſtraynt,
Him ſtayd from yielding pitifull redreſſe,
And ſaid, " Deare ſonne! thy cauſeleſſe ruth
" repreſſe,
" Ne let thy ſtout hart melt in pitty vayne:
" He that his ſorrow ſought through wilfullneſſe,
" And his ſoe ſettred would releaſe agayne,
" Deſerves to taſte his follies fruit, repented
" payne."

XXV.

Guyon obayd; ſo him away he drew
From needleſſe trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to pourſew:
But raſh Pyrochles' varlett, Atin hight,
When late he ſaw his lord in heavie plight
Under Sir Guyon's puiſſaunt ſtroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he ſeemd in ſight,
Fledd faſt away, to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom Chymochles men did call.

XXVI.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prayſe,
And glorious ſpoyles, purchaſt in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes
Had doen to death, ſubdewde in equall frayes,
Whoſe carkaſes, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beaſtes he made the piteous prayes,
And hong their conquerd armes, for more defame
On gallow-trees, in honour of his deareſt dame.

XXVII.

His deareſt dame is that enchauntreſſe,
The vyle Acraſia, that with vaine delightes
And ydle pleaſures, in her Bowre of Bliſſe,
Does charme her lovers, and the feeble ſprightes
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes;
Whom then ſhe does transforme to monſtrous hewes,
And horribly miſſhapes with ugly ſightes,
Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes,
And darkſom dens, where Titan his face never ſhewes.

XXVIII.

There Atin ſownd Cymochles ſoiourning,
To ſerve his leman's love; for he by kynd
Was given all to luſt and looſe living,
Whenever his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices and laviſh ioyes,
Having his warlike weapons caſt behynd,
And flowes in pleaſures and vaine pleaſing toyes,
Mingled emongſt looſe ladies and laſcivious boyes.

XXIX.

And over him Art ſtryving to compayre
With Nature did an arber greene diſpred,
Framed of wanton yvie, flouring fayre,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did ſpred
His prickling armes, entrayld with roſes red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw;
And all within with flowres was garniſhed,
That when myld Zephyrus emongſt them blew,
Did breath out bounteous ſmels, and painted colors ſhew.

xxx.

And faſt beſide their trickled ſoftly downe
A gentle ſtreame, whoſe murmuring wave did play
Emongſt the pumy ſtones, and made a ſowne,
To lull him ſoft aſleepe that by it lay:
The wearie traveiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirſty heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes diſplay,
Whiles creeping ſlombre made him to forget
His former payne, and wypt away his toilſom ſweat.

xxxi.

And on the other ſyde a pleaſaunt grove
Was ſhott up high, full of the ſtately tree
That dedicated is t'Olympick Iove,
And to his ſonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gayned goodly victoree:
Therein the merry birdes of every ſorte
Chaunted alowd their chearfull harmonee,
And made emongſt themſelves a ſweete conſort,
That quickned the dull ſpright with muſicall comfort.

xxxii.

There he him found all careleſly diſplaid,
In ſecrete ſhadow from the funny ray,
On a ſweet bed of lillies ſoftly laid,
Amidſt a flock of damzelles freſh and gay,
That rownd about him diſſolute did play
Their wanton follies and light meriment;
Every of which did looſely diſaray
Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
And ſhewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

xxxiii.

And every of them ſtrove with moſt delights
Him to aggrate, and greateſt pleaſures ſhew:
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening lights,
Others ſweet wordes, dropping like honny dew;
Some bathed kiſſes, and did ſoft imbrew
The ſugred licour through his melting lips;
One boaſtes her beautie, and does yield to vew
Her daintie limbes above her tender hips;
Another her out-boaſtes, and all for tryall ſtrips.

xxxiv.

He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe deſire does ſteepe,
And his frayle eye with ſpoyle of beautie feedes;
Sometimes he falſely faines himſelfe to ſleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe
To ſteale a ſnatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby cloſe fire into his hart does creepe:
So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceipt,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

xxxv.

Atin arriving there, when him he ſpyde
Thus in ſtill waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching to him, lowdly cryde,
"Cymochles! oh no! but Cymochles' ſhade,
"In which that manly perſon late did fade:
"What is become of great Acrates ſonne?
"Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
"That hath ſo many haughty conqueſtes wonne?
"Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

xxxvi.

Then pricking him with his ſharpe-pointed dart,
He ſaid, "Up, up, thou womaniſh weake knight!
"That here in ladies lap entombed art,
"Unmindfull of thy praiſe and proweſt might,
"And weetleſſe eke of lately-wrought deſpight;
"Whiles ſad Pyrochles lies on fenceleſſe ground,
"And groneth out his utmoſt grudging ſpright
"Thro' many a ſtroke and many a ſtreaming wound,
"Calling thy help in vaine that here ioyes art drownd."

xxxvii.

Suddeinly out of his delightful dreame,
The man awoke, and would have queſtiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but urged ſore
With percing wordes and pittifull implore
Him haſty to ariſe: as one affright
With helliſh feends, or furies mad uprore,
He then uproſe, inflamd with fell deſpight,
And called for his armes, for he would algates fight.

xxxviii.

They bene ybrought, he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted paſſeth on his way:
Ne ladies loves, ne ſweete entreaties, might
Appeaſe his heat, or haſty paſſage ſtay;
For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
(That day itſelfe him ſeemed all too long)
On him that did Pyrochles deare diſmay.
So proudly pricketh on his courſer ſtrong,
And Atin ay him pricks with ſpurs of ſhame and wrong.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodeſt Merth,
Led into looſe deſyre;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother burns in furious ſyre.

I.

A harder leſſon to learn continence
In ioyous pleaſure then in grievous paine;
For ſweetneſſe doth allure the weaker ſence
So ſtrongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, ſhe better can reſtraine:
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all ſhewes goodly mayſteries.

II.

Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,
With cruell purpoſe bent to wreake on him,
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whoſe utmoſt brim
Wayting to paſſe, he ſaw whereas did ſwim
Along the ſhore, as ſwift as glaunce of eye,
A little gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little forreſt ſeemed outwardly;

III.

And therein ſate a lady freſh and fayre,
Making ſweete ſolace to herſelfe alone;
Sometimes ſhe ſong as loud as larke in ayre,
Sometimes ſhe laught, that nigh her breath was gone;
Yet was there not with her elſe any one,
That to her might move cauſe of merriment;
Matter of merth enough, though there were none,
She could deviſe, and thouſand waies invent
To feele her fooliſh humour and vaine iolliment.

IV.

Which when far off, Cymochles heard and ſaw,
He lowdly cald to ſuch as were abord
The little barke, unto the ſhore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford:
The merry mariner unto his word [way
Soone hearkned, and her painted boate ſtraight-
Turned to the ſhore, where that ſame warlike lord
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

V.

Eſtſoones ſher ſhallow ſhip away did ſlide,
More ſwift than ſwallow ſheres the liquid ſkye,
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely ſhe turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave;
Ne cared ſhe her courſe for to apply,
For it was taught the way which ſhe would have,
And both from rocks and flats itſelfe could wiſely ſave.

VI.

And all the way the wanton damſel found
New merth her paſſenger to entertaine;
For ſhe in pleaſaunt purpoſe did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to fayne,
Of which a ſtore-houſe did with her remaine,
Yet ſeemed nothing well they her became;
For all her wordes ſhe drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the ſame,
That turned all her pleaſaunce to a ſcolding game.

VII.

And other whiles vaine toyes ſhe would deviſe
As her fantaſticke wit did moſt delight:
Sometimes her head ſhe fondly would aguize
With gaudy girlonds, or freſh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of ruſhes plight:
Sometimes to do him laugh, ſhe would aſſay
To laugh at ſhaking of the leaves light,
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her litle frigot, therein making way.

VIII.

Her light behaviour and looſe dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no ſovenaunce
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his martiall might:
So eaſie was to quench his flamed minde
With one ſweete drop of ſenſual delight;
So eaſie is t'appeaſe the ſtormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleaſaunt womankind.

IX.

Diverſe diſcourſes in their way they ſpent;
Mongſt which Cymochles of her queſtioned
Both what ſhe was, and what that uſage ment,
Which in her cott ſhe daily practized?
"Vaine man!" ſaid ſhe, "that wouldeſt be reckoned
"A ſtraunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
"Of Phœdria (for ſo my name is red)
"Of Phœdria, thine own fellow-ſervaunt:
"For thou to ſerve Acraſia thyſelfe doeſt vaunt.

X.

"In this wide inland ſea, that hight by name
"The Idle Lake, my wandring ſhip I row,
"That knowes her port, and thether layles by ayme,
"Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow,
"Or whether ſwift I wend or whether low:
"Both ſlow and ſwift alike do ſerve my tourne:
"Ne ſwelling Neptune, ne loud-thundring Iove,
"Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne;
"My litle boat can ſafely paſſe this perilous bourne.

XI.

Whiles thus ſhe talked, and whiles thus ſhe toyd,
They were far paſt the paſſage which he ſpake,
And come unto an iſland waſte and voyd,
That floted in the midſt of that great lake;
There her ſmall gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre iſſewing on the ſhore
Diſburdned her: their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whoſe pleaſaunce ſhe him ſhewd, and plentifull great ſtore.

XII.

It was a choſen plott of fertile land,
Emongſt wide waves ſet like a little neſt,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the reſt,
And laid forth for enſample of the beſt:
No dainty flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
Nor arborett with painted bloſſoms dreſt,
And ſmelling ſweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throw her ſweete ſmells arownd.

XIII.

No tree, whoſe braunches did not bravely ſpring;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not ſitt;
No bird, but did her ſhrill notes ſweetely ſing;
No ſong, but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and ſonges, were framed fitt
For to allure fraile mind to careleſſe eaſe.
Careleſſe the man ſoon woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him pleaſe:
So pleaſed, did his wrathfull purpoſe faire appeaſe.

XIV.

Thus when ſhee had his eyes and ſences fed
With falſe delights, and fil'd with pleaſures vayn,
Into a ſhady dale ſhe ſoft him led,
And layd him downe upon a graſſy playn,
And her ſweete ſelfe, without dread or diſdayn,
She ſett beſide, laying his head diſarmd
In her looſe lap, it ſoftly to ſuſtayn,
Where ſoone he ſlombred, fearing not be harmd;
The whiles with a love-lay ſhe thus him ſweetly charmd:

XV.

"Behold, O man! that toileſome paines doeſt take,
"The flowres, the fields, and all that pleaſaunt grows,
"How they themſelves doe thine enſample make,
"Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throwes
"Out of her fruitful lap: how no man knowes
"They ſpring, they bud, they bloſſom freſh and faire,
"And decke the world with their rich pompous ſhows;
"Yet no man for them taketh paine or care,
"Yet no man to them can his careſull paines compare.

XVI.

"The lilly, lady of the flowring field,
"The flowre-deluce, her lovely paramoure,
"Bid thee to them thy fruitleſſe labours yield,
"And ſoone leave off this toyliſome weary ſtoure,
"Loe, loe! how brave ſhe decks her bounteous boure,
"With ſilken curtens and gold coverletts,
"Therein to ſhrowd her ſumptuous belamoure;
"Yet nether ſpinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
"But to her mother Nature all her care ſhe letts.

XVII.

"Why then doeſt thou, O Man, that of them all
"Art lord, and eke of Nature ſoveraine,
"Wilfully make thyſelfe a wretched thrall,
"And waſte thy ioyous howres in needleſſe paine,
"Seeking for daunger and adventure vaine?
"What bootes it al to have and nothing uſe?
"Who ſhall him rew that, ſwimming in the maine,

" Will die for thrift, and wa'er doth refuſe?
" Refuſe ſuch fruitleſſe toile and preſent plea-
" ſures chuſe."

XVIII.

By this ſhe had him lulled faſt aſleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then ſhe with liquors ſtrong his eies did ſteepe,
That nothing ſhould him haſtily awake:
So ſhe him lefte, and did herſelfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which ſhe clefte
The ſlouthful wave of that great grieſly lake;
Soone ſhee that iſland far behind her lefte,
And now is come to that ſame place where firſt
ſhe wefte.

XIX.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other ſide of that wide ſtrond
Where ſhe was rowing, and for paſſage ſought:
Him needed not long call; ſhe ſoone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him ſhe byding fond
With his ſad guide: himſelfe ſhe tooke aboord,
But the blacke palmer ſuffred ſtill to ſtond,
Ne would for price or prayers once affoord
To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

XX.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
For the ſlitt barke obeying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as ſhe did deſire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged ſire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted courſe
Through the dull billowes, thicke as troubled
mire,
Whom nether wind out of their ſeatt could forſe,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their ſluggiſh
courſe.

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
Her merry ſitt ſhee freſhly gan to reare,
And did of ioy and iollity devize,
Herſelfe to cheriſh, and her gueſt to cheare.
The knight was courteous, and did not forbeare
Her honeſt mirth and pleaſaunce to partake;
But when he ſaw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And paſſe the bonds of modeſt merimake,
Her dalliaunce he deſpis'd, and follies did for-
ſake.

XXII.

Yet ſhe ſtill followed her former ſtyle,
And ſaid, and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleaſaunt ile,
Where ſleeping late ſhe lefte her other knight:
But whenas Guyon of that land had ſight,
He wiſt himſelfe amiſſe, and angry ſaid,
" Ah! Dame, perdy ye have not deen me right,
" Thus to miſlead mee, whiles I you obaid:
" Me little needed from my right way to have
" ſtraid."

XXIII.

" Faire Sir!" quoth ſhe, " be not diſpleas'd at all;
" Who fares on ſea may not command his way,
" Ne wind and weather at his pleaſure call:
" The ſea is wide, and eaſy for to ſtray,
" The wind unſtable, and doth never ſtay:
" But here a while ye may in ſafety reſt,
" Till ſeaſon ſerve new paſſage to aſſay:
" Better ſafe port, then be in ſeas diſtreſt."
Therewith ſhe laught, and did her earneſt end
in ieſt.

XXIV.

But he halfe diſcontent mote natheleſſe,
Himſelfe appeaſe, and iſſewd forth on ſhore;
The ioyes whereof, and happy fruitfulneſſe,
Such as he ſaw, ſhe gan him lay before,
And all though pleaſaunt, yet ſhe made much
more.
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freſhly ſpring,
The trees did bud, and early bloſſomes bore,
And all the quire of birds did ſweetly ſing,
And told the gardin's pleaſures in their caroling.

XXV.

And ſhe, more ſweete than any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongſt them beare a part,
And ſtrive to paſſe (as ſhe could well enough)
Their native muſicke by her ſkilful art:
So did ſhe all, that might his conſtant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in diſſolute delights apart,
Where noiſe of armes, or view of martiall guize
Might not revive deſire of nightly exercize.

XXVI.

But he was wiſe, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his hart;
Yet would not ſeeme ſo rude and thewed ill,
As to deſpiſe ſo courteous ſeeming part,
That gentle lady did to him impart;
But fairly tempring, fond deſire ſubdewd,
And ever her deſired to depart;
She liſt not heare, but her diſports pourſewd,
And ever bad him ſtay till time the tide renewd.

XXVII.

And now by this Cymochles' howre was ſpent,
That he awoke out of his ydle dreme;
And ſhaking off his drowſy dreriment,
Gan him avize howe ill did him beſeme
In ſlouthful ſlepe his moulten hart to ſteme,
And quench the brond of his conceived yre;
Tho up he ſtarted, ſtird with ſhame extreme,
Ne ſtaied for his damſell to inquire,
But marched to the ſtrond, there paſſage to re-
quire.

XXVIII.

And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,
Accompanyde with Phædria the faire;
Eſtſoones he gan to rage and inly frett,
Crying, " Let be that lady debonaire,
" Thou recreaunt knight, and ſoon thyſelfe pre-
" paire
" To battelle, if thou meane her love to gayn.
" Loe, loe, already how the fowles in aire
" Doe flocke, awaiting ſhortly to obtayn
" Thy carcaſs for their pray, the guerdon of thy
" payn."

XXIX.

And there-withall he fierſly at him flew,
And with importune outrage him aſſayled;
Who ſoone prepard, to field his ſword forth drew,
And him with equall valew countervayld,

Their mightie ſtrokes their haberieons diſmayld,
And naked made each other's manly ſpalles;
The mortall ſteele deſpiteouſly entayld
Deepe in their fleſh quite through the yron walles,
That a large purple ſtreame adown their giambeux falles.

xxx.

Cymochles, that had never mett before
So puiſſaunt foe, with envious deſpight
His prowd more preſumed force encreaſed,
Diſdeigning to bee held ſo long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudging not ſo much his might,
As thoſe unknightly raylinges which he ſpoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof deviſing ſhortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled every ſtroke.

xxxi.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunſt,
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did ſway:
Cymochles' ſword on Guyon's ſhield yglaunſt,
And thereof nigh one quarter ſheard away:
But Guyon's angry blade ſo fiers did play
On th' other's helmet, which, as Titan ſhone,
That quite it clove his plumed creſt in tway,
And bared all his head into the bone,
Wherewith aſtoniſh'd ſtill he ſtood as ſenceleſſe ſtone.

xxxii.

Still as he ſtood, fayre Phædria (that beheld
That deadly daunger) ſoone atweene them ran,
And at their feete herſelfe moſt humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce and count'nance wan,
" Ah! well away! moſt noble Lords, how can
" Your cruell eyes endure ſo pitteous ſight
" To ſhed your lives on ground? wo worth the
" man
" That firſt did teach the curſed ſteele to bight
" In his own fleſh, and make way to the living
" ſpright.

xxxiii.

" If ever love of lady did empierce
" Your yron breſtes, or pettie could find place,
" Withhold your bloody handes from battaill
" fierce;
" And ſith for me ye fight, to me this grace
" Both yield, to ſtay your deadly ſtryfe aſpace."
They ſtayd a while, and forth ſhee gan proceede;
" Moſt wretched woman, and of wicked race,
" That am the authour of this hainous deed,
" And cauſe of death betweene two doughtie
" knights do breed.

xxxiv.

" But if for me ye fight, or me will ſerve,
" Not this rude kind of battaill, nor theſe armes
" Are meet, the which doe men in bale to ſterve,
" And doolefull ſorrow heape with deadly harmes:
" Such cruell game my ſcarmoges diſarmes.
" Another warre and other weapons I
" Doe love, where love does give his ſweete
" alarmes
" Without bloodſhed, and where the enimy
" Does yield unto his foe a pleaſaunt victory.

xxxv.

" Debatefull ſtrife and cruell enmity
" The famous name of Knighthood fouly ſhend;
" But lovely peace and gentle amity,
" And in amours the paſſing howres to ſpend,
" The mightie martiall handes doe moſt com-
" mend;
" Of love they ever greater glory bore
" Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidoes frend
" And is for Venus' loves renowmed more
" Then all his wars and ſpoiles the which he did
" of yore."

xxxvi.

Therewith ſhe ſweetly ſmyl'd. They, though full bent,
To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her ſpeach their rages gan relent,
And calme the ſea of their tempeſtuous ſpight:
Such powre have pleaſing wordes: ſuch is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceaſt, the Faery Knight
Beſought that damzell ſuffer him depart,
And yield him ready paſſage to that other part.

xxxvii.

She no leſſe glad then he deſirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
And vaine delight ſhe ſaw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodeſt toy,
Still ſolemne ſad, or ſtill diſdainfull coy,
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her ſweet peace and pleaſures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet iarre,
That ſhe well pleaſed was thence to amove him farre.

xxxviii.

Tho him ſhe brought abord, and her ſwift bote
Forthwith directed to that further ſtrand,
That which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
And ſoone arrived on the ſhallow ſand,
Where gladſome Guyon failed forth to land,
And to that damſell thankes gave for reward:
Upon that ſhore he eſpied Atin ſtand,
There by his maiſter left, when late he far'd
In Phædria's flitt barck over that perlous ſhard.

xxxix.

Well could he him remember, ſith of late
He with Pyrochles ſharp debatement made;
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
As ſhepheardes curre, that in darke eveninges ſhade
Hath tracted forth ſome ſalvage beaſtes trade:
" Vile Miſcreaunt!" ſaid he, " whether doſt thou
" flye [invade?
" The ſhame and death, which will thee ſoone
" What coward hand ſhall doe thee next to dye,
" That art thus fowly fledd from famous enimy?"

xl.

With that he ſtifly ſhooke his ſteel-head dart;
But ſober Guyon hearing him ſo rayle,
Though ſomewhat moved in his mightie hart,
Yet with ſtrong reaſon maiſtred paſſion fraile,
And paſſed fayrely forth: he turning taile
Backe to the ſtrond retyrd, and there ſtill ſtayd,

Awaiting paſſage, which him late did faile;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The haſty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

XLI

Whyleſt there the varlet ſtood, he ſaw from farre
An armed knight that towards him faſt ran;
He ran on foot, as if in luckleſſe warre
His forlorne ſteed from him the victour wan:
He ſeemed breathleſſe, hartleſſe, faint and wan;
And all his armour ſprinkled was with blood,
And ſoyld with durtie gore, that no man can
Diſcerne the hew thereof: he never ſtood,
But bent his haſtie courſe towardes the Ydle flood.

XLII.

The varlet ſaw when to the flood he came,
How without ſtop or ſtay he fiersly lept,
And deepe himſelfe beducked in the ſame,
That in the lake his loftie creſt was ſtept,
Ne of his ſafetie ſeemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes he rudely plaſht
The waves about, and all his armour ſwept,
That all the blood and filth away was waſht;
Yet ſtill he bet the water, and the billowes daſht.

XLIII.

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee,
For much he wondred at that uncouth ſight:
Whom ſhould he but his own deare lord there ſee?
His owne deare lord Pyrochles, in ſad plight,
Ready to drowne himſelfe for fell deſpight;
" Harrow now out, and well away!" he cryde,
" What diſmall day hath lent this curſed light,
" To ſee my Lord ſo deedly damnifyde?
" Pyrochles, O Pyrochles! what is thee betyde?"

XLIV.

" I burne, I burne, I burne," then lowde he cryde,
" O how I burne with implacable fyre!
" Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming ſyde,
" Nor ſea of licour cold, nor lake of myre;
" Nothing but death can doe me to reſpyre."
" Ah! be it," ſaid he, " from Pyrochles farre,
" After purſewing death once to requyre,
" Or think that ought thoſe puiſſant hands may
" marre:
" Deathe is for wretches borne under unhappy
" ſtarre."

XLV.

" Perdye, then is it fitt for me," ſaid he,
" That am, I weene, moſt wretched man alive;
" Burning in flames, yet no flames can I ſee,
" And dying dayly, dayly yet revive
" O Atin! helpe to me laſt death to give."
The varlet at his plaint was grieved ſo ſore,
That his deepe-wounded hart in two did rive,
And his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that enſample which he blam'd afore.

XLVI.

Into the lake he lept his lord to ayd,
(So love the dread or daunger doth deſpiſe)
And of him catching hold, him ſtrongly ſtayd
From drowning: but more happy he then wiſe,
Of that ſea's nature did him not aviſe;
The waves thereof ſo flow and ſluggiſh were,
Engroſt with mud which did them fowle agriſe,
That every weighty thing they did upbeare,
Ne ought mote ever ſinck downe to the bottom there.

XLVII.

Whyles thus they ſtrugled in that Ydle wave,
And ſtrove in vaine, the one himſelfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to ſave,
Lo, to that ſhore one in an auncient gowne,
Whoſe hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming ſword,
By fortune came, ledd with the troublous ſowne,
Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
The carefull ſervaunt ſtryving with his raging lord.

XLVIII.

Him Atin ſpying, knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald, " Help, helpe, O Archimage!
" To ſave my lord, in wretched plight forlore;
" Helpe with thy hand or with thy counſell ſage:
" Weake handes, but counſell is moſt ſtrong in
" age."
Him, when the old man ſaw, he woundred ſore
To ſee Pyrochles there ſo rudely rage;
Yet ſithens helpe he ſaw he needed more
Then pitty, he in haſte approached to the ſhore;

XLIX.

And cald, " Pyrochles! what is this I ſee?
" What helliſh fury hath at earſt thee hent?
" Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
" Yet never in this ſtraunge aſtoniſhment."
" Theſe flames, theſe flames," he cryde, " doe
" me torment."
" What flames," quoth he, " when I thee pre-
" ſent ſee
" In daunger rather to be drent then brent?"
" Harrow! the flames which me conſume," ſaid
he, [bee.
" Ne can be quencht, within my ſecret bowelles

L.

" That curſed man, that cruel feend of hell,
" Furor, oh! Furor has me thus bedight;
" His deadly woundes within my livers ſwell,
" And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles
" bright,
" Kindled through his infernall brond of ſpight,
" Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boaſte;
" That now I weene love's dreaded thunderlight
" Does ſcorch not halfe ſo ſore, nor damned
" ghoſte
" In flaming Phlegeton does not ſo felly roſte."

LI.

Which when as Archimage heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him attonce diſarmd;
Then ſearcht his ſecret woundes, and made a
priefe
Of every place that was with bruizing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd:
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto ap-
plyde,
And evermore with mightie ſpels then charmd,
That in ſhort ſpace he has them qualifyde,
And him reſtord to helth, that would have algates dyde.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delve,
Sunning his threaſure hore;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To ſee his ſecrete ſtore.

I.

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a ſtedfaſt ſtarre his courſe hath bent,
When foggy miſtes or cloudy tempeſts have
The faithful light of that faire lampe yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye
(The maſters of his long experiment)
And to them does the ſteddy helme apply,
Bidding his winged veſſel fairely forward fly:

II.

So Guyon, having loſt his truſtie guyde,
Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde,
And evermore himſelfe with comfort feedes
Of his own virtues and praiſe-worthie deedes.
So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which Fame of her ſhrill trompet worthy reedes;
For ſtill he traveild through wide waſtfull ground,
That nought but deſert wilderneſſe ſhewd all around.

III.

At laſt he came unto a gloomy glade, [light,
Cover'd with boughs and ſhrubs from heaven's
Whereas he ſitting found in ſecret ſhade
An uncouth, ſalvage, and uncivile wight,
Of grieſly hew and fowle ill-favour'd ſight;
His face with ſmoke was tand, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with ſout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke handes did ſeeme to have ben ſeard [clawes appeard:
In ſmythes fire-ſpitting forge, and nayles like

IV.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with ruſt,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whoſe gliſtring gloſſe, darkned with filthy duſt,
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;
And in his lap a maſſe of coyne he told,
And turned upſide downe, to feede his eye
And covetous deſire with his huge threaſury:

V.

And round about him lay on every ſide
Great heapes of gold that never could be ſpent,
Of which ſome were rude owre, not purifide
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven and diſtent
Into great ingowes and to wedges ſquare;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But moſt were ſtampt, and in their metal bare
The antique ſhapes of kings and Keſars ſtraung and rare.

VI.

Soone as he Guyon ſaw, in great affright
And haſte he roſe for to remove aſide
Thoſe pretious hils from ſtraungers envious ſight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide;
But Guyon lightly to him leaping, ſtayd
His hand, that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though himſelf were at the ſight diſmayd,
Yet him perforce reſtraynd, and to him doubtfull ſayd;

VII.

" What art thou, man! (if man at all thou art)
" That here in deſert haſt thine habitaunce,
" And theſe rich heapes of welth doeſt hide apart
" From the worldes eye, and from her right uſ-
" aunce?"
Thereat with ſtaring eyes fixed aſkaunce
In great diſdaine he anſwerd, " Hardy Elfe,
" That dareſt view my direful countenaunce,
" I read thee raſh and heedleſſe of thyſelfe,
" To trouble my ſtill ſeate and heapes of pretious
" pelfe.

VIII.

" God of the world and worldlings I me call,
" Great Mammon, greateſt god below the ſkye,
" That of my plenty poure out unto all,
" And unto none my graces do envye:
" Riches, renowme, and principality,
" Honour, eſtate, and all this worldes good,
" For which men ſwinck and ſweat inceſſantly,
" Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
" And in the hollow earth have their eternall
" brood.

IX.

" Wherefore if me thou deigne to ſerve and ſew,
" At thy commaund lo all theſe mountaines bee;
" Or if to thy great mind or greedy vew
" All theſe may not ſuffice, there ſhall to thee
" Ten times ſo much be nombred francke and
" free."
" Mammon," ſaid he, " thy godhead's vaunt is
" vaine,
" And idle offers of thy golden fee;
" To them that covet ſuch eye-glutting gaine
" Proffer thy giftes, and fitter ſervaunts enter-
" taine.

X.

" Me ill beſits, that in derdoing armes
" And honours ſuit my vowed daies do ſpend,
" Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleaſing charms,
" With which weake men thou witcheſt, to at-
" tend:
" Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend
" And low abaſe the high heroicke ſpright,
" That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to con-
" tend: [delight;
" Faire ſhields, gay ſteedes, bright armes, be my
" Thoſe be the riches fit for an adventrous
" knight."

XI.

" Vaine glorious Elfe," ſaide he, " doeſt not thou
" weet
" That money can thy wantes at will ſupply?
" Shields, ſteeds, and armes, and all things for
" thee meet,
" It can purvay in twinckling of an eye,
" And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
" Do not I kings create and throw the crowne
" Sometimes to him that low in duſt doth ly,
" And him that raigned into his rowme thruſt
" downe,
" And whom I luſt do heape with glory and re-
" nowne?"

XII.

" All otherwiſe," ſaide he, " I riches read,
" And deeme them root of all diſquietneſſe,
" Firſt got with guile, and then preſerv'd with
" dread,
" And after ſpent with pride and laviſhneſſe,
" Leaving behind them grieſe and heavineſſe;
" Infinite miſchiefes of them do arize,
" Striſe and debate, bloodſhed and bitterneſſe,
" Outrageous wrong and helliſh covetize,
" That noble heart, as great diſhonour, doth de-
" ſpize.

XIII.

" Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the ſcepters thine,
" But realmes and rulers thou doeſt both con-
" found,
" And loyall truth to treaſon doeſt incline;
" Witneſſe the guiltleſſe blood pourd oft on
" ground,
" The crowned often ſlaine, the ſlayer crownd,
" The ſacred diademe in peeces rent,
" And purple robe gored with many a wound,
" Caſtles ſurprized, great cities ſackt and brent;
" So mak'ſt thou kings, and gayneſt wrongfull
" government.

XIV.

" Long were to tell the troublous ſtormes that
" toſſe
" The private ſtate, and make the life unſweet:
" Who ſwelling ſayles in Caſpian ſea doth croſſe,
" And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
" Doth not, I weene, ſo many evils meet."
Then Mammon wexing wroth, " And why then,
ſayd,
" Are mortall men ſo fond and undiſcreet
" So evill thing to ſeeke unto their ayd,
" And having not complaine, and having it up-
" brayd?

XV.

" Indeed," quoth he, " through fowle intemper-
" aunce
" Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetiſe;
" But would they thinke with how ſmall allow-
" aunce
" Untroubled Nature doth herſelfe ſuffiſe,
" Such ſuperfluities they would deſpiſe,
" Which with ſad cares empeach our native
" ioyes.
" At the well-head the pureſt ſtreames ariſe;
" But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
" And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave
" accloyes.

XVI.

" The antique World in his firſt flowring youth
" Fownd no defect in his Creator's grace,
" But with glad thankes and unreproved truth,
" The guifts of ſoveraine bounty did embrace:
" Like angels life was then mens happy cace;
" But later ages pride, like corn-fed ſteed,
" Abuſd her plenty and fat-ſwolne encreace
" To all licentious luſt, and gan exceed
" The meaſure of her mean and naturall firſt
" need.

XVII.

" Then gan a curſed hand the quiet wombe
" Of his great grandmother with ſteele to wound,
" And the hid treaſures in her ſacred tombe
" With ſacrilege to dig; therein he fownd
" Fountaines of gold and ſilver to abownd,
" Of which the matter of his huge deſire
" And pompous pride eftſoones he did compownd;
" Then Avarice gan through his veins inſpire
" His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring
" fire."

XVIII.

" Sonne," ſaid he then, " lett be thy bitter ſcorne,
" And leave the rudeneſſe of that antique age
" To them that liv'd therein in ſtate forlorne:
" Thou that doeſt live in later times muſt wage
" Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold en-
" gage:
" If then thee liſt my offred grace to uſe,
" Take what thou pleaſe of all this ſurpluſage;
" If thee liſt not, leave have thou to refuſe;
" But thing refuſed doe not afterward accuſe."

XIX.

" Me liſt not," ſaid the Elfin knight, " receave
" Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
" Ne wote I but thou didſt theſe goods bereave
" From rightful owner by unrighteous lott,
" Or that blood-guiltineſſe, or guile them blott."
" Perdy," quoth he, " yet never eie did vew,
" Ne tong did tell, ne hand theſe handled not;
" But ſafe I have them kept in ſecret mew,
" From Heven's ſight, and powre of al which them
" pourlew."

XX.

" What ſecret place," quoth he, " can ſafely
" hold
" So huge a mas, and hide from Heven's eie?
" Or where haſt thou thy wonne, that ſo much
" gold
" Thou canſt preſerve from wrong and robbery?"
" Come thou," quoth he, " and ſee." So by
and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd
A darkſome way, which no man could deſcry,
That deep deſcended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horror compaſſed
arownd.

XXI.

At length they came into a larger ſpace,
That ſtretcht itſelfe into an ample playne,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That ſtreight did lead to Plutoes grieſly rayne:
By that wayes ſide there ſate infernall Payne,
And faſt beſide him ſat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an yron whip did ſtrayne,
The other brandiſhed a bloody knife,
And both did gnaſh their teeth, and both did
threaten life.

XXII.

On th' other ſide in one conſort there ſate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Deſpight,
Diſloyall Treaſon, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealoſy, out of their ſight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare ſtill to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher ſafe he ſhroud him
might;
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye,
And ſhame his ugly face did hide from living
eye:

XXIII.

And over them ſad Horror with grim hew
Did alwaies ſore, beating his yron wings,
And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
The hatefull meſſengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling ſad tidings;
Whiles ſad Celeno, ſitting on a cliſte,
A ſong of bale and bitter ſorrow ſings,
That hart of flint aſonder could have rifte,
Which having ended, after him ſhe flyeth ſwifte.

XXIV.

All theſe before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they paſſing ſpake unto them nought;
But th' Elfin Knight, with wonder all the way,
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At laſt him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought;
Betwixt them both but was a little ſtride,
That did the houſe of Richeſſe from hell-mouth
divide.

XXV.

Before the dore ſat ſelfe-conſuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare leaſt Force or Fraud ſhould unaware
Breake in, and ſpoil the treaſure there in gard;
Ne would he ſuffer Sleepe once thether-ward
Approch, albe his drowſy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleepe to be compard,
Therefore his houſe is unto his annext;
Here Sleep, ther Richeſſe, and hel-gate them both
betwext.

XXVI.

So ſoon as Mammon there arriv'd, the dore
To him did open, and affoorded way;
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darkneſſe him ne daunger might diſmay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore ſtreightway
Did ſhutt, and from behind it forth there lept
An ugly feend more fowle then diſmal Day,
The which with monſtrous ſtalke behind him
ſtept,
And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

XXVII.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy gueſt,
If ever covetous hand or luſtfull eye,
Or lips he layd on things that likt him beſt,
Or ever ſleepe his eie-ſtrings did untye,
Should be his pray; and therefore ſtill on hye
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to do him dye,
And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he tranſgreſt the fatall Stygian lawes.

XXVIII.

That houſes forme within was rude and ſtrong,
Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky cliſte,
From whoſe rough vaut the ragged breeches hong
Embroſt with maſſy gold of glorious guiſte,

And with rich metall loaded every riſte,
That heavy ruine they did ſeem to threatt;
And over them Arachne high did liſte
Her cunning web, and ſpread her ſubtile nett.
Enwrapped in fowle ſmoke and clouds more black
then iett.

xxix.

Both roofe and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
But overgrowne with duſt and old decay,
And hid in darknes, that none could behold
The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that houſe itſelfe diſplay,
But a faint ſhadow of uncertein light,
Such as a lamp, whoſe life does fade away,
Or as the moone, cloathd with clowdey night,
Does ſhew to him that walkes in feare and ſad affright.

xxx.

In all that rowme was nothing to be ſeene
But huge great yron cheſts and coffers ſtrong,
All bard with double bends, that none would weene
Them to inforce by violence or wrong;
On every ſide they placed were along:
But all the grownd with ſculs was ſcattered
And dead men's bones, which round about were flong,
Whole lives, it ſeemed, whilome there were ſhed,
And their vile carcaſes now left unburied.

xxxi.

They forward paſſe; ne Guyon yet ſpoke word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And ſhewd of richeſſe ſuch exceeding ſtore,
As eie of man did never ſee before,
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth which is or was of yore
Could gatherd be through all the world arownd,
And that above were added to that under grownd.

xxxii.

The charge thereof unto a covetous ſpright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ranſacke did intend:
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, ſaid,
" Loe here the worldes bliſs, loe here the end
" To which all men do ayme, rich to be made:
" Such grace now to be happy is before thee
" laid."

xxxiii.

" Certes," ſayd he, " I n'ill thine offred grace,
" Ne to be made ſo happy doe intend;
" Another blis before mine eyes I place,
" Another happines, another end;
" To them that liſt thoſe baſe regardes I lend:
" But I in armes and in atchievements brave
" Do rather chooſe my flitting houres to ſpend,
" And to be lord of thoſe that riches have,
" Then them to have myſelfe, and be their ſervile
" ſclave."

xxxiv.

Thereat the feend his gnaſhing teeth did grate,
And griev'd ſo long to lacke his greedie pray;
For well he weened that ſo glorious bayte
Would tempt his gueſt to take thereof aſſay:
Had he ſo doen, he had him ſnatcht away,
More light then culver in the faulcon's fiſt;
(Eternal God thee ſave from ſuch decay!)
But whenas Mammon ſaw his purpoſe miſt,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wiſt.

xxxv.

Thence forward he him ledd, and ſhortly brought
Unto another rowme, whoſe dore forthright
To him did open as it had beene taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
An hundred fournaces all burning bright;
By every fournace many feends did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in ſight,
And every feend his buſie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

xxxvi.

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
And with ſorſt wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tongs, and ſprinckled ofte the ſame
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcan's rage to tame,
Who mayſtring them renewd his former heat:
Some ſcumd the droſſe that from the metall came;
Some ſtird the molten owre with ladles great;
And every one did ſwincke, and every one did ſweat.

xxxvii.

But when an earthly wight they preſent ſaw,
Gliſtring in armes and battailous aray,
From their whot work they did themſelves withdraw
To wonder at the ſight; for till that day
They never creature ſaw that cam that way:
Their ſtaring eyes, ſparckling with fervent fyre,
And ugly ſhapes, did nigh the man diſmay,
That were it not for ſhame, he would retyre,
Till that him thus beſpake their ſoveraine lord and ſyre;

xxxviii.

" Behold, thou Faerie's ſonne, with mortall eye,
" That living eye before did never ſee;
" The thing that thou didſt crave ſo earneſtly
" (To weet whence all the wealth late ſhewd by
" mee
" Proceeded), lo now is reveald to thee:
" Here is the fountaine of the worldes good;
" Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
" Aviſe thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood
" Leaſt thou perhaps hereafter wiſh, and be with
" ſtood."

xxxix.

" Suffice it then, thou Money-god," quoth he,
" That all thine ydle offers I refuſe:
" All that I need I have; what needeth mee
" To covet more then I have cauſe to uſe?
" With ſuch vaine ſhewes thy worldlinges vyle
" buſe,

" But give me leave to follow mine empriſe."
Mammon was much diſpleaſd, yet no'te he chuſe
But beare the rigour of his bold meſpriſe,
And thence him forward ledd, him further to entiſe.

XL.

He brought him through a darkſom narrow ſtrayt,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold;
The gate was open, but therein did wayt
A ſturdie villein, ſtryding ſtiffe and bold,
As if that higheſt God defy he would;
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himſelfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and ſence, and well could weld
That curſed weapon when his cruell foes he queld.

XLI.

Diſdayne he called was, and did diſdayne
To be ſo cald, and whoſo did him call;
Sterne was his looke and full of ſtomacke vayne,
His portaunce terrible, and ſtature tall,
For paſſing th' hight of men terreſtriall,
Like an huge gyant of the Titans' race,
That made him ſcorne all creatures great and ſmall,
And with his pride all others powre deface;
More fitt emongſt black fiendes then men to have his place.

XLII.

Soone as thoſe glitterand armes he did eſpye,
That with their brightneſſe made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery Knight;
Who likewiſe gan himſelfe to batteill dight;
Till Mammon did his haſty hand withhold,
And counſeld him abſtaine from perilous fight;
For nothing might abaſh the villein bold,
Ne mortall ſteele emperce his miſcreated mould.

XLIII.

So having him with reaſon pacifyde,
And the fiers carle commaunding to forbeare,
He brought him in: the rowme was large and wyde,
As it ſome gyeld or ſolemne temple weare;
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The maſſy roofe, and riches huge ſuſtayne;
And every pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and diademes, and titles vaine,
Which mortall princes wore whiles they on earth did rayne.

XLIV.

A route of people there aſſembled were,
Of every ſort and nation under ſkye,
Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere
To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye
A ſtately ſiege of ſoveraine maieſtye:
And thereon ſatt a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly cladd in robes of royaltye,
That never earthly prince in ſuch aray [play.
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pryde diſ-

XLV.

Her face right wondrous faire did ſeeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
Through the dim ſhade, that all men might it ſee;
Yet was not that ſame her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted ſhew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'leſſe moſt hevenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till ſhe did fall,
Thenceforth ſhe ſought for helps to cloke her crime withall.

XLVI.

There, as in gliſtring glory ſhe did ſitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whoſe upper end to higheſt heven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to loweſt hell;
And all that preace did rownd about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell;
That was Ambition, raſh deſire to ſty,
And every linck thereof a ſtep of dignity.

XLVII.

Some thought to raiſe themſelves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by cloſe ſhouldring, ſome by flatterce;
Others through friends, others for baſe regard;
And all by wrong waies for themſelves prepard:
Thoſe that were up themſelves kept others low,
Thoſe that were low themſelves held others hard,
Ne ſuffred them to ryſe or greater grow,
But every one did ſtrive his fellow downe to throw.

XLVIII

Which whenas Guyon ſaw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that ladies throne,
And what ſhe was that did ſo high aſpyre?
Him Mammon anſwered, " That goodly one,
" Whom all that folke with ſuch contention
" Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;
" Honour and dignitie from her alone
" Derived are, and all this worldes blis,
" For which ye men doe ſtrive; few gett, but many mis.

XLIX.

" And fayre Philotime ſhe rightly hight
" The faireſt wight that wonneth under ſkie,
" But that this darkſom neather world her light
" Doth dim with horror and deformity,
" Worthy of heven and hye felicitie,
" From whence the gods have her for envy thruſt;
" But ſith thou haſt found favour in mine eye,
" Thy ſpouſe I will her make, if that thou luſt,
" That ſhe may thee advance for works and merits iuſt."

L.

" Gramercy, Mammon," ſaid the gentle knight,
" For ſo great grace and offred high eſtate;
" But I, that am fraile fleſh and earthly wight,
" Unworthy match for ſuch immortall mate
" Myſelfe well wote, and mine unequall fate
" And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
" And love avowd to other lady late,
" That to remove the ſame I have no might:
" To chaunge love cauſeleſſe is reproch to warlike knight."

LI.

Mammon enmoved was with inward wrath,
Yet forcing it to fayne him forth thence ledd,
Through griefly ſhadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garniſhed
With hearbs and fruits, whoſe kinds mote not be redd;
Not ſuch as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes forth to men, ſweet and well favored,
But direfull deadly black both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the drery tombe.

LII.

There mournfull cypreſſe grew in greateſt ſtore,
And trees of bitter gall, and heben ſad,
Deep ſleeping poppy, and black hellebore,
Cold coloquintida, and tetra mad,
Mortall ſamnitis, and cicuta bad,
Which with th' uniuſt Athenians made to dy
Wiſe Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad
Pour'd out his life, and laſt philoſophy,
To the fayre Critias his deareſt belamy.

LIII.

The gardin of Proſerpina this hight,
And in the midſt thereof a ſilver ſeat,
With a thick arber goodly over-dight,
In which ſhe often uſd from open heat
Herſelfe to ſhroud, and pleaſures to entreat;
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad diſpredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote ſee, [hee.
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might

LIV.

Their fruit were golden apples gliſtring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever ſaw, but they from hence were ſold;
For thoſe which Hercules with conqueſt bold
Got from great Atlas' daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And thoſe with which th' Eubœan young man wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her outran.

LV.

Here alſo ſprong that goodly golden fruit
With which Acontius got his lover trew,
Whom he had long time fought with fruitleſſe ſuit;
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which emongſt the gods falſe Ate threw,
For which th' Idæan ladies diſagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus' dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greekes and Troians made to bleed.

LVI.

The warlike elfe much wondred at this tree
So fayre and great, that ſhadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did ſtretch themſelves without the utmoſt bound
Of this great gardin, compaſt with a mound,
Which over-hanging, they themſelves did ſteepe
In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round,
That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
In which full many ſoules do endleſſe wayle and weepe.

LVII.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
And looking downe ſaw many damned wightes
In thoſe ſad waves, which direfull deadly ſtancke,
Plonged continually of cruell ſprightes,
That with their piteous cryes and yelling-ſhrightes
They made the further ſhore reſounden wide:
Emongſt the reſt of thoſe ſame ruefull ſightes,
One curſed creature he by chaunce eſpide,
That drenched lay full deepe under the garden ſide.

LVIII.

Deepe was he drenched to the upmoſt chin,
Yet gaped ſtill as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
And ſtretching forth his hand did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely ſwincke;
The whiles he ſterv'd with hunger, and with drouth
He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX.

The knight him ſeeing labour ſo in vaine,
Aſkt who he was, and what he ment thereby?
Who groning deepe, thus anſwerd him againe;
" Moſt curſed of all creatures under ſkye,
" Lo, Tantalus, I here tormented lye,
" Of whom high Iove wont whylome feaſted bee;
" Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
" But if that you be ſuch as I thee ſee,
" Of grace I pray thee give to eate and drinke to me."

LX.

" Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth he,
" Abide the fortune of thy preſent fate,
" And unto all that live in high degree,
" Enſample be of mind intemperate,
" To teach them how to uſe their preſent ſtate."
Then gan the curſed wretch alowd to cry,
Accuſing higheſt Iove and gods ingrate,
And eke blaſpheming Heaven bitterly,
As author of inuſtice, there to let him dye.

LXI.

He lookt a little further, and eſpyde
Another wretch, whoſe carcas deepe was drent
Within the river, which the ſame did hyde;
But both his handes, moſt filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And faynd to waſh themſelves inceſſantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for ſuch intent,
But rather fowler ſeemed to the eye;
So loſt his labour vaine and ydle induſtry.

LXII

The knight him calling, aſked who he was?
Who lifting up his head, him anſwerd thus;
" I Pilate am, the falſeſt iudge, alas!
" And moſt uniuſt, that by unrighteous
" And wicked doome, to Iewes deſpiteous,
" Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,

" And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
" The whyles my handes I waſht in purity,
" The whyles my ſoule was ſoyld with ſowle ini-
" quity."

LXIII.

Infinit moe tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told;
Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned ſoules he did behold;
But roughly him beſpake: " Thou feareſull foole,
" Why takeſt not of that ſame fruite of gold?
" Ne ſitteſt downe on that ſame ſilver ſtoole
" To reſt thy wearie perſon in the ſhadow
" coole?

LXIV.

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frayle intemperaunce through ſinfull bayt,
To which, if he inclyned had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him
wayte,
Would him have rent in thouſand pieces ſtrayt;
But he was wary wiſe in all his way,
And well perceived his deceiptfull ſleight,
Ne ſuffered luſt his ſafety to betray;
So goodly did beguile the guyler of his pray.

LXV.

And now he was ſo long remained theare,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
For want of food and ſleepe, which two upbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
That none without the ſame enduren can;
For now three dayes of men were full out-wrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began;
For thy great Mammon fayrely he beſought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him
brought.

LXVI.

The god, though loth, yet was conſtraynd t' obey
For lenger time then that no living wight
Below the earth might ſuffred be to ſtay;
So backe againe him brought to living light:
But all ſo ſoone as his enfeebled ſpright
Gan ſucke this vitall ayre into his breſt,
As overcome with too exceeding might.
The life did flit away out of her neſt,
And all his ſences were with deadly fit oppreſt.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in ſwowne, is by
Acrates ſonnes deſpoyld;
Whom Arthure ſoone hath reſkewed,
And paynim brethren foyld.

I.

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly ſpirits to theſe creatures bace,
That may compaſſion of their evils move?
There is; elſe much more wretched were the cace,
Of men then beaſts: but O th' exceeding grace
Of higheſt God! that loves his creatures ſo,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That bleſſed angels he ſends to and fro
To ſerve to wicked man, to ſerve his wicked foe.

II.

How oft do they their ſilver bowers leave
To come to ſuccour us that ſuccour want?
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting ſkyes, like flying purſuivant,
Againſt fowle feendes to ayd us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright ſquadrons round about us plant,
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O why ſhould hevenly God to men have ſuch
regard?

III.

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mammon's houſe, the palmer, whom whyleare,
That wanton mayd of paſſage had denide,
By further ſearch had paſſage found elſewhere,
And being on his way, approached neare
Where Guyon lay in traunce; when ſuddeinly
He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
"Come hether, hether, O come haſtily!"
That all the fields reſounded with the ruefull cry.

IV.

The palmer lent his ear unto the noyce,
To weet who called ſo importunely;
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haſte: he by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that ſhady delve him brought at laſt,
Where Mammon earſt did ſunne his threaſury;
There the good Guyon he found ſlumbring faſt
In ſenceles dreame, which ſight at firſt him ſore aghaſt.

V.

Beſide his head there ſatt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freſheſt yeares,
Whoſe tender bud to bloſſome new began,
And flouriſh faire above his equall peares;
His ſnowy front curled with golden heares,
Like Phœbus' face adornd with ſunny rayes,
Divinely ſhone, and two ſharpe winged ſheares,
Decked with diverſe plumes, like painted jayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

VI.

Like as Cupido on Idaean hill,
When having laid his cruell bow away
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murdrous ſpoiles and bloody pray
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly ſiſters, Graces three;
The goddeſſe, pleaſed with his wanton play,
Suffers herſelfe through ſleepe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other ladies mind theyr mery glee.

VII.

Whom when the palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the childe bespoke, " Long lackt, alas!
" Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay
" Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay.
" Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend sire,
" But dread of death and dolor doe away,
" For life ere long shall to her home retire,
" And he that breathlesse seems shall corage bold
" respire.

VIII.

" The charge which God doth unto me arett,
" Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
" Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
" The care thereof myselfe unto the end,
" But evermore him succour and defend
" Against his foe and mine; watch thou, I pray;
" For evill is at hand him to offend."
So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble winges, and vanisht quite away.

IX.

The palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe fore afraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight:
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try,
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

X.

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two paynim knights all armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged sire did trace,
And far before a light-foote page did flie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
Who meeting earst with Archimago slie
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told
That he, which earst them combated was Guyon bold.

XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,
Where-ever that on ground they mote him find;
False Archimage provokt their corage prowd,
And stryfe-ful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeaunce tind.
Now bene they come whereas the palmer sate,
Keeping that slombring corse to him assind,
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

XII.

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
That fire he fowl bespake; " Thou dotard vile,
" That with thy bruteneſſe shendst thy comely
" age,
" Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile
" Of that same outcast carcas, that erewhile
" Made itselfe famous through false trechery,
" And crownd his coward crest with knightly
" stile;
" Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
" To proove he lived il, that did thus fowly die."

XIII.

To whom the palmer fearelesse answered,
" Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
" Thus for to blott the honour of the dead,
" And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame,
" Whose living handes immortalizd his name.
" Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold,
" And envy base to barke at sleeping fame:
" Was never wight that treason of him told;
" Yourselfe his proweſſe prov'd, and found him
" fiers and bold."

XIV.

Then said Cymochles, " Palmer, thou doest dote,
" Ne canst of proweſſe, ne of knighthood deeme,
" Save as thou seest or hearst; but well I wote,
" That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme:
" Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme;
" Ne al good knights that shake well speare and
" shield:
" The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
" And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield;
" Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead
" on field."

XV.

" Good or bad," gan his brother fiers reply,
" What do I rekke, sith that he dide entire?
" Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
" The greedy hunger of revenging yre,
" Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne
" desire?
" Yet since no way is lefte to wreake my spight,
" I will him reave of armes, the victor's hire,
" And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
" For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour
" bright?"

XVI.

" Fayr Sir!" said then the palmer suppliaunt,
" For knighthood's love doe not so fowle a deed,
" Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt
" Of vile revenge: to spoile the dead of weed
" Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed;
" But leave these relicks of his living might
" To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke
" steede."
" What herce or steed," said he, " should he have
" dight,
" But be entombed in the raven or the kight?"

XVII.

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th' other brother gan his helme unlace,
Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid:
Till that they spyde where towards them did pace
An armed knight of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben launce,
And coverd shield: well kend him so far space
Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to praunce;

XVIII.

And to those brethren sayd, " Rise, rise bylive,
" And unto batteil doe yourselves addresse;
" For yonder comes the proweſt knight alive,

" Prince Arthur! flowre of grace and nobileſſe,
" That hath to paynim knights wrought great
" diſtreſſe,
" And thouſand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye."
That word ſo deepe did in their harts impreſſe,
That both eſtſoones upſtarted furiouſly,
And gan themſelves prepare to batteill greedily.

XIX.

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne ſword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And Archimage beſought him that afford
Which he had brought for Braggadochio vaine.
" So would I," ſaid th' enchaunter, " glad and
" faine
" Beteeme to you this ſword, you to defend,
" Or ought that eles your honour might main-
" taine,
" But that this weapon's powre I well have kend
" To be contrary to the worke which ye intend:

XX.

" For that ſame knight's owne ſword this is of
" yore,
" Which Merlin made by his almightie art
" For that his nourſling, when he knighthood
" ſwore,
" Therewith to doen his foes eternall ſmart:
" The metall firſt he mixt with medaewart,
" That no enchauntment from his dint might ſave;
" Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
" And ſeven times dipped in the bitter wave
" Of helliſh Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

XXI.

" The vertue is, that neither ſteele nor ſtone
" The ſtroke thereof from entraunce may defend,
" Ne ever may be uſed by his fone
" Ne forſt his rightful owner to offend,
" Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend;
" Wherefore Morddure it rightfully is hight.
" In vaine, therefore, Pyrochles ſhould I lend
" The ſame to thee, againſt his lord to fight;
" For ſure yt would deceive thy labor and thy
" might."

XXII.

" Fooliſh old man!" ſaid then the pagan wroth,
" That weeneſt words or charms may force with-
" ſtond;
" Soone ſhalt thou ſee, and then beleeve for troth,
" That I can carve with this enchaunted brond
" His lord's owne fleſh." Therewith out of his
hond
That vertuous ſteele he rudely ſnatcht away,
And Guyon's ſhield about his wreſt he bond,
So ready dight fierce battaile to aſſay,
And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

XXIII.

By this, that ſtraunger knight in preſence came,
And goodly ſalved them; who nought againe
Him anſwered, as courteſie became;
But with ſterne looks and ſtomachous diſdaine
Gave ſignes of grudge and diſcontentment vaine;
Then turning to the palmer he gan ſpy
Where at his feet, with ſorrowfull demayne
And deadly hew, an armed corſe did lye,
In whoſe dead face he redd great magnanimity.

XXIV.

Sayd he then to the palmer, " Reverend ſyre!
" What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
" Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
" Or did he fall by treaſon or by fight?
" However, ſure I rew his pitteous plight."
" Not one nor other," ſaid the palmer grave,
" Hath him befalne, but clouds of deadly night
" Awhile his heavy eyelids covered have,
" And all his ſences drowned in deepe fenceleſſe
" wave:

XXV.

" Which thoſe his cruell foes, that ſtand hereby,
" Making advantage, to revenge their ſpight,
" Would him diſarme and treaten ſhameſully;
" (Unworthie uſage of redoubted knight)
" But you, faire Sir! whoſe honourable ſight
" Doth promiſe hope of helpe and timely grace,
" Mote I beſeech you to ſuccour his ſad plight,
" And by your powre protect his feeble cace?
" Firſt prayſe of knighthood is ſowle outrage to
" deface."

XXVI.

" Palmer," ſaid he, " no knight ſo rude, I weene,
" As to doen outrage to a ſleeping ghoſt;
" Ne was there ever noble corage ſeene,
" That in advauntage would his puiſſaunce boſt:
" Honour is leaſt where oddes appeareth moſt.
" May bee, that better reaſon will aſwage
" The raſh revengers heat. Words well diſpoſt
" Have ſecret powre t' apeaſe inflamed rage;
" If not, leave unto me thy knight's laſt pa-
" tronage."

XXVII.

Tho turning to thoſe brethren thus beſpoke;
" Ye warlike payre! whoſe valorous great might,
" It ſeemes, iuſt wronges to vengeaunce doe
" provoke,
" To wreake your wrath on this dead-ſeeming
" knight,
" Mote ought allay the ſtorme of your deſpight,
" And ſettle patience in ſo furious heat?
" Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
" But for his carkas pardon I entreat,
" Whom Fortune hath already laid in loweſt
" ſeat."

XXVIII.

To whom Cymochles ſaid, " For what art thou,
" That mak'ſt thyſelfe his dayes-man, to prolong
" The vengaunce preſt? or who ſhall let me now
" On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
" And make his carkas as the outcaſt dong?
" Why ſhould not that dead carrion ſatisfye
" The guilt which, if he lived had thus long,
" His life for dew revenge ſhould deare abye?
" The treſpas ſtill doth live, albee the perſon dye."

XXIX.

" Indeed," then ſaid the prince, " the evill donne
" Dyes not, when breath the body firſt doth leave;
" But from the grandſyre to the nephewes ſonne,
" And all his ſeede the curſe doth often cleave,
" Till vengeaunce utterly the guilt bereave:
" So ſtreightly God doth iudge. But gentle
" knight

" That doth againſt the dead his hand upreare,
" His honour ſtaines with rancour and deſpight,
" And great diſparagment makes to his former
" might.

xxx.

Pyrochles gan reply the ſecond tyme,
And to him ſaid, " Now, felon, ſure I read
" How that thou art partaker of his cryme;
" Therefore, by Termagaunt, thou ſhalt be dead."
With that his hand, more ſad than lomp of lead,
Upliſting high, he weened with Morddure
(His owne good ſword Morddure) to cleave his head.
The faithfull ſteele ſuch treaſon no'uld endure,
But ſwarving from the marke, his lordes life did aſſure.

xxxi.

Yet was the force ſo furious and ſo fell,
That horſe and man it made to reele aſyde:
Nath'leſſe the prince would not forſake his ſell,
(For well of yore he learned had to ryde)
But full of anger fierſly to him cryde;
" Falſe traitour, miſcreaunt! thou broken haſt
" The law of armes, to ſtrike foe undefide;
" But thou thy treaſon's fruit, I hope, ſhalt taſte
" Right ſowre, and feele the law, the which thou
" haſt defaſt."

xxxii.

With that his balefull ſpeare he fiercely bent
Againſt the pagan's breſt, and therewith thought
His curſed life out of her lodg have rent;
But ere the point arrived where it ought,
That ſeven-fold ſhield, which he from Guyon brought,
He caſt between to ward the bitter ſtownd:
Through all thoſe ſoldes the ſteele-head paſſage wrought,
And through his ſhoulder perſt; wherewith to ground
He groveling fell, all gored in his guſhing wound.

xxxiii.

Which when his brother ſaw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiouſly,
And fowly ſaide, " By Mahoune, curſed thiefe!
" That direfull ſtroke thou dearely ſhalt aby."
Then hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,
Smote him ſo hugely on his haughtie creſt,
That from his ſaddle forced him to fly;
Els mote it needes downe to his manly breſt
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence diſpoſſeſt.

xxxiv.

Now was the prince in daungerous diſtreſſe,
Wanting his ſword, when he on foot ſhould fight:
His ſingle ſpeare could doe him ſmall redreſſe
Againſt two foes of ſo exceeding might,
The leaſt of which was match for any knight;
And now the other, whom he earſt did daunt,
Had reard himſelfe againe to cruel fight,
Three times more furious and more puiſſaunt,
Unmindfull of his wound, of his ſate ignoraunt.

xxxv.

So both attonce him charge on either ſide
With hideous ſtrokes and importable powre,
That forced him to his ground to traverſe wyde,
And wiſely watch to ward that deadly ſtowre;
For on his ſhield, as thicke as ſtormie ſhowre,
Their ſtrokes did raine, yet did he never quaile,
Ne backward ſhrinke; but as a ſtedfaſt towre,
Whom foe with double battery doth aſſaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought availe.

xxxvi.

So ſtoutly he withſtood their ſtrong aſſay,
Till that at laſt, when he advantage ſpyde,
His poynant ſpeare he thruſt with puiſſant ſway
At proud Cymochles, whiles his ſhield was wyde,
That through his thigh the mortall ſteele did gryde:
He, ſwarving with the force, within his fleſh
Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:
Out of the wound the red blood flowed freſh,
That underneath his feet ſoone made a purple pleſh.

xxxvii.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
Curſing his gods, and himſelfe damning deepe;
Als when his brother ſaw the red blood rayle
Adowne ſo faſt, and all his armour ſteepe,
For very felneſſe lowd he gan to weepe,
And ſaid, " Caytive! curſe on thy cruell hond,
" That twiſe hath ſpedd; yet ſhall it not thee
" keepe
" From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
" Lo where the dreadfull death behind thy backe
" doth ſtond."

xxxviii.

With that he ſtrooke, and th' other ſtrooke withall,
That nothing ſeemd mote beare ſo monſtrous might:
The one upon his covered ſhield did fall,
And glancing downe would not his owner byte;
But th' other did upon his tronchcon ſmyte,
Which hewing quite aſunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
The which dividing with importune ſway,
It ſeizd in his right ſide, and there the dint did ſtay.

xxxix.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the roſe, thence guſhed grievouſly,
That when the paynim ſpyde the ſtreaming blood,
Gave him great heart and hope of victory.
On th' other ſide in huge perplexity
The prince now ſtood, having his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but ſtill at ward did ly;
Yet with his tronchcon he ſo rudely ſtroke
Cymochles twiſe, that twiſe him forſt his foot revoke.

xl.

Whom when the palmer ſaw in ſuch diſtreſſe,
Sir Guyon's ſword he lightly to him raught,

And ſaid, "Fayre ſonne! great God thy right hand bleſſe
"To uſe that ſword ſo well as he it aught."
Glad was the knight, and with freſh courage fraught,
Whenas again he armed felt his hond;
Then like a lyon, which had long time faught
His robbed whelpes, and at the laſt them fond
Emongſt the ſhepheard ſwaynes, then wexeth wood and yond;

XLI.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either ſide, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne ſhield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to Pyrochles many ſtrokes he told;
Eft to Cymochles twiſe ſo many fold;
Then back againe turning his buſie hond,
Them both attonce compeld with courage bold
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both ſtood ſtiffe, yet could not both withſtond.

LXII.

As ſalvage bull, whom two fiers maſtives bayt,
When ransour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with wary ward them to awayt,
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treades downe in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing diſdaine,
That all the foreſt quakes to hear him rore;
So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mighty puiſſaunce ſuſtaine.

XLIII.

But ever at Pyrochles when he ſmitt,
(Who Guyon's ſhield caſt ever him before,
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtraict was writt)
His hand relented, and the ſtroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
Which oft the paynim ſav'd from deadly ſtowre,
But him henceforth the ſame can ſave no more;
For now arrived is his fatall howre,
That no'te avoyded be by earthly ſkill or powre.

XLIV.

For when Cymochles ſaw the fowle reproch,
Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie ſhame
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approch,
Reſolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or dye with honour and deſert of fame;
And on the haubergh ſtroke the prince ſo ſore,
That quite diſparted all the linked frame,
And pierced to the ſkin, but bit no more,
Yet made him twiſe to reel, that never moov'd afore.

XLV.

Whereat renfierſt with wrath and ſharp regret,
He ſtroke ſo hugely with his borrowed blade,
That it empierſt the pagan's burganet,
And cleaving the hard ſteele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell paſſage made
Quite through his breyne: he tombling downe on g ound,
Breath'd out his ghoſt, which to th' infernall ſhade
Faſt flying, there eternall torment found,
For all the ſinnes wherewith his lewd life did abound.

XLVI.

Which when his german ſaw, the ſtony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his ſence diſmayd;
Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare,
But as a man, whom helliſh feendes have frayd,
Long trembling ſtill he ſtoode: at laſt thus ſayd,
"Traytour! What haſt thou doen? how ever
"Thy curſed hand ſo cruelly have ſwayd [may
"Againſt that knight? harrow and well away!
"After ſo wicked deede why liv'ſt thou lenger day?"

XLVII.

With that all deſperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge deſyring ſoone to dye,
Aſſembling all his force and utmoſt might,
With his owne ſwerd he fierce at him did flye,
And ſtrooke, and ſoynd, and laſht outrageouſly,
Withouten reaſon or regard. Well knew
The prince with pacience and ſufferaunce fly
So haſty heat ſoone cooled to ſubdew
Tho when this breathleſſe woxe, that batteil gan renew.

XLVII'.

As when a windy tempeſt bloweth hye,
That nothing may withſtand his ſtormy ſtowre,
The clowdes, as things afrayd, before him flye;
But all ſo ſoone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to ſhowre,
And as in ſcorne of his ſpent ſtormy ſpight,
Now all at once their malice forth do poure;
So did Prince Arthur beare himſelfe in fight,
And ſuffred raſh Pyrochles waſte his ydle might.

XLIX.

At laſt whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd
How that ſtraunge ſword refuſd to ſerve his neede,
But when he ſtroke moſt ſtrong, the dint deceiv'd,
He flong it from him, and, devoyd of dreed,
Upon him lightly leapieg without heed,
Twixt his two mighty armes engraſped faſt,
Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred;
But him in ſtrength and ſkill the prince ſurpaſt,
And through his nimble ſleight did under him downeaſt.

L.

Nought booted it the paynim then to ſtrive;
For as a bittur in the cagle's clawe,
That may not hope by flight to ſcape alive,
Still waytes for death with dread and trembling
So he now ſubiect to the victour's law [aw;
Did not once move, nor upward caſt his eye,
For vile diſdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with ſad melancholy,
As one that loathed life, and yet deſpyſd to dye.

LI.

But full of princely bounty and great mind,
The conquerer nought cared him to ſlay;
But caſting wronges and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life then decay,
And ſaid, "Paynim! this is thy diſmall day;
"Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miſcreaunce,
"And my trew liegeman yield thyſelfe for ay,
"Life will I grant thee for thy valiaunce,
"And all thy wronges will wipe out of my ſo- venaunce."

LII.

" Foole !" ſaid the Pagan, " I thy gift deſye ;
" But uſe thy fortune as it doth befall ;
" And ſay, that I not overcome doe dye,
" But in deſpight of life for death doe call."
Wroth was the prince and ſory yet withall,
That he ſo wilfully refuced grace ;
Yet ſith his fate ſo cruelly did fall,
His ſhining helmet he gan ſoone unlace,
And left his headleſſe body bleeding all the place.

LIII.

By this Sir Guyon from his traunce awakt,
(Life having mayſtered her ſenceleſs foe)
And looking up, whenas his ſhield he lackt,
And ſword ſaw not, he wexed wondrous woe ;
But when the palmer, whom he long ygo
Had loſt, he by him ſpyde, right glad he grew,
And ſaid, " Deare Sir ! whom wandring to and
" fro
" I long have lackt, I ioy thy face to vew ;
" Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro
" me drew.

LIV.

" But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
" Of my good ſword and ſhield ?" The palmer,
glad
With ſo freſh hew upryſing him to ſee,
Him anſwered, " Fayre Sonne ! be no whit ſad
" For want of weapons ; they ſhall ſoone be had."
So gan he to diſcourſe the whole debate,
Which that ſtraunge knight for him ſuſtained had,
And thoſe two Sarazins confounded late,
Whoſe carcaſſes on ground were horribly proſtrate.

LV.

Which when he heard, and ſaw the tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the prince bowing with reverence dew,
As to the patron of his life thus ſayd :
" My Lord, my Liege, by whoſe moſt gratious ayd
" I live this day, and ſee my foes ſubdewd,
" What may ſuffice to be for meede repayd
" Of ſo great graces as ye have me ſhewd,
" But to be ever bound ?"

LVI.

To whom the infant thus, " Fayre Sir ! what
" need
" Good turnes be counted, as a ſervile bond,
" To bind their doers to receive their meed ?
" Are not all knightes by oath bound to with-
" ſtond
" Oppreſſours powre by armes and puiſſant hond ?
" Suffiſe that I have done my dew in place."
So goodly purpoſe they together fond
Of kindneſſe and of courteous aggrace,
The whiles falſe Archimage and Atin fled apace.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO IX.

The houſe of Temperaunce, in which
Doth ſober Alma dwell,
Beſiegd of many foes, whom ſtraung-
er knightes to flight compell.

I.

Of all Gods workes, which doe this worlde adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent
Then is man's body both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in ſober government;
But none then it more fowle and indecent,
Diſtempred through miſrule and paſſions bace;
It grows a monſter, and incontinent
Doth loſe his dignity and native grace.
Behold, who liſt, both one and other in this place.

II.

After the paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton prince recov'ring his ſtoln ſword,
And Guyon his loſt ſhield, they both yfere
Forth paſſed on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the prince with gentle court did bord;
" Sir Knight! mote I of you this court'ſy read,
" To weet why on your ſhield, ſo goodly ſcord,
" Beare ye the picture of that ladies head?
" Full lively is the ſemblaunt, though the ſub-
" ſtance dead."

III.

" Fayre Sir!" ſayd he, " if in that picture dead
" Such life you read, and vertue in vaine ſhew,
" What mote ye weene, if the trew livelyhead
" Of that moſt glorious viſage ye did vew?
" But if the beauty of her mind ye knew,
" (That is her bounty and imperiall powre,
" Thouſand times fairer than her mortall hew)
" O how great wonder would your thoughts de-
" voure,
" And infinite deſire into your ſpirite poure!

IV.

" She is the mighty Queene of Faery,
" Whoſe fayre retraitt I in my ſhield do beare;
" She is the flowre of grace and chaſtity,
" Throughout the world renowned far and neare,
" My life, my liege, my ſoveraine, my deare,
" Whoſe glory ſhineth as the morning ſtarre,
" And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
" Far reach her mercies, and her prailes farre,
" As well in ſtate of peace, as puiſſaunce in
" warre."

V.

" Thriſe happy man!" ſaid then the Briton knight,
" Whom gracious lot and thy great valiaunce
" Have made thee ſoldier of that princeſſe bright,
" Which with her bounty and glad countenance
" Doth bleſſe her ſervaunts, and them high ad-
" vaunce;
" How many ſtraunge knight hope ever to aſpire
" By faithfull ſervice and meete amenaunce,
" Unto ſuch bliſſe? ſufficient were that hire
" For loſſe of thouſand lives, to die at her de-
" ſire."

VI.

Said Guyon, " Noble Lord, what meed ſo great,
" Or grace of earthly prince ſo ſoveraine,
" But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
" Ye well may hope, and eaſely attaine?
" But were your will her ſold to entertaine,
" And numbred be mongſt the knights of May-
" denhed,
" Great guerdon, well I wote, ſhould you remaine

" And in her favor high be reckoned,
" As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored."

VII.

" Certes," then said the prince, " I God avow,
" That sith I armes and knighthood firſt did plight,
" My whole deſire hath beene, and yet is now,
" To ſerve that Queene with all my powre and
" might.
" Now hath the ſunne with his lamp-burning light
" Walkt round about the world, and I no leſſe,
" Sith of that goddeſſe I have ſought the ſight,
" Yet no where can her find: ſuch happineſſe
" Heven doth to me envy and Fortune favour-
" leſſe."

VIII.

" Fortune, the foe of famous cheviſaunce,
" Seldom," ſaid Guyon, " yields to vertue aide,
" But in her way throwes miſchiefe and miſ-
" chaunce,
" Whereby her courſe is ſtopt and paſſage ſtaid.
" But you, fayre Sir! be not herewith diſmaid,
" But conſtant keepe the way in which ye ſtand;
" Which were it not that I am els delaid
" With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
" I labour would to guide you through al Fary
" Land."

IX.

" Gramercy, Sir!" ſaid he, " but mote I weete
" What ſtraunge adventure doe ye now purſew,
" Perhaps my ſuccour or advizement meete
" Mote ſtead you much your purpoſe to ſubdew."
Then gan Sir Guyon all the ſtory ſhew
Of falſe Acraſia and her wicked wiles;
Which to avenge, the palmer forth drew
From Faery Court. So talked they, the whiles
They waſted had much way, and meaſured many
miles.

X.

And now faire Phœbus gan decline in haſte
His weary wagon to the weſtern vale,
Whenas they ſpyde a goodly caſtle, plaſte
Foreby a river in a pleaſaunt dale,
Which chooſing for the evening's hoſpitale,
They thether marcht; but when they came in ſight,
And from their ſweaty courſers did avale,
They found the gates faſt barred long ere night,
And every loup faſt lockt, as fearing foes de-
ſpight.

XI.

Which when they ſaw, they weened fowle reproch
Was to them doen, their entraunce to foreſtall,
Till that the ſquire gan nigher to approch,
And wind his horne under the caſtle wall,
That with the noiſe it ſhooke, as it would fall:
Eſtſoones forth looked from the higheſt ſpire
The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call
To weete what they ſo rudely did require:
Who gently anſwered, they entraunce did deſire.

XII.

" Fly, fly, good Knights," ſaid he;" fly faſt away,
" If that your lives ye love, as meete ye ſhould:
" Fly faſt, and ſave yourſelves from neare decay,
" Here may ye not have entraunce, though we
" would;
" We would and would againe, if that we could;
" But thouſand enemies about us rave,
" And with long ſiege us in this caſtle hould;
" Seven yeares this wize they us beſieged have,
" And many good knights ſlaine, that have us
" fought to ſave."

XIII.

Thus as he ſpoke, loe with outragious cry,
A thouſand villeins rownd about them ſwarmd
Out of the rockes and caves adioining nye;
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
All threatning death, all in ſtraunge manner armd;
Some with unweldy clubs, ſome with long ſpeares,
Some ruſty knives, ſome ſtaves in fier warmd:
Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed ſteares,
Staring with holloweies, and ſtiffe upſtanding
heares.

XIV.

Fierſely at firſt thoſe knights they did aſſayle,
And drove them to recoile; but when againe
They gave freſh charge, their forces gan to fayle,
Unhable their encounter to ſuſtaine;
For with ſuch puiſſaunce and impetuous maine
Thoſe champions broke on them, that forſt them
fly
Like ſcattered ſheepe, whenas the ſhepherd's ſwaine
A lyon and a tigre doth eſpye,
With greedy pace, forth ruſhing from the foreſt
nye.

XV.

A while they fled, but ſoone retourned againe
With greater fury then before was found;
And evermore their cruell captaine [rownd,
Sought with his raſkall routs t' encloſe them
And overronne to tread them to the ground;
But ſoone the knights with their bright-burning
blades
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confownd,
Hewing and ſlaſhing at their idle ſhades;
For though they bodies ſeem, yet ſubſtance from
them fades.

XVI.

As when a ſwarme of gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe ariſe,
Their murmuring ſmall trompetts ſwonden wide,
Whiles in the aire their cluſtring army flies,
That as a cloud doth ſeeme to dim the ſkies;
Ne man nor beaſt may reſt or take repaſt
For their ſharpe wounds and noyous iniuries,
Till the fierce northerne winde, with bluſtring
blaſt,
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean
caſt.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous route diſ-
perſt,
Unto the caſtle-gate they come againe,
And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erſt.
Now when report of that their perlous paine,
And combrous conflict which they did ſuſtayne,
Came to the ladies eare which there did dwell,
Shee forth iſſwed with a goodly traine
Of ſquires and ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

xviii.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;
Yet was shee woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a lord of noble parentage,
That fought with her to lincke in marriage;
For shee was faire as faire mote ever bee,
And in the flowre now of her freiheft age,
Yet full of grace and goodly modeftee,
That even Heven rejoyced her fweete face to fee.

xix.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold and perle, most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire damsels, which were taught
That service well: her yellow golden heare
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete rosiere.

xx.

Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle-hall,
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shee to them made, with mildneffe virginall,
Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall.
There when they rested had a seafon dew,
They her besought, of favour speciall,
Of that faire castle to affoord them vew:
Shee graunted, and them leading forth, the same did shew.

xxi.

First she them led up to the castle-wall,
That was so high as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire and sensible withall;
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Aegyptian slime,
Whereof King Nine whilome built Babel Towre:
But O great pitty! that no lenger time
So goodly workmanship should not endure:
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

xxii.

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare; O worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine,
Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportiond equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle set in heaven's place.
All which compacted made a godly diapase.

xxiii.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well;
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
And when it opened, no man might it close;
Still opened to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

xxiv.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
(Stone more of valew and more smooth and fine
Then iett or marble far from Ireland brought)
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchased with a wanton yvie twine;
And over it a fayre portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compasse and compacture strong,
Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

xxv.

Within the barbican a porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;
Nor wight, nor word, mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order and with dew regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of eryme;
His larum-bell might lowd and wide be hard
When cause requyrd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

xxvi.

And rownd about the porch on every syde
Twise sixteene warders satt, all armed bright
In gliftring steele, and strongly fortifyde;
Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,
And were enraunged ready still for fight:
By them as Alma passed with her gueftes,
They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,
And then againe retourned to their restes:
The porter eke to her did lout with humble geftes.

xxvii.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
And ready dight with drapets festivall,
Againft the viaundes should be miniftred.
At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged;
He steward was, hight Diet, rype of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

xxviii.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
A jolly yeoman, marshall of the saine,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both gueftes and meate, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the steward badd. They both attone
Did dewty to their lady, as became;
Who passing by, forth led her gueftes anone
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for niceneffe none.

xxix.

It was a vaut ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall,
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence
The smoke forth threw; and in the midft of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall
Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mongiball;
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

xxx.

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,

There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,
An huge great payre of bellowes, which did ſtyre
Continually, and cooling breath inſpyre.
About the caudron many cookes accoyld
With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;
The whiles the viaundes in the veſſel boyld,
They did about their buſineſſe ſweat and ſorely toyld.

xxxi.

The maiſter cooke was cald Concoction,
A carefull man, and full of comely guiſe;
The kitchin clerke, that hight Digeſtion,
Did order all th' achates in ſeemly wiſe,
And ſet them forth, as well he could deviſe.
The reſt had ſeverall offices aſſynd;
Some to remove the ſcum as it did riſe,
Others to beare the ſame away did mynd,
And others it to uſe according to his kynd.

xxxii.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waſte,
Not good nor ſerviceable eiles for ought,
They in another great rownd veſſel plaſte,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought;
And all the reſt, that noyous was and nought,
By ſecret wayes, that none might it eſpy,
Was cloſe convaid, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was Port Eſquiline, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

xxxiii.

Which goodly order and great workmans ſkill
Whenas thoſe knightes beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill,
For never had they ſeene ſo ſtraunge a ſight.
Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,
And ſoone into a goodly parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought,
Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but eaſie to be thought:

xxxiv.

And in the midſt thereof, upon the floure,
A lovely bevy of faire ladies ſate,
Courted of many a iolly paramoure,
The which them did in modeſt wiſe amate,
And each one ſought his lady to aggrate;
And eke emongſt them litle Cupid playd
His wanton ſportes, being retourned late
From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
His cruell bow, wherewith he thouſands hath diſmayd.

xxxv.

Diverſe delights they fownd themſelves to pleaſe;
Some ſong in ſweet conſort, ſome laught for ioy,
Some plaid with ſtrawes, ſome ydly ſatt at eaſe;
But other ſome could not abide to toy,
All pleaſaunce was to them griefe and annoy:
This ſtround, that ſtaund, the third for ſhame did bluſh,
Another ſeemed envious or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a ruſh;
But at theſe ſtraungers preſence every one did huſh.

xxxvi.

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all attonce out of their ſeates aroſe,
And to her homage made with humble grace;
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan diſpoſe
Themſelves to court, and each a damzell choſe:
The prince by chaunce did on a lady light,
That was right faire and freſh as morning roſe,
But ſomewhat ſad and ſolemne eke in ſight,
As if ſome penſive thought conſtraind her gentle ſpright.

xxxvii.

In a long purple pall, whoſe ſkirt with gold
Was fretted all about, ſhe was arayd,
And in her hand a poplar braunch did hold;
To whom the prince in courteous maner ſayd,
" Gentle Madame! why beene ye thus diſmayd,
" And your faire beautie doe with ſadnes ſpill?
" Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd?
" Or doen your love, or doen you lack your will?
" Whatever bee the cauſe, it ſure beſeemes you ill."

xxxviii.

" Fayre Sir!" ſaid ſhe, halfe in diſdaineful wiſe,
" How is it that this word in me ye blame,
" And in yourſelfe doe not the ſame adviſe?
" Him ill beſeemes another's fault to name,
" That may unwares be blotted with the ſame:
" Penſive I yeeld I am, and ſad in mind,
" Through great deſire of glory and of fame;
" Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd,
" That have twelve months ſought one, yet no where can her find."

xxxix.

The prince was inly moved at her ſpeach,
Well weeting trew what ſhe had raſhly told;
Yet with faire ſemblaunt ſought to hide the breach,
Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
Now ſeeming flaming whott, now ſtony cold:
Tho turning ſoft aſide he did inquyre
What wight ſhe was that poplar braunch did hold?
It anſwered was, her name was Prays-deſire,
That by well doing ſought to honour to aſpyre.

xl.

The whiles the Faery Knight did entertaine
Another damſell of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre and modeſt of demayne,
But that too oft ſhe chaung'd her native hew;
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
Cloſe rownd about her tuckt with many a plight;
Upon her fiſt the bird which ſhonneth vew,
And keepes in coverts cloſe from living wight,
Did ſitt, as yet aſhamd how rude Pan did her dight.

xli.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
Unto the grownd ſhe caſt her modeſt eye,
And ever and anone with roſy red
The baſhfull blood her ſnowy cheekes did dye,
That her became, as poliſht yvory,
Which cunning craftſman hand hath overlayd
With fayre vermilion or pure caſtory:
Great wonder had the knight to ſee the mayd
So ſtraungely paſſioned, and to her gently ſaid;

XLII.

" Fayre damzell! ſeemeth by your troubled cheare,
" That either me too bold ye weene, this wiſe
" You to moleſt, or other ill to feare,
" That in the ſecret of your hart cloſe lyes,
" From whence it doth, as cloud from ſea, aryſe:
" If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
" But if ought elſe that I mote not devyſe,
" I will, if pleaſe you it diſcure, aſſay
" To eaſe you of that ill. ſo wiſely as I may."

XLIII.

She anſwerd nought, but more abaſht for ſhame
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flaſhing blood with bluſhing did inflame,
And the ſtrong paſſion mard her modeſt grace,
That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth cace,
Till Alma him beſpake, " Why wonder yee,
" Fayre Sir! at that which ye ſo much embrace?
" She is the fountaine of your modeſtee;
" You ſhamefaſt are, but Shamefaſtnes itſelf is
" ſhee."

XLIV.

Thereat the elfe did bluſh in privitee,
And turnd his face away; but ſhe the ſame
Diſſembled faire, and faynd to overſee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game
Themſelves did ſolace each one with his dame,
Till that great lady thence away them ſought
To vew her caſtle's other wondrous frame:
Up to a ſtately turret ſhe them brought,
Aſcending by ten ſteps of alabaſter wrought.

XLV.

That turret's frame moſt admirable was,
Like higheſt heaven compaſſed around,
And lifted high above this earthly maſſe,
Which it ſurvewd, as hils doen lower ground:
But not on ground mote like to this be found;
Not that which antique Cadmus whylome built
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
Nor that proud Towre of Troy, though richly guilt,
From which young Hector's blood by cruell Greekes was ſpilt.

XLVI.

The roofe hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly beacons, ſet in watches ſtead,
Therein gave light, and flamd continually;
For they of living fire moſt ſubtily
Were made, and ſet in ſilver ſockets bright,
Cover'd with lids deviz'd of ſubſtance ſly,
That readily they ſhut and open might.
O who can tell the prayſes of that Maker's might!

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I ſtay to tell
This part's great workemanſhip and wondrous powre,
That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
And likeſt is unto that heavenly towre
That God hath built for his owne bleſſed bowre.
Therein were divers rowmes, and divers ſtages,
But three the chiefeſt and of greateſt powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable ſages,
The wiſeſt men, I weene, that lived in their ages

XLVIII.

Not he whom Greece (the nourſe of all good arts)
By Phœbus' doome the wiſeſt thought alive,
Might be compar'd to theſe by many parts;
Nor that ſage Pylian ſyre, which did ſurvive
Three ages, ſuch as mortall men contrive,
By whoſe adviſe old Priam's cittie fell,
With theſe in praiſe of pollicies mote ſtrive.
Theſe three in theſe three rowmes did ſondry dwell,
And counſelled faire Alma how to governe well.

XLIX.

The firſt of them could things to come fore-ſee:
The next could of things preſent beſt advize;
The third things paſt could keep in memoree:
So that no time nor reaſon could arize,
But that the ſame could one of theſe comprize.
Forthy the firſt did in the fore-part ſit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize;
He had a ſharpe foreſight and working wit,
That never idle was, ne once would reſt a whit.

L.

His chamber was diſpainted all within
With ſondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite ſhapes of thinges diſperſed thin;
Some ſuch as in the world were never yit,
Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
Some daily ſeene and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantaſies do flit;
Infernall hags, centaurs, feendes, hippodames,
Apes, lyons, aegles, owles, fooles, lovers, children, dames.

LI.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes,
Which buzzed all about, and made ſuch ſound
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes;
Like many ſwarmes of bees aſſembled round,
After their hives with honny do abound.
All thoſe were idle thoughtes and fantaſies,
Devices, dreames, opinions unſound,
Shewes, viſions, ſooth-ſayes, and propheſies,
And all that fained is, as leaſings, tales, and lies.

LII.

Emongſt them all ſate he which wonned there,
That hight Phantaſtes by his nature trew;
A man of yeares, yet freſh as mote appere,
Of ſwarth complexion and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melancholy did ſhew;
Bent hollow beetle brows, ſharpe ſtaring eyes,
That mad or fooliſh ſeemd; one by his vew
Mote deeme him borne with ill diſpoſed ſkyes,
When oblique Saturne ſate in th' houſe of Agonyes:

LIII.

Whom Alma having ſhewed to her gueſtes,
Thence brought them to the ſecond rowme, whoſe wals
Were painted faire with memorable geſtes
Of famous wiſards, and with picturals
Of magiſtrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of common wealthes, of ſtates, of policy,
Of lawes, of indgementes, and of decretals;
All artes, all ſcience, all philoſophy,
And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.

LIV.

Of thoſe that rowme was full; and them among
There ſate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practiſe and uſage
He now was growne right wiſe and wondrous ſage:
Great pleaſure had thoſe ſtraunger knightes to ſee
His goodly reaſon and grave perſonage,
That his diſciples both deſyrd to bee;
But Alma thence them led to th' hindmoſt rowme of three.

LV.

That chamber ſeemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the ſame uphold,
Right firme and ſtrong, though ſomewhat they declind;
And therein ſat an old man, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corſe,
Yet lively vigour reſted in his mind,
And recompenſt them with a better ſcorſe:
Weake body well is chang'd for mind's redoubled forſe.

LVI.

This man of infinite remembraunce was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded ſtill as they did pas,
Ne ſuffred them to periſh through long eld,
As all things els the which this world doth weld;
But laid them up in his immortal ſcrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dweld:
The warres he well remembred of King Nine,
Of old Aſſaracus and Inachus divine.

LVII.

The yeares of Neſtor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathuſalem, though longeſt liv'd;
For he remembred both their infancis:
Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd
Of native ſtrength, now that he them ſurvivd':
His chamber all was hangd about with rolls,
And old records from auncient times deriv'd,
Some made in books, ſome in long parchment ſcrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

LVIII.

Amidſt them all he in a chaire was ſett,
Toſſing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unable them to ſett,
A little boy did on him ſtill attend
To reach, whenever he for ought did ſend;
And oft when things were loſt or laid amis,
That boy them ſought, and unto him did lend;
Therefore he Anamneſtes cleped is,
And that old man Eumneſtes, by their propertis.

LIX.

The knightes there entring did him reverence dew,
And wondred at his endleſſe exerciſe:
Then as they gan his library to vew,
And antique regeſters for to aviſe,
There chaunced to the prince's hand to rize
An auncient booke hight Briton Moniments,
That of this land's firſt conqueſt did devize,
And old diviſion into regiments,
Till it reduced was to one man's governements.

LX.

Sir Guyon chaunſt eke on another booke,
That hight Antiquitee of Faery Lond,
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th' ofspring of Elves and Faryes there he found,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire,
Their countreys aunceſtry to underſtond,
Crav'd leave of Alma, and that aged ſire,
To read thoſe bookes, who gladly graunted their deſire.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO X.

A chronicle of Briton kings
From Brute to Uther's rayne,
And rolls of Elfin Emperours,
Till time of Gloriane.

I.

Who now ſhall give unto me words and ſonnd
Equall unto this haughty enterpriſe?
Or who ſhall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verſe may loftily ariſe,
And lift itſelfe unto the higheſt ſkyes?
More ample ſpirit then hetherto was wount
Here needes me, whiles the famous aunceſtryes
Of my moſt dreaded ſoveraine I recount,
By which all earthly princes ſhe doth far furmount.

II.

Ne under ſunne, that ſhines ſo wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her linage may compaire,
Which though from earth it be derived right,
Yet doth itſelfe ſtretch forth to heven's hight,
And all the world with wonder overſpred;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might.
How ſhall fraile pen, with feare diſparaged,
Conceive ſuch ſoveraine glory and great bounty hed?

III.

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill,
Or rather worthy of great Phœbus rote,
Whereon the ruines of great Oſſa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegræan love he wrote,
That all the gods admired his lofty note.
But if ſome reliſh of that hevenly lay
His learned daughters wold to me report,
To decke my ſong withall, I would aſſay [away.
Thy name, O ſoveraine Queene! to blazon far

IV.

Thy name, O ſoveraine Queene! thy realme and race,
From this renowmed prince derived arre,
Who mightily upheld that royall mace,
Which now thou bear'ſt, to thee deſcended farre,
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great-grandfathers of old,
Whoſe noble deeds above the northern ſtarre
Immortall Fame for ever hath enrold, [told.
As in that old man's booke they were in order

V.

The land which warlike Britons now poſſeſſe,
And therein have there mighty empire rayſd,
In antique times was ſalvage wilderneſſe,
Unpeopled, unmanured, unprovd, unprayſd;
Ne was it iſland then, ne was it payſd
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it ſought
Of merchants farre for profits therein prayſd;
But was all deſolate, and of ſome thought
By ſea to have bene from the Celticke mayn-land brought.

VI.

Ne did it then deſerve a name to have,
Till that the venturous mariner that way
Learning his ſhip from thoſe white rocks to ſave,
Which all along the ſoutherne ſea-coaſt lay,
Threatning unheedy wrecke and raſh decay,
For ſafety that fame his ſea-marke made,
And nam'd it Albion; but later day
Finding in it fit ports for fiſhers trade, [vade.
Gan more the fame frequent and further to in-

VII.

But far in land a ſalvage nation dwelt
Of hideous giaunts and halfe-beaſtly men,
That never taſted grace, nor goodnes felt,
But wild like beaſtes lurking in loathſome den,
And flying faſt as roebucke through the fen,
All naked without ſhame or care of cold,
By hunting and by ſpoiling lived then,
Of ſtature huge, and eke of corage bold,
That ſonnes of men amazd their ſterneſſe to behold.

VIII.

But whence they ſprong, or how they were begot,
Uneath is to aſſure; uneath to wene
That monſtrous error which doth ſome aſſott,
That Diocleſian's fifty daughters ſhene
Into this land by chaunce have driven bene;
Where companing with feends and filthy ſprights,
Through vaine illuſion of their luſt unclene,
They brought forth geaunts and ſuch dreadful wights,
As far exceeded men in their immeaſurd mights.

IX.

They held this land, and with their filthineſſe
Polluted this fame gentle ſoyle long time,
That their owne mother loathd their beaſtlineſſe,
And gan abhorre her brood's unkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne native ſlime;
Until that Brutus anciently deriv'd
From roiall ſtocke of old Aſſarac's line,
Driven by fatall error here arriv'd,
And them of their uniuſt poſſeſſion depriv'd.

X.

But ere he had eſtabliſhed his throne,
And ſpred his empire to the utmoſt ſhore,
He fought great batteills with his ſalvage ſone,
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many giaunts left on groning flore,
That well can witnes yet unto this day
The weſterne Hogh, beſprincled with the gore
Of mighty Goëmot, whome in ſtout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did ſlay.

XI.

And eke that ample pitt, yet far renownd
For the large leape which Debon did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd,
Into the which retourning backe he fell
But thoſe three monſtrous ſtones doe moſt excell.
Which that huge ſonne of hideous Albion,
(Whoſe father Hercules in Fraunce did quell)
Great Godmer threw in fierce contention
At bold Canutus, but of him was ſlaine anon.

XII.

In meed of theſe great conqueſts by them gott,
Corineus had that province utmoſt weſt
To him aſſigned for his worthy lott,
Which of his name and memorable geſt;
He called Cornwaile, yet ſo called beſt;
And Debon's ſhayre was that is Devonſhyre:
But Canute had his portion from the reſt,
The which he cald Canutium, for his hyre,
Now Cantium, which Kent we comenly inquyre.

XIII.

Thus Brute this realme unto his rule ſubde wd,
And raigned long in great felicity,
Lov'd of his freends, and of his foes eſchewd:
He left three ſonnes, his famous progeny,
Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy,
Mongſt whom he parted his imperiall ſtate,
And Locrine left chiefe lord of Britany.
At laſt ripe age bad him ſurrender late
His life, and long good fortune unto finall fate.

XIV.

Locrine was left the ſoveraine lord of all;
But Albanact had all the northerne part,
Which of himſelfe Albania he did call;
And Camber did poſſeſſe the weſterne quart,
Which Severne now from Logris doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enioyed,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart
That once their quiet government annoyd,
But each his paynes to others profit ſtill employd.

XV.

Untill a nation ſtraung, with viſage ſwart,
And corage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world then ſwarmd in every part,
And overflowd all countries far away,
Like Noyes great flood, with their importune ſway,
This land invaded with like violence,
And did themſelves through all the North diſplay
Untill that Locrine, for his realmes defence,
Did head againſt them make and ſtrong munificence.

XVI.

He them encountred, a confuſed rout,
Foreby the river that whylome was hight
The ancient Abus, where with courage ſtout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaſte ſo fiercely after fearfull flight,
That forſt their chieftaine, for his ſafeties ſake,
(Their chiefetain Humber named was aright)
Unto the mighty ſtreame him to betake,
Where he an end of batteill and of life did make.

XVII.

The king retourned proud of victory,
And inſolent wox through unwonted eaſe,
That ſhortly he forgot the ieopardy
Which in his land he lately did appeaſe,
And fell to vaine voluptuous diſeaſe:
He lov'd faire Lady Eſtrild, leudly lov'd,
Whoſe wanton pleaſures him too much did pleaſe,
That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd
From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

XVIII.

The noble daughter of Corineus
Would not endure to bee ſo vile diſdaind,
But gathering force and corage valorous,
Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,
In which him vanquiſht ſhe to fly conſtraind:
But ſhe ſo faſt purſewd, that him ſhe tooke,
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
Als his faire leman, flying through a brooke,
She overhent, nought mov'd with her piteous looke.

xix.

But both herſelfe, and eke her daughter deare,
Begotten by her kingly paramoure,
The faire Sabrina, almoſt dead with feare,
She there attached, far from all ſuccoure,
The one ſhe ſlew in that impatient ſtoure,
But the ſad virgin, innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling river ſhe did poure,
Which of her name now Severne men do call:
Such was the end that to diſloyall love did fall.

xx.

Then (for her ſonne, which ſhe to Locrine bore,
Madan was young, unmect to rule the ſway)
In her owne hand the crown ſhe kept in ſtore.
Till riper years he raught and ſtronger ſtay:
During which time her powre ſhe did diſplay
Through all this realme (the glory of her ſex,
And firſt taught men a woman to obay:
But when her ſonne to man's eſtate did wex,
She it ſurrendred, ne herſelf would lenger vex.

xxi.

Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race,
For with all ſhame that ſacred throne he fild:
Next Memprife, as unworthy of that place,
In which being conſorted with Manild,
For thirſt of ſingle kingdom him he kild;
But Ebranck ſalved both their infamies
With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild
In Henault, where yet of his victories
Brave moniments remaine, which yet that land envies.

xxii.

An happy man in his firſt dayes he was,
And happy father of faire progeny;
For all ſo many weekes, as the yeare has,
So many children he did multiply;
Of which were twentie ſonnes, which did apply
Their mindes to prayſe and chevalrous deſyre:
Thoſe germans did ſubdew all Germany,
Of whom it hight, but in the end their ſyre
With ſoule repulſe from Fraunce was forced to retyre.

xxiii.

Which blott his ſonne ſucceeding in his ſeat,
The ſecond Brute, (the ſecond both in name,
And eke in ſemblaunce of his puiſſaunce great)
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of everlaſting fame:
He with his victour ſword firſt opened
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a ſorlorne dame,
And taught her firſt how to be conquered,
Since which with ſondrie ſpoiles ſhe hath been ranſacked.

xxiv.

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,
And let the marſh of Eſthambruges tell,
What colour were their waters that ſame day,
And all the moore twixt Elverſham and Dell,
With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
How oft that day did ſad Brunchildis ſee
The greene ſhield dyde in dolorous vermell?
That not ſcuith guiridh it mote ſeeme to bee,
But rather y ſcuith gogh, ſigne of ſad crueltee.

xxv.

His ſonne King Leill by father's labour long
Enioyd an heritage of laſting peace,
And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon ſtrong.
Next Hudibras his realme did not encreaſe,
But taught the land from wearie wars to ceaſe;
Whoſe footſteps Bladud following, in artes
Exceld at Athens all, the learned preace,
From whence he brought them to theſe ſalvage parts,
And with ſweet ſcience mollifide their ſtubborne harts.

xxvi.

Enſample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boiling bathes at Cairbadon,
Which ſeeth with ſecret fire eternally,
And in their entrailles, full of quick brimſton,
Nouriſh the flames which they are warmd upon,
That to their people wealth they forth do well,
And health to every forreyne nation;
Yet he at laſt, contending to excell
The reach of men, through flight into fond miſchief fell.

xxvii.

Next him King Leyr in happie peace long raynd,
But had no iſſue male him to ſucceed,
But three faire daughters, which were well uptraind
In all that ſeemed fitt for kingly ſeed,
Mongſt whom his realme he equally decreed
To have divided: tho when feeble age
Nigh to his utmoſt date he ſaw proceed,
He cald his daughters, and with ſpeeches ſage
Inquyrd, which of them moſt did love her parentage?

xxviii.

The eldeſt, Gonorill, gan to proteſt
That ſhe much more than her owne life him lov'd;
And Regan greater love to him profeſt
Then all the world, whenever it were proov'd;
But Cordeill ſaid ſhe lov'd him as behoov'd;
Whoſe ſimple anſwere, wanting colours fayre
To paint it forth, him to diſpleaſaunce moov'd,
That in his crown he counted her no hayre,
But twixt the other twaine his kingdom whole did ſhare.

xxix.

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scottes,
And th' other to the king of Cambria,
And twixt them ſhayrd his realm by equal lottes;
But without dowre the wiſe Cordelia
Was ſent to Aganip of Celtica.
Their aged ſyre, thus eaſed of his crowne,
A private life ledd in Albania
With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,
That nought him griev'd to beene from rule depoſed downe.

xxx.

But true it is that when the oyle is ſpent
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
So when he had reſignd his regiment,
His daughter gan deſpiſe his drouping day,
And wearie wax of his continual ſtay:
Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
Who him at firſt well uſed every way;

But when of his departure ſhe deſpayrd,
Her bountie ſhe abated, and his cheare empayrd.

xxxi.

The wretched man gan then aviſe too late,
That love is not where moſt it is profeſt;
Too truely tryde in his extremeſt ſtate:
At laſt reſolv'd likewiſe to prove the reſt,
He to Cordelia himſelfe addreſt,
Who with entyre affection him receav'd,
As for her fyre and king her ſeemed beſt;
And after all an army ſtrong ſhe leav'd,
To war on thoſe which him had of his realme bereav'd.

xxxii.

So to his crowne ſhe him reſtord againe,
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after wild it ſhould to her remaine,
Who peaceably the ſame long time did weld,
And all mens harts in dew obedience held;
Till that her ſiſters children, woxen ſtrong,
Through proud ambition againſt her rebeld,
And overcommen, kept in priſon long,
Till weary of that wretched life herſelfe ſhe hong.

xxxiii.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine;
But fierce Cundah gan ſhortly to envy
His brother Morgan, prickt with proud diſdaine
To have a pere in part of ſoverainty;
And kindling coles of cruell enmity,
Raiſd warre, and him in batteill overthrew:
Whence as he to thoſe woody hilles did fly,
Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him ſlew;
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equal knew.

xxxiv.

His ſonne Rivall' his dead rowme did ſupply,
In whoſe ſad time blood did from heaven rayne:
Next great Gurguſtus, then faire Cæcily,
In conſtant peace their kingdomes did contayne:
After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,
And Gorgobud, till far in years he grew;
When his ambitious ſonnes unto them twayne
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout Ferrex and ſterne Porrex him in priſon threw.

xxxv.

But O! the greedy thirſt of royal crowne,
That knowes no kindred, nor regards no right,
Stird Porrex up to put his brother downe:
Who unto him aſſembling forreigne might,
Made warre on him, and ſelle himſelfe in fight:
Whoſe death t'avenge, his mother mercileſſe
(Moſt mercileſſe of women! Wyden hight)
Her other ſonne faſt ſleeping did oppreſſe,
And with moſt cruell hand him murdered pitti-leſſe,

xxxvi.

Here ended Brutus' ſacred progeny,
Which had ſeven hundred years this ſcepter borne
With high renowme and great felicity:
The noble braunch from th' antique ſtocke was torne
Through diſcord, and the roiall throne forlorne.

Thenceforth this rèalm was into factions rent,
Whileſt each of Brutus boaſted to be borne,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of Brutus, nor of Briton's glorie auncient.

xxxvii.

Then uproſe a man of matchleſſe might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
Who, ſtird with pity of the ſtreſſed plight
Of this ſad realme, cut into ſondry ſhayres
By ſuch as claymd themſelves Brutus rightful hayres,
Gathered the princes of the people looſe
To taken counſell of their common cares;
Who, with his wiſedom won, him ſtreight did chooſe
Their king, and ſwore him fealty to win or looſe.

xxxviii.

Then made he head againſt his enimies,
And Ymner ſlew, of Logris miſcreate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allyes;
This of Albany newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
Whoſe countries he redue'd to quiet ſtate,
And ſhortly brought to civile governaunce,
Now one, which earſt were many made through variaunce.

xxxix.

Then made he ſacred lawes, which ſome men ſay
Were unto him reveald in viſion,
By which he freed the traveilers highway,
The churches part, and ploughman's portion,
Reſtraining ſtealth and ſtrong extortion;
The gratious Numa of Great Britany:
For till his dayes the chiefe dominion
By ſtrength was wielded without pollicy;
Therefore he firſt wore crowne of gold for dignity.

xl.

Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)
And left two ſonnes of peareleſſe proweſſe both,
That ſacked Rome too dearely did aſſay,
To recompence of their periured oth,
And ranſackt Greece wel tryde, when they were wroth;
Beſides ſubiected France and Germany,
Which yet their praiſes ſpeake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

xli.

Next them did Gurgiunt, great Belinus' ſonne,
In rule ſucceede, and eke in father's praiſe;
He Eaſterland ſubdewd, and Denmarke wonne,
And of them both did ſoy and tribute raiſe,
The which was due in his dead father's daies:
He alſo gave to fugitives of Spayne
(Whom he at ſea found wandring from their waies)
A ſeate in Ireland ſafely to remayne,
Which they ſhould hold of him as ſubiect to Britayne.

XLII.

After him raigned Guitheline his hayre,
(The iuſteſt man and treweſt in his daies)
Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortal praiſe,
Which for this realme found many goodly layes,
And wholſome ſtatutes to her huſband brought:
Her many deemd to have been of the Fayes,
As was Aegerie, that Numa tought:
Thoſe yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd and thought.

XLIII.

Her ſonne Sifillus after her did rayne,
And then Kimarus, and then Danius;
Next whom Morindus did the crowne ſuſtayne,
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
And cruell rancour, dim'd his valorous
And mightie deedes, ſhould matched have the beſt,
As well in that fame field victorious
Againſt the forreine Morands he expreſt;
Yet lives his memorie, though carcas ſleepe in reſt.

XLIV.

Five ſonnes he left begotten of one wife,
All which ſucceſſively by turnes did rayne.
Firſt Gorboman, a man of vertuous life;
Next Archigald, who, for his proud diſdayne
Depoſed was from princedome ſoverayne,
And pitteous Elidure put in his ſted,
Who ſhortly it to him reſtord agayne,
Till by his death he it recovered;
But Pheridure and Vigent him diſthronized:

XLV.

In wretched priſon long he did remaine,
Till they outraigned had their utmoſt date,
And then therein reſeized was againe,
And ruled long with honourable ſtate,
Till he ſurrendred realme and life to Fate.
Then all the ſonnes of theſe five brethren raynd
By due ſucceſſe, and all their nephewes late;
Even thriſe eleven deſcents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

XLVI.

He had two ſonnes, whoſe eldeſt, called Lud,
Left of his life moſt famous memory,
And endleſſe moniments of his great good:
The ruin'd walls he did reædifye
Of Troynovant, gainſt force of enimy,
And built that gate which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed ſolemnly.
He left two ſonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

XLVII.

Whilſt they were young, Caſſibalane their eme
Was by the people choſen in their ſted,
Who on him tooke the roiall diadame,
And goodly well long time it governed,
Till the prowde Romanes him diſquieted,
And warlike Cæſar, tempted with the name
Of this ſweet iſland, never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hether came.

XLVIII.

Yet twiſe they were repulſed backe againe,
And twiſe renforſt backe to their ſhips to fly,
The whiles with blood they all the ſhore did ſtaine,
And the gray ocean into purple dy;
Ne had they footing found at laſt perdie,
Had not Androgeus, falſe to native ſoyle,
And envious of uncle's ſoveraintie,
Betrayd his country unto foreine ſpoyle.
Nought els but treaſon from the firſt this land did foyle.

XLIX.

So by him Cæſar got the victory,
Through great bloodſhed and many a ſad eſſay,
In which himſelfe was charged heavily
Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did ſlay,
But loſt his ſword, yet to be ſeene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T' ambitious Rome, and did their rule obay,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd:
Yet oft the Briton kings againſt them ſtrongly ſwayd.

L.

Next him Tenantius raignd; then Kimbeline,
What time th' Eternall Lord in fleſhly ſlime
Enwombed was, from wretched Adam's line
To purge away the guilt of ſinful crime.
O ioyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace ſo plenteouſly diſplayd!
O too high ditty for my ſimple rime!
Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd,
For that their tribute he refuſd to let be payd.

LI.

Good Claudius, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him battaile fought,
In which the king was by a treachetour
Diſguiſed ſlaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceaſed not the bloody fight for ought;
For Arvirage his brother's place ſupplyde
Bot hin his armes and crowne, and by that draught
Did drive the Romanes to the weaker ſyde,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyde.

LII.

Was never king more highly magnifyde,
Nor dredid of Romanes, then was Arvirage;
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter Genuiſs' in marriage;
Yet ſhortly he renounſt the vaſſalage
Of Rome againe, who hether haſtly ſent
Veſpaſian, that with great ſpoile and rage
Forwaſted all, till Genuiſſa gent
Perſuaded him to ceaſe, and her lord to relent.

LIII.

He dide; and him ſucceeded Marius,
Who ioyed his dayes in great tranquillity:
Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius,
That firſt received Chriſtianity,
The ſacred pledge of Chriſtes evangely.
Yet, true it is, that long before that day
Hither came Ioſeph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the holy grayle, (they ſay,
And preacht the truth; but ſince it greatly did decay.

LIV.

This good king ſhortly without iſſew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdom grew,

That did herſelfe in ſondry parts divide,
And with her powre her owne ſelfe overthrew,
Whilſt Romanes daily did the weak ſubdew:
Which ſeeing, ſtout Banduca up aroſe,
And, taking armes, the Britons to her drew,
With whom ſhe marched ſtraight againſt her foes,
And them unwares beſides the Severne did encloſe.

LV.

There ſhe with them a cruell batteill tryde,
Not with ſo good ſucceſſe as ſhe deſerv'd;
By reaſon that the captaines on her ſyde,
Corrupted by Paulinus, from her ſwerv'd:
Yet ſuch as were through former flight preſerv'd,
Gathering againe, her hoſt ſhe did renew,
And with freſh corage on the victor ſerv'd;
But being all defeated, ſave a few,
Rather than fly, or be captiv'd, herſelfe ſhe ſlew.

LVI.

O famous moniment of women's prayſe!
Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom antique hiſtory ſo high doth rayſe,
Or to Hypſihil', or to Thomiris:
Her hoſt two hundred thouſand numbred is,
Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
Triumphed oft againſt her enemis:
And yet though overcome in hapleſſe fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies deſpight.

LVII.

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew;
Yet in the chace was ſlaine of them that fled,
So made them victors whome he did ſubdew,
Then gan Carauſius tiranize anew
And gainſt the Romanes bent their proper powre,
But him Allectus treacherouſly ſlew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure;
Nath'leſſe the ſame enioyed but ſhort happy howre.

LVIII.

For Aſclepiodate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquiſht playne,
Without or robe or rag to hide his ſhame;
Then afterwards he in his ſtead did raigne,
But ſhortly was by Coyll in batteil ſlaine;
Who after long debate, ſince Lucius tyme,
Was of the Britons firſt crownd ſoveraine:
Then gan this realme renew her paſſed prime;
He of his name Coylcheſter built of ſtone and lime.

LIX.

Which when the Romanes heard, they hether ſent
Conſtantius, a man of meikle might,
With whom King Coyll made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fayre Helena, the faireſt living wight,
Who in all godly thewes and goodly praiſe
Did far excell, but was moſt famous hight
For ſkil in muſicke of all in her daies,
As well in curious inſtruments as cunning laies.

LX.

Of whom he did great Conſtantine begett,
Who afterward was Emperour of Rome;
To which whiles abſent he his mind did ſett,
Octavius here lept into his roome,
And it uſurped by unrighteous doome;
But he his title iuſtifide by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight;
So ſettled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right:

LXI.

But wanting yſſew male, his daughter deare
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who ſoone by meanes thereof the empire wan,
Till murdred by the friends of Gracian.
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this land,
During the raigne of Maximinian;
Who dying, left none heire them to withſtand,
But that they over-ran all parts with eaſy hand.

LXII.

The weary Britons, whoſe war-hable youth
Was by Maximian lately ledd away,
With wretched miſeryes and woefull ruth
Were to thoſe pagans made an open pray,
And daily ſpectacle of ſad decay;
Whom Romane warres, which now fowr hundred yeares,
And more, had waſted, could no whit diſinay;
Till by conſent of commons and of peares,
They crownd the ſecond Conſtantine with ioyus teares.

LXIII.

Who having oft in batteil vanquiſhed
Thoſe ſpoyleſull Picts, and ſwarming Eaſterlings,
Long time in peace his realme eſtabliſhed,
Yet oft annoyd with ſondry bordragings,
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein ſcatterlings,
With which the world did in thoſe dayes abound;
Which to out-barre, with painful pyonings
From ſea to ſea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that border bownd.

LXIV.

Three ſonnes he dying left, all under age;
By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere
Uſurpt the crowne during their pupillage;
Which th' infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them cloſely into Armorick did beare;
For dread of whom, and for thoſe Picts annoyes,
He ſent to Germany ſtraunge aid to reare,
From whence eftſoones arrived here three hoyes
Of Saxons, whom he for his ſafety employes.

LXV.

Two brethren were their capitayns, which hight
Hengiſt and Horſus, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowmed might,
Who making vantage of their civil iarre,
And of thoſe forreyners which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the realme ere long they ſtronger arre
Then they which ſought at firſt their helping hand,
And Vortiger enforſt the kingdome to aband:

LXVI.

But by the helpe of Vortimere his ſonne,
He is againe into his rule reſtord;

And Hengiſt, ſeeming ſad for what was donne,
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his fair daughter's face and flattring word:
Soone after which three hundred lords he flew
Of Britiſh blood, all ſitting at his bord;
Whoſe dolefull moniments who liſt to rew,
Th' eternal marks of treaſon may at Stonheng vew.

LXVII.

By this the ſonnes of Conſtantine, which fled,
Ambroſe and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne,
And here arriving, ſtrongly challenged
The crowne, which Vortiger did long detayne;
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was ſlayne;
And Hengiſt eke ſoone brought to ſhamefull death.
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyſon ſtopped was his breath:
So now entombed lies at Stoneheng by the heath.

LXVIII.

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding—there abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other ceſure right,
As if the reſt ſom wicked hand did rend,
Or th' author ſelfe could not at leaſt attend
To finiſh it; that ſo untimely breach
The prince himſelfe halfe ſeemed to offend;
Yet ſecret pleaſure did offence impeach,
And wonder of antiquity long ſtopt his ſpeach.

LXIX.

At laſt, quite raviſht with delight to heare
The royall offſpring of his native land,
Cryde out, "Deare Countrey! O how dearely deare
"Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band
"Be to thy foſter childe, that from thy hand
"Did commun breath and nouriture receave!
"How brutiſh is it not to underſtand
"How much to her we owe that all us gave;
"That gave unto us all whatever good we have!"

LXX.

But Guyon all this while his book did read,
Ne yet has ended; for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leiſure ſo long leaves here to repeat:
It told how firſt Prometheus did create
A man of many parts from beaſts deryv'd,
And then ſtole fire from heven to animate
His worke, for which he was by love depryv'd
Of life himſelfe, and hart-ſtrings of an aegle ryv'd.

LXXI.

That man ſo made, he called Elfe, to weet
Quick, the firſt author of all Elfin kynd;
Who, wandrin through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardins of Adonis fynd
A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd
To be no earthly wight, but either ſpright
Or angell, th' author of all woman kynd;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight,
Of whom all Faryes ſpring, and fetch their lignage right.

LXXII.

Of theſe a mighty people ſhortly grew,
And puiſſaunt kinges, which all the world warrayd,
And to themſelves all nations did ſubdew.
The firſt and eldeſt, which that ſcepter ſwayd,
Was Elfin; him all India obayd,
And all that now America men call:
Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid
Cleopolis' foundation firſt of all,
But Elfiline encloſd it with a golden wall.

LXXIII.

His ſonne was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field;
But Elfant was of moſt renowmed fame,
Who all of chriſtall did Panthea build:
Then Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
The one of which had two heades, th' other three;
Then Elfinor, who was in magicke ſkild;
He built by art upon the glaſſy ſee
A bridge of bras, whoſe ſound heven's thunder ſeem'd to be.

LXXIV.

He left three ſonnes, the which in order raynd,
And all their offſpring in their dew deſcents;
Even ſeven hundred princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deedes their ſondry governments,
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall;
Yet ſhould they be moſt famous moniments,
And brave enſample, both of martiall
And civil rule to kings and ſtates imperiall.

LXXV.

After all theſe Elficleos did rayne,
The wiſe Elficleos! in great maieſtie,
Who mightily that ſcepter did ſuſtayne,
And with rich ſpoyles and famous victorie
Did high advaunce the crowne of Faery.
He left two ſonnes, of which fayre Elferon,
The eldeſt brother, did untimely dy,
Whoſe empty place the mighty Oberon
Doubly ſupplide in ſpouſall and dominion.

LXXVI.

Great was his power and glorie over all,
Which him before that ſacred ſeate did fill,
That yet remaines his wide memoriall.
He dying, left the faireſt Tanaquill
Him to ſucceede therein by his laſt will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned ſkill;
Therefore they Gloriàn call that glorious flowre:
Long mayſt thou, Glorian! live in glory and great powre.

LXXVII.

Beguyld thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall deſire of countryes ſtate,
So long they redd in thoſe antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate;
Till gentle Alma, ſeeing it ſo late,
Perforce their ſtudies broke, and them beſought
To thinke how ſupper did them long awaite;
So halfe unwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fayrely feaſted, as ſo noble knightes ſhe ought.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK II. CANTO XI.

The enimies of Temperaunce
Beſiege her dwelling place;
Prince Arthure them repells, and ſowle
Maleger doth deface.

I.

What warre ſo cruel, or what ſiege ſo ſore,
As that which ſtrong affections doe apply
Againſt the ſorte of Reaſon evermore,
To bring the ſowle into captivity?
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile fleſh, relenting to their rage,
And exerciſe moſt bitter tyranny
Upon the partes, brought into their bondage:
No wretchedneſſe is like to ſinfull vellenage.

II.

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His partes to Reaſon's rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the ſcepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is ſettled there in ſure eſtabliſhment:
There Alma, like a virgin queene moſt bright,
Doth flouriſh in all beautie excellent,
And to their gueſtes doth bounteous banket dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

III.

Early before the morne with cremoſin ray
The windowes of bright heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uproſe Sir Guyon in bright armour clad,
And to his purpos'd iourney him prepar'd;
With him the palmer eke in habit ſad
Himſelfe addreſt to that adventure hard;
So to the river's ſyde they both together far'd:

IV.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The ferriman, as Alma had behight,
With his well-rigged bote: they go abord,
And he eftſoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of ſight,
And ſaſt the land behynd them fled away.
But let them paſs, whiles winde and wether right
Doe ſerve their turnes; here I a while muſt ſtay,
To ſee a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

V.

For all ſo ſoon as Guyon thence was gon
Upon his voyage with his truſtie guyde,
That wicked band of villeins freſh begon
That caſtle to aſſaile on every ſide,
And lay ſtrong ſiege about it far and wyde.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hyde:
So ſowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
Their viſages impreſt, when they approched neare.

VI.

Them in twelve troupes their captein did diſpart,
And round about in fitteſt ſteades did place,
Where each might beſt offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiect moſt deface,
As every one ſeem'd meeteſt in that cace.
Seven of the ſame againſt the caſtle-gate,
In ſtrong entrenchments he did cloſely place,
Which with inceſſaunt force and endleſſe hate
They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

VII.

The other five five ſondry wayes he ſett
Againſt the five great bulwarkes of that pyle,
And unto each a bulwarke did arrett,
T' aſſayle with open force or hidden guyle,
In hope thereof to win victorious ſpoile.
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedy malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made moſt dreadfull battery.

VIII.

The firſt troupe was a monſtrous rablement
Of fowle miſſhapen wightes, of which ſome were
Headed like owles, with beckes uncomely bent;
Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare;
And ſome had wings, and ſome had clawes to teare;
And every one of them had lynces eyes,
And every one did bow and arrowes beare:
All thoſe were lawleſſe luſtes, corrupt envyes,
And covetous aſpects, all cruel enimyes.

IX.

Thoſe ſame againſt the bulwarke of the ſight
Did lay ſtrong ſiege and battailous aſſault,
Ne once did yield it reſpitt day nor night;
But ſoone as Titan gan his head exault,
And ſoone again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they againſt it bent,
That is each thing by which the eyes may fault;
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie and Money, they that bulwarke ſorely rent.

X.

The ſecond bulwarke was the Hearing ſence,
Gainſt which the ſecond troupe deſſignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in ſtraunge difference,
Some having heads like harts, ſome like to ſnakes,
Some like wild bores late rouzd out of the brakes:
Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
Leaſinges, backbytinges, and vaine-glorious crakes,
Bad counſels, prayſes, and falſe flatteries;
All thoſe againſt that fort did bend their batteries.

XI.

Likewiſe that ſame third ſort, that is the Smell,
Of that third troupe was cruelly aſſayd,
Whoſe hideous ſhapes were like to feendes of hell,
Some like to houndes, ſome like to apes, diſmayd,
Some like to puttockes all in plumes arayd;
All ſhap't according their conditions;
For by thoſe ugly formes weren pourtrayd
Fooliſh delights and fond abuſions,
Which doe that ſence beſiege with light illuſions.

XII.

And that fourth band, which cruell battry bent
Againſt the fourth bulwarke, that is the Taſte,
Was as the reſt a gryſlie rablement;
Some mouth'd like greedy oyſtriges, ſome faſte
Like loathly toades, ſome faſhioned in the waſte
Like ſwine; for ſo deformd is luxury,
Surfeat, miſdiet, and unthriftie waſte,
Vaine ſcaſtes, and ydle ſuperfluity;
All thoſe this ſence's fort aſſayle inceſſantly.

XIII.

But the fift troupe, moſt horrible of hew,
And fierce of force, is dreadfull to report;
For ſome like ſnailes, ſome did like ſpyders ſhew,
And ſome like ugly urchins, thick and ſhort:
Cruelly they aſſayled that fift fort,
Armed with dartes of ſenſuall delight,
With ſtinges of carnall luſt, and ſtrong effort
Of feeling pleaſures, with which day and night
Againſt that ſame fift bulwarke they continued fight.

XIV.

Thus theſe twelve troupes with dreadfull puiſſaunce
Againſt that caſtle reſtleſſe ſiege did lay,
And evermore their hideous ordinaunce
Upon the bulwarkes cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neare decay;
And evermore their wicked capitayn
Provoked them the breaches to aſſay,
Somtimes with threats, ſomtimes with hope of gayn,
Which by the ranſack of that peace they ſhould attayn.

XV.

On th' other ſyde, th' aſſeiged caſtles ward
Their ſtedfaſt ſtonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulſe, and many hard
Atchievement, wrought with perill and with payne
That goodly frame from ruine to ſuſtaine:
And thoſe two brethren gyaunts did defend
The walles ſo ſtoutly with their ſturdie mayne,
That never entraunce any durſt pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning ghoſts did ſend.

XVI.

The noble virgin, ladie of the place,
Was much diſmayed with that dreadful ſight,
(For never was ſhe in ſo evill cace)
Till that the prince, ſeeing her woſull plight,
Gan her recomfort from ſo ſad affright,
Offring his ſervice and his deareſt life
For her defence againſt that carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe, and th' authour of that ſtriſe:
She him remercied as the patrone of her life.

XVII.

Eſtſoones himſelfe in glitterand armes he dight,
And his well-proved weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous conge, he behight
Thoſe gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
Fayre mote he thee, the proweſt and moſt gent
That every brandiſhed bright ſteele on hye:
Whom ſoone as that unruly rablement
With his gay ſquyre iſſewing did eſpye,
They reard a moſt outrageous dreadfull yelling cry:

XVIII.

And therewithall attonce at him let fly
Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of ſnow
And round about him flocke impetuouſly,
Like a great water flood, that tombling low
From the high mountaines threates to overflow
With ſuddein fury all the fertile playne,

And the ſad huſbandman's long hope doth throw
Adowne the ſtreame, and all his vowes make vayne;
Nor bounds, nor banks, his headlong ruine may ſuſtayne.

XIX.

Upon his ſhield their heaped hayle he bore,
And with his ſword diſperſt the raſkall flockes,
Which fled aſonder, and him fell before,
As withered leaves drop from their dryed ſtockes,
When the wroth weſtern wind does reave their looks,
And underneath him his courageous ſteed,
The fierce Spumador, trod them downe like docks;
The fierce Spumador! borne of heavenly ſeed,
Such as Laomedon of Phoebus' race did breed.

XX.

Which ſuddeine horrour and confuſed cry
Whenas their capteine heard, in haſte he yode
The cauſe to weet, and fault to remedy:
Upon a tyger ſwift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground:
Full large he was of limbe, and ſhoulders brode,
But of ſuch ſubtile ſubſtance and unſound,
That like a ghoſt he ſeem'd, whoſe grave-clothes were unbound:

XXI.

And in his hand a bended bow was ſeene,
And many arrowes under his right ſide,
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide,
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Thoſe could he well direct, and ſtreight as line,
And bid them ſtrike the marke which he had eyde;
Ne was there ſalve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds; ſo inly they did tine.

XXII.

As pale and wan as aſhes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And ſkin all withered like a dryed rooke;
Thereto as cold and drery as a ſnake,
That ſeemd to tremble evermore and quake:
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twiſted brake;
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's ſkull, that ſeemd a ghaſtly ſight.

XXIII.

Maleger was his name; and after him
There follow'd faſt at hand two wicked hags,
With hoary lockes all looſe and viſage grim;
Their feet unſhod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as ſwift on foot as chaced ſtags;
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a ſtaffe all full of little ſnags
She did ſupport, and Impotence her name;
But th' other was Impatience, arm'd with raging flame.

XXIV.

Soone as the carle from far the prince eſpyde,
Gliſtring in armes and warlike ornament,

His beaſt he felly prickt on either ſyde,
And his miſchievous bow ſell readie bent,
With which at him a cruell ſhaft he ſent;
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his ſhield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell;
Then he another and another did expell:

XXV.

Which to prevent, the prince his mortall ſpeare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that ſhot whyleare:
But he was not ſo hardy to abide
That bitter ſtownd, but turning quicke aſide
His light-foot beaſt, fled faſt away for feare:
Whom to purſue, the infant after hide,
So faſt as his good courſer could him beare;
But labour loſt it was to weene approch him neare.

XXVI.

For as the winged wind his tigre fled,
That vew of eye could ſcarſe him overtake,
Ne ſcarſe his feet on ground were ſeene to tred;
Through hils and dales he ſpeedy way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie paſſage brake,
And in his flight the villeine turn'd his face
(As wonts the Tarter by the Caſpian lake,
Whenas the Ruſſian him in fight does chace)
Unto his tygre's taile, and ſhot at him apace.

XXVII.

Apace he ſhot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew;
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely ſhould purſew:
But when his uncouth manner he did vew,
He gan avize to follow him no more,
But keepe his ſtanding, and his ſhaftes eſchew,
Untill he quite had ſpent his perlous ſtore,
And then aſſayle him freſh, ere he could ſhift for more.

XXVIII.

But that lame hag, ſtill as abroad he ſtrew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought freſh batteill to renew;
Which he eſpying, caſt her to reſtraine
From yielding ſuccour to that curſed ſwaine,
And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
But ſoone as him diſmounted on the plaine
That other hag did far away eſpye
Binding her ſiſter, ſhe to him ran haſtily;

XXIX.

And catching hold of him as downe he lent,
Him backward overthrew, and downe him ſtayd
With their rude handes and gryſely graplement;
Till that the villein coming to their ayd,
Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd:
Full litle wanted but he had him ſlaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle ſquire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reſkew ere his bitter bane.

XXX.

So greateſt and moſt glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So feeble is man's ſtate, and life unſound,
That in aſſuraunce it may never ſtand,
Till it diſſolved be from earthly band.

Proofe be thou, Prince! the proweſt man alyve,
And nobleſt borne of all in Britayne land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did ſo nearly drive,
That had not grace thee bleſt, thou ſhouldeſt not ſurvive.

xxxi.

The ſquyre arriving, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht firſt the one and then the other jade,
(His chiefeſt letts and authors of his harmes)
And then perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Leaſt that his lord they ſhould behinde invade;
The whiles the prince, prickt with reprochful ſhame,
As one awakte out of long ſlombring ſhade,
Revivyng thought of glory and of fame,
United all his powrs to purge himſelfe from blame.

xxxii.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long bene under-kept and downe ſuppreſt,
With murmurous diſdayne doth inly rave
And grudge, in ſo ſtreight priſon to be preſt,
At laſt breakes forth with furious unreſt,
And ſtrives to mount unto his native ſeat,
All that did erſt it hinder and moleſt,
Yt now devoures with flames and ſcorching heat,
And carries into ſmoake with rage and horror great.

xxxiii.

So mightely the Briton prince him rouzd
Out of his holde, and broke his caytive bands;
And as a beare, whom angry curres have touzd,
Having off-ſhakt them and eſcapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withſtands
Treads downe and overthrowes; now had the carle
Alighted from his tigre, and his hands
Diſcharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
To ſeize upon his foe, flatt lying on the marle.

xxxiv.

Which now him turnd to diſavantage deare;
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But truſt unto his ſtrength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is far from his monſtrous ſwarme
And of his weapons did himſelfe diſarme.
The knight yet wrathfull for his late diſgrace,
Fiercely advaunſt his valorous right arme,
And him ſo ſore ſmott with his yron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

xxxv.

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end;
When ſuddein up the villein overthrowne
Out of his ſwowne aroſe freſh to contend,
And gan himſelfe to ſecond batteill bend,
As hurt he had not beene; thereby there lay
An huge great ſtone, which ſtood upon one end,
And had not bene removed many a day,
Some land-marke ſeemed to bee, or ſigne of ſundry way:

xxxvi.

The ſame he ſnatcht, and with exceeding ſway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To ſhonne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
But grownd he gave, and lightly leapt areare:
Efte fierce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,
That once hath failed of her ſouſe full neare,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And unto better fortune doth herſelfe prepayre.

xxxvii.

So brave retourning, with his brandiſht blade,
He to the carle himſelfe agayn addreſt,
And ſtrooke at him ſo ſternely, that he made
An open paſſage through his riven breſt,
That halfe the ſteele behind his backe did reſt;
Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
When the hart blood ſhould guſh out of his cheſt,
Or his dead corſe ſhould fall upon the flore;
But his dead corſe upon the flore fell nathemore.

xxxviii.

Ne drop of blood appeared ſhed to bee,
All were the wound ſo wide and wonderous,
That through his carcas one might playnly ſee.
Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the ſides he ſtrooke him quight,
That made his ſpright to grone full piteous;
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning ſpright,
But freſhly as at firſt prepard himſelfe to fight.

xxxix.

Thereat he ſmitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall,
Ne wiſt he what to thinke of that ſame ſight,
Ne what to ſay, ne what to do at all:
He doubted leaſt it were ſome magicall
Illuſion that did beguile his ſenſe,
Or wandring ghoſt that wanted funerall,
Or aery ſpirite, under falſe pretence,
Or helliſh feend rayſd up through develiſh ſcience.

xl.

His wonder far exceeded reaſon's reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled ſight,
And oft of error did himſelfe appeach.
Fleſh without blood, a perſon without ſpright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet ſeemd a mortall wight,
That was moſt ſtrong in moſt infirmitee;
Like did he never heare, like did he never ſee.

xli.

Awhile he ſtood in this aſtoniſhment,
Yet would he not for all his great diſmay
Give over to effect his firſt intent,
And th' utmoſt meanes of victory aſſay,
Or th' utmoſt yſſew of his owne decay.
His owne good ſword Morddure, that never fayld
At need till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright ſhield, that nought him now avayld,
And with his naked hands him forcibly aſſayld.

xlii.

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he ſnatcht,
And cruſht his carcas ſo againſt his breſt,
That the diſdainfull ſowle he thence diſpatcht,
And th' ydle breath all utterly expreſt:
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he keſt

The lumpiſh corſe unto the ſenceleſſe grownd;
Adowne he keſt it with ſo puiſſant wreſt,
That backe againe it did aloft rebownd,
And gave againſt his mother Earth a groneful ſownd.

XLIII.

As when Iove's harneſſe-bearing bird from hye
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud diſdayne,
The ſtone-dead quarrey falls ſo forciblye,
That yt rebownds againſt the lowly playne,
A ſecond fall redoubling backe agayne.
Then thought the prince all peril ſure was paſt,
And that the victor onely did remayne;
No ſooner thought, then that the carle as faſt
Gan heap huge ſtrokes on him, as ere he down was caſt.

XLIV.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,
And thought his labor loſt, and travell vayne,
Againſt this lifeleſs ſhadow ſo to fight:
Yet life he ſaw, and felt his mighty mayne,
That whiles he marveild ſtill did ſtill him payne:
Forthy he gan ſome other wayes advize,
How to take life from that dead-living ſwayne,
Whom ſtill he marked freſhly to arize
From th' earth, and from her womb new ſpirits to reprize.

XLV.

He then remembred well that had bene ſayd,
How th' Earth his mother was, and firſt him bore;
She eke ſo often as his life decayd,
Did life with uſury to him reſtore,
And reyſd him up much ſtronger then before,
So ſoone as he unto her wombe did fall;
Therefore to grownd he would him caſt no more,
Ne him committ to grave terreſtrial,
But beare him farre from hope of ſuccour uſuall.

XLVI.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puiſſaunt hands,
And having ſcruzd out of his carrion corſe
The lothfull life, now looſd from ſinfull bands,
Upon his ſhoulders carried him perforſe
Above three furlongs, taking his full courſe,
Untill he came into a ſtanding lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorſe,
Ne ſtird, till hope of life did him forſake;
So end of that carle's dayes and his owne paynes did make.

XLVII.

Which when thoſe wicked hags from far did ſpye,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands;
And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And having quencht her burning fier-brands,
Hedlong herſelfe did caſt into that lake;
But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands
One of Meleger's curſed darts did take,
So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

XLVIII.

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines;
Tho cumming to his ſquyre that kept his ſteed,
I hought to have mounted, but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and ſerved not his need,
Through loſſe of blood which from his wounds did bleed,
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good ſquyre him helping up with ſpeed,
With ſtedfaſt hand upon his horſe did ſtay,
And led him to the caſtle by the beaten way.

XLIX.

Where many groomes and ſquyres ready were
To take him from his ſteed full tenderly;
And eke the fayreſt Alma mett him there,
With balme and wine, and coſtly ſpicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity:
Eftſoones ſhe cauſd him up to be convayd,
And of his armes deſpoyled eaſily;
In ſumptuous bed ſhe made him to be layd,
And all the while his wounds were dreſſing by him ſtayd.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO XII.

Guyon, by palmer's governaunce,
Paſſing through perilles great,
Doth overthrow the Bowre of Blis,
And Acraſy defeat.

I.

Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temperaunce
Fayrely to riſe, and her adorned hed
To pricke of higheſt prayſe forth to advaunce,
Formerly grounded and faſt ſetteled
On firme foundation of true bountyhed;
And this brave knight, that for this vertue fightes,
Now comes to point of that ſame perilous ſted,
Where Pleaſure dwelles in ſenſuall delights,
Mongſt thouſand dangers and ten thouſand magick mights.

II.

Two dayes now in that ſea he ſayled has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought ſave perill, ſtill as he did pas:
Tho when appeared the third morrow bright
Upon the waves to ſpred her trembling light,
An hideous roring far away they heard,
That all their ſences filled with affright,
And ſtreight they ſaw the raging ſurges reard
Up to the ſkyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

III.

Said then the boteman, "Palmer ſtere aright,
" And keepe an even courſe, for yonder way
" We needes muſt pas; (God doe us well acquight!)
" That is the Gulfe of Greedineſſe, they ſay,
" That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray,
" Which having ſwallowed up exceſſively,
" He ſoone in vomit up againe doth lay,
" And belcheth forth his ſuperfluity,
" That all the ſeas for feare doe ſeeme away to fly.

IV.

" On th' other ſyde an hideous rock is pight
" Of mightie magnes ſtone, whoſe craggie clift
" Depending from on high, dreadfull to ſight
" Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
" And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
" On whoſo cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
" All paſſengers, that none from it can ſhift:
" For whiles they fly that gulfe's devouring iawes,
" They on the rock are rent, and ſunk in helples wawes."

V.

Forward they paſſe, and ſtrongly he them rowes,
Untill they nigh unto that gulfe arryve,
Where ſtreame more violent and greedy growes;
Then he with all his puiſſaunce doth ſtryve
To ſtrike his oares, and mightily doth dryve
The hollow veſſel through the threatfull wave,
Which gaping wide to ſwallow them alyve
In th' huge abyſſe of his engulfing grave,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terrour rave.

VI.

They paſſing by, that griſely mouth did ſee
Sucking the ſeas into his entralles deepe,
That ſeemd more horrible than hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare ſteepe,
Through which the damned ghoſts doen often creepe
Backe to the world, bad livers to torment;
But nought that falles into this direful deepe,
Ne that approcheth nigh the wide deſcent,
May backe retourne, but is condemned to be dreant,

VII.

On th' other ſide they ſaw that perilous rocke,
Threatning itſelfe on them to ruinate,
On whoſe ſharp cliftes the ribs of veſſels broke,
And ſhivered ſhips, which had beene wrecked late,
Yet ſtuck with carcaſes exanimate
Of ſuch as, having all their ſubſtance ſpent
In wanton ioys and luſtes intemperate,
Did afterwardes make ſhipwrack violent
Both of their life and fame, for ever fowly blent.

VIII.

Forthy this hight the Rock of vile Reproch,
A daungerous and deteſtable place,
To which nor fiſh nor fowle did once approch,
But yelling meawes, with ſeagulles hoars and bace,
And cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,
Which ſtill ſat wayting on that waſtfull clift
For ſpoile of wretches, whoſe unhappy cace,
After loſt credit and conſumed thrift,
At laſt them driven hath to this deſpairefull drift.

IX.

The palmer ſeeing them in ſafetiè paſt,
Thus ſaide; "Behold th' enſamples in our ſightes
" Of luſtful luxurie and thriftleſſe waſt.
" What now is left of miſerable wightes,
" Which ſpent their looſer daies in leud delightes,
" But ſhame and ſad reproch, here to be red
" By theſe rent reliques ſpeaking their ill plightes?
" Let all that live hereby be counſelled
" To ſhunne Rock of Reproch, and it as death to dread."

X.

So forth they rowed, and that ferryman,
With his ſtiffe oares, did bruſh the ſea ſo ſtrong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubles daunced all along,
Whiles the ſalt brine out of the billowes ſprong.
At laſt far off they many iſlandes ſpy
On every ſide floting the floodes emong;
Then ſaid the knight, "Lo I the land deſcry,
" Therefore, old Syre, thy courſe doe thereunto apply."

XI.

" That may not be," ſaid then the ferryman,
" Leaſt we unweeting hap to be fordonne;
" For thoſe ſame iſlands, ſeeming now and than,
" Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
" But ſtragling plots, which to and fro doe ronne
" In the wide waters; therefore are they hight
" The Wandring Iſlands; therefore doe them ſhonne;
" For they have oft drawne many a wandring wight
" Into moſt deadly daunger and diſtreſſed plight.

XII.

" Yet well they ſeeme to him that farre doth vew
" Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd diſpred
" With graſſy greene of delectable hew;
" And the tall trees, with leaves appareled,
" Are deckt with bloſſoms dyde in white and red,
" That mote the paſſengers thereto allure;
" But whoſoever once hath faſtened
" His foot thereon may never it recure,
" But wandreth evermore uncertein and unſure."

XIII.

" As th' Iſle of Delos whylome, men report,
" Amid th' Ægæan ſea long time did ſtray,
" Ne made for ſhipping any certeine port,
" Till that Latona, traveiling that way,
" Flying from Iunoes wrath and hard aſſay,
" Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
" Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
" Thenceforth it firmely was eſtabliſhed,
" And for Apolloes temple highly herried."

XIV.

They to him hearken, as beſeemeth meete,
And paſſe on forward: ſo their way does ly,
That one of thoſe ſame iſlands, which doe fleet
In the wide ſea, they needes muſt paſſen by,
Which ſeemd ſo ſweet and pleaſaunt to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Upon the banck they ſitting did eſpy
A daintie damſell dreſſing of her heare,
By whom a little ſkippet floting did appeare.

XV.

She them eſpying loud to them gan call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the ſhore,
For ſhe had cauſe to buſy them withall,
And therewith lowdly laught; but nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when ſhe ſaw, ſhe left her lockes undight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her power and might.

XVI.

Whom overtaking, ſhe in merry ſort
Them gan to bord, and purpoſe diverſly,
Now faining dalliaunce and wanton ſport,
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodeſtly;
Till that the palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke for being looſe and light;
Which not abiding, but more ſcornfully
Scoffing at him that did her iuſtly wite,
She turned her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

XVII.

That was the wanton Phædria, which late
Did ferry him over the Idle lake;
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forſake:
When them the wary boteman thus beſpake;
" Here now behoveth us well to avyſe,
" And of our ſafety good heede to take,
" For here before a perlous paſſage lyes,
" Where many mermayds haunt, making falſe melodies;

XVIII.

" But by the way there is a great quickſand,
" And a whirlepoole of hidden ieopardy,
" Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand,
" For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly."
Scarce had he ſaide, when hard at hand they ſpy
That quickſand nigh, with water covered,
But by the checked wave they did deſcry
It plaine, and by the ſea diſcoloured;
It called was the Quickeſand of Unthreftyhed.

xix.

They passing by, a goodly ship did see,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
Herselfe had rounе into that hazardize;
Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle;
But neither toyle nor travell might her backe recoyle.

xx.

On th' other side they see that perilous poole,
That called was the Whirlepoole of Decay,
In which full many had with hapelesse doole
Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay;
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,
Did covet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their bote within the utmost bound
Of his wide labyrinth, and then to have them dround.

xxi.

But th' heedful boteman strongly forth did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine:
Suddeine they see from midst of all the maine
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, puft up with proud disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devour all that his powre despise.

xxii.

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outrageously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
His whirling charet for exceeding feare,
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare;
That all the three thereat woxe much afrayd,
Unweeting what such horrour straunge did reare:
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
Of huge sea-monsters, such as living sence dismayd;

xxiii.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee,
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee;
Spring-headed hydres, and sea-shouldring whales,
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
Bright scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales,
Mighty monoceros with immeasured tayles;

xxiv.

The dreadfull fish that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew;
The griesly wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew;
The horrible sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
Huge ziffius, whom mariners eschew
No lesse then rockes, as travellers informe,
And greedy rosmarines, with visages deforme:

xxv.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore,
Came rushing in the fomy waves enrold,
Which seemd to fly for feare them to behold.
Ne wonder if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold
Be but as hugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

xxvi.

"Feare nought," then said the palmer, well aviz'd,
"For these same monsters are not these in deed,
"But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
"By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,
"And draw from on this iourney to proceed."
Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull armie fast gan flye
Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.

xxvii.

Quit from that danger, forth their course they kept;
And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an island did espy
A seemely maiden sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

xxviii.

Which Guyon hearing, streight his palmer bad
To stere the bote towards that dolefull mayd,
That he might know, and ease her sorrow sad;
Who him avizing better, to him say'd;
"Faire Sir! be not displeasd if disobayd;
"For ill it were to hearken to her cry,
"For she is inly nothing ill apayd,
"But onely womanish fine forgery,
"Your stubborne hart t'affect with fraile infirmity:

xxix.

"To which when she your courage hath inclind
"Through foolish pitty, then her guilefull bayt
"She will embosome deeper in your mind,
"And for your ruine at the last await."
The knight was ruled; and the boteman strayt
Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse,
But with his oares did swcepe the watry wilderneſse.

xxx.

And now they nigh approched to the sted
Whereas those mermayds dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill;
On the other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
And did like an halfe theatre fulfill:
There those five sisters had continuall trade,
And usd to bath themselves in that deceiptfull shade.

xxxi.

They were faire ladies, till they fondly ſtriv'd
With th' Heliconian maides for mayſtery;
Of whom they over-comen, were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity
Transform'd to fiſh, for their bold ſurquedry;
But th' upper halfe their hew retayned ſtill;
And their ſweet ſkill in wonted melody,
Which ever after they abuſd to ill,
T' allure weake travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

xxxii.

So now to Guyon, as he paſſed by,
Their pleaſaunt tunes they ſweetly thus applyde;
" O thou fayre ſonne of gentle Faery,
" That art in mightie armes moſt magnifyde
" Above all knights that ever batteill tryde;
" O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile!
" Here may thy ſtorme-bett veſſel ſafely ryde;
" This is the port of reſt from trublous toyle,
" The worldes ſweet in from paine and wearifome turmoyle."

xxxiii.

With that the rolling ſea reſounding ſoft,
In his big baſe them fitly anſwered,
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft,
A ſolemne meane unto them meaſured;
The whiles ſweet Zephyrus lowd whiſteled
His treble, a ſtraunge kinde of harmony,
Which Guyon's ſenſes ſoftly tickeled,
That he the boteman bad row eaſily,
And let him heare ſome part of their rare melody.

xxxiv.

But him the palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice diſcounſelled,
That they it paſt, and ſhortly gan deſcry
The land to which their courſe they levelled;
When ſuddeinly a groſſe fog over-ſpred
With his dull vapour all that deſert has,
And heaven's chearefull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great univerſe ſeemd one confuſed maſs.

xxxv.

Thereat they greatly were diſmayd, ne wiſt
How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,
But feard to wander in that waſtefull miſt,
For tombling into miſchiefe uneſpyde:
Worſe is the daunger hidden then diſcride.
Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,
And with their wicked wings them ofte did ſmight,
And ſore annoyed, groping in that grieſly night.

xxxvi.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate;
The ill-faſte owle, death's dreadfull meſſengere;
The hoars night-raven, trump of dolefull drere;
The lether-winged batt, daye's enemy;
The ruefull ſtrich, ſtill waiting on the bere;
The whiſtler ſhrill, that whoſo heares doth dy;
The helliſh harpyes, prophets of ſad deſtiny:

xxxvii.

All thoſe, and all that els does horror breed,
About them flew, and fild their fayles with feare:
Yet ſtayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other ſtifly ſteare;
Till that at laſt the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land itſelfe did playnly ſhow.
Said then the palmer, " Lo where does appeare
" The ſacred ſoile where all our perills grow,
" Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready armes about you throw."

xxxviii.

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble bote ſo well her ſped,
That with her crooked keele the land ſhe ſtrooke;
Then forth the noble Guyon ſallied,
And his ſage palmer that him governed;
But th' other by his bote behind did ſtay.
They marched fayrly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmely armd for every hard aſſay, [diſmay.
With conſtancy and care, gainſt daunger and

xxxix.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beaſts, that roard outrageouſly,
As if that Hunger's poynt, or Venus' ſting,
Had them enraged with fell ſurquedry;
Yet nought they feard, but paſt on hardily,
Untill they came in vew of thoſe wilde beaſts,
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fercely their upſtaring creſts,
Ran towards to devoure thoſe unexpected gueſts.

xl.

But ſoone as they approcht with deadly threat,
The palmer over them his ſtaffe upheld,
His mighty ſtaffe, that could all charmes defeat;
Eſteſoones their ſtubborne corages were queld,
And high-advaunced creſts downe meekely feld:
Inſtead of fraying they themſelves did feare,
And trembled, as them paſſing they beheld;
Such wondrous powre did in that ſtaffe appeare,
All monſters to ſubdew to him that did it beare.

xli.

Of that ſame wood it fram'd was cunningly
Of which Caduceus whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wonts the Stygian realmes invade
Through ghaſtly horror and eternall ſhade;
Th' infernall feends with it he can aſſwage,
And Orcus tame, whom nothing can perſwade,
And rule the furyes when they moſt doe rage:
Such vertue in his ſtaffe had eke this palmer ſage.

xlii.

Thence paſſing forth, they ſhortly doe arryve
Whereat the Bowre of Bliſſe was ſituate,
A place pickt out by choyce of beſt alyve,
That Nature's worke by Art can imitate;
In which whatever in this worldly ſtate
Is ſweete and pleaſing unto living ſenſe,
Or that may daynteſt fantaſy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull diſpence,
And made there to abound with laviſh affluence.

xliii.

Goodly it was encloſed rownd about,
As well their entred gueſtes to keep within,

As thoſe unruly beaſts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
Nought feard they force that fortilage to win,
But Wiſedome's powre and Temperaunce's might,
By which the mightieſt things efforced bin;
And eke the gate was wrought of ſubſtaunce light,
Rather for pleaſure then for battery or fight.

XLIV.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
That ſeemd a worke of admirable witt,
And therein all the famous hiſtory
Of Iaſon and Medæa was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt,
His goodly conqueſt of the Golden Fleece,
His falſed fayth, and love too lightly flitt,
The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
Firſt through the Euxine ſeas bore all the flowr of Greece.

XLV.

Ye might have ſeene the frothy billowes fry
Under the ſhip, as thorough them ſhe went,
That ſeemd the waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves, were ſent;
And otherwhere the ſnowy ſubſtaunce ſprent
With vermell, like the boyes blood therein ſhed,
A piteous ſpectacle did repreſent;
And otherwhiles with gold beſprinkeled,
Yt ſeemd th' inchaunted flame which did Creuſa wed.

XLVI.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be red, that ever open ſtood to all
Which thether came; but in the porch there ſate
A comely perſonage of ſtature tall,
And ſemblaunce pleaſing, more than naturall,
That traveilers to him ſeemd to entize;
His looſer garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wize,
Not fitt for ſpeedy pace or manly exercize.

XLVII.

They in that place him Genius did call;
Not that celeſtiall powre to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, perteines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And ſtraunge phantomes, doth lett us ofte foreſee,
And ofte of ſecret ills bids us beware,
That is ourſelfe, whom though we do not ſee,
Yet each doth in himſelfe it well perceive to bee:

XLVIII.

Therefore a god him fage Antiquity
Did wiſely make, and good Agdiſtes call;
But this ſame was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
That ſecretly doth us procure to fall
Through guilefull ſemblants, which he makes us ſee;
He of this gardin had the governall,
And Pleaſure's porter was devizd to bee,
Holding a ſtaffe in hand for more formalitee.

XLIX.

With diverſe flowres he daintily was deckt
And ſtrowed rownd about, and by his ſide
A mighty mazer bowle of wine was ſett,
As if it had to him bene ſacrifide,
Wherewith all new-come gueſts he gratyfide;
So did he eke Sir Guyon paſſing by;
But he his ydle courteſy deſide,
And overthrew his bowle diſdainfully,
And broke his ſtaffe, with which he charged ſemblants ſly.

L.

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
A large and ſpacious plaine on every ſide
Strowed with pleaſauns: whoſe fayre graſſy grownd
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art (as halfe in ſcorne
Of niggard Nature) like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too laviſhly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre ſhe comes in th' early morne.

LI.

Therewith the heavens, alwayes joviall,
Lookte on them lovely ſtill in ſtedfaſt ſtate,
Ne ſuffred ſtorme nor froſt on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor ſcorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the milde ayre with ſeaſon moderate
Gently attempred, and diſpoſd ſo well,
That ſtill it breathed forth ſweet ſpirit and holeſom ſmell:

LII.

More ſweet and holeſome then the pleaſaunt hill
Of Rhodope, on which the nimphe that bore
A gyaunt babe, herſelfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Theſſalian Tempe, where of yore
Fayre Daphne Phœbus' hart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or ſweet Parnaſſe, the haunt of Muſes fayre;
Or Eden ſelfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

LIII.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aſpect
Of that ſweet place, yet ſuffred no delight
To ſincke into his ſence, nor mind affect;
But paſſed forth, and lookt ſtill forward right,
Brydling his will, and mayſtering his might;
Till that he came unto another gate,
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their claſping armes in wanton wreathings intricate:

LIV.

So faſhioned a porch with rare device,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whoſe bounches hanging downe ſeemd to entice
All paſſers by to taſte their luſhious wine,
And did themſelves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,
Some as the rubine, laughing ſwetely red,
Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened:

LV.

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
That the weake boughes, with so rich load opprest,
Did bow adowne as overburdened.
Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in fayre weedes, but sowle disordered,
And garments loose, that seemd unmeet for womanhed:

LVI.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without sowle empeach
That so faire wine-presse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she used to give to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise all strangers goodly so to greet.

LVII.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast:
Who taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken sond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
Whereat Excesse exceedinly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth,
Who nought regarding her displeasure, forwatd goth.

LVIII.

There the most daintie paradise on ground
Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does other's happinesse envye;
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the christall running by;
And that, which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

LIX.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonesse ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's worke more beautify,
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This gardin to adorne with all variety.

LX.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood
Of richest substance that on the earth might bee,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see:
Most goodly it with curious imageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

LXI.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves, dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres, they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

LXII.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee,
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

LXIII.

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

LXIV.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-mastered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine;
Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

LXV.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,
His dewy face out of the sea doth reare,
Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne
Of th' ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare,
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

LXVI.

The wanton maidens him espying stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise;

But th' other rather higher did ariſe,
And her two lilly paps aloſt diſplayd,
And all that might his melting hart entyſe
To her delights, ſhe unto him bewrayd;
The reſt hidd underneath, him more deſirous made.

LXVII.

With that the other likewiſe up aroſe,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, ſhe low adowne did loſe,
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire ſpectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no leſſe faire was fownd;
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face ſhe for his looking left.

LXVIII.

Withall ſhe laughed, and ſhe bluſht withall,
That bluſhing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her bluſhing, as did fall.
Now when they ſpyde the knight to ſlack his pace
Them to behold, and in his ſparkling face
The ſecrete ſignes of kindled luſt appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encreace,
And to him beckned to approch more neare,
And ſhewd him many ſights that eorage cold
could reare:

LXIX.

On which when gazing him the palmer ſaw,
He much rebukt thoſe wandring eyes of his,
And counſeld well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of Bliſs,
(Of her fond favorites ſo nam'd amis),
When thus the palmer; "Now, Sir, well aviſe,
"For here the end of all our traveill is:
"Here wonnes Acraſia, whom we muſt ſurpriſe,
"Els ſhe will ſlip away, and all our drift deſpiſe."

LXX.

Eftſoones they heard a moſt melodious ſound
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradiſe, be heard elſewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
To reade what manner muſicke that mote bee,
For all that pleaſing is to living eare
Was there conſorted in one harmonee;
Birdes, voices, inſtruments, windes, waters, all agree.

LXXI.

The ioyous birdes, ſhrouded in chearefull ſhade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred ſweet;
Th' angelicall ſoft trembling voyces made
To th' inſtruments divine reſpondence meet;
The ſilver ſounding inſtruments did meet
With the baſe murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference diſcreet,
Now ſoft, now loud unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low anſwered to all.

LXXII.

There, whence that muſick ſeemed heard to bee,
Was the faire witche herſelfe now ſolacing
With a new lover, whom through ſorceree,
And witchcraft, ſhe from farre did thether bring:
There ſhe had him now laid a ſlombering
In ſecret ſhade, after long wanton ioyes;
Whilſt round about them pleaſauntly did ſing
Many faire ladies and laſcivious boyes,
That ever mixt their ſong with light licentious toyes.

LXXIII.

And all that while right over him ſhe hong
With her falſe eyes faſt fixed in his ſight,
As ſeeking medicine whence ſhe was ſtong,
Or greedily depaſturing delight;
And oft inclining downe with kiſſes light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did ſucke his ſpright,
Quite molten into luſt and pleaſure lewd,
Wherewith ſhe ſighed ſoft, as if his caſe ſhe rewd.

LXXIV.

The whiles ſome one did chaunt this lovely lay,
"Ah! ſee, whoſo fayre thing doeſt faine to ſee,
"In ſpringing flowre the image of thy day;
"Ah! ſee the virgin roſe, how ſweetly ſhee
"Doth firſt peepe foorth with baſhfull modeſtee,
"That fairer ſeemes the leſſe ye ſee her may:
"Lo! ſee ſoone after, how more bold and free,
"Her bared boſome ſhe doth broad diſplay;
"Lo! ſee ſoone after how ſhe fades and falls away!

LXXV.

"So paſſeth, in the paſſing of a day,
"Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
"Ne more doth floriſh after firſt decay,
"That earſt was ſought to deck both bed and bowre
"Of many a lady and many a paramowre:
"Gather therefore the roſe whileſt yet is prime,
"For ſoone comes age that will her pride deflowre;
"Gather the roſe of love whileſt yet is time,
"Whileſt loving thou mayſt loved be with equal crime."

LXXVI.

He ceaſt, and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diverſe notes t'attune unto his lay,
As in approvaunce of his pleaſing wordes.
The conſtant payre heard all that he did ſay,
Yet ſwarved not, but kept their forward way,
Through many covert groves and thickets cloſe,
In which they creeping did at laſt diſplay
That wanton lady with her lover loſe,
Whoſe ſleepie head ſhe in her lap did ſoft diſpoſe.

LXXVII.

Upon a bed of roſes ſhe was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleaſaunt ſin,
And was arayd, or rather diſarayd,
All in a vele of ſilke and ſilver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaſter ſkin,
But rather ſhewd more white, if more might bee:
More ſubtile web Arachne cannot ſpin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven ſee
Of ſcorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.

LXXVIII.

Her ſnowey breſt was bare to ready ſpoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'o'te therewith be fild;
And yet through languour of her late ſweet toyle
Few drops, more cleare then nectar, forth diſtild,
That like pure orient perles adowne it trild;
And her faire eyes, ſweet ſmyling in delight,

Moyſtened their fierie beames, with which ſhe thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like ſtarry light,
Which ſparckling on the ſilent waves does ſeeme more bright.

LXXIX.

The young man ſleeping by her ſeemd to be
Some goodly ſwayne of honorable place,
That certes it great pitty was to ſee
Him his nobility ſo fowle deface:
A ſweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly ſternеſſe, did appeare
Yet ſleeping in his well proportiond face;
And on his tender lips the downy heare [heare.
Did now but freſhly ſpring, and ſilken bloſſoms

LXXX.

His warlike armes (the ydle inſtruments
Of ſleeping praiſe) were hong upon a tree,
And his brave ſhield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly raſt, that none the ſignes might ſee:
Ne for them, nè for honour, cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend;
But in lewd loves and waſtfull luxuree
His dayes, his goods, his bodie, he did ſpend;
O horrible enchantment, that him ſo did blend!

LXXXI.

The noble elfe and carefull palmer drew
So nigh them (minding nought but luſtfull game)
That ſuddein forth they on them ruſht, and threw
A ſubtle net, which only for that ſame
The ſkilfull palmer formally did frame,
So held them under faſt; the whiles the reſt
Fled all away for feare of fowler ſhame.
The faire enchauntreſſe, ſo unwares oppreſt,
Tryde all her arts and all her ſleights thence out to wreſt;

LXXXII.

And eke her lover ſtrove; but all in vaine;
For that ſame net ſo cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it diſtraine.
They tooke them both, and both them ſtrongly bound
In captive bandes, which there they readie found:
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde,
For nothing elſe might keepe her ſafe and ſound;
But Verdant (ſo he hight) he ſoone untyde,
And counſell ſage inſteed thereof to him applyde.

LXXXIII.

But all thoſe pleaſaunt bowres and pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe with rigour pitileſſe;
Ne ought their goodly workmanſhip might ſave
Them from the tempeſt of his wrathfulneſſe,
But that their bliſſe he turn'd to balefulneſſe:
Their groves he feld, their gardins did deface,
Their arbers ſpoyle, their cabinets ſuppreſſe,
Their banket-houſes burne, their buildings race,
And of the fayreſt late now made the fowleſt place.

LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both ſorrowfull and ſad:
The way they came, the ſame retourn'd they right,
Till they arrived where they lately had [mad;
Charm'd thoſe wild beaſts that rag'd with furie,
Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their miſtreſſe reſkew, whom they lad;
But them the palmer ſoon did pacify.
Than Guyon aſkt, what meant thoſe beaſtes which there did ly?

LXXXV.

Sayd he, "Theſe ſeeming beaſtes are men indeed,
"Whom this enchauntreſſe hath transformed thus,
"Whylome her lovers, which her luſtes did feed,
"Now turned into figuers hideous,
"According to their mindes like monſtruous."
"Sad end," quoth he, "of life intemperate,
"And mournful meed of joyes delicious:
"But, palmer, if it mote thee ſo aggrate,
"Let them returned be unto their former ſtate."

LXXXVI.

Streightway he with his vertuous ſtaffe them ſtrooke,
And ſtreight of beaſtes they comely men became,
Yet being men, they did unmanly looke,
And ſtared ghaſtly; ſome for inward ſhame,
And ſome for wrath to ſee their captive dame;
But one above the reſt in ſpeciall,
That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by name,
Repyned greatly, and did him miſcall,
That had from hoggiſh forme him brought to naturall.

LXXXVII.

Saide Guyon, "See the mind of beaſtly man!
"That hath ſo ſoone forgot the excellence
"Of his creation, when he life began,
"That now he chooſeth with vile difference
"To be a beaſt, and lacke intelligence."
To whom the palmer thus: "The donghill kinde
"Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence:
"Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggiſh minde;
"But let us hence depart, whileſt weather ſerves and winde."

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III.

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

I.

It falls me here to write of chaſtity,
That fayreſt vertue, far above the reſt,
For which what needs me fetch from Facry
Forreine enſamples it to have expreſt,
Sith it is ſhrined in my ſoveraine's breſt,
And formd ſo lively in each perfect part,
That to all ladies, which have it profeſt,
Neede but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art?

II.

But living art may not leaſt part expreſſe,
Nor life-reſembling pencill it can paynt,
All were Zeuxis or Praxiteles;
His dædale hand would faile and greatly faynt,
And her perfections with his error taynt:
Ne poets witt, that paſſeth painter farre
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
So hard a workemanſhip adventure darre,
For fear through want of words her excellence to marre.

III.

How then ſhall I, apprentice of the ſkill
That whilome in divineſt wits did rayne,
Preſume ſo high to ſtreteh mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckleſſe lott doth me conſtrayne
Hereto perforce; but, O dredd Soverayne!
Thus far forth pardon, ſith that choiceſt witt
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,
That I in colourd ſhowes may ſhadow itt,
And antique praiſes unto preſent perſons fitt.

IV.

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Thyſelfe thou covet to ſee pictured,
Who can it doe more lively or more trew,
Then that ſweete verſe, with nectar ſprinckeled,
In which a gracious ſervaunt pictured
His Cynthia, his heaven's fayreſt light?
That with his melting ſweetnes raviſhed,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My ſences lulled are in ſlomber of delight.

V.

But let that ſame delitious poet lend
A little leave unto a rúſticke Muſe
To ſing his miſtreſſe prayſe; and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuſe:
Ne let his fayreſt Cynthia refuſe
In mirrours more than one herſelfe to ſee;
But either Gloriana let her chuſe,
Or in Belphœbe faſhioned to bee;
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare chaſtitee.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart;
Fayre Florimell is chaced;
Dueſſaes traines, and Malecaſtaes
Champions, are defaced.

I.

The famous Briton prince and Faery knight,
After long wayes and perilous paines endur'd,
Having their weary limbes to perfect plight
Reſtored, and ſory wounds right well recur'd,
Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd
To make there lenger ſoiourne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allur'd
From ſeeking praiſe and deedes of armes abrode,
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

II.

But the captivd Acraſia he ſent,
Becauſe of traveill long, a nigher way,
With a ſtrong gard, all reſkew to prevent,
And her to Faery Court ſafe to convay;
That her for witnes of his hard aſſay
Unto his Faery Queene he might preſent;
But he himſelfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And ſeeke adventures, as he with Prince Arthur went.

III.

Long ſo they treveiled through waſtefull wayes,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils moſt did wonne,
To hunt for glory and renowmed prayſe.
Full many countreyes they did overronne,
From the upriſing to the ſetting ſunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve;
Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
Seeking the weake oppreſſed to relieve,
And to recover right for ſuch as wrong did grieve.

IV.

At laſt, as through an open plaine they yode,
They ſpide a knight towards pricked fayre,
And him beſide an aged ſquire there rode,
That ſeemd to couch under his ſhield three-ſquare;
As if that age badd him that burden ſpare,
And yield it thoſe that ſtouter could it wield;
He them eſpying, gan himſelfe prepare,
And on his arme addreſſe his goodly ſhield,
That bore a lion paſſant in a golden field.

V.

Which ſeeing, good Sir Guyon deare beſought
The prince of grace to let him ronne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant ſpeare, and ſharply gan to ſpurne
His ſomy ſteed, whoſe fiery feet did burne
The verdant gras as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful ſpeare againſt the other's head.

VI.

They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriv'd;
But Guyon drove ſo furious and fell,
That ſeemd both ſhield and plate it would have riv'd;
Natheleſſe it bore his foe not from his ſell,
But made him ſtagger, as he were not well;
But Guyon ſelfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a ſpeares length behind his crouper fell;
Yet in his fall ſo well himſelfe he bare,
That miſchievous miſchaunce his life and limbs did ſpare.

VII.

Great ſhame and ſorrow of that fall he tooke;
For never yet, ſith warlike armes he bore,
And ſhivering ſpeare in bloody field firſt ſhooke,
He ſownd himſelfe diſhonored ſo ſore.
Ah! gentleſt knight that ever armor bore,
Let not thee grive diſmounted to have beene,
And brought to grownd, that never waſt before;
For not thy fault, but ſecret powre unſeene;
That ſpeare enchaunted was which laid thee on the greene.

VIII.

But weenedſt thou what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater griefe and ſhamefuller regrett
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldſt renew,
That of a ſingle damzell thou wert mett
On equall plaine, and there ſo hard beſett;
Even the famous Britomart it was,
Whom ſtraunge adventure did from Britayne fett
To ſeeke her lover (love far fought, alas!)
Whoſe image ſhee had ſeene in Venus' looking-glas.

IX.

Full of diſdainfull wrath he fierce uproſe,
For to revenge that fowle reprochefull ſhame,
And, ſnatching his bright ſword, began to cloſe
With her on foot, and ſtoutly forward came;
Dye rather would he then endure that ſame.
Which when his palmer ſaw, he gan to feare
His toward perill and untoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he ſhould reare;
For Death ſate on the point of that enchaunted ſpeare.

X.

And haſting towards him, gan fayre perſwade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene
His ſpeares default to mend with cruell blade;
For by his mightie ſcience he had ſeene
The ſecret vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puiſſaunce mote not withſtond;
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene:
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To looſe long-gotten honour with one evill hond.

XI.

By ſuch good meanes he him diſcounſelled
From proſecuting his revenging rage,
And eke the prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reaſon to aſwage,
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his ſtarting ſteed that ſwarv'd aſyde,
And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmely tyde;
So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

XII.

Thus reconcilement was betweene them knitt,
Through goodly temperaunce and affection chaſte,
And either vowd with all their power and witt
To let not other's honour be defaſte
Of friend or foe, whoever it embaſte,
Ne armes to bear againſt the other's ſyde;
In which accord the prince was alſo plaſte,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde:
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

XIII.

O goodly uſage of thoſe antique times!
In which the ſword was ſervaunt unto right,
When not for malice and contentious crymes,
But all for prayſe, and prooſe of manly might,
The martiall brood accuſtomed to fight:
Then honor was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquiſhed had no deſpight:
Let later age that noble uſe envy,
Vyle rancor to avoid and cruell ſurquedry.

XIV.

Long they thus traveiled in friendly wiſe,
Through countreyes waſte, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exerciſe
Their puiſſaunce, whylome full dernly tryde:
At length they came into a foreſt wyde,
Whoſe hideous horror and ſad trembling ſownd
Full grieſly ſeemd; therein they long did ryde,
Yet tract of living creature none they ſownd,
Save beares, lyons, and buls, which romed them arownd.

XV.

All ſuddenly out of the thickeſt bruſh,
Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
A goodly lady did foreby them ruſh,
Whoſe face did ſeeme as cleare as chriſtall ſtone,
And eke, through feare, as white as whales bone;
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her ſteed with tinſell trappings ſhone,
Which ſtedd ſo faſt, that nothing mote him hold,
And ſcarſe them leiſure gave her paſſing to behold.

XVI.

Still as ſhe fledd, her eye ſhe backward threw,
As fearing evill that purſewd her faſt,
And her faire yellow lockes behind her flew,
Looſely diſperſt with puff of every blaſt,
All as a blazing ſtarre doth farre outcaſt
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes diſpredd,
At ſight whereof the people ſtand aghaſt;
But the ſage wizard telles (as he has redd)
That it importunes death and dolefull dreryhedd.

XVII.

So as they gazed after her awhyle,
Lo! where a grieſly ſoſter forth did ruſh,
Breathing out beaſtly luſt her to defyle;
His tyreling jade he fierſly forth did puſh
Through thicke and thin, both over banck and buſh,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gory ſydes the blood did guſh:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clowniſh hand a ſharp bore-ſpeare he ſhooke.

XVIII.

Which outrage, when thoſe gentle knights did ſee,
Full of great envy and fell gealoſy,
They ſtayd not to avize who firſt ſhould bee,
But all ſpurd after faſt as they mote fly,
To reſkew her from ſhamefull villany.
The prince and Guyon equally bylive
Herſelfe purſewd, in hope to win thereby
Moſt goodly meede, the faireſt dame alive;
But after the ſeule ſoſter Timias did ſtrive.

XIX.

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of ladies love, did stay behynd,
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place;
But when she saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her iourney, through that perlous pace,
With stedfast corage and stout hardiment;
Ne evil thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment.

XX.

At last as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately castle far away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame:
That castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forest syde;
But faire before the gate a spatious playne,
Mantled with grecne, itselfe did spredden wyde,
On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne
Fiers batteill against one with cruell might and mayne.

XXI.

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side arownd,
That nigh he breathlesse grew; yet nought dismaid,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,
All had he lost much blood through many a wownd;
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
Made them to recoile, and fly from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before him durst assay.

XXII.

Like dastard curres, that having at a bay
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place,
To get a snatch when turned is his face:
In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
Badd those same sixe forbeare that single enimy.

XXIII.

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surcease;
But gathering him rownd about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encreasse;
Till that she, rushing through the thickest preasse,
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken unto peace:
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquyre
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

XXIV.

Whereto that single knight did answere frame;
"These six would me enforce, by oddes of might,
"To chaunge my liefe, and love another dame,
"That death me liefer were then such despight,
"So unto wrong to yield my wrested right;
"For I love one, the truest one on grownd,
"Ne list me chaunge; she th' Errant Damzell
"hight;
"For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd
"I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody
"wound."

XXV.

"Certes," said he, "then beene ye fix to blame,
"To weene your wrong by force to iustify;
"For knight to leave his lady were great shame,
"That faithfull is, and better were to dy.
"All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
"Then losse of love to him that loves but one:
"Ne may love be compeld by maistery;
"For soone as maistery comes, sweet Love anone
"Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is
"gone."

XXVI.

Then spake one of those six; "There dwelleth
"here,
"Within this castle wall, a lady fayre,
"Whose soveraine beauty hath no living pere,
"Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre;
"That never any mote with her compayre;
"She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,
"That every knight which doth this way re-
"payre,
"In case he have no lady nor no love,
"Shall doe unto her service, never to remove:

XXVII.

"But if he have a lady or a love,
"Then must he her forgoe with foule defayme,
"Or els with us, by dint of sword, approve
"That she is fairer then our fairest dame,
"As did this knight before he hether came."
"Perdy," said Britomart, "the choise is hard;
"But what reward had he that overcame?
"He should advaunced bee to high regard,"
Said they, "and have our ladies love for his
"reward:

XXVIII.

"Therefore aread, Sir, if thou have a love."
"Love have I sure," quoth she, "but lady
"none;
"Yet will I not fro mine owne love remove,
"Ne to your lady will I service done,
"But wreake your wronges wrought to this
"knight alone,
"And prove his cause." With that her mortall
speare
She mightily aventred towards one,
And downe him smot, ere well aware he weare;
Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did
beare.

XXIX.

Ne did she stay till three on grownd she layd,
That none of them himselfe could reare againe;
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wearie of his former paine,
That now there do but two of six remaine;
Which two did yield before she did them smight.
"Ah," sayd she then, now may we all see plaine
"That truth is strong, and true love most of
"might,
"That for his trusty servants doth so strongly
"fight."

xxx.

" Too well we see," saide they, " and prove too
" well
" Our faulty weakenes and your matchlesse might:
" Forthy faire Sir! your's be the damozell,
" Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
" And we your ligemen faith unto you plight."
So underneath her feet their swords they mard,
And after her besought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reape the dew reward:
She graunted; and then in they all together far'd.

xxxi.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of Castle Ioyeous,
(For so that castle hight by commun name)
Where they were entertaynd with courteous
And comely glee of many gratious
Faire ladies, and of many a gentle knight;
Who through a chamber long and spacious,
Eftsoones them brought unto their ladies sight,
That of them cleped was the Lady of Delight.

xxxii.

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
Of that great chamber should be labour lost;
For living wit, I weene, cannot display
The roiall riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillour and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great perles and precious stones embost;
That the bright glister of their beames cleare
Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did
appeare.

xxxiii.

These stranger knights, through passing forth were
led
Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee
And rich purveyance might uneath be red;
Mote princes place beseeme so deckt to bee:
Which stately manner whenas they did see,
(The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree)
They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous guize,
Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely
devize.

xxxiv.

The wals were round about apparelled
With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure,
In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The love of Venus and her paramoure,
The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre,
A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre
Which her assayd with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie
smitt.

xxxv.

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements
she
Entyst the boy (as well that art she knew)
And wooed him her paramoure to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his beauperes, and from bright heaven's vew,
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade:

xxxvi.

And whilst he slept, she over him would spred
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes
She secretly would search each daintie lim,
And throw into the well sweet rosemaryes,
And fragrant violets, and paunces trim;
And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinckle him.

xxxvii.

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
And ioyd his love in secret unespyde;
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forest wide,
Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betyde,
She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
Mote breed him scath unwares: but all in vaine;
For who can shun the chance that Dest'ny doth
ordaine?

xxxviii.

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde bore,
And by his side the goddesse groveling,
Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore
With her soft garments wipes away the gore
Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
But when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively
grew.

xxxix.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And rownd about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldes guize;
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to use that use it might:
And all was full of damzels and of squyres,
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres,
And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull
fyres.

xl.

And all the while sweet musicke did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of love and iollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort;
Which when those knights beheld with scornefull
eye,
They sdeigned such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton
sort.

xli.

Thence they were brought to that great ladies vew,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
That glistred all with gold, and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian queenes accustomed:
She seemd a woman of great bountihed,
And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce

Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

XLII.

Long worke it were, and needlesse to devize
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
And cheared well with wine and spiceree:
The Red-crosse knight was soone disarmed there;
But the brave mayd would not disarmed bee,
But onely vented up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII.

As when fayre Cynthia in darksome night
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed
Discovers to the world discomfited;
Of the poore traveiler that went astray
With thousand blessings she is heried;
Such was the beautie and the shining ray
With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the day.

XLIV.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did themselves present
Unto her vew, and company unsought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all six brethren borne of one parent,
Which had them trayned in all civilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegmen to this ladie free,
And her knights-service ought, to hold of her in fee.

XLV.

The first of them, by name Gardante hight,
A iolly person, and of comely vew;
The second was Parlante, a bold knight;
And next to him Iocante did ensew;
Basciante did himselfe most courteous shew;
But fierce Bacchante seemd too fell and keene;
And yet in armes Noctante greater grew;
All were faire knights, and goodly well beseene:
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes beene:

XLVI.

For shee was full of amiable grace,
And manly terror mixed therewithall;
That as the one stirrd up affections bace,
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe, that would in error fall:
As hee that hath espide a vermeill rose,
To which sharpe thornes and breres the way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off his ydle wish doth lose.

XLVII.

Whom when the lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,
Like sparkes of fire that fall in slender flext,
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre.

XLVIII.

Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,
And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discovered her incontinence,
Ne reckt shee who her meaning did mistrust;
For she was given all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honor putt to flight;
So shamlesse beauty soon becomes a loathly sight.

XLIX.

Faire Ladies, that to love captived arre,
And chaste desires do nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre,
Ne blott the bounty of all womankind,
'Mongst thousands good one wanton dame to find:
Emongst the roses grow some wicked weeds;
For this was not to love, but lust inclind;
For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

L.

Nought so of love this looser dame did skill,
But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foote her honest name;
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she rove at her with crafty glaunce
Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
But Britomart dissembled it with ignoraunce.

LI.

Supper was shortly dight, and down they satt,
Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus fatt
Pourd out their plenty without spight or spare;
Nought wanted there that dainty was, and rare:
And aye the cups their bancks did overflow;
And aye betweene the cups she did prepare
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw;
But Britomart would not such guilfull message know.

LII.

So when they slaked had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meates of every sort,
The lady did faire Britomart entreat
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort;
But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For shee her sexe, under that straunge purport
Did use to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne)
In playner wise to tell her grievaunce she begonne;

LIII.

And all attonce discovered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous griese:
(The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire)
Which spent in vaine; at last she told her briefe,
That but if she did lend her short reliefe,

And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye.
But the chaste damzell, that had never priese
Of such malengine and fine forgerye,
Did easely beleeve her strong extremitye.

LIV.

Full easy was for her to have beliefe,
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
And by long triall of the inward griefe
Wherewith imperious love her hart did vexe,
Could iudge what paines doe loving harts perplexe.
Who meanes no guile, be guiled sooneſt shall,
And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe:
The birde that knowes not the false fowler's call,
Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

LV.

Forthy she would not in discourteise wise
Scorn the faire offer of good will profest,
For great rebuke it is love to despise,
Or rudely disdeigne a gentle hart's requeſt;
But with faire countenaunce, as befeemed beſt,
Her entertaynd; nath'leſſe shee inly deemd
Her love too light to wooe a wandring gueſt;
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd
That from like inward fire that outward smoke had steemd.

LVI.

Therewith a while she her slit fancy fedd,
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire;
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spread itselfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away,
And every knight, and every gentle squire,
Gan choose his dame with basciomani gay,
With whom he ment to make his sport and courtly play.

LVII.

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make love, some to make meryment,
As diverse witts to diverse things apply;
And all the while faire Malecasta bent
Her crafty engines to her close intent.
By this th' eternal lampes wherewith high Iove
Doth light the lower worlde, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
Into the ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

LVIII.

High time it seemed then for everie wight
Them to betake unto their kindly reſt;
Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light
Unto their bowres to guyden everie gueſt:
Tho when the Britoneſſe saw all the reſt
Avoided quite, she gan herselfe despoile,
And safe committ to her soft fethered neſt;
Wher through long watch, and late daies weary toile,
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

LIX.

Now whenas all the worlde in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright
Could find no reſt in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her weary bed,
And under the blacke vele of guilty night
Her with a scarlott mantle covered,
That was with gold and ermines faire enveloped.

LX.

Then panting soste, and trembling every ioint,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely loov'd;
And to her bed approaching, first she prov'd
Whether she slept or wakte; with her soste hand
She softely felt if any member moov'd,
And lent her weary eare to understand
If any puffe of breath or signe of sense she fond.

LXI.

Which whenas none she fond, with easy shiste,
For feare leſt her unwares she should abrayd,
Th' emborder'd quilt she lightly up did liſte,
And by her side herselfe she softly layd,
Of every fineſt finger's touch affrayd;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sighed: at laſt the royall mayd
Out of her quiet slumber did awake,
And chaunged her weary side, the better ease to take.

LXII.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She slightly leapt out of her filed bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour; but the dame, halfe dedd
Through suddeine feare and ghaſtly drerihedd,
Did shrieke alowd, that through the hous it rong,
And the whole family therewith adredd,
Raſhly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

LXIII.

And those six knightes, that ladies champions,
And eke the Red-crosse knight, ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their lady lying on the fenceleſſe ground:
On the other side they saw the warlike mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,
Threatning the point of her avenging blade,
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

LXIV.

About their lady first they flockt arownd,
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen swownd,
And afterwardes they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke broch;
But by enſample of the laſt dayes loſſe,
None of them raſhly durſt to her approch,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves emboſſe:
Her succourd eke the champion of the Bloody Croſſe.

LXV.

But one of those sixe knights, Gardante hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight
And fell intent against the virgin sheene;

The mortal ſteele ſtayd not, till it was ſeene
To gore her ſide, yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly raſed her ſoft ſilken ſkin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,
Which did her lilly ſmock with ſtaines of vermeil ſteep.

LXVI.

Wherewith enrag'd ſhe fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming ſword about her layd,
That none of them ſoule miſchiefe could eſchew,
But with her dreadfull ſtrokes were all diſmayd:
Here, there, and every where about her, ſwayd
Her wrathfull ſteele, that none mote it abyde;
And eke the Red-croſſe knight gave her good ayd,
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and ſyde to ſyde,
That in ſhort ſpace their foes they have quite terrifyde.

LXVII.

Tho whenas all were put to ſhamefull flight,
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would ſhe lenger there be ſtayd,
Where ſo looſe life, and ſo ungentle trade
Was uſd of knightes and ladies ſeeming gent:
So early ere the groſſe earthes gryeſy ſhade
Was all diſperſt out of the firmament,
They tooke their ſteeds, and forth upon their iourney went.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO II.

The Red-croſſe knight to Britomart
Deſcribeth Artegall;
The wondrous mirrhour by which ſhe
In love with him did fall.

I.

Here have I cauſe in men iuſt blame to find,
That in their proper praiſe too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman-kind,
To whom no ſhare in armes and chevalree
They doe impart, ne maken memoree
Of their brave geſtes and proweſſe martiall:
Scarſe doe they ſpare to one, or two, or three,
Rowme in their writtes; yet the ſame writing ſmall
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glories all.

II.

But by record of antique times I finde
That women wont In warres to bear moſt ſway,
And to all great exploites themſelves inclin'd,
Of which they ſtill the girlond bore away,
Till envious men, (fearing their rules decay)
Gan coyne ſtreight lawes to curb their liberty:
Yet ſith they warlike armes have laide away,
They have exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we fooliſh men that prayſe gin eke t' envy,

III.

Of warlike puiſſaunce in ages ſpent,
Be thou, faire Britomart! whoſe prayſe I wryte,
But of all wiſedom bee thou precedent,
O ſoveraine Queene! whoſe prayſe I would endyte:
Endyte I would as dewtie doth excyte:
But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged are,
When in ſo high an obiect doe lyte,
And ſtriving fit to make, I feare do marre;
Thyſelfe thy prayſes tell, and make them knowen farre.

IV.

She traveiling with Guyon, by the way
Of ſondry thinges faire purpoſe gan to find,
T' abridge their iourney long and lingring day;
Mongſt which it fell into that Fairies mind
To aſke this Briton maid what uncouth wind
Brought her into thoſe partes, and what inqueſt
Made her diſſemble her diſguiſed kind:
Faire lady ſhe him ſeemd like lady dreſt,
But faireſt knight alive when armed was her breſt.

V.

Thereat ſhe ſighing ſoftly had no powre
To ſpeake a while, ne ready anſwer make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter ſtowre,
As if ſhe had a fever fitt, did quake,
And every daintie limbe with horrour ſhake;
And ever and anone the roſy red
Flaſht through her face, as it had been a flake
Of lightning through bright heven fulmined:
At laſt the paſſion paſt, ſhe thus him anſwered?

VI.

"Faire Sir! I let you weete that from the howre
"I taken was from nourſe's tender pap,
"I have been trained up in warlike ſtowre,
"To toſſen ſpeare and ſhield, and to affrap
"The warlike ryder to his moſt miſhap;

" Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
" As ladies wont, in Pleasure's wanton lap,
" To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;
" Me lever were with point of foe-man's speare
" be dead.

VII.

" All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
" To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
" By sea, by land, whereso they may be mett,
" Onely for honour and for high regard,
" Without respect of richesse or reward:
" For such intent into these partes I came,
" Withouten compasse, or withouten card,
" Far fro my native soyle, that is by name
" The Greater Brytane, here to seeke for praise
" and fame.

VIII.

" Fame blazed hath that here in Faery Lond
" Doe many famous knightes and ladies wonne,
" And many straunge adventures to bee fond,
" Of which great worth and worship may be
" wonne,
" Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.
" But mote I weet of you, right courteous
" Knight,
" Tydings of one that hath unto me donne
" Late foule dishonour and reprochful spight,
" The which I seek to wreake, and Arthegall he
" hight."

IX.

The worde gone out, she backe againe would call,
As her repenting so to have missayd,
But that he uptaking ere the fall,
Her shortly answerd: " Faire martiall Mayd;
" Certes ye missaviséd beene t' upbrayd
" A gentle knight with so unknightly blame;
" For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd
" At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
" The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

X.

" Forthy great wonder were it if such shame
" Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
" Or ever doe that mote deserven blame:
" The noble corage never weeneth ought
" That may unworthy of itselfe be thought:
" Therefore, faire Damzell! be ye well aware,
" Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought:
" You and your country both I wish welfare,
" And honour both, for each of other worthy
" are."

XI.

The royall maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her love so highly magnifyde,
And ioyed that ever she affixed had
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
However finely she it faind to hyde,
The loving mother that nine monthes did beare,
In the deare closett of her painefull syde,
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much reioyce as she reioyced theare.

XII.

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfefull termes with him to balke,

And thus replyde; " However, Sir, ye fyle
" Your courteous tongue his prayses to compyle,
" It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,
" Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
" A simple maide, and work so heinous tort,
" In shame of knighthood, as I largely can re-
" port.

XIII.

" Let bee therefore my vengeaunce to disswade,
" And read where I that faytour false may find."
" Ah! but if reason faire might you perswade
" To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind,"
Said he, " perhaps you should it better find;
" For hardie thing it is to weene by might
" That man to hard conditions to bind,
" Or ever hope to match in equal fight [wight.
" Whose proweśse paragone saw never living

XIV.

" Ne soothlich is it easie for to read
" Where now on earth, or how he may be fownd,
" For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,
" But restlesse walketh all the world arownd,
" Ay doing things that to his fame redownd,
" Defending ladies cause and orphans right;
" Whereso he heares that any doth confound
" Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might;
" So is his soveraine honour raisde to heven's
" hight."

XV.

His feeling wordes her feeble sence much pleased,
And softly sunck into her molten hart:
Hart that is inly hurt is greatly eased
With hope of thing that may allegge his smart;
For pleasing wordes are like to magick art,
That doth the charmed snake in slomber lay:
Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay;
(So dischord ofte in musick makes the swecter lay.)

XVI.

And sayd, " Sir Knight, these ydle termes for-
" beare;
" And sith it is uneath to find his haunt,
Tell me some marks by which he may appeare,
" If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt,
" For perdy one shall either slay or daunt:
" What shape, what shield, what armes, what
" steed, what stedd,
" And whatso else his person most may vaunt?"
All which the Red-crosse knight to point ared,
And him in everie part before her sashioned.

XVII.

Yet him in everie part before she knew,
However list her now her knowledge sayne,
Sith him whylome in Britayne she did vew,
To her revealed in a mirrhour playne;
Whereof did grow her first engraffed payne,
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
That but the fruit more sweetnesse did contayne,
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,
And yield the prey of love to lothsome death at last.

XVIII.

By straunge occasion she did him behold,
And much more straungely gan to love his sight,

As it in bookes hath written beene of old,
In Deheubarth, that now South-wales is hight,
What time King Rycnce raign'd, and dealed right,
The great magitian Merlin had deviz'd,
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might,
A looking-glasse, right wondrously aguized,
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde foone were solemniz'd.

XIX.

It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contayned
Betwixt the lowest earth and heven's hight,
So that it to the looker appertayned;
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a world of glas.

XX.

Who wonders not, that reades so wondrous worke?
But who does wonder, that has red the towre,
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke
From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
Great Ptolomæe it for his leman's sake
Ybuilded all of glasse, by magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet when his love was false, he with a peaze it brake.

XXI.

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
And gave unto King Rycnce for his gard,
That never foes his kingdome might invade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debarr'd:
It was a famous present for a prince,
And worthy work of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince:
Happy this realme, had it remayned ever since.

XXII.

One day it fortuned fayre Britomart
Into her father's closet to repayre,
(For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre)
Where when she had espyde that myrrhour fayre,
Herselfe a while therein she vewd in vaine;
Tho her avizing of the virtues rare
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of that, mote to herselfe pertaine.

XXIII.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this mayd (as maydens use to done)
Whom Fortune for her husband would allot;
Not that she lusted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

XXIV.

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hye,
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And frendes to termes of gentle truce entize,
Lookt foorth, as Phœbus' face out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arize;
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his heroicke grace and honorable gest.

XXV.

His crest was covered with a couchant hownd,
And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
But wondrous massy and assured fownd,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win:
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crowned little ermilin,
That deckte the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

XXVI.

The damzell well did vew his personage,
And liked well, ne further fastned not,
But went her way; ne her unguilty age
Did weene unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;
Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound;
But the false archer, which that arrow shot
So slily that she did not feele the wound,
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull stound.

XXVII.

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
Ruffed of love, gan lowly to availe,
And her proud portaunce and her princely gest,
With which she earst triomphed, now did quaile:
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile
She woxe, yet wist she nether how nor why;
She wist not (silly mayd) what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy,
Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

XXVIII.

So soone as Knight had with her pallid hew
Defaste the beauty of the shyning skye,
And reste from men the worldes desired vew,
She with her nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;
But sleepe full far away from her did fly:
Instead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily,
That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe
Her dainty couch with teares, which closely she did weepe.

XXIX.

And if that any drop of slombring rest
Did chaunce to still into her weary spright,
When feeble Nature felt herselfe opprest,
Streightway with dreames and with fantastick sight
Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with vew of ghastly feends affright;
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that fayre visage written in her hart.

xxx.

One night, when she was tost with such unrest,
Her aged nourse, whose name was Glaucer hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe in her warme bed her dight:
" Ah! my deare daughter, ah! my deareſt dread,
" What uncouth fit," sayd she, " what evill
" plight
" Hath thee oppreſt, and with sad drearyhead
" Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made
" thee dead?

xxxi.

" For not of nought these suddein ghastly seares
" All night afflict thy natural repose,
" And all the day, whenas thine equall peares
" Their fit disports with saire delight doe chose,
" Thou in dull corners doest thyself inclose,
" Ne tastest princes pleasure, ne doest spred
" Abroad thy fresh youth's sayrest slowre, but
" lose
" Both lease and fruite, both too untimely shed,
" As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

xxxii.

" The time that mortall men their weary cares,
" Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
" And every river eke his courſe forbeares,
" Then doth this wicked evill thee inseſt,
" And rive, with thousand throbs, thy thrilled
" breast;
" Like an huge Aten' of deepe engulfed gryese,
" Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow cheſt,
" Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish
" ryse,
" As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused
" stryse.

xxxiii.

" Ay me, how much I seare leaſt love it bee!
" But if that love it be, as sure I read
" By knowen signes and passions which I
" see,
" Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,
" Then I avow by this moſt sacred head
" Of my deare foſter childe, to ease thy griese,
" And win thy will: therefore away doe dread,
" For death no daunger from thy due reliese
" Shall me debarre: tell me therefore my liefeſt
" liefe."

xxxiv.

So having sayde, her twixt her armes twaine
She straightly straynd, and colled tenderly,
And every trembling ioint and every vaine
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the froſen cold away to fly;
And her saire deawy eies with kisſes deare
She ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;
And ever her importune not to seare
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

xxxv.

The damzell pauzd; and then thus fearfully:
" Ah nurse, what needeth thee to eke my paine?
" Is it not enough that I alone doe dye,
" But it muſt doubled bee with death of twaine?
" For nought for me but death there doth re-
" maine."
" O daughter deare," said she, " deſpeire no
" whit,
" For never sore but might a salve obtayne:
" That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,
" Another arrow hath your lover's hart to hit."

xxxvi.

" But mine is not," quoth she, " like others
" wownd;
" For which no reaſon can finde remedy."
" Was never such, but mote the like be sownd,"
Said she; " and though no reaſon may apply
" Salve to your sore, yet love can higher stye
" Then reaſon's reach, and oft hath wonders
" donne."
" But neither God of Love, nor God of Skye
" Can do," said she, " that which cannot be
" donne."
" Things oft impoſſible," quoth she, " seeme ere
" begonne."

xxxvii.

" Theſe idle wordes," said she, " doe nought
" aſwage
" My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce
" breed:
" For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage
" Yet is, O Nourse! which on my life doth feed,
" And sucks the blood which from my hart doth
" bleed.
" But since thy faithfull zele lets me not hyde
" My crime (if crime it be) I will it reed.
" Nor prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde
" My feeble breſt of late, and launched this wound
" wyde?

xxxviii.

" Nor man it is, nor other living wight;
" For then some hope I might unto me draw;
" But th' only shade and semblent of a knight
" Whose shape or perſon yet I never saw,
" Hath me subiected to Love's cruell law:
" The same one day, as me Misfortune led,
" I in my father's wondrous mirrhour saw,
" And pleased with that seeming goodlyhed,
" Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I swal-
" lowed:

xxxix.

" Sithens it hath infixed faſter hold
" Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore
" Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleſhly
" mould,
" That all mine entrailes flow with poiſnous
" gore,
" And th' ulcer groweth daily more and more;
" Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,
" Other then my hard fortune to deplore?
" And languish as the leaſe falu from the tree,
" Till death make one end of my daies and mi-
" seree."

xl.

" Daughter," said she, " what need ye be diſ-
" mayd?
" Or why make ye such monſter of your minde?

" Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd,
" Of filthy luſt, contrary unto kinde,
" But this affection nothing ſtraunge I finde;
" For who with reaſon can you aye reprove
" To love the ſemblaunt pleaſing moſt your
" minde,
" And yield your heart whence ye cannot re-
" move?
" No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of Love.

XLI.

" Not ſo th' Arabian Myrrhe did ſet her mynd,
" Nor ſo did Biblis ſpend her pining hart,
" But lov'd their native fleſh againſt al kynd,
" And to their purpoſe uſed wicked art;
" Yet playd Paſiphaë a more monſtrous part,
" That lov'd a bull, and learnd a beaſt to bee:
" Such ſhamefull luſts who loaths not, which de-
" part
" From courſe of Nature and of modeſtee?
" Swecte Love ſuch lewdnes bands from his faire
" companee.

XLII.

" But thine, my deare, (welfare thy heart, my
" deare)
" Though ſtraunge beginning had, yet fixed is,
" On one that worthy may perhaps appeare,
" And certes ſeemed beſtowed not amis;
" Ioy thereof have thou and eternall blis."
With that upleaning on her elbow weake,
Her alabaſter breſt ſhe ſoft did kis,
Which all that while ſhee felt to pant and quake,
As it an earthquake were: At laſt ſhe thus be-
ſpake:

XLIII.

" Beldame, your wordes do worke me little eaſe;
" For though my love be not ſo lewdly bent
" As thoſe ye blame, yet may it nought ap-
" peaſe
" My raging ſmart, ne ought my flame relent,
" But rather doth my helpleſſe griefe augment:
" For they, however ſhamefull and unkinde,
" Yet did poſſeſſe their horrible intent;
" Short end of ſorrowes they thereby did finde;
" So was their fortune good, though wicked were
" their minde.

XLIV.

" But wicked fortune mine, though minde be
" good,
" Can have no end nor hope of my deſire,
" But feed on ſhadowes whiles I die for food,
" And like a ſhadow wexe, whiles with entire
" Affection I doe languiſh and expire.
" I fonder then Cephiſus' fooliſh chyld,
" Who having vewed in a fountaine ſhere
" His face was with the love thereof beguyld;
" I fonder love a ſhade, the body far exyld."

XLV.

" Noughtlike," quoth ſhee, " for that fame
" wretched boy
" Was of himſelfe the ydle paramoure,
" Both love and lover, without hope of ioy,
" For which he faded to a watry flowre;
" But better fortune thine, and better howre,
" Which lov'ſt the ſhadow of a warlike knight;
" No ſhadow but a body hath in powre;
" That body, whereſoever that it light,
" May learned be by cyphers, or by magicke
" might.

XLVI.

" But if thou may with reaſon yet repreſſe
" The growing evill, ere it ſtrength have gott,
" And thee abandond wholly to poſſeſſe,
" Againſt it ſtrongly ſtrive, and yield thee nott,
" Til thou in open field adown be ſmott;
" But if the paſſion mayſter thy fraile might,
" So that needs love or death muſt be thy lott,
" Then I avow to thee by wrong or right
" To compas thy deſire, and find that loved
" knight."

XLVII.

Her chearfull words much cheard the feeble
ſpright
Of the ſicke virgin, that her downe ſhe layd
In her warme bed to ſleepe, if that ſhe might,
And the old woman carefully diſplayd
The clothes about her round with buſy ayd,
So that at laſt a little creeping ſleepe
Surpris'd her ſence: ſhee therewith well apayd,
The dronken lamp down in the oyl did ſteepe,
And ſett her by to watch, and ſett her by to
weepe.

XLVIII.

Earely the morrow next, before that day
His ioyous face did to the world revele,
They both uproſe, and tooke their ready way
Unto the church, their praiers to appele,
With great devotion and with little zele;
For the faire damzell from the holy herſe
Her love-ſicke hart to other thoughts did ſteale;
And that old dame ſaid many an idle verſe,
Out of her daughter's hart fond fancies to re-
verſe.

XLIX.

Retourned home, the royall infant fell
Into her former fitt; for why? no powre
Nor guidaunce of herſelfe in her did dwell:
But th' aged nourſe calling to her bowre,
Had gathered rew, and ſavine, and the flowre,
Of camphora, and calamint, and dill;
All which ſhe in an earthen pot did poure,
And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it
did ſpill.

L.

Then taking thriſe three heares from off her
head,
Then trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the pot's mouth bound the
thread;
And after having whiſpered a ſpace
Certein ſad words with hollow voice and bace,
Shee to the virgin ſayd, thriſe ſayd ſhe itt,
" Come, daughter! come, ſpitt upon my face,
" Spitt thriſe upon me, thriſe upon me ſpitt;
" Th' uneven nomber for this buſineſs is moſt
" fitt."

LI.

That ſayd, her rownd about ſhe from her turnd,
She turnd her contrary to the ſunne;
Thriſe ſhe her turnd contrary and returnd;
All contrary; for ſhe the right did ſhunne,
And ever what ſhe did was ſtreight undonne:
So thought ſhe to undoe her daughter's love,
But love that is in gentle breſt begonne,
No ydle charmes ſo lightly may remove;
That well can witneſſe who by tryall it does prove.

LII.

Ne ought it mote the noble mayd avayle,
Ne ſlake the fury of her cruell flame,
But that ſhee ſtill did waſte, and ſtill did wayle,
That through long languor and hart-burning brame
She ſhortly like a pyned ghoſt became,
Which long hath waited by the Stygian ſtrond;
That when old Glauce ſaw, for fear leaſt blame
Of her miſcarriage ſhould in her be fond,
She wiſt not how t' amend, nor how it to withſtond.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The ſtate of Arthegall;
And ſhewes the famous progeny
Which from them ſpringen ſhall.

I.

Most ſacred fyre, that burneſt mightily
In living breſts, ykindled firſt above
Emongſt th' eternall ſpheres and lamping ſky,
And thence pourd into men, which men call Love;
Not that fame which doth baſe affections move
In brutiſh mindes, and filthy luſt inflame,
But that ſweete fit that doth true beautie love,
And choſeth vertue for his deareſt dame,
Whence ſpring all noble deedes and never-dying fame:

II.

Well did Antiquity a god thee deeme,
That over mortall mindes haſt ſo great might,
To order them as beſt to thee doth ſeeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatall purpoſe of divine foreſight
Thou doeſt effect in deſtined deſcents,
Through deepe impreſſion of thy ſecret might,
And ſtirred'ſt up th' heroes high intents,
Which the late world admyres for wondrous moniments.

III.

But thy dredd dartes in none do triumph more,
Ne braver proofe in any of thy powre
Shewd'ſt thou, then in this royall mayd of yore,
Making her ſeeke an unknowne paramoure
From the world's end, through many a bitter ſtowre,
From whoſe two loynes thou afterwards did rayſe
Moſt famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth have ſpredd their living prayſe,
That Fame in tromp of gold eternally diſplayes.

IV.

Begin then, O my deareſt ſacred Dame,
Daughter of Phœbus and of Memorye,
That doeſt ennoble with immortall name,
The warlike worthies from antiquitye,
In thy great volume of eternitye;
Begin, O Clio! and recount from hence
My glorious ſoveraine's goodly aunceſtrye,
Till that by dew degrees and long protenſe,
Thou have it laſtly brought unto her Excellence.

V.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
Old Glauce caſt to cure this ladies griefe;
Full many wayes ſhe ſought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counſel, that is chiefe
And choiſeſt med'cine for ſick hart's reliefe;
Forthy great care ſhe tooke, and greater feare,
Leaſt that it ſhould her turne to fowle repriefe,
And ſore reproch, whenſo her father deare
Should of his deareſt daughter's hard misfortune heare.

VI.

At laſt ſhe her aviſde, that he which made
That mirrhour wherein the ſick damoſell
So ſtraungely vewed her ſtraunge lover's ſhade,
To weet the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coaſt of heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might beſt be wrought;
For though beyond the Africk Iſmael,
Or th' Indian Peru he were, ſhe thought
Him forth through infinite endevour to have ſought.

VII.

Forthwith themſelves diſguiſing both in ſtraunge
And baſe attyre, that none might them bewray,
To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge
Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way;
There the wiſe Merlin whylome wont (they ſay)
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deepe delve, farre from the vew of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
Whenſo he counſeld, with his ſprights encompaſt round.

VIII.

And if thou ever happen that ſame way
To traveill, go to ſee that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow cave (they ſay)
Under a rock that lies a little ſpace
From the ſwift Barry, tombling downe apace
Emongſt the woody hilles of Dyneuowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace,
To enter into that ſame balefull bowre,
For feare the cruel feendes ſhould thee unwares devoure.

IX.

But ſtanding high aloft, low lay thine eare,
And there ſuch ghaſtly noyſe of yron chaines
And braſen caudrons thou ſhalt rombling heare,
Which thouſand ſprightes with long-enduring paines
Doe toſſe, that it will ſtonn thy ſeeble braines;
And oftentimes great grones and grievous ſtownds,
When too huge toile and labour them conſtraines,
And oftentimes loud ſtrokes and ringing ſowndes
From under that deepe rocke moſt horribly rebowndes.

X.

The cauſe, ſome ſay, is this: A litle whyle
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
A braſen wall in compaſs to compyle
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto theſe ſprights to bring to perfect end;
During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haſt did ſend,
Who thereby forſt his workemen to forſake,
Them bownd till his retourne their labour not to ſlake.

XI.

In the mean time through that falſe ladies traine
He was ſurpriſd, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his worke returnd againe;
Nath'leſſe thoſe feends may not their work forbeare,
So greatly his commandement they feare,
But there doe toyle and traveile day and night,
Untill that braſen wall they up doe reare;
For Merlin had in magick more inſight
Then ever him before or after living wight:

XII.

For he by wordes could call out of the ſky
Both ſunne and moone, and make them him obay;
The land to ſea, and ſea to maineland dry,
And darkſom night he eke could turne to day;
Huge hoſtes of men he could alone diſmay,
And hoſtes of men of meaneſt things could frame,
Whenſo him liſt his enemies to fray,
That to this day for terror of his fame
The feendes do quake, when any him to them does name.

XIII.

And ſooth men ſay that he was not the ſonne
Of mortall ſyre or other living wight,
But wondrouſly begotten and begonne
By falſe illuſion of a guilefull ſpright
On a faire lady nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathtraval by right,
And cooſen unto king Ambroſius,
Whence he indued was with ſkill ſo marveilous.

XIV.

They here arriving, ſtaid awhile without,
Ne durſt adventure raſhly in to wend,
But of their firſt intent gan make new dout
For dread of daunger, which it might portend,
Untill the hardy mayd (with leve to frend)
Firſt entering, the dreadfull mage there fownd
Deepe buſied 'bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing ſtraunge characters in the grownd,
With which the ſtubborne feendes he to his ſervice bound.

XV.

He naught was moved at their entraunce bold,
(For of their comming well he wiſt afore)
Yet liſt them bid their buſineſs to unfold,
As if ought in this world in ſecrete ſtore
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
Then Glauce thus, "Let not it thee offend,
"That we thus raſhly through thy darkſome dore
"Unwares have preſt; for either fatall end,
"Or other mightie cauſe, us two did hether
"ſend."

XVI.

He bad tell on; and then ſhe thus began;
"Now have three moones with borrowd brother's light
"Thriſe ſhined faire, and thriſe ſeemd dim and
"wan,
"Sith a ſore evill, which this virgin bright
"Tormenteth and doth plonge in dolefull plight,
"Firſt rooting tooke; but what thing it mote
"bee,
"Or whence it ſprong, I cannot read aright;
"But this I read, that but if remedee
"Thou her afford, full ſhortly I her dead ſhall ſee."

XVII.

Therewith th' enchaunter ſoftly gan to ſmyle
At her ſmooth ſpeeches, weeting inly well
That ſhe to him diſſembled womaniſh guyle,
And to her ſaid, "Beldame, by that ye tell
"More neede of leach-crafte hath your damozell
"Then of my ſkill: who helpe may have elſe-
"where,
"In vaine ſeekes wonders out of magic ſpell."
The old woman wox half blanck thoſe words to heare.
And yet was loth to let her purpoſe plaine appeare;

XVIII.

And to him ſaid, "Yf any leaches ſkill,
"Or other learned meanes could have redreſt

" This my deare daughter's deepe-engraffed ill,
" Certes I should be loth thee to moleſt;
" But this ſad evill, which doth her infeſt,
" Doth courſe of naturall cauſe farre exceed,
" And houſed is within her hollow breſt,
" That either ſeemes ſomes curſed witches deed,
" Or evill ſpright, that in her doth ſuch torment
" breed.

XIX.

The wizard could no lenger beare her bord,
But bruſting forth in laughter to her ſayd,
" Glauce, what needes this colourable word
" To cloke the cauſe that hath itſelfe bewrayd?
" Ne ye, fayre Britomartis! thus arayd,
" More hidden are then ſunne in cloudy vele,
" Whom thy good fortune, having Fate obayd,
" Hath hether brought for ſuccour to appele,
" The which the powres to thee are pleaſed to
" revele."

XX.

The doubtfull mayd, ſeeing herſelfe deſcryde,
Was all abaſht, and her pure yvory
Into a cleare carnation ſuddeine dyde;
As fayre Aurora ryſing haſtily
Doth by her bluſhing tell that ſhe did ly
All night in old Tithonus' frozen bed,
Whereof ſhe ſeemes aſhamed inwardly;
But her old nourſe was nought diſhartened,
But vauntage made of that which Merlin had
ared;

XXI.

And ſayd, " Sith then thou knoweſt all our griefe,
" (For what doeſt not thou knowe?) of grace I
" pray,
" Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet relieſe."
With that the prophet ſtill awhile did ſtay,
And then his ſpirite thus gan ſoorth diſplay;
" Moſt noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
" Haſt learn'd to love, let no whit thee diſmay,
" The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,
" And with ſharpe fits thy tender hart oppreſſeth
" ſore.

XXII.

" For ſo muſt all things excellent begin;
" And eke enrooted deepe muſt be that tree,
" Whoſe big embodied braunches ſhall not lin
" Till they to heven's hight forth ſtretched be;
" For from thy wombe a famous progeneé
" Shall ſpring out of the auncient Trojan blood,
" Which ſhall revive the ſleeping memoree
" Of thoſe fame antique peres, the hevens brood,
" Which Greeke and Aſian rivers ſtayned with
" their blood.

XXIII.

" Renowmed kings and ſacred emperours,
" Thy fruitfull ofspring, ſhall from thee deſcend;
" Braave captaines and moſt mighty warriours,
" That ſhall their conqueſts through all lands
" extend,
" And their decayed kingdomes ſhall amend;
" The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
" They ſhall upreare, and mightily defend
" Againſt their forren foe that commes from farre,
" Till univerſall peace compound all civill iarre.

XXIV.

" It was not, Britomart! thy wandring eye
" Glaunceng unwares in charmed looking-glas,
" But the ſtreight courſe of hevenly deſtiny,
" Led with eternall Providence, that has
" Guyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
" Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
" To love the proweſt knight that ever was;
" Therefore ſubmit thy wayes unto his will,
" And doe by all dew meanes thy deſtiny fulfill."

XXV.

" But read," " ſaid Glauce, " Thou magitian,
" What meanes ſhall ſhe out-ſeeke, or what waies
" take!
" How ſhall ſhe know, how ſhall ſhe finde the
" man?
" Or what needes her to toyle, ſith fates can make
" Way for themſelves their purpoſe to pertake?"
Then Merlin thus; " Indeed the Fates are firme,
" And may not ſhrinck, though all the world do
" ſhake;
" Yet ought mens good endevours them confirme
" And guyde the hevenly cauſes to their conſtant
" terme.

XXVI.

" The man whom hevens have ordayned to bee
" The ſpouſe of Britomart, is Arthegall;
" He wonneth in the land of Fayeree,
" Yet is no Fary borne, ne ſih at all
" To Elfes, but ſprong of ſeed terreſtriall,
" And whylome by falſe Faries ſtoln away,
" Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
" Ne other to himſelfe is knowne this day;
" But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay:

XXVII.

" But ſooth he is the ſonne of Gorlois,
" And brother unto Cador, Corniſh king,
" And for his warlike feates renowmed is
" From where the day out of the ſea doth ſpring,
" Untill the cloſure of the evening:
" From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull
" band,
" To this his native ſoyle thou backe ſhalt bring,
" Strongly to ayde his countrey, to withſtand
" The powre of forreine paynims which invade
" thy land.

XXVIII.

" Great ayd thereto his mighty puiſſaunce
" And dreaded name ſhall give in that ſad day;
" Where alſo proofe of thy prow valiaunce
" Thou then ſhalt make, t'increaſe thy lover's
" pray:
" Long time ye both in armes ſhall beare great
" ſway,
" Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
" And his laſt fate him from thee take away,
" Too rathe cut off by practiſe criminall
" Of ſecrete foes, that him ſhall make in miſchiefe
" fall.

XXIX.

" With thee yet ſhall he leave for memory
" Of his late puiſſaunce his ymage dead,
" That living him in all activity
" To thee ſhall repreſent: he from the head

" Of his couſen Conſtantius without dread
" Shall take the crowne that was his father's right,
" And therewith crowne himſelfe in th' other's
" ſtead:
" Then ſhall he iſſew forth with dreadfull might
" Againſt his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

xxx.

" Like as a lyon that in drowſie cave
" Hath long time ſlept, himſelfe ſo ſhall he ſhake,
" And comming forth, ſhall ſpred his banner
" brave
" Over the troubled South, that it ſhall make
" The warlike Mertians for feare to quake:
" Thriſe ſhall he fight with them, and twiſe ſhall
" win,
" But the third time ſhall fayre accordaunce make;
" And if he then with victorie can lin,
" He ſhall his dayes with peace bring to his
" earthly in.

xxxi.

" His ſonne, hight Vortipore, ſhall him ſucceede
" In kingdome, but not in felicity;
" Yet ſhall he long time warre with happy ſpeed,
" And with great honour many battells try;
" But at th' laſt to the importunity
" Of froward Fortune ſhall be forſt to yield;
" But his ſonne Malgo ſhall full mightily
" Avenge his father's loſſe with ſpeare and ſhield,
" And his proud foes diſcomfit in victorious field.

xxxii.

" Behold the man, and tell me Britomart,
" If ay more goodly creature thou didſt ſee?
" How like a gyaunt in each manly part
" Beares he himſelfe with portly maieſtee,
" That one of th' old heroes ſeemes to be!
" He the ſix iſlands, comprovinciall
" In auncient times unto Great Britainee,
" Shall to the ſame reduce, and to him call
" Their ſondry kings to do their homage ſeverall.

xxxiii.

" All which his ſonne Careticus awhile
" Shall well defend, and Saxons powre ſuppreſſe,
" Untill a ſtraunger king from unknowne ſoyle
" Arriving, him with multitude oppreſſe;
" Great Gormond, having with huge mightineſſe
" Irelande ſubdewd, and therein ſixt his throne,
" Like a ſwift otter (ſell through emptineſſe)
" Shall over-ſwim the ſea with many one
" Of his Norveyſes, to aſſiſt the Britons ſone.

xxxiv.

" He in his furie all ſhall over-ronne,
" And holy church with faithleſſe handes deface,
" That thy ſad people, utterly ſordonne,
" Shall to the utmoſt mountaines fly apace:
" Was never ſo great waſte in any place,
" Nor ſo fowle outrage doen by living men;
" For all thy cities they ſhall ſacke and race,
" And the greene graſſe that groweth they ſhall
" bren,
" That even the wilde beaſt ſhall dye in ſtarved
" den.

xxxv.

" Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
" Proud Etheldred ſhall from the North ariſe,
" Serving th' ambitious will of Auguſtine,
" And paſſing Dee, with hardy enterpriſe
" Shall backe repulſe the valiant Brockwele twiſe,
" And Bangor with maſſacred martyrs fill;
" But the third time ſhall rew his fool-hardiſe;
" For Cadwin pittying his peoples ill,
" Shall ſtoutly him defeat, and thouſand Saxons
" kill.

xxxvi.

" But after him, Cadwallin mightily
" On his ſonne Edwin all thoſe wrongs ſhall
" wreake;
" Ne ſhall availe the wicked ſorcery
" Of falſe Pellite his purpoſes to breake,
" But him ſhall ſlay, and on a gallowes bleak
" Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hire:
" Then ſhall the Britons, late diſmayd and weake,
" From their long vaſſallage gin to reſpire,
" And on their paynim foes avenge their ranckled
" ire.

xxxvii.

" Ne ſhall he yet his wrath ſo mitigate,
" Till both the ſonnes of Edwin he have ſlayne,
" Offricke and Oſricke, twinnes unfortunate,
" Both ſlaine in battaile upon Layburne playne,
" Together with the king of Louthiane,
" Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
" Both ioynt partakers of the fatall payne;
" But Penda, fearefull of like deſteney,
" Shall yield himſelfe his liegeman, and ſweare
" fealty:

xxxviii.

" Him ſhall he make his fatall inſtrument
" T' afflict the other Saxons unſubdewd,
" He marching forth with fury inſolent
" Againſt the good King Oſwald, who indewd
" With heavenly powre, and by angels reſkewd,
" All holding croſſes in their hands on hye,
" Shall him deſeate withouten blood imbrewd;
" Of which that field for endleſſe memory
" Shall Hevenfield be cald to all poſterity.

xxxix.

" Whereat Cadwallin wroth ſhall forth iſſew,
" And an huge hoſte into Northumber lead,
" With which he godly Oſwald ſhall ſubdew,
" And crowne with martyrdome his ſacred
" head;
" Whoſe brother Oſwin, daunted with like
" dread,
" With price of ſilver ſhall his kingdome buy;
" And Penda ſeeking him adowne to tread,
" Shall tread adowne and doe him ſowly dye,
" But ſhall with gifts his lord Cadwallin pacify.

xl.

" Then ſhall Cadwallin die, and then the raine
" Of Britons eke with him attonce ſhall dye;
" Ne ſhall the good Cadwallader with-paine,
" Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
" When the full time prefixt by Deſtiny
" Shall be expird of Britons regiment;
" For Heven itſelfe ſhall their ſucceſſe envy,
" And them with plagues and murrins peſtilent
" Conſume, till all their warlike puiſſaunce be
" ſpent.

XLI.

" Yet after all theſe ſorrowes, and huge hills
" Of dying people, during eight yeares ſpace,
" Cadwallader not yielding to his ills,
" From Armoricke, where long in wretched cace
" He liv'd, retourning to his native place,
" Shall be by viſion ſtaide from his intent;
" For th' Hevens have decreed to diſplace
" The Britons for their ſinnes dew puniſhment,
" And to the Saxons over-give their government.

XLII.

" Then woe, and woe, and everlaſting woe;
" Be to the Briton babe that ſhall be borne,
" To live in thraldome of his father's foe;
" Late king, now captive; late lord, now for-
" lorne;
" The world's reproch, the cruell victor's ſcorne,
" Baniſht from princely bowre to waſteful wood;
" O who ſhall helpe me to lament, and mourne
" The royall ſeed, the antique Trojan blood,
" Whoſe empire lenger here than ever any ſtood?"

XLIII.

The damzell was full deepe empaſſioned
Both for his griefe and for her peoples ſake,
Whoſe future woes ſo plaine he faſhioned,
And ſighing ſore at length him thus beſpake;
" Ah! but will Heven's fury never ſlake,
" Nor vengeaunce huge relent itſelfe at laſt?
" Will not long miſery late mercy make?
" But ſhall their name for ever be defaſte,
" And quite from off the earth their memory be
" raſte?"

XLIV.

" Nay but the terme," ſayd he, " is limited,
" That in this thraldome Britons ſhall abide,
" And the juſt revolution meaſured,
" That they as ſtraungers ſhal be notiſide:
" For twiſe fowre hundred yeares ſhal be ſupplide
" Ere they to former rule reſtor'd ſhal bee,
" And their importune fates all ſatisfide;
" Yet during this their moſt obſcuritee,
" Their beames ſhall ofte breake forth, that men
" them faire may ſee.

XLV.

" For Rhodoricke, whoſe ſurname ſhal be Great,
" Shall of himſelfe a brave enſample ſhew,
" That Saxon kings his frendſhip ſhall intreat;
" And Howell Dha ſhall goodly well indew
" The ſalvage minds with ſkill of iuſt and trew:
" Then Griffyth Conan alſo ſhall up-reare
" His dreaded head, and the old ſparkes renew
" Of native corage, that his foes ſhall feare
" Leaſt backe againe the kingdom he from them
" ſhould beare.

XLVI.

" Ne ſhall the Saxons ſelves all peaceably
" Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons
" wonne
" Firſt ill, and after ruled wickedly;
" For ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
" There ſhall a Raven, far from riſing funne,
" With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
" And bid his faithleſſe chickens overronne
" The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty
" In their avenge tread downe the victors fur-
" query.

XLVII.

" Yet ſhall a third both theſe and thine ſubdew:
" There ſhall a Lion from the ſea-bord wood
" Of Neuſtria come roring, with a crew
" Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
" Whoſe clawes were newly dipt in cruddy
" blood;
" That from the Daniſke tyrant's head ſhall rend
" Th' uſurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
" And the ſpoile of the countrey conquered
" Emongs his young ones ſhall divide with boun-
" tyhed.

XLVIII.

" Tho when the terme is full accompliſhid,
" There ſhall a ſparke of fire, which hath long-
" while
" Bene in his aſhes raked up and hid,
" Bee freſhly kindled in the fruitfull iſle
" Of Mona, where it lurked in exile,
" Which ſhall breake forth into bright-burning
" flame
" And reach into the houſe that beares the ſtile
" Of royall maieſty and ſoveraine name:
" So ſhall the Briton blood their crowne againe
" reclaime.

XLIX.

" Thenceforth eternall union ſhall be made
" Betweene the nations different afore,
" And ſacred Peace ſhall lovingly perſuade
" The warlike mindes to learne her goodly lore,
" And civile armes to exerciſe no more:
" Then ſhall a royall Virgin raine, which ſhall
" Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke ſhore,
" And the great caſtle ſmite ſo ſore withall,
" That it ſhall make him ſhake, and ſhortly learn
" to fall:

L.

" But yet the end is not"—There Merlin ſtayd,
As overcomen of the ſpirites powre,
Or other ghaſtly ſpectacle diſmayd,
That ſecretly he ſaw, yet not diſcoure;
Which ſuddein fitt, and halfe extatick ſtoure
When the two feareſull wemen ſaw, they grew
Greatly confuſed in behaveoure:
At laſt the fury paſt, to former hew
Hee turnd againe, and chearfull lookes as earſt did
ſhew.

LI.

Then, when themſelves they well inſtructed had
Of all that needed them to be inquird,
They both conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retird;
Where they in ſecret counſell cloſe conſpird,
How to affect ſo hard an enterprize,
And to poſſeſſe the purpoſe they deſird:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did devize,
And diverſe plots did frame to maſke in ſtrange
diſguiſe.

LII.

At laſt the nourſe in her fool-hardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold deviſe, and thus beſpake

" Daughter, I deeme that counſel ay moſt fit,
" That of the time doth dew advauntage take :
" Ye ſee that good King Uther now doth make
" Strong warre upon the paynim brethren hight
" Octa and Oza, whome hee lately brake
" Beſide Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,
" That now all Britany doth burne in armes
" bright.

LIII.

" That therefore nought our paſſage may em-
" peach,
" Let us in feigned armes ourſelves diſguize,
" And our weake hands (need makes good ſchol-
" lers) teach
" The dreadfull ſpeare and ſhield to exercize :
" Ne certes, Daughter, that ſame warlike wiſe,
" I weene, would you miſſeeme ; for ye beene
" tall
" And large of limbe t'atchieve an hard em-
" prize ;
" Ne ought ye want but ſkil, which practize
" ſmall
" Will bring, and ſhortly make you a mayd mar-
" tiall.

LIV.

" And ſooth it ought your corage much inflame
" To heare ſo often in that royall hous,
" From whence to none inferior ye came,
" Bards tell of many wemen valorous,
" Which have full many feats adventurous
" Performd, in paragone of proudeſt men :
" The bold Bunduca, whoſe victorious
" Exployts made Rome to quake, ſtout Guen-
" dolen,
" Renowmed Martia, and redoubted Emmilen.

LV.

" And that, which more then all the reſt may
" fway,
" Late dayes enſample, which theſe eyes beheld;
" In the laſt field before Menevia,
" Which Uther with thoſe forrein pagans held,
" I ſaw a Saxon virgin, the which feld
" Great Ulfin thriſe upon the bloody playne ;
" And had not Carados her hand withheld
" From raſh revenge, ſhe had him ſurely ſlayne ;
" Yet Carados himſelfe from her eſcapt with
" payne."

LVI.

" Ah read," quoth Britomart, " how is ſhee
" hight ?"
" Fayre Angela," quoth ſhe, " men do her call,
" No whit leſſe fayre then terrible in fight :
" She hath the leading of a martiall
" And mightie people, dreaded more then all
" The other Saxons, which doe for her ſake
" And love themſelves of her name Angles call :
" Therefore faire Infant ! her enſample make
" Unto thyſelfe, and equall corage to thee take."

LVII.

Her harty wordes ſo deepe into the mynd
Of the young damzell ſunke, that great deſire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous ſtout courage did inſpyre,
That ſhe reſolv'd, unweeting to her ſyre,
Advent'rous knighthood on herſelfe to don,
And counſeld with her nourſe her maides attyre
To turne into a maſſy habergeon,
And bad her all thinges put in readineſs anon.

LVIII.

Th 'old woman nought that needed did omit,
But all thinges did conveniently purvay.
It fortuned (ſo time their turne did fitt)
A band of Britons ryding on forray
Few dayes before had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goodes, emongſt the which was ſeene
A goodly armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly wel beſeene.

LIX.

The ſame, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence cauſed to be hanged hy
In his chiefe church, for endleſſe moniments
Of his ſucceſſe and gladfull victory ;
Of which herſelfe aviſing readily
In th' evening late old Glauce thether led
Faire Britomart, and that ſame armory
Downe taking, her therein appareled,
Well as ſhe might, and with brave bauldrick garniſhed.

LX.

Beſide thoſe armes there ſtood a mightie ſpeare,
Which Bladud made by magick art of yore,
And uſd the ſame in batteill aye to beare ;
Sith which it had beene here perſerv'd in ſtore,
For his great vertues proved long afore ;
For never wight ſo faſt in fell could fit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore :
Both ſpeare ſhe tooke and ſhielde which hong by it ;
Both ſpeare and ſhield of great powre for her purpoſe fit.

LXI.

Thus when ſhe had the virgin all arrayd,
Another harneſſe which did hang thereby
About herſelfe ſhe dight, that the yong mayd
She might in equall armes accompany,
And as her ſquire attend her carefully :
Tho to their ready ſteedes they clombe full light,
And through back waies, that none might them eſpy,
Covered with ſecret cloude of ſilent night,
Themſelves they forth convaid, and paſſed forward right.

LXII.

Ne reſted they till that to Faery Lond
They came, as Merlin them directed late ;
Where meeting with this Red-croſſe knight, ſhe fond
Of diverſe thinges diſcourſes to dilate,
But moſt of Arthegall and his eſtate :
At laſt their wayes ſo fell, that they mote part :
Then each to other, well affectionate,
Friendſhip profeſſed with unfained hart,
The Red-croſſe knight diverſt, but forth rode Britomart.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is throwne on the rich ſtrond;
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.

I.

WHERE is the antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in wemen to appeare?
Where be the brave atchievements doen by ſome?
Where be the batteilles, where the ſhielde and ſpere,
And all the conqueſts which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous poets verſe,
And boaſtfull men ſo oft abaſht to heare?
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herſe?
Or doen they onely ſleepe, and ſhall againe reverſe?

II.

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;
But if they ſleepe, O let them ſoone awake!
For all too long I burne with envy ſore
To heare the warlike feates which Homere ſpake
Of bold Pentheſilee, which made a lake
Of Greckiſh blood ſo often in Trojan plaine;
But when I reade how ſtout Debora ſtrake
Proud Siſera, and how Camill' hath ſlaine
The huge Orſilochus, I ſwell with great diſdaine.

III.

Yet theſe and all that els had puiſſaunce,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
As well for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chaſtitee and vertue rare,
That all her goodly deedes doe well declare:
Well worthie ſtock, from which the branches ſprong
That in late yeares ſo faire a bloſſome bare
As thee, O Queene! the matter of my ſong,
Whoſe lignage from this lady I derive along.

IV.

Who when through ſpeaches with the Redcroſſe knight,
She learned had th' eſtate of Arthegall,
And in each point herſelfe informd aright,
A frendly league of love perpetuall
She with him bound, and congé tooke withall.
Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
To ſeeke adventures which mote him befall,
And win him worſhip through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefeſt meed.

V.

But Britomart kept on her former courſe,
Ne ever doſte her armes, but all the way
Grew penſive through that amorous diſcourſe,
By which the Red-croſſe knight did earſt diſplay
Her lover's ſhape and chevalrous aray:
A thouſand thoughts ſhe faſhiond in her mind,
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him ſuch, as fitteſt ſhe for love could find,
Wiſe, warlike, perſonable, courteous, and kind.

VI.

With ſuch ſelfe-pleaſing thoughts her wound ſhe fed,
And thought ſo to beguile her grievous ſmart;
But ſo her ſmart was much more grievous bredd,
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So forth ſhe rode without repoſe or reſt,
Searching all lands and each remoteſt part,
Following the guydance of her blinded gueſt,
Till that to the ſea-coaſt at length ſhe her addreſt.

VII.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,
Badd her old squyre unlace her lofty creast;
Tho having vewd awhile the surges hore,
That gainst the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restraynd,
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

VIII.

" Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous griefe,
" Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
" Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
" Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
" And thy moyst mountaines each on others " throng,
" Threatning to swallow up my fearefull lyfe?
" O doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
" At length allay, and stint thy stormy stryfe,
" Which in thy troubled bowels raignes and rageth " ryfe;

IX.

" For els my feeble vessel, craz'd and crackt
" Through thy strong buffets and outrageous " blowes,
" Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt
" On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
" The whiles that Love it steres, and Fortune " rowes;
" Love (my lewd pilott) hath a restlesse mind,
" And Fortune (botcswaine) no assuraunce knowes,
" But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and " winde:
" How can they other doe, sith both are bold and " blinde?

X.

" Thou God of windes, that raigneſt in the seas,
" That raigneſt also in the continent,
" At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
" The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
" Unto the gladsome port of her intent;
" Then when I shall myselfe in safety see,
" A table for eternall moniment
" Of thy great grace and my great ieopardee,
" Great Neptune! I avow to hallow unto thee."

XI.

Then sighing softly sore and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe,
(For her great courage would not let her weepe)
Till that old Glauce gan with sharpe repriefe
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe,
Through hope of those, which Merlin had her told
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall womb, to be in heven enrold.

XII.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
Where far away one all in armour bright
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde:
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her courser mounting light:
Her former sorrow into sudden wrath
(Both coosen passions of distroubled spright)
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path;
Love and despight attonce her corage kindled hath.

XIII.

As when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heven, and the cleare ayre engroste,
The world in darknes dwels, till that at last
The watry south-winde from the sea-bord coste
Upblowing doth dispersé the vapour loste,
And poures itselfe forth in a stormy showre;
So the fayre Britomart, having disclоste
Her clowdy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of griefe dissolv'd did into vengeance powre.

XIV.

Estsoones her goodly shield addressing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battaill did herselfe prepayre.
The knight approaching sternely her bespake;
" Sir Knight, that doest that voyage rashly make
" By this forbidden way in my despight,
" Ne doest by others death ensample take,
" I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
" Least afterwards it be too late to take thy " flight."

XV.

Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; " Fly they that need to fly;
" Wordes fearen babes; I meane not thee entreat
" To passe; but maugre thee will pass or dy."
Ne lenger stay'd for th' other to reply,
But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly knowne:
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown.

XVI.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,
That through his three-square scuchin percing quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce:
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Till sadly souing on the sandy shore
He tombled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

XVII.

Like as the sacred oxe, that careleſſe stands
With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddeinly with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres that decked him afore:
So fell proud Marinell upon the pretious shore.

XVIII.

The martiall mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strond; which, as she over-went,

She saw beſtrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious ſtones of great aſſay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden owre:
Whereat ſhe wondred much, but would not ſtay
For gold, or perles, or pretious ſtones, an howre,
But them deſpiſed all, for all was in her powre.

xix.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly aſtoniſhment,
Tydings hereof came to his mother's eare;
His mother was the blacke-browd Cymöent,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare,
This warlike ſonne unto an earthly peare,
The famous Dumarin; who on a day
Finding the nymph aſleepe in ſecret wheare,
(As he by chaunce did wander that ſame way)
Was taken with her love, and by her cloſely lay.

xx.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She of his father Marinell did name,
And in a rocky cave (as knight forlorne)
Long time ſhe noſtred up, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him donne;
For never man he ſuffred by that ſame
Rich ſtrond to travell whereas he did wonne.
But that he muſt do battail with the ſea-nymphes ſonne.

xxi.

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had ſubdew'd, and them his vaſſals made,
That through all Farie Lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durſt paſſen through that perilous glade:
And to advaunce his name and glory more,
Her ſea-god ſyre ſhe dearely did perſwade
T'endow her ſonne with threaſure and rich ſtore
Bove all the ſonnes that were of earthly wombes ybore.

xxii.

The god did graunt his daughter's deare demaund,
To doen his nephew in all riches flow;
Eſtſoones his heaped waves he did commaund
Out of their hollow boſome forth to throw
All the huge threaſure which the ſea below
Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
And often wayle their wealth, which he from them did keepe.

xxiii.

Shortly upon that ſhore there heaped was
Exceeding riches, and all pretious things,
The ſpoyle of all the world, that it did pas
The wealth of th' Eaſt, and pompe of Perſian kings;
Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The ſea unto him voluntary brings,
That ſhortly he a great lord did appeare,
As was in all the Lond of Facry, or elſewheare.

xxiv.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the ſcath of many deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might;
The which his mother ſeeing, gan to feare
Leaſt his too haughtie hardines might reare
Some hard miſhap in hazard of his life;
Forthy ſhe oft him counſeld to forbeare
The bloody batteill, and to ſtirre up ſtrife,
But after all his warre to reſt his wearie knife:

xxv.

And for his more aſſuraunce, ſhe inquir'd
One day of Proteus by his mightie ſpell
(For Proteus was with prophecy inſpir'd)
Her deare ſonnes deſtiny to her to tell,
And the ſad end of her ſweet Marinell;
Who through foreſight of his eternall ſkill,
Bad her from woman-kind to keepe him well,
For of a woman he ſhould have much ill;
A virgin ſtraunge and ſtout him ſhould diſmay or kill.

xxvi.

Forthy ſhe gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertaine;
(A leſſon too too hard for living clay,
From love in courſe of nature to refraine,)
Yet he his mother's lore did well retaine,
And ever from fayre ladies love did fly;
Yet many ladies fayre did oft complaine
That they for love of him would algates dy:
Dy, whoſo liſt for him, he was love's enimy.

xxvii.

But ah! who can deceive his deſtiny,
Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?
That, when he fleepes in moſt ſecurity,
And ſafeſt ſeemes, him ſooneſt doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or ſoone or late;
So feeble is the powre of fleſhly arme.
His mother bad him wemens love to hate,
For ſhe of woman's force did feare no harme;
So weening to have arm'd him, ſhe did quite diſarme.

xxviii.

This was that woman, this that deadly wownd,
That Proteus prophecide ſhould him diſmay;
The which his mother vainely did expownd
To be hart-wownding love, which ſhould aſſay
To bring her ſonne unto his laſt decay:
So tickle be the termes of mortall ſtate,
And full of ſubtile ſophiſmes, which doe play
With double ſences and with falſe debate,
T' approve the unknowen purpoſe of eternall Fate.

xxix.

Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd,
Who through late triall on that wealthy ſtrond
Inglorious now lies in fenceleſſe ſwownd,
Through heavy ſtroke of Britomartis hond;
Which when his mother deare did underſtond,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas ſhe playd
Amongſt her watry ſiſters by a pond
Gathering ſweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds, from the ſun their forheads fayr to ſhade;

xxx.

Eſtſoones both flowres and girlonds far away
She flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent;
To ſorrow huge ſhe turnd her former play,
And gameſome merth to grievous dreriment:

Shee threw herſelfe downe on the continent,
Ne word did ſpeake, but lay as in a ſwowne,
Whiles all her ſiſters did for her lament
With yelling outcries and with ſhrieking ſowne,
And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

xxxi.

Soone as ſhe up out of her deadly ſitt
Aroſe, ſhe badd her charett to be brought,
And all her ſiſters, that with her did ſitt,
Bad eke attonce their charetts to be ſought:
Tho full of bitter grieſe and penſive thought
She to her waggon clombe; clombe all the reſt,
And forth together went, with ſorrow fraught:
The waves obedient to their beheaſt
Them yielded ready paſſage, and their rage ſurceaſt.

xxxii.

Great Neptune ſtoode amazed at their ſight,
Whiles on his broad rownd backe they ſoftly ſlid,
And eke himſelfe mourned at their mournfull plight,
Yet wiſt not what their wailing ment, yet did,
For great compaſſion of their ſorrow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Eftſoones the roaring billowes ſtill abid,
And all the grieſly monſters of the ſee [ſee
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to

xxxiii.

A teme of dolphins raunged in aray
Drew the ſmooth charett of ſad Cymöent;
They were all taught by Triton to obay
To the long raynes at her commaundement:
As ſwifte as ſwallowes on the waves they went,
That their broad flaggy finnes no fomes did reare,
Ne bubling rowndell they behind them ſent;
The reſt of other fiſhes drawen weare,
Which with their finny oars the ſwelling ſea did ſheare.

xxxiv.

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the rich ſtrond, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fiſhes ſoftly ſwim
Along the margent of the ſomy ſhore, [ſore,
Leaſt they their finnes ſhould bruze, and ſurbate
Their tender feete upon the ſtony grownd;
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd
The luckleſſe Marinell lying in deadly ſwownd.

xxxv.

His mother ſwowned thriſe, and the third time
Could ſcarce recovered bee out of her paine;
Had ſhe not beene devoide of mortall ſlime,
She ſhould not then have bene relyv'd againe;
But ſoone as life recovered had the raine,
Shee made ſo piteous mone and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could ſcarce from teares refraine,
And all her ſiſter nymphes with one conſent
Supplide her ſobbing breaches with ſad complement.

xxxvi.

" Deare image of myſelfe," ſhe ſayd, " That is
" The wretched ſonne of wretched mother borne,
" Is this thine high advauncement? O is this
" Th' immortall name, with which thee yet un-
" borne
" Thy grandſire Nereus promiſt to adorne?
" Now lyeſt thou of life and honor refte;
" Now lyeſt thou a lumpe of earth forlorne;
" Ne of thy late life memory is lefte;
" Ne can thy irrevocable deſteny bee wefte.

xxxvii.

" Fond Proteus, father of falſe prophecis,
" And they more fond that credit to thee give,
" Not this the worke of woman's hand ywis,
" That ſo deepe wound through theſe deare
" members drive.
" I feared love; but they that love doe live;
" But they that dye do nether love nor hate:
" Nath'leſſe to thee thy folly I forgive,
" And to myſelfe, and to accurſed Fate,
" The guilt I doe aſcribe; deare wiſedom bought
" too late.

xxxviii.

" O what availes it of immortall ſeed
" To beene ybredd and never borne to dye?
" Farre better I it deeme to die with ſpeed,
" Then waſte in woe, and wailful miſerye:
" Who dyes the utmoſt dolor doth abye,
" But who that lives is lefte to waile his loſſe;
" So life is loſſe, and death felicity:
" Sad life worſe than glad death; and greater
" croſſe
" To ſee frends grave, then dead the grave ſelfe
" to engroſſe.

xxxix.

" But if the heavens did his dayes envie,
" And my ſhort blis maligne, yet mote they well
" Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
" That the dim eies of my deare Marinell,
" I mote have cloſed, and him bed farewell,
" Sith other offices for mother meet
" They would not graunt:
" Yet maulgre them, farewell my ſweeteſt ſweet;
" Farewell my ſweeteſt ſonne, ſith we no more
" ſhall meet."

xl.

Thus when they all had forowed their fill,
They ſoftly gan to fearch his grieſly wownd;
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him diſarm'd, and ſpredding on the grownd
Their warchet mantles fringd with ſilver rownd,
They ſoftly wipt away the gelly blood
From th' orifice; which having well upbownd,
They pourd in ſoveraine balme and nectar good,
Good both for erthly med'cine and for hevenly food.

xli.

Tho when the lilly-handed Liagore
(This Liagore whilome had learned ſkill
In leaches crafe by great Apolloes lore,
Sith her whilome upon high Pindus' hill
He loved, and at laſt her wombe did fill
With hevenly ſeed, whereof wiſe Paeon ſprong)
Did feele his pulſe, ſhee knew there ſtaied ſtill
Some little life his feeble ſprites emong,
Which to his mother told, deſpeyre ſhe from her flong.

XLII.

Tho up him taking in their tender hands,
They easely unto her charett beare;
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare;
Then all the rest into their coches clim,
And through the brackish waves their passage sheare;
Upon great Neptune's necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,
And vauted all within like to the skye,
In which the gods doe dwell eternally;
There they him laide in easy couch well dight,
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might,
For Tryphon of sea-gods the soveraine leach is hight.

XLIV.

The whiles the nymphes sitt all about him rownd,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight,
And ofte his mother vewing his wide wownd,
Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
Her deareſt sonne, her deareſt harts delight;
But none of all those curses overtooke
The warlike maide, th' ensample of that might,
But fayrely well shee thryvd, and well did brooke
Her noble deedes, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

XLV.

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the prince, and Fary gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
Shee lefte, pursewing that same foster strong;
Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
And full of firy zele, him followed long, [wrong.
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her

XLVI.

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through playns,
Those two great champions did attonce pursew
The fearefull damzell with inceſſant payns;
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
Of hunters swifte, and sent of howndes trew.
At last they came unto a double way,
Where doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

XLVII.

But Timias, the prince's gentle squyre,
That ladies love unto his lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant yre
After that wicked foster fiercely went,
So beene they three three sondry wayes ybent;
But fayreſt fortune to the prince befell,
Whose chaunce it was that soone he did repent
To take that way in which that damozell
Was fledd afore affraid of him as feend of hell.

XLVIII.

At last of her far off he gained vew;
Then gan he freshly pricke his somy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed:
Alowd to her he oftentimes did call
To doe away vaine doubt and needleſſe dreed;
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her withall.

XLIX.

But nothing might relent her hasty flight.
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
Was earſt impreſſed in her gentle spright:
Like as a fearefull dove which through the raine
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Having farre off espyde a tassell gent,
Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,
Doubleth her haſt for feare to bee for-hent,
And with her pinions cleaves the liquid firmament.

L.

With no leſſe haſt, and eke with no leſſe dreed,
That fearefull ladie fledd from him, that ment
To her no evill thought nor evill deed;
Yet former feare of being fowly shent
Carried her forward with her firſt intent;
And though, oft looking backward, well she vewde
Herselfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight which now her sewde,
Yet she no leſſe the knight feard then that villein rude.

LI.

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
Whose like in Faery Lond were seldom seene,
That faſt she from him fledd, no leſſe afrayd
Then of wilde beasts if she had chased beene;
Yet he her followed still with corage keene,
So long that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,
And warned his other brethren ioyous
To light their bleſſed lamps in love's eternall hous.

LII.

All suddenly dim waxe the dampish ayre,
And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright,
That now with thousand starres was decked fayre;
Which when the prince beheld, (a lothfull sight)
And that perforce for want of lenger light
He mote surceaſſe his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan sowle wyte
His wicked fortune that had turnd asslope,
And curſed Night, that reſt from him so goodly scope.

LIII.

Tho when her wayes he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disaventure strayd,
Like as a ship, whose lodeſtar suddeinly
Covered with clouds her pilott hath dismayd,
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his loftie steed dismounting low,

Did let him forage; down himſelfe he layd
Upon the graſſy ground to ſleepe a throw;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard ſteele his pillow.

LIV.

But gentle ſleepe envyde him any reſt;
Inſtead thereof ſad ſorrow and diſdaine
Of his hard hap did vexe his noble breſt,
And thouſand fancies bett his ydle brayne
With their light wings, the ſights of ſemblants vaine:
Oft did he wiſh that lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine;
Or that his Faery Queene were ſuch as ſhee,
And ever haſty Night he blamed bitterlie:

LV.

" Night! thou foule mother of annoyaunces ſad,
" Siſter of heavie Death and nourſe of Woe,
" Which waſt begot in heaven, but for thy bad
" And brutiſh ſhape thruſt downe to hell below,
" Where, by the grim floud of Cocytus flow,
" Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,
" (Black Herebus, thy huſband, is the foe
" Of all the gods) where thou ungratious
" Halfe of thy dayes doeſt lead in horrour hideous:

LVI.

" What had th' eternall Maker need of thee
" The world in his continuall courſe to keepe,
" That doeſt all thinges deface, ne letteſt ſee
" The beautie of his worke? Indeed in ſleepe
" The ſlouthfull body that doth love to ſteepe,
" His luſtleſſe limbes, and drowne his baſer mind,
" Doth praiſe thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe
" Calles thee his goddeſſe in his errour blind,
" And great Dame Nature's handmaide chearing every kind.

LVII.

" But well I wote that to an heavy hart
" Thou art the roote and nourſe of bitter cares,
" Breeder of new, renewer of old ſmarts:
" Inſtead of reſt thou lendeſt rayling teares,
" Inſtead of ſleepe thou ſendeſt troublous feares:
" And dreadfull viſions, in the which alive
" The dreary image of ſad Death appeares:

" So from the wearie ſpirit thou doeſt drive
" Deſired reſt, and men of happineſſe deprive.

LVIII.

" Under thy mantle black there hidden lye
" Light-ſhonning Thefte, and traiterous Intent,
" Abhorred Bloodſhed, and vile Felony,
" Shamefull Deceipt, and Daunger imminent,
" Fowle Horror, and eke helliſh Dreriment:
" All theſe I wote in thy protection bee,
" And light doe ſhonne, for feare of being ſhent;
" For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
" And all that lewdneſſe love doe hate the light to ſee.

LIX.

" For Day diſcovers all diſhoneſt wayes,
" And ſheweth each thing as it is in deed:
" The prayſes of high God he faire diſplayes,
" And his large bountie rightly doth areed:
" Dayes deareſt children be the bleſſed ſeed
" Which darkneſſe ſhall ſubdue, and heaven win:
" Truth is his daughter; he her firſt did breed,
" Moſt ſacred Virgin! without ſpot of ſinne:
" Our life is day; but death with darkneſſe doth begin.

LX.

" O when will Day then turne to me againe,
" And bring with him his long expected light?
" O Titan! haſt to reare thy ioyous waine,
" Speed thee to ſpred abroad thy beames bright,
" And chace away this too long lingring Night;
" Chace her away, from whence ſhe came, to hell.
" She, ſhe it is, that hath me done deſpight;
" There let her with the damned ſpirits dwell,
" And yield her rowme to Day, that can it go-verne well."

LXI.

Thus did the prince that wearie night outwearie
In reſtleſſe anguiſh and unquiet paine,
And earely, ere the morrow did upreare
His deawy head out of the ocean maine,
He up aroſe, as halfe in great diſdaine,
And clombe unto his ſteed: ſo forth he went
With heavy looke and lumpiſh pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent;
His ſteed eke ſeemd t'apply his ſteps to his intent.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO V.

Prince Arthur hears of Florimell
Three ſofters Timius wound;
Belphœbe finds him almoſt dead,
And reareth out of ſwownd.

I.

WONDER it is to ſee in diverſe mindes
How diverſly Love doth his pageaunts play,
And ſhewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baſer wit, whoſe ydle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It ſtirreth up to ſenſuall deſire,
And in lewd ſlouth to waſt his careleſſe day;
But in brave ſprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high deſert and honour doth aſpire.

II.

Ne ſuffereth it uncomely Idleneſſe
In his free thought to build her ſluggiſh neſt;
Ne ſuffereth it thought of ungentleneſſe
Ever to creepe into his noble breſt;
But to the higheſt and the worthieſt
Lifteth it up, that els would lowly fall:
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to reſt;
It lettes not ſcarſe this prince to breathe at all,
But to his firſt pourſuit him forward ſtill doth call.

III

Who long time wandred through the foreſt wyde
To finde ſome iſſue thence, till that at laſt
He met a dwarfe, that ſeemed terrifyde
With ſome late perill which he hardly paſt,
Or other accident which him aghaſt;
Of whom he aſked whence he lately came,
And whether now he traveiled ſo faſt?
For ſore he ſwat, and ronning through that ſame
Thicke foreſt was beſcratcht, and both his feet nigh lame.

IV.

Panting for breath, and almoſt out of hart,
The dwarfe him anſwerd, "Sir, ill mote I ſtay
"To tell the ſame: I lately did depart
"From Faery Court, where I have many a day
"Served a gentle lady of great ſway
"And high accompt throughout all Elfin Land,
"Who lately left the ſame, and tooke this way:
"Her now I ſeeke, and if ye underſtand
"Which way ſhe fared hath, good Sir! tell out of hand,"

V.

"What miſter wight," ſaide he, "and how arayd?"
"Royally clad," quoth he, "in cloth of gold,
"As meeteſt may beſeeme a noble mayd;
"Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
"A fayrer wight did never ſunne behold;
"And on a palfrey rydes more white then ſnow,
"Yet ſhe herſelfe is whiter manifold:
"The fureſt ſigne whereby ye may her know,
"Is, that ſhe is the faireſt wight alive, I trow."

VI.

"Now certes, Swaine," ſaide he, "ſuch one I weene
"Faſt flying through this foreſt from her ſo,
"A foule ill-favoured foſter, I have ſeene;
"Herſelfe (well as I might) I reſkewd tho,
"But could not ſtay; ſo faſt ſhe did foregoe,
"Carried away with wings of ſpeedy feare." [wo
"Ah! deareſt God," quoth he, "that is great

" And wondrous ruth to all that ſhall it heare :
" But can ye read, Sir, how I her may finde, or
" where ?"

VII.

" Perdy me lever were to weeten that,"
Saide he, " then ranſome of the richeſt knight,
" Or all the good that ever yet I gat :
" But froward fortune, and too forward night,
" Such happineſſe did (maulgre) to me ſpight,
" And fro me reft both life and light attone.
" But, Dwarfe, aread what is that lady bright
" That through this foreſt wandreth thus alone ?
" For of her errour ſtraunge I have great ruth
" and mone."

VIII.

" That lady is," quoth he, " whereſo ſhe bee,
" The bounteſt virgin, and moſt debonaire,
" That ever living eye, I weene, did ſee ;
" Lives none this day that may with her compare
" In ſtedfaſt chaſtitie and vertue rare
" (The goodly ornaments of beauty bright),
" And is ycleped Florimell the fayre,
" Faire Florimell, belov'd of many a knight,
" Yet ſhe loves none but one, that Marinell is
" hight :

IX.

" A ſea-nymphes ſonne, that Marinell is hight,
" Of my deare dame is loved dearely well ;
" In other none but him ſhe ſets delight ;
" All her delight is ſet on Marinell,
" But he ſets nought at all by Florimell :
" For ladies love his mother long ygoe
" Did him (they ſay) forwarne through ſacred
" ſpell ;
" But Fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
" He is yſlaine, which is the ground of all our
" woe.

X.

" Five daies there be ſince he (they ſay) was ſlaine,
" And fowre ſince Florimell the Court forwent,
" And vowed never to returne againe,
" Till him alive or dead ſhe did invent :
" Therefore, faire Sir ! for love of knighthood
" gent,
" And honour of trew ladies, if ye may
" By your good counſell or bold hardiment
" Or ſuccour her, or me direct the way,
" Do one or other good, I you moſt humbly pray.

XI.

" So may ye gaine to you full great renowme
" Of all good ladies through the worlde ſo wide,
" And haply in her hart finde higheſt rowme
" Of whom ye ſeeke to be moſt magnifide ;
" At leaſt eternall meede ſhall you abide."
To whom the prince ; " Dwarfe, comfort to thee
" take,
" For till thou tidings learne what her betide,
" I here avow thee never to forſake :
" Ill weares he armes that nill them uſe for ladies
" ſake."

XII.

So with the dwarfe he back retourn'd againe,
To ſeeke his lady where he mote her finde ;
But by the way he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good ſquire late left behinde,
For whom he wondrous penſive grew in minde,
For doubt of daunger which mote him betide ;
For him he loved above all mankinde,
Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,
And bold, as ever ſquyre that waited by knight's
ſide.

XIII.

Who all this whyle full hardly was aſſayd
Of deadly daunger which to him betidd ;
For whiles his lord purſewd that noble mayd,
After that foſter fowle he fiercely ridd,
To bene avenged of the ſhame he did
To that faire damzell : him he chaced long
Through the thicke woods, wherein he would
have hid
His ſhamefull head from his avengement ſtrong,
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous
wrong.

XIV.

Nathleſſe the villein ſped himſelf ſo well,
Whether through ſwiftneſſe of his ſpeedie beaſt,
Or knowledge of thoſe woods where he did dwell,
That ſhortly he from daunger was releaſt,
And out of ſight eſcaped at the leaſt ;
Yet not eſcaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increaſt,
Ne ceaſed not, till him oppreſſed hard
The heavie plague that for ſuch leachours is pre-
pard.

XV.

For ſoone as he was vaniſht out of ſight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And caſt t'avenge him of that fowle deſpight
Which he had borne of his bold enimee ;
Tho to his brethren came (for they were three
Ungratious children of one graceleſſe ſyre),
And unto them complayned, how that he
Had uſed beene of that foole-hardie ſquyre ;
So them with bitter words he ſtird to bloodie yre.

XVI.

Forthwith themſelves with their ſad inſtruments
Of ſpoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,
And with him foorth into the foreſt went,
To wreake the wrath which he did earſt revive
In their ſterne breſts, on him which late did drive
Their brother to reproch and ſhamefull flight ;
For they had vow'd that never he alive
Out of that foreſt ſhould eſcape their might ;
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with ſuch
deſpight.

XVII.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
Through which it was uneath for wight to wade,
And now by fortune it was overflowne ;
By that ſame way they knew that ſquyre un-
knowne
Mote algates paſſe ; forthy themſelves they ſet
There in await, with thicke woods overgrowne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats his paſſage through the ford
to let.

XVIII.

It fortuned, as they devized had,
The gentle squyre came riding that same way,
Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly foorth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

XIX.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
With to fell force and villeinous despite,
That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to hite:
That stroke the hardy squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite,
For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
But labourd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

XX.

And still the foster, with his long hore-speare,
Him kept from landing at his wished will:
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft headed with deadly ill,
And fethered with an unlucky quill;
The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

XXI.

At last, through wrath and vengeaunce making way,
He on the bancke arryvd with mickle payne,
Where the third brother him did sore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and mayne
A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne;
But warily he did avoid the blow,
And with his speare requited him agayne,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large streame of blood out of the wound did flow.

XXII.

He tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bad to let him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin:
Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;
For nathemore for that spectacle bad
Did th' other two their cruell vengeaunce blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load upon him layd, his life for to have had.

XXIII.

Tho when that villayn he avyzd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fiers fury and indignant hate
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,
That to the chin he cleste his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell;
His sinfull sowle with desperate disdaine
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

XXIV.

That seeing now the only last of three,
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had,
Trembling with horror, as that did foresee
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,
Through which he sollow should his brethren bad,
His booteleese bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And therewith shott an arrow at the lad,
Which sayndy fluttring scarce his helmet raught,
And glaunceing fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

XXV.

With that he would have fled into the wood;
But Timias him lightly overhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And stroke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent:
The carcas with the streame was carried downe,
But th' head fell backeward on the continent;
So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne:
They three be dead with shame, the squire lives with renowne:

XXVI.

He lives, but takes small ioy of his renowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne,
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallowed all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire alive!
Els shall thy loving lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thyselfe of honor which thou didst atchive.

XXVII.

Providence heavenly passeth living thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For lo! great grace or fortune thether brought
Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods ye well remember may
How that a noble huntresse did wonne,
Shee, that base Braggadochia did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest ronne;
Belphœbe was her name, as faire as Phœbus' sunne.

XXVIII.

She on a day, as she pursewd the chace
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene
To have bespinckled all the grassy greene;
By the great persue which she there perceav'd,
Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste the life to have bereav'd;
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

XXIX.

Shortly she came whereas that woefull squire
With blood deformed lay in deadly swownd,
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The christall humor stood congealed rownd;
His locks, like faded leaves, fallen to grownd,
Knotted with blood in bounches rudely ran,

And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd,
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosy red, were woxen pale and wan.

xxx.

Saw never living eie more heavy sight,
That could have made a rocke of stone to rew
Or rive in twaine; which when that lady bright
Besides all hope, with melting eies did vew,
All suddeinly abasht she chaunged hew,
And with sterne horror backward gan to start;
But when she better him beheld, shee grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart;
The point of pitty perced through her tender hart.

xxxi.

Meekely she bowed downe, to weete if life
Yett in his frosen members did remaine,
And feeling by his pulse's beating rife
That the weake sowle her seat did yett retaine,
Shee cast to comfort him with busy paine:
His double-folded necke she reard upright,
And rubd his temples and each trembling vaine;
His mayled haberieon she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

xxxii.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,
To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy,
For shee of herbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the nymphe which from her infancy
Her nourced had in trew nobility;
There, whether yt divine tobacco were,
Or panachæa, or polygony,
She fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,
Who al this while lay bleeding out his heart-blood neare.

xxxiii.

The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
Shee pownded small, and did in peeces bruze,
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze,
And round about (as she could well it uze)
The flesh therewith she suppled and did steepe,
T' abate all spasme, and soke the swelling bruze;
And after having searcht the intuse deepe,
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold to keepe.

xxxiv.

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
And groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
His watry eies, drizling like dewy rayne,
He up gan lifte toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
Therewith he sighd; and turning him aside,
The goodly maide, full of divinities
And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

xxxv.

" Mercy, deare Lord!" said he, " what grace is " this
" That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
" To send thine angell from her bowre of blis
" To comfort me in my distressed plight?
" Angell, or goddesse, doe I call thee right?
" What service may I doe unto thee meete,
" That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,
" And with thy hevenly salves and med'cines " sweete
" Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy bless- " sed feete."

xxxvi.

Thereat she blushing said, " Ah! gentle Squyre,
" Nor goddesse I, nor angell, but the mayd
" And daughter of a woody nymphe, desire
" No service but thy safety and ayd,
" Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.
" We mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes " bee
" To commun accidents stil open layd,
" Are bownd with commun bond of frailtee,
" To succor wretched wights whom we captived " see."

xxxvii.

By this her damzells, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arryv'd,
As did Belphœbe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arow ryv'd:
Forthy the bloody tract they followed fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv'd;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their lady was arrived at the last.

xxxviii.

Where, when they saw that goodly boy with blood
Defowled, and their lady dresse his wound,
They wondred much, and shortly understood
How him in deadly cace their lady fownd,
And reskewed out of the heavy stownd:
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woodes, whiles that he lay in swownd,
She made those damzels search; which being stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them convayd.

xxxix.

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade
With mountaines rownd about environed,
And mightie woodes which did the valley shade
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itselfe into a spatious plaine;
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
With gentle murmure that his course they did restraine.

xl.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves teene,
As it an earthly paradize had beene;
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire pavilion, scarcely to be seene,
The which was al within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

XLI.

Whether they brought that wounded squyre, and layd
In ease couch his feeble limbes to rest:
He rested him a while, and then the mayd
His readie wound with better salves new dresst;
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grievous hurt to guarish that she might,
That shortly he his dolour had redrest,
And his foule fore reduced to faire plight;
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

XLII.

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound;
She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart, which did rebownd
From her faire eyes and gratious countenaunce:
What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,
To be captived in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despeyre without aleggeaunce?

XLIII.

Still as his wound did gather and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd;
Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole:
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly mayd,
Whiles daily playsters to his wownd she layd,
So still his malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd:
Ah, God! what other could he do at least,
But love so fayre a lady, that his life releast?

XLIV.

Long while he strove in his corageous brest
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And Love for to dislodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soveraine bountie and celestiall hew,
The fame to love he strongly was constraynd;
But when his meane estate he did revew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd,
And of his luckelesse lott and cruell love thus playnd:

XLV.

"Unthankfull wretch," said he, "is this the meed
"With which her soverain mercy thou dost quight?
"Thy life she saved by her gratious deed,
"But thou dost weene with villeinous despight
"To blott her honour and her heavenly light:
"Dye, rather dye, then so disloyally,
"Decme of her high desert, or seeme so light:
"Fayre death it is to shonne more shame to dy;
"Dye, rather dye, then ever love disloyally.

XLVI.

"But if to love disloyalty it bee,
"Shall I then hate her that from Deathes dore
"Me brought? ah! farre be such reproch fro mee!
"What can I lesse doe then her love therefore,
"Sith I her dew reward cannot restore?
"Dye, rather dye, and dying doe her serve,
"Dying her serve, and living her adore;
"Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve;
"Dye, rather dye, then ever from her service swerve.

XLVII.

"But, foolish Boy! what bootes thy service bace
"To her, to whom the hevens doe serve and few?
"Thou a mean squyre, of meeke and lowly place,
"She hevenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
"How then? of all love taketh equall vew;
"And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
"The love and service of the basest crew?
"If she will not, dye meekly for her sake;
"Dye, rather dye, then ever so faire love forsake."

XLVIII.

Thus warreid he long time against his will,
Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last
To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,
Which as a victour proud gan ransack fast
His inward parties, and all his entrayles wast,
That neither blood in face, nor life in hart,
It left, but both did quite dryve up and blast,
As percing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

XLIX.

Which seeing, fayre Belphœbe gan to feare
Least that his wound were inly well not heald,
Or that the wicked steele empoysned were;
Litle she weend that love he closte conceald;
Yet still he wasted as the snow congeald,
When the bright sunne his beams thereon doth beat;
Yet never he his hart to her reveald,
But rather chose to dye for sorrow great,
Then with dishonourable termes her to entreat,

L.

She (gracious lady) yet no paines did spare
To do him ease, or do him remedy;
Many restoratives of vertues rare,
And costly cordialles, she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne malady:
But that sweet cordiall which can restore
A love-sick harr she did to him envy;
To him and all th' unworthy world forlore
She did envy that soveraine salve in secret store.

LI.

That daintie rose, the daughter of her morne
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorne;
Ne suffred she the middayes schorching powre,
Ne the sharp northerne wind thereon to showre,
But lapped up her silken leaves most chayre,
Whenso the froward skye began to lowre;
But soone as calmed was the chrystall ayre,
She did it fayre dispred, and let to florish fayre,

LII.

Eternall God in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in flocke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admyre;
In gentle ladies breste, and bounteous race
Of woman-kind, it fayrest flowre doth spyre,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chast desyre.

LIII.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and reames
Subdew through conqueſt of your wondrous might,
With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds dight
Of chaſtity and vertue virginall;
That ſhall embelliſh more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
Such as the angels weer before God's tribunall.

LIV.

To your faire ſelves a faire enſample frame
Of this faire virgin, this Belphœbe fayre,
To whom in perfect love and ſpotleſſe fame
Of chaſtitie none living may compayre:
Ne poyſnous envy iuſtly can empayre
The prayſe of her freſh-flowring maydenhead;
Forthy ſhe ſtandeth on the hyeſt ſtayre
Of th' bonourable ſtage of womanhead;
That ladies all may follow her enſample dead.

LV.

In ſo great prayſe of ſtedfaſt chaſtity
Nathleſſe ſhe was ſo courteous and kynde,
Tempred with grace and goodly modeſty,
That ſeemd thoſe two vertues ſtrove to fynd
The higher place in her heroick mynd:
So ſtriving each did other more augment,
And both encreaſt the prayſe of woman-kynde,
And both encreaſt her beautie excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO VI.

The birth of fayre Belphœbe, and
Of Amorett, is told;
The Gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

I.

Well may, I weene, faire Ladies! all this while
Ye wonder how this noble damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall citadell,
The great schoole-mistresse of all courtesy;
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell
All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

II.

But to this faire Belphœbe in her berth
The hevens so favorable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect upon the earth
In th' horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the giftes of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of pleuteous horne;
Iove laught on Venus from his soverayne see,
And Phœbus with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

III.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,
And her conception of the ioyous prime;
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in sinfully slime:
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue and true bountihed,
Till to her due perfection she were ripened.

IV.

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree;
She bore Belphœbe; she bore in like cace
Fayre Amoretta in the second place; [share
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did
The heritage of all celestial grace,
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
Of bounty and of beauty, and all vertues rare.

V.

It were a goodly storie to declare
By what straunge accident fair Chrysogone
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare
In this wilde forest wandering all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone;
For not as other womens commune brood
They are enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste body, nor with commune food,
As other womens babes, they sucked vitall blood;

VI.

But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of th' heaven's fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was upon a sommer's shinie day,
When Titan faire his beames did display
In a fresh fountaine, far from all men's vew
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t' allay;
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew, [grew:
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest

VII.

Till faint through yrkesome wearines, adowne
Upon the grassy ground herselfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swoone
Upon her fell, and naked bare displayd;
The sun-beames bright upon her body playd,
Being through former bathing mollifide,
And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd
With so sweet sence and secret powre unspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

VIII.

Miraculous may seeme to him that reades
So straunge ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sun-beames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceive, and quickned are by kynd;
So after Nilus' inundation
Infinite shapes of creatures men do synd
Informed in the mud in which the sunne hath shynd.

IX.

Great Father he of Generation
Is rightly cald, th' author of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Minstreth matter fitt, which tempred right
With heate and humour breedes the living wight.
So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chrysogone,
Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright
Wondred to see her belly so upblone,
Which still increast till she her terme had full out-gone.

X.

Whereof conceiving shame and soule disgrace,
(Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard)
She fled into the wilderneese a space,
Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,
And shund dishonour, which as death she feard;
Where weanie of long traveill, downe to rest
Herselfe she set, and comfortably cheard;
There a sad cloud of sleepe her over-kest,
And seized every sence, with sorrow sore oppresst.

XI.

It fortuned, faire Venus having lost
Her little sonne, the winged god of Love,
Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
Was from her fled, as flit as ayery dove,
And left her blissful bowre of ioy above;
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharply did reprove,
And wandred in the world in straunge aray,
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him bewray).

XII.

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
(The house of goodly formes and faire aspect,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beautie, and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt:)
And searched everie way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect;
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tydings to her brings.

XIII.

First she him fought in Court, where most he us'd
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found which sore accus'd
His falshood, and with sowle infamous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:
Ladies and lordes she every where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoysned shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

XIV.

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And everie one did aske, Did he him see?
And everie one her answerd, that too late
He had him seene, and felt the crueltee
Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree;
And everie one threw forth reproches rise
Of his mischievous deedes, and said, that hee
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enimy of peace, and authour of all strife.

XV.

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
And in the rurall cotrages inquir'd,
Where also many plaintes to her were brought,
How he their heedlesse hartes with love had fir'd,
And his false venim through their veins inspir'd;
And eke the gentle shepherd swaynes, which sat
Keeping their fleecy flockes, as they were hyr'd,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat:

XVI.

But when in none of all these she him got,
She gan avize where els he mote him hyde;
At last she her bethought that she had not
Yet fought the salvage woods and soreests wyde,
In which full many lovely nymphes abyde,
Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,
Or that the love of some of them him tyde;
Forthy she thether cast her course t' apply,
To search the secret hauntes of Dianes company.

XVII.

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the goddesse with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew;
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their daintie limbes the dusty sweat
And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

XVIII.

She having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanck loynes ungirt, and brests unbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinkled light.

xix.

Soone as ſhe Venus ſaw behinde her backe,
She was aſham'd to be ſo loofe ſurpriz'd,
And woxe halfe wroth againſt her damzels ſlake,
That had not her thereof before avizd,
But ſuffred her ſo carelefsly diſguiz'd
Be overtaken: ſoone her garments looſe
Upgath'ring, in her boſome ſhe compriz'd,
Well as ſhe might, and to the goddeſſe roſe,
Whiles all her nymphes did like a girlond her encloſe.

xx.

Goodly ſhe gan faire Cytherea greet,
And ſhortly aſked her what cauſe her brought
Into that wilderneſſe for her unmeet,
From her ſweete bowres and beds with pleaſures fraught;
That ſuddein chaung ſhe ſtraung adventure thought?
To whom halfe weeping ſhe thus anſwerd,
That ſhe her deareſt ſonne Cupido ſought,
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled,
That ſhe repented ſore to have him angered.

xxi.

Thereat Diana gan to ſmile in ſcorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her ſcoffing ſayd,
" Great pitty, ſure, that ye be ſo forlorne
" Of your gay ſonne, that gives you ſo good ayd
" To your diſports; ill mote ye beene apayd."
But ſhe was more engrieved, and replide,
" Faire Siſter! ill beſeemes it to upbrayd
" A doleſull heart with ſo diſdainfull pride;
" The like that mine may be your paine another tide.

xxii.

" As you in woods and wanton wilderneſſe
" Your glory ſett to chace the ſalvage beaſts,
" So my delight is all in ioyfulneſſe,
" In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feaſts;
" And ill becomes you, with your loftie creaſts,
" To ſcorn the ioye that love is glad to ſeeke;
" We both are bound to follow Heaven's beheaſts,
" And tend our charges with obeiſaunce meeke;
" Spare, gentle Siſters! with reproch my paine to eke;

xxiii.

" And tell me, if that ye my ſonne have heard
" To lurke emongſt your nimphes in ſecret wize,
" Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard
" Leaſt he like one of them himſelfe diſguize,
" And turne his arrowes to their exercize;
" So may he long himſelfe full eaſie hide,
" For he is faire and freſh in face and guize,
" As any nimphe; let not it be envide."
So ſaying, every nimph full narrowly ſhee cide.

xxiv.

But Phœbe therewith ſore was angered,
And ſharply ſaide, " Goe, Dame, goe ſeeke your boy,
" Where you him lately leſte, in Mars his bed:
" He comes not here; we ſcorne his fooliſh ioy,
" Ne lend we leiſure to his idle toy;
" But if I catch him in this company,
" By Stygian Lake I vow, whoſe ſad annoy
" The gods doe dread, he dearly ſhall abye;
" Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more ſhall flye."

xxv.

Whom whenas Venus ſaw ſo ſore diſpleaſd,
Shee inly ſory was, and gan relent
What ſhee had ſaid: ſo her ſhe ſoone appeaſd
With ſugred words and gentle blandiſhment,
Which as a fountaine from her ſweete lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in ſhort ſpace
She was well pleaſd, and forth her damzells ſent
Through all the woods, to ſearch from place to place.
If any tract of him, or tidings they mote trace.

xxvi.

To ſearch the God of Love her nimphes ſhe ſent,
Throughout the wandring foreſt every where,
And after them herſelfe eke with her went
To ſeeke the fugitive both farre and nere,
So long they ſought, till they arrived were
In that ſame ſhady covert, whereas lay
Faire Cryſogone in ſlombry traunce whylere,
Who in her ſleepe (a wondrous thing to ſay)
Unwares had borne two babes as faire as ſpringing day.

xxvii.

Unwares ſhe them conceivd, unwares ſhe bore:
She bore withouten paine, that ſhe conceiv'd
Withouten pleaſure: ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide: which when they both perceiv'd,
They were through wonder nigh of ſence berev'd,
And gazing each on other nought beſpake:
At laſt they both agreed, her ſeeming griev'd
Out of her heavie ſwowne not to awake,
But from her loving ſide the tender babes to take.

xxviii.

Up they them tooke, each one a babe uptooke,
And with them carried to be foſtered;
Dame Phœbe to a nymphe her babe betooke,
To be upbrought in perfect maydenhed,
And of herſelfe her name Belphœbe red;
But Venus her's thence far away convay'd
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed,
And in her litle love's ſtead which was ſtrayd,
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her diſmayd.

xxix.

She brought her to her ioyous paradize,
Wher moſt ſhe wonnes when ſhe on earth does dwell,
So faire a place as Nature can devize;
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well;
But well I wote by triall, that this ſame
All other pleaſaunt places doth excell,
And called is by her loſt lover's name,
The Gardin of Adonis, far renowmd by Fame

xxx.

In that ſame gardin all the goodly flowres
Wherewith Dame Nature doth her beautify,
And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
Are fetcht; there is the firſt ſeminary
Of all things that were borne to live and dye,
According to their kynds: long worke it were

Here to account the endleſſe progeny
Of all the weeds that bud and bloſſome there;
But ſo much as doth need muſt needs be counted here.

XXXI.

It ſited was in fruitfull ſoyle of old,
And girt in with two walls on either ſide,
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor over-ſtride;
And double gates it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pas;
Th' one faire and freſh, the other old and dride:
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

XXXII.

Hee letteth in, he letteth out to wend
All that to come into the world deſire;
A thouſand thouſand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require
That he with fleſhly weedes would them attire:
Such as him liſt, ſuch as eternall Fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with ſinfull mire,
And ſendeth forth to live in mortall ſtate,
Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder gate.

XXXIII.

After that they againe retourned beene,
That in that gardin planted be agayne,
And grow afreſh, as they had never ſeene
Fleſhly corruption, nor mortall payne:
Some thouſand yeares ſo doen they there remayne,
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or ſent into the chaungefull world agayne,
Till thether they retourne where firſt they grew;
So like a wheele arownd they ronne from old to new.

XXXIV.

Ne needs their gardiner to ſett or ſow,
To plant or prune: for of their own accord
All things as they created were doe grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which firſt was ſpoken by th' Almighty Lord,
That bad them to increaſe and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds, to moyſten their roots dry,
For in themſelves eternall moiſture they imply.

XXXV.

Infinite ſhapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew,
And every ſort is in a ſondry bed
Sett by itſelfe, and ranckt in comely rew;
Some fitt for reaſonable ſowles t' indew,
Some made for beaſts, ſome made for birds to weare
And all the fruitfull ſpawne of fiſhes hew
In endleſſe rancks along enraunged were,
That ſeemd the ocean could not containe them there.

XXXVI.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are ſent
Into the world, it to repleniſh more;
Yet is the ſtocke not leſſened nor ſpent,
But ſtill remaines in everlaſting ſtore,
As it at firſt created was of yore;

For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternall Chaos, which ſupplyes
The ſubſtaunces of Nature's fruitfull progenyes.

XXXVII.

All things from thence doe their firſt being fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth them invade
The ſtate of life out of the grieſly ſhade:
That ſubſtance is eterne, and bideth ſo,
Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
Doth it conſume and into nothing goe,
But chaunged is, and often altred to and froe.

XXXVIII.

The ſubſtaunce is not chaungd nor altered,
But th' only forme and outward faſhion,
For every ſubſtaunce is conditioned
To chaunge her hew, and fondry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion;
For formes are variable, and decay
By courſe of kinde, and by occaſion,
And that fayre flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly freſh before the ſunny ray.

XXXIX.

Great enimy to it, and to all the reſt
That in the Gardin of Adonis ſprings,
Is wicked Time, who, with his ſcyth addreſt,
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither, and are fowly mard;
He flyes about, and with his flaggy wings
Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pitty may relent his malice hard.

XL.

Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
To ſee ſo faire thinges mard and ſpoiled quight,
And their great mother Venus did lament
The loſſe of her deare brood, her deare delight;
Her hart was pierſt with pitty at the ſight,
When walking through the gardin them ſhe eſpyde,
Yet no'te ſhe find redreſſe for ſuch deſpight,
For all that lives is ſubiect to that law:
All things decay in time and to their end doe draw.

XLI.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull gardin growes
Should happy bee, and have immortall blis,
For here all plenty and all pleaſure flowes,
And ſweete Love gentle fitts emongſt them throwes,
Without fell rancor or fond gealoſy;
Franckly each paramour his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

XLII.

There is continuall ſpring, and harveſt there
Continuall, both meeting at one time;
For both the boughes doe laughing bloſſoms beare,

And with freſh colours decke the wanton pryme,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,
Which ſeeme to labor under their fruites lode;
The whyles the ioyous birds make their paſtyme
Emongſt the ſhady leaves (their ſweet abode)
And their trew loves without ſuſpition tell abrode.

XLIII.

Right in the middeſt of that paradiſe
There ſtood a ſtately mount, on whoſe round top
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did riſe,
Whoſe ſhady boughes ſharp ſteele did never lop,
Nor wicked beaſtes their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compaſſed the hight,
And from their fruitfull ſides ſweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with pretious deaw bedight,
Threw forth moſt daintie odours and moſt ſweet delight.

XLIV.

And in the thickeſt covert of that ſhade
There was a pleaſaunt arber, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
With wanton yvie-twine entrayld athwart,
And eglantine and caprifole emong,
Faſhiond above within their inmoſt part,
That nether Phœbus' beames could through them throng,
Nor Aeolus' ſharp blaſt could worke them any wrong.

XLV.

And all about grew every ſort of flowre
To which ſad lovers were transformde of yore;
Freſh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramoure
And deareſt love;
Fooliſh Narciſſe, that likes the watry ſhore;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whoſe purple gore
Me ſeemes I ſee Amintas' wretched fate,
To whom ſweet poets verſe hath given endleſſe date.

XLVI.

There wont fayre Venus often to enioy
Her deare Adonis' ioyous company,
And reap ſweet pleaſure of the wanton boy:
There yet (ſome ſay) in ſecret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious ſpycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the ſkill
Of Stygian gods, which doe her love envy;
But ſhe herſelfe, whenever that ſhe will,
Poſſeſſeth him, and of his ſweetneſſe takes her fill:

XLVII.

And ſooth it ſeemes they ſay; for he may not
For ever dye, and ever buried bee
In balefull night, where all thinges are forgot,
All be he ſubiect to mortalitie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by ſucceſſion made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and chaunged diverſlie;

For him the father of all formes they call,
Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

XLVIII.

There now he liveth in eternall blis,
Ioying his goddeſſe, and of her enioyd;
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuſke him deadly cloyd:
For that wilde bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmely hath impriſoned for ay
(That her ſweet love his malice mote avoyd)
In a ſtrong rocky cave, which is (they ſay)
Hewen underneath that mount, that none him loſen may.

XLIX.

There now he lives in everlaſting ioy,
With many of the gods in company,
Which thether haunt, and with the winged boy,
Sporting himſelfe in ſafe felicity;
Who when he hath with ſpoiles and cruelty
Ranſackt the world, and in the wofull harts
Of many wretches ſet his triumphes hye,
Thether reſortes, and laying his ſad dartes
Aſyde, with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

L.

And his trew love, faire Pſyche, with him playes,
Fayre Pſyche! to him lately reconcyld,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,
With which his mother Venus her revyld,
And eke himſelfe her cruelly exyld;
But now in ſtedfaſt love and happy ſtate
She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
Pleaſure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleaſure! the daughter of Cupid and Pſyche late.

LI.

Hether great Venus brought this infant fayre,
The yonger daughter of Chryſogonee,
And unto Pſyche, with great truſt and care,
Committed her, yfoſtered to bee,
And trained up in trew feminitee;
Who no leſſe carefully her tendered
Then her owne daughter Pleaſure, to whom ſhee
Made her companion, and her leſſoned
In all the lore of love and goodly womanhead.

LII.

In which when ſhe to perfect ripenes grew,
Of grace and beautie noble paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
To be th' enſample of true love alone,
And lodeſtarre of all chaſte affectione
To all fayre ladies that doe live on grownd:
To Faery Court ſhe came, where many one
Admyrd her goodly haveour, and ſownd
His feeble hart wide launched with Love's cruell wownd.

LIII.

But ſhe to none of them her love did caſt,
Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
To whom her loving hart ſhe linked faſt
In faithfull love, t'abide for evermore;

And for his deareſt ſake endured ſore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enimy,
Who her would forced have to have forlore
Her former love and ſtedfaſt loialty,
As ye may elſwhere reade that ruefull hiſtory:

LIV.

But well I weene ye firſt deſire to learne
What end unto that fearefull damozell
(Which fledd ſo faſt from that ſame foſter ſtearne,
Whom with his brethren Timias ſlew) befell;
That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell,
Who wandring for to ſeeke her lover deare,
Her lover deare, her deareſt Marinell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of idle feare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO VII.

The witches ſonne loves Florimell:
She flyes; he faynes to dy:
Satyrane ſaves the ſquyre of Dames
From gyaunts tyranny.

I.

Like as an hynd forth ſingled from the heard,
That hath eſcaped from a ravenous beaſt,
Yet flyes away, of her owne feete afeard,
And every leaſe that ſhaketh with the leaſt
Murmure of winde her terror hath encreaſt;
So fled fayre Florimell from her vayne feare,
Long after ſhe from perill was releaſt;
Each ſhade ſhe ſaw, and each noyſe ſhe did heare,
Did ſeeme to be the ſame which ſhe eſcapt whileare.

II.

All that ſame evening ſhe in flying ſpent,
And all that night her courſe continewed;
Ne did ſhe let dull ſleepe once to relent,
Nor wearineſſe to ſlack her haſt, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her ready to arreſt;
And her white palfrey having conquered
The maiſtring raines out of her weary wreſt,
Perforce her carried whereever he thought beſt.

III.

So long as breath and hable puiſſaunce
Did native corage unto him ſupply,
His pace he freſhly forward did advaunce,
And carried her beyond all ieopardy;
But nought that wanteth reſt can long aby:
He having through inceſſant travell ſpent
His force, at laſt perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move; the lady gent
Thereat was ſuddeine ſtrook with great aſtoniſhment;

IV.

And forſt t'alight on foot mote algates fare;
(A traveiler unwonted to ſuch way)
Need teacheth her this leſſon hard and rare,
That Fortune all in equall launce doth ſway,
And mortall miſeries doth make her play.
So long ſhe traveild, till at length ſhe came
To an hilles ſide, which did to her bewray
A little valley ſubiect to the ſame,
All covered with thick woodes, that quite it overcame.

V.

Through the tops of the high trees ſhe did deſcry
A little ſmoke, whoſe vapour, thin and light,
Reeking aloft uprolled to the ſky;
Which chearefull ſigne did ſend unto her ſight
That in the ſame did wonne ſome living wight.
Eftſoones her ſteps ſhe thereunto applyd,
And came at laſt, in weary wretched plight,
Unto the place to which her hope did guyde,
To finde ſome refuge there, and reſt her wearie ſyde.

VI.

There in a gloomy hollow glen ſhe found
A little cottage built of ſtickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with ſods around,
In which a witch did dwell in loathly weedes
And wilfull want, all careleſſe of her needes;
So chooſing ſolitarie to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her diveliſh deedes
And helliſh arts from people ſhe might hide,
And hurt far off unknowne whomever ſhe envide.

VII.

The damzell there arriving entred in;
Where sitting on the flore the hag she found
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin;
Who soone as she beheld that suddein stound,
Lightly upstarted from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake for great amaze,
But shewd by outward signes that dread her sence did daze.

VIII.

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt what devill had her thether brought,
And who she was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought?
To which the damzell, full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer'd; "Beldame, be not wroth
"With silly virgin by adventure brought
"Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
"That crave but rowme to rest while tempest "overblo'th."

IX.

With that adowne, out of her christall eyne,
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient perles did purely shyne
Upon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall
Nor salvage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
And that vile hag, all were her whole delight
In mischiefe, was much moved at so pitteous sight;

X.

And gan recomfort her, in her rude wyse,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe to rest her faint
And wearie limbs awhile: she nothing quaint
Nor s'deignful of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon,
As glad of that small rest as bird of tempest gon.

XI.

Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;
Whom such whenas the wicked hag did vew,
She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright;
T'adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

XII.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laesy loord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes,
Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade,
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade;
Such laesinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

XIII.

He comming home at undertime, there found
The fayrest creature that he ever saw,
Sitting beside his mother on the ground,
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terrour and with aw
So inly smot, that as one which hath gazd
On the bright sunne unwares, doth soone with-draw
His feeble eyne; with too much brightnes daz'd,
So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

XIV

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
That in so straunge disguisement there did maske,
And by what accident she there arriv'd?
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From Stygian shores, where late it wandered;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

XV.

But the fayre virgin was so meeke and myld,
That she to them vouchsafe to embace
Her goodly port, and to their sences vyld
Her gentle speach applyde, that in short space
She grew familiare in that desert place:
During which time the chorle, through her so kind
And courteise use, conceiv'd affection bace,
And cast to love her in his brutish mind;
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

XVI.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire;
His caytive thought durst not so high aspire:
But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread; many resemblaunces
To her he made, and many kind remembraunces

XVII.

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing,
His maistresse praises sweetly caroled;
Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrel wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow servant vild;
All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke and mild.

XVIII.

But past a while, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischiefe, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her sonne compast:
Her wearie palfrey closely, as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,

In his proud furnitures ſhe freſhly dight,
His late miſwandered wayes now to remeaſure right.

XIX.

And earely ere the dawning day appear'd
She forth iſſewed, and on her iourney went;
She went in perill, of each noyſe affeard,
And of each ſhade that did itſelfe preſent;
For ſtill ſhe feared to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or her uncivile ſonne,
Who when too late awaking well they kent
That their fayre gueſt was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had beene undonne.

XX.

But that lewd lover did the moſt lament
For her depart, that ever man did heare;
He knockt his breſt with deſperate intent,
And ſcratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged fleſh, and rent his ragged heare;
That his ſad mother, ſeeing his ſore plight,
Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare
Leaſt his fraile ſenſes were emperiſht quight,
And love to frenzy turnd, ſith love is franticke hight.

XXI.

All wayes ſhe ſought him to reſtore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counſell, and with teares,
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counſell, might
Aſſwage the fury which his entrails teares;
So ſtrong is paſſion that no reaſon heares.
Tho when all other helpes ſhe ſaw to faile,
She turned herſelfe backe to her wicked leares,
And by her diveliſh arts thought to prevaile
To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

XXII.

Eftſoones out of her hidden cave ſhe cald
An hidgous beaſt of horrible aſpect,
That could the ſtouteſt corage have appald;
Monſtrous, miſhapt, and all his backe was ſpect
With thouſand ſpots of colours queint elect;
Thereto ſo ſwifte, that it all beaſts did pas;
Like never yet did living eie detect;
But likeſt it to an hyena was,
That feeds on womens fleſh, as others feede on gras.

XXIII.

It forth ſhe cald, and gave it ſtreight in charge
Through thicke and thin her to purſew apace,
Ne once to ſtay to reſt, or breath at large,
Till her hee had attaind, and brought in place,
Or quite devourd her beauties ſcornefull grace.
The monſter, ſwifte as worde that from her went,
Went forth in haſte, and did her footing trace
So ſure and ſwiftly through his perfect ſent
And paſſing ſpeede, that ſhortly he her overhent.

XXIV.

Whom when the feareſull damzell nigh eſpyde,
No need to bid her faſt away to flie;
That ugly ſhape ſo ſore her terrifide,
That it ſhe ſhund no leſſe then dread to die;
And her ſtitt palfrey did ſo well apply
His nimble feet to her conceaved feare,
That whileſt his breath did ſtrength to him ſupply,
From perill free he her away did beare;
But when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex areare.

XXV.

Which whenas ſhe perceiv'd, ſhe was diſmayd
At that ſame laſt extremity ful ſore,
And of her ſafety greatly grew afrayd:
And now ſhe gan approch to the ſea ſhore,
As it befell that ſhe could flie no more,
But yield herſelfe to ſpoile of greedineſſe;
Lightly ſhe leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horſe in deſperate diſtreſſe,
And to her feete betooke her doubtfull ſickerneſſe.

XXVI.

Not halfe ſo faſt the wicked Myrrha fled
From dread of her revenging father's hond;
Nor halfe ſo faſt to ſave her maydenhed
Fled fearefull Daphne on th' Ægæan ſtrond,
As Florimell fled from that monſter yond,
To reach the ſea, ere ſhe of him were raught;
For in the ſea to drowne herſelfe ſhe fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught;
Thereto feare gave her wings, and need her corage taught.

XXVII.

It fortuned (high God did ſo ordaine)
As ſhee arrived on the roaring ſhore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little bote lay hoving her before,
In which there ſlept a fiſher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the ſand;
Into the ſame ſhe lept, and with the ore
Did thruſt the ſhallop from the floting ſtrand;
So ſafety ſownd at ſea, which ſhe ſownd not at land.

XXVIII.

The monſter, ready on the pray to ſeaſe,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight,
Ne durſt affay to wade the perlous ſeas,
But greedily long gaping at the ſight,
At laſt in vaine was forſt to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his dame;
Yet to aveuge his deviliſh diſpight,
He ſat upon her palfrey tired lame,
And ſlew him cruelly ere any reſkew came:

XXIX.

And after having him embowelled
To fill his helliſh gorge, it chaunſt a knight
To paſſe that way, as forth he traveiled;
Yt was a goodly ſwaine, and of great might,
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vaine ſheows, that wont young knights bewitch,
And courtly ſervices, tooke no delight;
But rather ioyd to bee than ſeemen ſich;
For both to be and ſeem to him was labor lich.

XXX.

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,
That raungd abroad to ſeeke adventures wile,

As was his wont in foreſt and in plaine :
He was all armd in rugged ſteele unfilde,
As in the ſmoky forge it was compilde,
And in his ſcutchin bore a Satyre's hedd :
He comming preſent, where the monſter vilde
Upon that milke-white palfreyes carcas fedd,
Unto his reſkew ran, and greedily him ſpedd.

xxxi.

There well perceivd he that it was the horſe
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorſe ;
Much feared he leſt ought did ill betide
To that faire maide, the flowre of wemen's pride,
For her he dearely loved, and in all
His famous conqueſts highly magnifide :
Beſides her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he fownd, that did him ſore apall.

xxxii.

Full of ſad feare and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend,
And with huge ſtrokes and cruell battery
Him forſt to leave his pray, for to attend
Himſelfe from deadly daunger to defend :
Full many wounds in his corrupted fleſh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did ſpend,
Yet might not doe him die : but aie more freſh
And fierce he ſtill appeard, the more he did him threſh.

xxxiii.

He wiſt not how him to diſpoile of life,
Ne how to win the wiſhed victory,
Sith him he ſaw ſtill ſtronger grow through ſtrife,
And himſelfe weaker through infirmity :
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiouſly
Hurling his ſword away, he lightly lept
Upon the beaſt, that with great cruelty
Rored and raged to be under-kept ;
Yet he perforce him held, and ſtrokes upon him hept.

xxxiv.

As he that ſtrives to ſtop a ſuddein flood,
And in ſtrong bancks his violence encloſe,
Forceth it ſwell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the countrey ſeemes to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne ;
The wofull huſbandman doth lowd complaine
To ſee his whole yeares labor loſt ſo ſoone,
For which to God he made ſo many an idle boone :

xxxv.

So him he held, and did through might amate :
So long he held him, and him bett ſo long,
That at the laſt his fiercenes gan abate,
And meekely ſtoup unto the victor ſtrong ;
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong
Which he ſuppoſed donne to Florimell,
Sought by all meanes his dolour to prolong,
Sith dint of ſteele his carcas could not quell ;
His maker with her charmes had framed him ſo well.

xxxvi.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her ſclender waſte, he tooke in hand,

And with it bownd the beaſt, that lowd did rore
For great diſpight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withſtand,
But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray ;
And all the way him followd on the ſtrand,
As he had long bene learned to obay,
Yet never learned he ſuch ſervice till that day.

xxxvii.

Thus as he led the beaſt along the way,
He ſpide far off a mightie giaunteſſe
Faſt flying on a courſer dapled gray
From a bold knight, that with great hardineſſe
Her hard perſewd, and fought for to ſuppreſſe ;
She bore before her lap a doleſull ſquyre,
Lying athwart her horſe in great diſtreſſe,
Faſt bounden hand and foote with cordes of wire,
Whom ſhe did meane to make the thrall of her deſire.

xxxviii.

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haſte
He lefte his captive beaſt at liberty,
And croſt the neareſt way, by which he caſt
Her to encounter ere ſhe paſſed by ;
But ſhe the way ſhund nathemore forthy,
But forward gallopt faſt ; which when he ſpyde,
His mighty ſpeare he couched warily,
And at her ran ; ſhe having him deſcryde,
Herſelfe to fight addreſt, and threw her lode aſide.

xxxix.

Like as a goſhauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling culver, having ſpide on hight
An eagle, that with plumy wings doth ſheare
The ſubtile ayre, ſtouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell deſpight,
And to the batteill doth herſelfe prepare :
So ran the geaunteſſe unto the fight ;
Her fyrie eyes with furious ſparkes did ſtare,
And with blaſphemous bannes high God in peeces rare.

xl.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith ſhe many had of life depriv'd,
But ere the ſtroke could ſeize his aymed place,
His ſpeare amids her ſun-brode ſhielde arriv'd ;
Yet nathemore the ſteele aſonder riv'd,
All were the beame in bignes like a maſt,
Ne her out of the ſtedfaſt ſadle driv'd ;
But glauncing on the tempred metall, braſt
In thouſand ſhivers, and ſo forth beſide her paſt.

xli.

Her ſteed did ſtagger with that puiſſaunt ſtroke ;
But ſhe no more was moved with that might ;
Then it had lighted on an aged oke,
Or on the marble pillour, that is pight
Upon the top of mount Olympus hight,
For the brave youthly champions to aſſay
With burning charet wheeles it nigh to ſmite ;
But who that ſmites it mars his ioyous play,
And is the ſpectacle of ruinous decay.

xlii.

Yet therewith ſore enrag'd, with ſterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon ſhe to him addreſt,
Which on his helmet martelled ſo hard,
That made him low incline his lofty creſt,

And bowd his battred visour to his brest;
Wherewith he was so stund, that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from east to west;
Which when his cruell enimy espyde,
She lightly unto him adioyned syde to syde;

XLIII.

And on his collar laying puissaunt hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforse;
Perforse him pluckt, unable to withstand
Or helpe himselfe, and laying thwart her horse
In loathly wise, like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away; which when the knight
That her pursewed saw with great remorse,
He nere was touched in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed as she encreast her flight.

XLIV.

Whom whenas nigh approching she espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily,
For she list not the batteill to abide,
But made herselfe more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursewd so nye,
That almost in the backe he oft her strake;
But still when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did make,
But when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

XLV.

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan wake
Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,
And seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce
Which reft from him so faire a chevisaunce:
At length he spyde whereas that wofull squyre,
Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the myre,
Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

XLVI.

To whom approching well he mote perceive
In that fowle plight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
Fraile ladies hart with love's consuming rage,
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
He reard him up, and loosed his yron bands,
And after gan enquire his parentage,
And how he fell into the gyaunt's hands,
And who that was which chased her along the lands?

XLVII.

Then trembling yet through feare the squire bespake;
" That geaunteesse Argante is behight,
" A daughter of the Titans, which did make
" Warre against heven, and heaped hils on hight
" To scale the skyes, and put love from his right:
" Her syre Typhœus was, who (mad through merth,
" And dronke with blood of men slaine by his might)
" Through incest her of his own mother Earth
" Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth;

XLVIII.

" For at that berth another babe she bore,
" To weet the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought
" Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
" And many hath to foule confusion brought.
" These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
" Whiles in their mother's wombe enclos'd they were,
" Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,
" In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
" And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

XLIX.

" So liv'd they ever after in like sin
" Gainst Nature's law and good behaveoure;
" But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
" Who not content so fowle to devoure
" Her native flesh, and staine her brother's bowre,
" Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
" And suffred beastes her body to deflowre,
" So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre:
" Yet all that might not slake her sensuall de- syre:

L.

" But over all the countrie she did raunge,
" To seeke young men to quench her flaming thurst,
" And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:
" Whomso she fittest findes to serve her lust,
" Through her maine strength, in which she most doth trust,
" She with her bringes into a secret ile,
" Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
" Or be the vassal of her pleasures vile,
" And in all shamefull sort himselfe with her defile.

LI.

" Me, seely wretch! she so at vauntage caught,
" After she long in waite for me did lye,
" And meant unto her prison to have brought,
" Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfye;
" That thousand deathes me lever were to dye
" Then breake the vow that to faire Columbell
" I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly.
" As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
" Call me the Squyre of Dames; that me beseem- eth well.

LII.

" But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
" That geaunteesse, is not such as she seemd,
" But a faire virgin, that in martiall law
" And deedes of armes above all dames is deemd,
" And above many knightes is eke esteemd
" For her great worth; she Palladine is hight:
" She you from death, you me from dread, re- deemd:
" Ne any may that monster match in sight
" But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight."

LIII.

" Her well beseemes that quest," quoth Satyrane:
" But read, thou Squyre of Dames, what vow is this

" Which thou upon thyſelfe haſt lately ta'ne ?"
" That ſhall I you recount," quoth he, " ywis,
" So be ye pleaſd to pardon all amis.
" That gentle lady whom I love and ſerve,
" After long ſuit and wearie ſervicis,
" Did aſke me, how I could her love deſerve,
" And how ſhe might be ſure that I would never
" ſwerve ?

LIV.

" I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
" Badd her commaund my life to ſave or ſpill ;
" Eftſoones ſhe badd me with inceſſaunt paine
" To wander through the world abroad at will,
" And every where, wherewith my powre or
" ſkill
" I might doe ſervice unto gentle dames,
" That I the ſame ſhould faithfully fulfill,
" And at the twelve monethes end ſhould bring
" their names
" And pledges, as the ſpoiles of my victorious
" games.

LV.

" So well I to faire ladies ſervice did,
" And found ſuch favour in their loving hartes,
" That ere the yeare his courſe had compaſſid,
" Three hundred pledges for my good deſartes,
" And thriſe three hundred thanks for my good
" partes,
" I with me brought, and did to her preſent ;
" Which when ſhe ſaw, more bent to eke my
" ſmartes
" Then to reward my truſty true intent,
" She gan for me deviſe a grievous puniſhment ;

LVI.

" To weet, that I my treveill ſhould reſume,
" And with like labour walke the world arownd,
" Ne ever to her preſence ſhould preſume,
" Till I ſo many other dames had fownd
" The which, for all the ſuit I could propownd,
" Would me refuſe their pledges to afford,
" But did abide for ever chaſte and fownd."
" Ah ! gentle Squyre," quoth he, " tell, at one
" word,
" How many fownd'ſt thou ſuch to put in thy
" record ?"

LVII.

" Indeed, Sir knight," ſaid he, " one word may
" tell
" All that I ever fownd ſo wiſely ſtayd ;
" For only three they were diſpoſd ſo well,
" And yet three yeares I now abroad have ſtrayd
" To fynd them out." " Mote I," then laughing
ſayd
The knight, " inquire of thee what were thoſe
" three
" The which thy proffred curteſie denayd ?
" Or ill they ſeemed ſure avizd to bee,
" Or brutiſhly brought up, that nev'r did faſhions
" ſee."

LVIII.

" The firſt which then refuſed me," ſaid hee,
" Certes was but a common courtiſane,
" Yet flat refusd to have adoe with mee,
" Becauſe I could not give her many a jane."
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane)
" The ſecond was an holy nunne to choſe
" Which would not let me be her chappellane,
" Becauſe ſhe knew, ſhe ſaid, I would diſcloſe
" Her counſell, if ſhe ſhould her truſt in me re-
" poſe.

LIX.

" The third a damzell was of low degree,
" Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce ;
" Full litle weened I that Chaſtitee
" Had lodgin in ſo meane a maintenaunce :
" Yet was ſhe fayre, and in her countenaunce
" Dwelt ſimple truth in ſeemely faſhion :
" Long thus I woo'd her with due obſervaunce,
" In hope unto my pleaſure to have won,
" But was as far at laſt as when I firſt begon.

LX.

" Safe her, I never any woman found
" That chaſtity did for itſelfe embrace,
" But were for other cauſes firme and ſound,
" Either for want of handſome time and place,
" Or elſe for feare of ſhame and fowle diſgrace.
" Thus I am hopeleſſe ever to attaine
" My ladies love in ſuch a deſperate cace,
" But all my dayes am like to waſte in vaine,
" Seeking to match the chaſte with th' unchaſte
" ladies traine."

LXI.

" Perdy," ſaid Satyrane, " thou Squyre of Dames,
" Great labour fondly haſt thou hent in hand,
" To get ſmall thankes, and therewith many
" blames,
" That may emongſt Alcides' labours ſtand."
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the beaſt he overcame,
He found him not ; for he had broke his band,
And was returnd againe unto his dame,
To tell what tyding of fayre Florimell became,

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO VIII.

The witch creates a snowy lady,
Like to Florimell
Who wrong'd by carle, by Proteus sav'd;
Is sought by Paridell.

I.

So oft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke how causeless of her owne accord
This gentle damzell (whom I write upon)
Should plonged be in such affliction
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate her griefe,
For misery craves rather mercy then repriefe.

II.

But that accursed hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malitious hart,
That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the beast, which by her wicked art
Late foorth she sent, she backe retourning spyde,
Tyde with her golden girdle, it a part
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had earst destroyd
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde:

III.

And with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd,
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former griefe with furie fresh reviv'd,
Much more than earst, and would have algates riv'd
The hart out of his brest; for sith her dedd
He surely demyt, himselfe he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fedd
His foolish malady, and long time had misledd.

IV.

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her sprightes to entertaine,
The maisters of her art; there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure, upon eternall paine,
To counsell her, so carefully dismayd,
How she might heale her sonne, whose sences were decayd.

V.

By their advise and her own wicked wit,
She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framed yit,
That even Nature selfe envide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
The thing it selfe: in hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former dame,
Another Florimell, in shape and looke
So lively and so like, that many it mistooke.

VI.

The substance whereof she the body made
Was purest snow, in massy mould congeald,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Riphaean hils, to her revealed
By errant sprights, but from all men conceald;
The same she tempred with fine mercury
And virgin wex that never yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye.

VII.

Inſtead of eyes, two burning lampes ſhe ſet
In ſilver ſockets, ſhyning like the ſkyes,
And a quicke moving ſpirit did arret
To ſtirre and roll them like to womens eyes;
Inſtead of yellow lockes, ſhe did devyſe
With golden wyre to weave her curled head;
Yet golden wyre was not ſo yellow thriſe
As Florimell's fayre heare; and in the ſtead
Of life, ſhe put a ſpright to rule the carcas dead;

VIII.

A wicked ſpright, yfraught with fawning guyle,
And fayre reſemblance above all the reſt,
Which with the Prince of Darknes fell ſome-whyle
From heaven's bliſs and everlaſting reſt:
Him needed not inſtruct which way were beſt
Himſelfe to faſhion likeſt Florimell,
Ne how to ſpeake, ne how to uſe his geſt,
For he in counterfeſaunce did excell,
And all the wyles of women's wits knew paſſing well.

IX.

Him ſhaped thus ſhe deckt in garments gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late,
That whoſo then her ſaw, would ſurely ſay
It was herſelfe, whom it did imitate,
Or fayrer than herſelfe, if ought algate
Might fayrer be: and then ſhe forth her brought
Unto her ſonne, that lay in feeble ſtate,
Who ſeeing her, gan ſtreight upſtart, and thought
She was the lady ſelfe whom he ſo long had ſought.

X.

Tho faſt her clipping twixt his armes twayne,
Extremely ioyed in ſo happy ſight,
And ſoone forgot his former ſickely payne;
But ſhe, the more to ſeeme ſuch as ſhe hight,
Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
Yet ſtill with gentle countenaunce retain'd,
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
Him long ſhe ſo with ſhadowes entertain'd,
As her creatreſſe had in charge to her ordaind:

XI.

Till on a day, as he diſpoſed was
To walke the woodes with that his idole faire,
Her to diſport, and idle time to paſ
In th' open freſhnes of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chaunced to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boaſtful ſwaine,
That deedes of armes had ever in deſpaire,
Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repoſe, and credit did maintaine.

XII.

He ſeeing with that chorle ſo faire a wight,
Decked with many a coſtly ornament,
Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle diſparagement:
His bloody ſpeare eftſoones he boldly bent
Againſt the ſilly clowne, who, dead through feare,
Fell ſtreight to ground in great aſtoniſhment:
"Villein," ſayd he, "this lady is my deare;
"Dy, if thou it gaineſay; I will away her beare."

XIII.

The feareſull chorle durſt not gaineſay nor dooe,
But trembling ſtood, and yielded him the pray;
Who finding litle leiſure her to wooe,
On Trompart's ſteed her mounted without ſtay,
And without reſkew led her quite away.
Proud man himſelfe then Braggadocchio deem'd,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being poſſeſſed of that ſpoyle, which ſeem'd
The faireſt wight on ground, and moſt of men eſteem'd.

XIV.

But when he ſaw himſelfe free from purſute,
He gan make gentle purpoſe to his dame,
With termes of love and lewdneſſe diſſolute;
For he could well his glozing ſpeeches frame
To ſuch vaine uſes, that him beſt became;
But ſhe thereto would lend but light regard,
As ſeeming ſorry that ſhe ever came
Into his powre, that uſed her ſo hard
To reave her honor, which ſhe more than life prefard.

XV.

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight upon a courſer ſtrong,
Whoſe trampling feete upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That capon's corage; yet he looked grim,
And faynd to cheare his lady in diſmay,
Who ſeemd for feare to quake in every lim;
And her to ſave from outrage meekely prayed him.

XVI.

Fiercely that ſtraunger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat
Bad that ſame boaſter, as he mote, on high
To leave to him that lady for excheat,
Or bid him batteill without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory ſeeme,
And fild his ſenſes with abaſhment great;
Yet ſeeing nigh him ieopardy extreme,
He it diſſembled well, and light ſeemd to eſteeme;

XVII.

Saying, "Thou fooliſh Knight, that weenſt with words
"To ſteale away that I with blowes have wonne,
"And brought through points of many perilous ſwords;
"But if thee liſt to ſee thy courſer ronne,
"Or prove thyſelfe, this ſad encounter ſhonne,
"And ſeeke elſe without hazard of thy hedd."
At thoſe prowd wordes that other knight begonne
To wex exceeding wroth, and him aredd
To turne his ſteede about, or ſure he ſhould be dedd.

XVIII.

"Sith then," ſaid Braggadocchio, "needes thou wilt
"Thy daies abridge through proofe of puiſſaunce,
"I turne we our ſteeds, that both in equal tilt
"May meete againe, and each take happy chaunce."
This ſaid, they both a furlong's mountenaunce,

Retir'd their ſteeds, to run in even race;
But Braggadocchio, with his bloody launce,
Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,
But lefte his love to loſſe, and fled himſelfe apace.

XIX.

The knight him ſeeing flie, had no regard
Him to pourſew, but to the lady rode,
And having her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his courſer ſet the lovely lode,
And with her fled away without abode:
Well weened he, that faireſt Florimell
It was with whom in company he yode,
And ſo herſelfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke himſelfe in heven, that was in hell.

XX.

But Florimell herſelfe was far away,
Driven to great diſtreſſe by fortune ſtraunge,
And taught the carefull mariner to play,
Sith late miſchaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for ſea, at randon there to raunge;
Yett there that cruell queene avengereſſe,
Not ſatisfyde ſo far her to eſtraunge
From courtly blis and wonted happineſſe,
Did heape on her new wayes of weary wretchedneſſe.

XXI.

For being fled into the fiſher's bote,
For refuge from the monſter's cruelty,
Long ſo ſhe on the mighty maine did flote,
And with the tide drove forward carelesly,
For th' ayre was milde, and cleared was the ſkie,
And all his windes Dan Æolus did keepe
From ſtirring up their ſtormy enmity,
As pittying to ſee her waile and weepe;
But all the while the fiſher did ſecurely ſleepe.

XXII.

At laſt, when droncke with drowſineſſe he woke,
And ſaw his drover drive along the ſtreame,
He was diſmayd, and thriſe his breſt he ſtroke,
For marveill of that accident extreme;
But when he ſaw that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,
He marveild more, and thought he yet did dreame,
Not well awakte, or that ſome extaſye
Affotted had his ſence, or dazed was his eye.

XXIII.

But when her well avizing he perceiv'd
To be no viſion nor fantaſtick ſight,
Great comfort of her preſence he conceiv'd,
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and ſtir his frozen ſpright;
Tho ruddely aſkte her, how ſhe thether came?
"Ah!" ſaid ſhe, "Father, I note read aright
"What hard misfortune brought me to this ſame,
"Yet am I glad that here I now in ſafety ame.

XXIV.

"But thou, good Man! ſith far in ſea we bee,
"And the great waters gin apace to ſwell,
"That now no more we can the mayn-land ſee,
"Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,
"Leaſt worſe on ſea than us on land befell."
Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,
And ſaide, his boat the way could wiſely tell;
But his deceiptfull eyes did never lin
To looke on her faire face, and marke her ſnowy ſkin.

XXV.

The ſight whereof in his congealed fleſh
Infixt ſuch ſecrete ſting of greedy luſt,
That the drie withered ſtocke it gan refreſh,
And kindled heat, that ſoone in flame forth burſt;
The drieſt wood is ſooneſt burnt to duſt.
Rudely to her he lept' and his rough hond,
Where ill became him, raſhly would have thruſt,
But ſhe, with angry ſcorne, him did withſtond,
And ſhamefully reproved for his rudenes fond.

XXVI.

But he, that never good nor manners knew,
Her ſharpe rebuke full little did eſteeme;
Hard is to teach an old horſe amble trew:
The inward ſmoke that did before but ſteeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme:
And now his ſtrength gan adde into his will,
Forcyng to doe that did him fowle miſſeeme:
Beaſtly he threw her downe, ne car'd to ſpill
Her garments gay with ſcales of fiſh, that all did fill.

XXVII.

The ſilly virgin ſtrove him to withſtand
All that ſhe might, and him in vaine revil'd;
She ſtrugled ſtrongly both with foote and hand
To ſave her honour from that villaine vilde,
And cride to Heven, from humane help exild.
O ye brave Knights! that boaſt this ladies love,
Where be ye now, when ſhe is nigh defild
Of filthy wretch? well may ſhe you reprove
Of falſehood or of ſlouth, when moſt it may behoove.

XXVIII.

But if that thou, Sir Satyran, didſt weete,
Or thou, Sir Peridure, her ſory ſtate,
How ſoone would yee aſſemble many a fleete,
To fetch from ſea that ye at land loſt late?
Towres, cities, kingdomes, you would ruinate
In your avengement and diſpiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
But if Sir Calidore could it preſage,
No living creature could his cruelty aſſwage.

XXIX.

But ſith that none of all her knights is nye,
See how the Heavens, of voluntary grace,
And ſoveraine favour towards chaſtity,
Doe ſuccour ſend to her diſtreſſed cace!
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortuned whileſt thus ſhe ſtifly ſtrove,
And the wide ſea importuned long ſpace
With ſhrilling ſhriekes, Proteus abrode did rove,
Along the ſomy waves driving his ſinny drove.

XXX.

Proteus is ſhepheard of the ſeas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty heard,
An aged ſire, with head all frowy hore,
And ſprinckled froſt upon his deawy beard;
Who when thoſe pittifull outcries he heard
Through all the ſeas ſo ruefully reſownd,

His charett swifte in hast he thether steard,
Which with a teeme of sealy phocas bownd,
Was drawne upon the waves that fomed him arownd :

xxxi.

And coming to that fisher's wandring bote,
That went at will withouten card or sayle,
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
Into his hart attonce : streight did he hayle
The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very litle fayle,
And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,
Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much dismay.

xxxii.

The whyles the pitteous lady up did rysse,
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
And blubbred face with teares of her fayre eyes;
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To save herselfe from that outrageous spoyle ;
But when she looked up, to weet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact affoyld,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly shright.

xxxiii.

Herselfe not saved yet from daunger dredd
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare.
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare,
And falls to ground to seeke for succor theare,
Whereas the hungry spaniells she does spye
With greedy iawes her ready for to teare ;
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see thereby.

xxxiv.

But he endevored with speeches milde
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himselfe ; and who he was her told :
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld ;
For her faint heart was with the frozen cold
Benumbed so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,
And all her senses with abasment quite were quayld.

xxxv.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough beard
Dropped adowne upon her yvory brest ;
Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought,
And out of that same fisher's filthy nest
Removing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle termes her faire besought.

xxxvi.

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beautie durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault ;
Then tooke he him, yet trembling sith of late,
And tyde behinde his charet, to aggrate
The virgin, whom he had abusde so sore ;
So drag'd him through the waves in scornfull state,
And after cast him up upon the shore ;
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

xxxvii.

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mighty rocke, gainst which do rave
The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out in hollow cave,
That seemes rough masons hand, with engines keene,
Had long while laboured it to engrave :
There was his wonne ; ne living wight was seene,
Save one old nymph, hight Panope, to keepe it cleane.

xxxviii.

Thether he brought the sory Florimell,
And entertained her the best he might ;
And Panope her entertaind eke well,
As in immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking unto his delight :
With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire guiftes t' allure her sight ;
But she both offers and the offerer
Despyfde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

xxxix.

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest ;
But evermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnes did detest,
So firmely she had sealed up her brest.
Sometimes he boasted that a god he hight,
But she a mortall creature loved best ;
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight ;
But then she said she lov'd none but a Faery knight.

xl.

Then like a Faery knight himselfe he dresst,
For every shape on him he could endew ;
Then like a king he was to her expresst,
And offred kingdoms unto her in vew,
To be his leman and his lady trew :
But when all this he nothing saw prevaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharp threats her often did assayle ;
So thinking for to make her stubborne corage quayle.

xli.

To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme ;
Now like a gyaunt, now like to a feend,
Then like a centaure, then like to a storme
Raging within the waves : thereby he weend
Her will to win unto his wished eend ;
But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all
He els could doe, he saw himselfe esteemd,
Downe in a dungeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

xlii.

Eternall thraldome w s to her more liefe
Than losse of chastitie, or chaunge of love ;

Dye had she rather in tormenting griefe,
Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,
Or loosnes, that she lightly did remove.
Most vertuous Virgin! glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heavenly prayse with saintes above,
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes exceed:

XLIII.

Fit song of angels caroled to bee;
But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,
Shal be t' advance thy goodly chastitee,
And to enroll thy memorable name
In th' heart of every honourable dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame:
Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,
To tell of Satyrane, where I him left of late:

XLIV.

Who having ended with that Squyre of Dames
A long discourse of his adventures vayne,
The which himselfe then ladies more defames,
And fynding not th' hyena to be slayne,
With that same squyre retourned backe agayne
To his first way; and as they forward went,
They spide a knight fayre pricking on the playne,
As if he were on some adventure bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

XLV.

Sir Satyrane him towardes did addresse,
To weet what wight he was, and what his queste;
And comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse,
Both by the burning hart which on his breste
He bare, and by the colours in his creste,
That Paridell it was; tho to him yode,
And him saluting, as beseemed beste,
Gan first inquire of tydings farre abrode,
And afterwardes on what adventure now he rode?

XLVI.

Who thereto answering, said, "The tydings bad,
"Which now in Faery Court all men doe tell,
"Which turned hath great mirth to mourning sad,
"Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,
"And suddein parture of faire Florimell
"To find him forth; and after her are gone
"All the brave knightes that doen in armes excell,
"To safegard her ywandred all alone;
"Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy) is to be one."

XLVII.

"Ah! gentle Knight," said then Sir Satyrane,
"Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
"That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
"And offrest sacrifice unto the dead;
"For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
"Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee;
"That all the noble knights of Maydenhead,
"Which her ador'd, may sore repent with mee,
"And all faire ladies may for ever sory bee."

XLVIII.

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his hew
Gan greatly chaung, and seemd dismaid to bee;
Then sayd, "Faire Sir! how may I weene it trew
"That ye do tell in such uncerteintee?
"Or speake ye of report, or did ye see,
"Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?
"For, perdie, elles how mote it ever bee
"That ever hand should dare for to engore
"Her noble blood? the Hevens such crueltie abhore.

XLIX.

"These eyes did see that they will ever rew
"T' have seene," quoth he, "whenas a monstrous beast
"The palfrey whereon she did travel slew,
"And of his bowels made his bloody feast;
"Which speaking token sheweth at the least
"Her certein losse, if not her sure decay:
"Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
"I found her golden girdle cast astray,
"Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of the pray."

L.

"Ah me!" said Paridell, "the signes be sadd,
"And but God turne the same to good foothsay,
"That ladies safety is sore to be dradd:
"Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
"Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray."
"Faire Sir!" quoth he, "well may it you succeed,
"Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay,
"But to the rest, which in this queste proceed,
"My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed."

LI.

"Ye noble Knights!" said then the Squyre of Dames,
"Well may yee speede in so praise-worthy payne:
"But sith the sunne now ginnes to slake his beames
"In dcawy vapours of the westerne mayne,
"And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,
"Mote not mislike you also to abate
"Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
"Both light of heven and strength of men relate;
"Which, if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate."

LII.

That counsell pleased well: so all yfere
Forth marched to a castle them before,
Where soone arriving, they restrained were
Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore
To errant knights be commune: wondrous sore
Thereat displeasd they were, till that young squyre
Gan them informe the cause why that same dore
Was shut to all which lodging did desyre;
The which to let you weet will further time requyre.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO IX.

Malbecco will no ſtraunge knights hoſt,
For peeviſh gealoſy;
Paridell giuſts with Britomart;
Both ſhew their auncеſtry.

I.

REDOUBTED knights and honorable dames,
To whom I levell all my labours end,
Right ſore I feare, leaſt with unworthy blames
This odious argument my rymes ſhould ſhend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend;
Whiles of a wanton lady I doe write,
Which with her looſe incontinence doth blend
The ſhyning glory of your ſoveraine light,
And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithleſſe knight.

II.

But never let th' enſample of the bad
Offend the good; for good by paragone
Of evill may more notably be rad,
As white ſeemes fayrer matcht with blacke attone;
Ne all are ſhamed by the fault of one:
For lo! in heven, whereas all goodnes is,
Emongſt the angels a whole legione
Of wicked ſprightes did fall from happy blis:
What wonder then if one of women all did mis?

III.

Then liſten, Lordings! if ye liſt to weet
The cauſe, why Satyrane and Paridell
Mote not be entertaynd, as ſeemed meet,
Into that caſtle, as that ſquyre does tell.
Therein a cancred crabbed carle does dwell,
That has no ſkill of court nor courteſie,
Ne cares what men ſay of him, ill or well;
For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,
Yet has full large to live, and ſpend at libertie.

IV.

But all his mind is ſet on mucky pelfe,
To hoord up heapes of evill-gotten maſſe,
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himſelfe;
Yet is he lincked to a lovely laſſe,
Whoſe beauty doth his bounty far ſurpaſſe:
The which to him both far unequall yeares,
And alſo far unlike conditions, has;
For ſhe does ioy to play emongſt her peares,
And to be free from hard reſtraynt and gealous feares:

V.

But he is old and withered like hay,
Unfit faire ladies ſervice to ſupply,
The privie guilt whereof makes him alway
Suſpect her truth, and keepe continuall ſpy
Upon her with his other blincked eye;
Ne ſuffreth he reſort of living wight
Approch to her, ne keep her company,
But in cloſe bowre her mewes from all mens ſight,
Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

VI.

Malbecco he, and Hellenore ſhe, hight,
Unfitly yokt together in one teeme;
That is the cauſe why never any knight
Is ſuffred here to enter, but he ſeeme
Such as no doubt of him he need miſdeeme.
Thereat Sir Satyrane gan ſmyle, and ſay,
"Extremely mad the man I ſurely deeme,
"That weenes with watch and hard reſtraynt to ſtay
"A woman's will, which is diſpoſd to go aſtray.

VII.

" In vaine he feares that which he cannot ſhonne;
" For who wotes not that womans ſubtiltyes
" Can guylon Argus, when ſhe liſt miſdonne?
" It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
" Nor braſen walls, nor many wakefull ſpyes,
" That can withhold her wilfull-wandring feet;
" But faſt goodwill, with gentle curteſyes,
" And timely ſervice to her pleaſures meet,
" May her perhaps containe, that els would algates
" fleet."

VIII.

" Then is he not more mad," ſayd Paridell,
" That hath himſelfe unto ſuch ſervice ſold,
" In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
" For ſure a foole I doe him firmely hold,
" That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
" But why doe wee deviſe of others ill,
" Whyles thus we ſuffer this ſame dotard old
" To keepe us out in ſcorne of his owne will,
" And rather do not ranſack all, and himſelfe
" kill?"

IX.

" Nay let us firſt," ſayd Satyrane, " entreat
" The man by gentle meanes to let us in,
" And afterwards affray with cruell threat,
" Ere that we to efforce it doe begin;
" Then if all fayle, we will by force it win,
" And eke reward the wretch for his meſpriſe,
" As may be worthy of his hainous ſin."
That counſell pleaſd; then Paridell did riſe,
And to the caſtle-gate approcht in quiet wiſe:

X.

Whereat ſoft knocking, entrance he deſyrd.
The good man ſelfe (which then the porter playd)
Him anſwered, that all were now retyrd
Unto their reſt, and all the keyes convayd
Unto their maiſter, who in bed was layd,
That none him durſt awake out of his dreme,
And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
Then Paridell began to chaunge his theme,
And threatned him with force and puniſhment
extreme.

XI.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent:
And now ſo long before the wicket faſt
They wayted, that the night was forward ſpent,
And the faire welkin, fowly overcaſt,
Gan blowen up a bitter ſtormy blaſt
With ſhowre and hayle ſo horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at laſt
To fly for ſuccour to a little ſhed,
The which beſide the gate for ſwyne was ordered.

XII.

It fortuned, ſoone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempeſt thether brought,
Came to that caſtle, and with earneſt mone,
Like as the reſt, late entrance deare beſought;
But like ſo as the reſt he prayd for nought,
For flatly he of entrance was refuſ'd:
Sorely thereat he was diſpleaſd, and thought
How to avenge himſelfe, ſo ſore abuſd,
And evermore the carle of courteſie accuſd.

XIII.

But to avoyde th' intollerable ſtowre,
He was compeld to ſeeke ſome refuge neare,
And to that ſhed, to ſhrowd him from the ſhowre,
He came, which full of gueſts he found whyleare,
So as he was not let to enter there:
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And ſwore that he would lodge with them yfere,
Or them diſlodg, all were they liefe or loth;
And ſo defyde them each, and ſo defyde them
both.

XIV.

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darkeneſſe to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,
And both full liefe his boaſting to abate:
But chiefly Paridell his hart did grate,
To heare him threaten ſo deſpightfully,
As if he did a dogge in kenell rate,
That durſt not barke; and rather had he dy,
Then when he was defyde in coward corner ly.

XV.

Tho haſtily remounting to his ſteed,
He forth iſſew'd; like as a boyſtrous winde
Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long been
hid,
And ſhut up faſt within her priſons blind,
Makes the huge element againſt her kinde
To move, and tremble as it were aghaſt,
Untill that it an iſſew forth may find;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blaſt
Confounds both land and ſeas, and ſkyes doth
overcaſt.

XVI.

Their ſteel-hed ſpeares they ſtrongly coucht, and
met
Together with impetuous rage and forſe,
That with the terrour of their fierce affret
They rudely drove to ground both man and horſe,
That each awhile lay like a ſenceleſſe corſe;
But Paridell, ſore bruſed with the blow,
Could not ariſe the counterchaunge to ſcorſe,
Till that young ſquyre him rearèd from below;
Then drew he his bright ſword, and gan about
him throw.

XVII.

But Satyrane forth ſtepping did them ſtay,
And with faire treaty pacifide their yre:
Then when they were accorded from the fray,
Againſt that caſtle's lord they gan conſpire,
To heape on him dew vengeaunce for his hire.
They beene agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the ſame with unquenchable fire,
And that uncurteous carle, their commune foe,
To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous
woe.

XVIII.

Malbecco, ſeeing them reſolvd in deed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earneſt, ran with fearfull ſpeed,
And to them calling from the caſtle wall,
Beſought them humbly him to beare withall
As ignorant of ſervants bad abuſe,

And slack attendaunce unto straungers call.
The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did not refuse.

XIX.

They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,
And served all things that mote needfull bee,
Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
And welcomde more for feare then charitee;
But they dissembled what they did not see,
And welcomed themselves; each gan undight
Their garments wett, and weary armour free,
To dry themselves by Vulcanes flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

XX.

And eke that straunger knight emongst the rest
Was for like need enforst to disaray;
Tho wheanas vailed was her lofty creast,
Her golden locks, that were in tramells gay
Upbounden, did themselves adowne display,
And raught unto her heeles; like sunny beames
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,
And through the persant aire shoote forth their azure streames.

XXI.

Shee also dofte her heavy haberieon,
Which the faire feature of her limbes did hyde,
And her well-plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short when she did ryde,
Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck side
Downe to her foot with careleese modestee:
Then of them all she plainly was espyde
To be a woman wight, (unwist to bee)
The fairest woman wight that ever eie did see.

XXII.

Like as Minerva, being late returnd
From slaughter of the gyaunts conquered,
(Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethrils burnd
With breathed flames like to a furnace redd,
Transfixed with her speare, down tombled dedd
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hye)
Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye,
From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorye.

XXIII.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight,
And each on other, and they all on her
Stood gazing, as if suddein great affright
Had them surprisd: at last avizing right
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
In their first error, and yett still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry vew:

XXIV.

Yet note their hongry vew be satisfide,
But seeing, still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmely fixed did abide,
In contemplation of divinitee:
But most they mervaild at her chevalree
And noble proweese, which they had approv'd,
That much they faynd to know who she mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd,
Yet every one her likte, and every one her lov'd.

XXV.

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late fall and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gratious regard of her fayre eye,
And knightly worth, which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight
And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

XXVI.

But he, to shifte their curious requeest,
Gan causen why she could not come in place
Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evining, ill for sicke folkes cace;
But none of those excuses could take place;
Ne would they eate till she in presence came;
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairley them saluted, as became,
And shewd herselfe in all a gentle courteous dame.

XXVII.

They sate to meat, and Satyrane his chaunce
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he himselfe sate looking still askaunce
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide;
But his blinde eie, that sided Paridell,
All his demeasnure from his sight did hide:
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at will;

XXVIII.

And ever and anone, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his secret care,
For all that art he learned had of yore:
Ne was she ignoraunt of that leud lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
And with the like him aunswered evermore:
Shee sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd
Empoisoned was with privy lust and gealous dredd.

XXIX.

He from that deadly throw made no defence.
But to the wound his weake heart opened wide;
The wicked engine, through false influence,
Past through his eies, and secretly did glyde
Into his heart, which did it sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so oft had tryde
The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted love to entertaine.

XXX.

Thenceforth to her he ſought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne.
Now Bacchus' fruit out of the ſilver plate
He on the table daſht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
And by the dancing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write, to lett his love be ſhowne,
Which well ſhe redd out of the learned line;
(A ſacrament prophane in miſtery of wine.)

XXXI.

And whenſo of his hand the pledge ſhe raught,
The guilty cup ſhe fained to miſtake,
And in her lap did ſhed her idle draught,
Shewing deſire her inward flame to ſlake:
By ſuch cloſe ſignes they ſecret way did make
Unto their wils, and one eies watch eſcape:
Two eies him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into Malbeccoes cape.

XXXII.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
Purpoſe was moved by that gentle dame,
Unto thoſe knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes which unto them became,
And every one his kindred and his name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
Of gratious ſpeach and ſkill his words to frame
Abounded, being glad of ſo fitte tide
Him to commend to her, thus ſpake, of al well eide:

XXXIII.

" Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
" And in thine aſhes buried low doſt lie,
" Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,
" Before that angry gods and cruell ſkie
" Upon thee heapt a direfull deſtinie,
" What boots it boaſt thy glorious deſcent,
" And fetch from heven thy great genealogie,
" Sith all thy worthie prayſes being blent,
" Their ofspring hath enbaſte, and later glory ſhent?

XXXIV.

" Moſt famous worthy of the world, by whome
" That warre was kindled which did Troy in- flame,
" And ſtately towres of Ilion whilome
" Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
" Sir Paris, far renowmd through noble fame;
" Who through great proweſſe and bold hardi- neſſe
" From Lacedaemon fetcht the fayreſt dame
" That ever Greece did boaſt or knight poſſeſſe,
" Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthi- neſſe;

XXXV.

" Fayre Helen! flowre of beautie excellent,
" And girlond of the mighty conquerours,
" That madeſt many ladies deare lament
" The heavie loſſe of their brave paramours.
" Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,
" And ſaw the fieldes of faire Scamander ſtrowne
" With carcaſes of noble warrioures,
" Whoſe fruitleſſe lives were under furrow ſowne,
" And Xanthus' ſandy bankes with blood all over- flowne:

XXXVI.

" From him my linage I derive aright,
" Who long before the ten yeares ſiege of Troy,
" Whiles yet on Ida he a ſhepheard hight,
" On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
" Whom for remembrance of her paſſed joy
" She of his father Parius did name,
" Who, after Greekes did Priam's realme de- ſtroy,
" Gathred the Trojan reliques ſav'd from flame,
" And with them ſayling thence to th' Iſle of Paros came.

XXXVII.

" That was by him cald Paros, which before
" Hight Nauſa; there he many yeares did raine,
" And built Nauſicle by the Pontick ſhore,
" The which he dying left next in remaine
" To Paridas his ſonne;
" From whom I Paridell by kin deſcend;
" But for faire ladies loves, and glories gaine,
" My native ſoile have lefte, my dayes to ſpend
" In ſeewing deeds of armes, my lives and labors end."

XXXVIII.

When as the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres, and Priam's citie ſackt,
(The ruefull ſtory of Sir Paridell)
She was empaſſiond at that piteous act,
With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact,
Againſt that nation, from whoſe race of old
She heard that ſhe was lineally extract;
For noble Britons ſprong from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troyes aſhes cold.

XXXIX.

Then ſighing ſoft awhile, at laſt ſhe thus;
" O lamentable fall of famous towne,
" Which raignd ſo many yeares victorious,
" And of all Aſie bore the ſoveraine crowne,
" In one ſad night conſumd and throwen downe!
" What ſtony hart, that heares thy hapleſſe fate,
" Is not empierſt with deepe compaſſiowne,
" And makes enſample of man's wretched ſtate,
" That floures ſo freſh at morne, and fades at evening late?

XL.

" Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
" Hath fownd another partner of your payne,
" For nothing may impreſſe ſo deare conſtraint
" As countries cauſe, and commune foes diſdayne;
" But if it ſhould not grieve you backe agayne
" To turne your courſe, I would to heare de- ſyre
" What to Æneas fell, ſith that men ſayne
" He was not in the cities wofull fyre
" Conſum'd, but did himſelfe to ſafety retyre."

XLI.

" Anchyſes' ſonne, begot of Venus fayre,"
Said he, " out of the flames for ſafegard fled,

" And with a remnant did to ſea repayre,
" Where he through fatall errour long was led
" Full many yeares, and weetleſſe wandered
" From ſhore to ſhore, emongſt the Lybick ſandes,
" Ere reſt he fownd: much there he ſuffered,
" And many perilles paſt in forrein landes,
" To ſave his people ſad from victours vengefull
" handes:

XLII.

" At laſt in Latium he did arryve,
" Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
" Of th' inland folke, which fought him backe to
" drive,
" Till he with old Latinus was conſtraind
" To contract wedlock, ſo the Fates ordained;
" Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
" Accompliſhed, that many deare complaind;
" The rivall ſlaine, the victour (through the flood
" Eſcaped hardly) hardly praiſd his wedlock
" good.

XLIII.

" Yet after all he victour did ſurvive,
" And with Latinus did the kingdom part;
" But after, when both nations gan to ſtrive
" Into their names the title to convart,
" His ſonne Iülus did from thence depart
" With all the warlike youth of Troians blood,
" And in long Alba plaſt his throne apart,
" Where faire it flouriſhed and long time ſtoud,
" Till Romulus renewing it, to Rome removd."

XLIV.

" There, there," ſaid Britomart, " afreſh appeard
" The glory of the later world to ſpring,
" And Troy againe out of her duſt was reard
" To ſit in ſecond ſeat of ſoveraine king,
" Of all the world under her governing;
" But a third kingdom yet is to ariſe
" Out of the Troians ſcattered ofspring,
" That in all glory and great enterpriſe
" Both firſt and ſecond Troy ſhall dare to equa-
" life.

XLV.

" It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
" Of wealthy Thamis waſhed is along,
" Upon whoſe ſtubborne neck (whereat he raves
" With roring rage, and ſore himſelfe does throng,
" That all men feare to tempt his billowes ſtrong)
" She faſtned hath her foot, which ſtands ſo hy,
" That it a wonder of the world is ſong
" In forreine landes; and all, which paſſen by,
" Beholding it from farre, do think it threates the
" ſky.

XLVI.

" The Troian Brute did firſt that citie fownd,
" And Hygate made the meare thereof by weſt,
" And Overt-gate by north; that is the bownd
" Toward the land; two rivers bound the reſt.
" So huge a ſcope at firſt him ſeemed beſt
" To be the compaſſe of his kingdomes ſeat;
" So huge a mind could not in leſſer reſt,
" Ne in ſmall meares containe his glory great,
" That Albion had conquered firſt by warlike
" feat."

XLVII.

" Ah, faireſt Lady-knight!" ſaid Paridell,
" Pardon I pray my heedleſſe over-ſight,
" Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
" From aged Mnemon, for my wits beene light.
" Indeed he ſaid, if I remember right,
" That of the antique Trojan ſtocke there grew
" Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
" And far abroad his mighty braunches threw,
" Into the utmoſt angle of the world he knew.

XLVIII.

" For that fame Brute (whom much he did ad-
" vaunce
" In all his ſpeach) was Sylvius his ſonne,
" Whom having ſlain through luckles arrowes
" glaunce,
" He fled for feare of that he had miſdonne,
" Or els for ſhame, ſo fowle reproch to ſhonne,
" And with him ledd to ſea an youthly trayne,
" Where wearie wandring they long time did
" wonne,
" And many fortunes prov'd in th' ocean mayne,
" And great adventures found, that now were
" long to ſayne.

XLIX.

" At laſt by fatall courſe they driven were
" Into an iſland ſpatious and brode,
" The furtheſt north that did to them appeare;
" Which after reſt they ſecking farre abrode,
" Found it the fitteſt ſoyle for their abode,
" Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for living foode,
" But wholy waſte, and void of peoples trode,
" Save an huge nation of the geaunts broode,
" That fed on living fleſh, and dronck mens vitall
" blood.

L.

" Whom he through wearie wars and labours
" long
" Subdewd with loſſe of many Britons bold;
" In which the great Goëmagot of ſtrong
" Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old,
" Were overthrowne, and laide on th' earth full
" cold,
" Which quaked under their ſo hideous maſſe;
" A famous hiſtory to bee enrold
" In everlaſting moniments of braſſe,
" That all the antique worthies merits far did
" paſſe.

LI.

" His worke great Troynovant, his worke is eke
" Faire Lincolne, both renowmed far away;
" That who from eaſt to weſt will endlong ſeeke,
" Cannot two fairer cities find this day,
" Except Cleopolis; ſo heard I ſay
" Old Mnemon: therefore, Sir, I greet you well
" Your country kin, and you entyrely pray
" Of pardon for the ſtrife, which late befell
" Betwixt us both unknowne." So ended Paridell.

LII.

But all the while that he theſe ſpeeches ſpent,
Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore
With vigilant regard and dew attent,
Faſhioning worldes of fancies evermore

In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore;
The whiles unwarres away her wondring eye
And greedy eares her weake hart from her bore;
Which he perceiving, ever privily
In ſpeaking, many falſe belgardes at her let fly.

LIII.

So long theſe knightes diſcourſed diverſly
Of ſtraunge affaires and noble hardiment,
Which they had paſt with mickle ieopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth ſpent,
And hevenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent;
Which th' old man ſeeing wel (who too long thought
Every diſcourſe and every argument,
Which by the houres he meaſured) beſought
Them go to reſt; ſo all unto their bowres were brought.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore;
Malbecco her pourſewes;
Fynds emongſt Satyres, whence with him
To turne ſhe doth refuſe.

I.

The morrow next, ſo ſoone as Phœbus' lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And freſh Aurora had the ſhady damp
Out of the goodly heven amoved quight,
Faire Britomart, and that ſame Faery knight
Uproſe, forth on their iourney for to wend;
But Paridell complaynd that his late fight
With Britomart ſo ſore did him offend,
That ryde he could not till his hurts he did amend.

II.

So foorth they far'd; but he behind them ſtayd
Maulgre his hoſt, who grudged grievouſly
To houſe a gueſt that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him leſte not liberty:
(Might wanting meaſure moveth ſurquedry.)
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fiers young man's unruly mayſtery,
His money, which he lov'd as living breath,
And his faire wife, whom honeſt long he kept uneath.

III.

But patience perforce he muſt abie
What Fortune and his Fate on him will lay;
Fond is the feare that findes no remedie:
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evill happen may,
So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent;
Ne doth he ſuffer her, nor night nor day,
Out of his ſight herſelfe once to abſent;
So doth he puniſh her, and eke himſelfe torment.

IV.

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,
A fit occaſion for his turne to finde:
Falſe Love! why do men ſay thou canſt not ſee,
And in their fooliſh fancy feigne thee blinde,
That with thy charmes the ſharpeſt ſight doeſt binde,
And to thy will abuſe? thou walkeſt free,
And ſeeſt every ſecret of the minde;
Thou ſeeſt all, yet none at all ſees thee;
All that is by the working of thy deitee.

V.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbeccoes halfen eye did wyle:
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellenor's both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle
That he there ſoiourned his woundes to heale,
That Cupid ſelfe it ſeeing, cloſe did ſmyle,
To weet how he her love away did ſteale,
And bad that none their ioyous treaſon ſhould reveale.

VI.

The learned lover loſt no time nor tyde
That leaſt avantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore ſo faire a ſayle, that none eſpyde
His ſecret drift till he her layd abord.
Whenſo in open place and commune bord
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune ſpeach
He courted her, yet bayted every word,
That his ungentle hoſte n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentleneſſe or hoſpitages breach.

VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart
He found) then his falſe engins faſt he plyde,
And all the ſleights unbofomd in his hart:
He ſigh'd, he ſobd, he ſwownd, he perdy dyde,
And caſt himſelfe on ground her faſt beſyde;
Tho when againe he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wayld, and falſe laments belyde,
Saying, but if ſhe mercy would him give,
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

VIII.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
And pleaſing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now ſinging ſweetly to ſurprize her ſprights,
Now making layes of love and lovers paine,
Branſiles, ballads, virelayes, and verſes vaine;
Oft purpoſes, oft riddles, he devyſd,
And thouſands like which flowed in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entyſd
To take to his new love, and leave her old deſpyſd.

IX.

And every where he might, and everie while,
He did her ſervice dewtifull, and fewd
At hand with humble pride and pleaſing guile;
So cloſely yet, that none but ſhe it vewd,
Who well perceived all, and all indewd.
Thus finely did he his falſe nets diſpred,
With which he many weake harts had ſubdewd
Of yore, and many had ylike miſled:
What wonder then if ſhe were likewiſe carried?

X.

No fort ſo fenſible, no wals ſo ſtrong,
But that continuall battery will rive,
Or daily ſiege through diſpurvayance long,
And lacke of reſkewes, will to parley drive:
And Peece, that unto Parley eare will give,
Will ſhortly yielde itſelfe, and will be made
The vaſſall of the victors will bylive:
That ſtratageme had oftentimes aſſayd
This crafty paramoure, and now it plaine diſplayd;

XI.

For through his traines he her entrapped hath,
That ſhe her love and hart hath wholy ſold
To him, without regard of gaine, or ſcath,
Or care of credite, or of huſband old,
Whom ſhe hath vow'd to dub a fayre cucquold.
Nought wants but time and place, which ſhortly ſhee
Devized hath, and to her lover told:
It pleaſed well: ſo well they both agree:
So readie rype to ill, ill wemens counſels bee.

XII.

Darke was the evening, fit for lovers ſtealth,
When chaunſt Malbecco huſie be elſewhere;
She to his cloſet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid; thereof ſhe counteleſſe ſummes did reare,
The which ſhe meant away with her to beare;
The reſt ſhe fyr'd for ſport or for deſpight;
As Hellene, when ſhe ſaw aloft appeare
The Troiane flames, and reach to heven's hight,
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that doleful ſight.

XIII.

The ſecond Hellene, fayre Dame Hellenore,
The whiles her huſband ran, with ſory haſte,
To quench the flames which ſhe had tyn'd before,
Laught at his fooliſh labour ſpent in waſte,
And ran into her lover's armes right faſt;
Where ſtreight embraced, ſhe to him did cry,
And call alowd for helpe, ere helpe were paſt,
For lo, that gueſt did beare her forcibly,
And meant to raviſh her, that rather had to dy.

XIV.

The wretched man, hearing her call for ayd,
And ready feeing him with her to fly,
In his diſquiet mind was much diſmayd;
But when againe he backeward caſt his eye,
And ſaw the wicked fire ſo furiouſly
Conſume his hart, and ſcorch his idoles face,
He was therewith diſtreſſed diverſely,
Ne wiſt he how to turne, nor to what place;
Was never wretched man in ſuch a wofull cace.

XV.

Ay when to him ſhe cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire; love money overcame:
But when he marked how his money burnd,
He left his wife; money did love diſclame:
Both was he loth to looſe his loved dame,
And loth to leave his lieſeſt pelfe behinde;
Yet ſith he no'te ſave both, he ſav'd that ſame
Which was the deareſt to his dounghill minde,
The god of his deſire, the ioy of miſers blinde.

XVI.

Thus whileſt all things in troublous uprore were,
And all men buſie to ſuppreſſe the flame,
The loving couple neede no reſkew feare,
But leaſure had, and liberty, to frame
Their purpoſt flight, free from all mens reclame:
And Night, the patroneſſe of love-ſtealth fayre,
Gave them ſafe conduct, till to end they came:
So beene they gone yfere (a wanton payre
Of lovers looſely knit) where liſt them to repayre.

XVII.

Soone as the cruell flames yſlaked were,
Malbecco ſeeing how his loſſe did lye,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere,
Into huge waves of griefe and gealoſye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye
Twixt inward doole and felonous deſpight:
He rav'd, he wept, he ſtampt, he lowd did cry,
And all the paſſions that in man may light
Did him attonce oppreſſe, and vex his caytive ſpright.

XVIII.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
And did conſume his gall with anguiſh ſore;
Still when he muſed on his late miſchiefe,
Then ſtill the ſmart thereof increaſed more,
And ſeemd more grievous then it was before:
At laſt, when ſorrow he ſaw booted nought,
Ne griefe might not his love to him reſtore,
He gan deviſe how her he reſkew mought;
Ten thouſand wayes he caſt in his confuſed thought.

XIX.

At laſt, reſolving like a pilgrim pore,
To ſearch her forth whereſo ſhe might be fond,
And bearing with him treaſure in cloſe ſtore,
The reſt he leaves in ground; ſo takes in hond
To ſeeke her endlong both by ſea and lond
Long he her ſought, he ſought her far and nere,
And every where that he mote underſtond
Of knights and ladies any meetings were,
And of each one he mett he tydings did inquere:

XX.

But all in vaine; his woman was too wiſe
Ever to come into his clouch againe,
And hee too ſimple ever to ſurpriſe
The iolly Paridell for all his paine.
One day, as he fore-paſſed by the plaine
With weary pace, he far away eſpide
A couple, ſeeming well to be his twaine,
Which hoved cloſe under a foreſt ſide,
As if they lay in wait, or els themſelves did hide.

XXI.

Well weened hee that thoſe the ſame mote bee;
And as he better did their ſhape avize,
Him ſeemed more their maner did agree;
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom to be Paridell he did devize,
And th' other, al yclad in garments light
Diſcolourd like to womaniſh diſguiſe,
He did reſemble to his lady bright,
And ever his faint hart much earned at the ſight:

XXII.

And ever faine he towards them would goe,
But yet durſt not for dread approchen nie,
But ſtood aloofe, unweeting what to doe,
Till that prickt forth with love's extremity,
That is the father of fowle Gealoſy,
He cloſely nearer crept the truth to weet;
But as he nigher drew, he eaſily
Might ſcerne that it was not his ſweeteſt ſweet,
Ne yet her belamour, the partner of his ſheet:

XXIII.

But it was ſcornefull Braggadochio,
That with his ſervant Trompart hoverd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earneſt foe;
Whom ſuch whenas Malbecco ſpyed clere,
He turned backe, and would have fled arere,
Till Trompart, ronning haſtely, him did ſtay,
And bad before his ſoveraine lord appere;
That was him loth, yet durſt he not gaineſay,
And comming him before, low louted on the lay.

XXIV.

The boaſter at him ſternely bent his browe,
As if he could have kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
And awfull terror deepe into him ſtrooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, "Thou man of nought, what doeſt thou here,
"Unfitly furniſht with thy bag and booke,
"Where I expected one with ſhield and ſpere,
"To prove ſome deeds of armes upon an equall pere?"

XXV.

The wretched man at his imperious ſpeach
Was all abaſht, and low proſtrating ſaid,
"Good Sir! let not my rudenes be no breach
"Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
"For I unwares this way by fortune ſtraid,
"A ſilly pilgrim driven to diſtreſſe,
"That ſeeke a lady."—There he ſuddein ſtaid,
And did the reſt with grievous ſighes ſuppreſſe,
While teares ſtood in his eies, few drops of bitterneſſe.

XXVI.

"What lady, Man?" ſaid Trompart; "take good hart,
"And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye;
"Was never better time to ſhew thy ſmart
"Then now, that noble ſuccor is thee by,
"That is the whole world's commune remedy."
That chearful word his weak heart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his ſpirits faint ſupply,
That bold he ſayd, "O moſt redoubted pere!
"Vouchſafe, with mild regard, a wretches cace to heare."

XXVII.

Then ſighing ſore, "It is not long," ſaide hee,
"Sith I enioyed the gentleſt dame alive,
"Of whom a knight, no knight at all, perdee,
"But ſhame of all that do for honor ſtrive;
"By treacherous deceipt did me deprive;
"Through open outrage he her bore away,
"And with ſowle force unto his will did drive;
"Which al good knights, that armes do bear this day,
"Are bownd for to revenge, and puniſh if they may.

XXVIII.

"And you, moſt noble Lord! that can and dare
"Redreſſe the wrong of miſerable wight,
"Cannot employ your moſt victorious ſpeare
"In better quarrell then defence of right,
"And for a lady gainſt a faithleſſe knight;
"So ſhall your glory be advaunced much,
"And all faire ladies magnify your might,
"And eke myſelfe (albee I ſimple ſuch)
"Your worthy paine ſhall wel reward with guerdon rich."

XXIX.

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
Great ſtore of treaſure, therewith him to tempt;
But he on it lookt ſcornefully aſkew,
As much diſdeigning to be ſo miſdempt,
Or a war-monger to be baſely nempt,
And ſayd, "Thy offers baſe I greatly loth,
"And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt;
"I tread in duſt thee and thy money both;
"That were it not for ſhame"—So turned from him wroth.

XXX.

But Trompart, that his maiſtres humor knew
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
And in his eare him rounded cloſe behinde;

Yet ſtoupt he not, but lay ſtill in the winde,
Waiting advauntage on the pray to ſeaſe,
Till Trompart, laſtly to the grownd inclinde,
Beſought him his great corage to appeaſe,
And pardon ſimple man that raſh did him diſpleaſe.

xxxi.

Big looking, like a doughty doucepere,
At laſt he thus, " Thou clod of vileſt clay,
" I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare;
" But weete henceforth that all that golden pray,
" And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,
" I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward;
" Fame is my meed, and glory vertue's pay;
" But minds of mortall man are muchell mard,
" And mov'd amiſſe with maſſy muck's unmeet " regard.

xxxii.

" And more, I graunt to thy great miſery
" Gratious reſpect; thy wife ſhall backe be ſent;
" And that vile knight, whoever that he bee,
" Which hath thy lady reſt, and knighthood " ſhent,
" By Sanglamort my ſword, whoſe deadly dent
" The blood hath of ſo many thouſands ſhedd,
" I ſweare, ere long ſhall dearely it repent;
" Ne he twixt heven and earth ſhall hide his hed,
" But ſoone he ſhal be fownd, and ſhortly doen " he dedd."

xxxiii.

The fooliſh man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word ſo ſpoken were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thouſand ſith,
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho forth the hoaſter marching brave begonne
His ſtolen ſteede to thunder furiouſly,
As if ſhe heven and hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much Malbecco joyed in his iollity.

xxxiv.

Thus long they three together traveiled,
Through many a wood and many an uncouth way,
To ſeeke his wife that was far wandered;
But thoſe two ſought not but the preſent prey,
To weete the treaſure which he did bewray,
On which their eies and harts were wholly ſett,
With purpoſe how they might it beſt betray;
For ſith the howre that firſt he did them lett
The ſame behold, therewith their keene deſires were whett.

xxxv.

It fortuned, as they together far'd,
They eſpide where Paridell came pricking faſt
Upon the plaine, the which himſelfe prepar'd
To giuſt with that brave ſtraunger knight a caſt,
As on adventure by the way he paſt:
Alone he rode without his paragone,
For having filcht her bells, her up he caſt
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone;
He nould be clogd: ſo had he ſerved many one.

xxxvi.

The gentle lady, looſe at randon lefte,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weſte,
Till on a day the Satyres her eſpide
Straying alone withouten groome or guide;
Her up they tooke, and with them home her ledd,
With them as houſewife ever to abide,
To milk their gotes, and make them cheeſe and bredd,
And every one as commune good her handeled:

xxxvii.

That ſhortly ſhe Malbecco has forgott,
And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare,
Who from her went to ſeeke another lott,
And now by fortune was arrived here,
Where thoſe two guilers with Malbecco were:
Soone as the old man ſaw Sir Paridell
He fainted, and was almoſt dead with feare,
Ne word he had to ſpeake his griefe to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

xxxviii.

And after aſked him for Hellenore.
" I take no keepe of her," ſayd Paridell,
" She wonneth in the forreſt there before."
So forth he rode as his adventure fell;
The whiles the boaſter from his loſtie ſell
Faynd to alight, ſomething amiſſe to mend;
But the freſh ſwayne would not his leaſure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he paſſed kend,
He up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

xxxix.

" Perdy nay," ſaid Malbecco, " ſhall ye not,
" But let him paſſe as lightly as he came;
" For litle good of him is to be got,
" And mickle perill to bee put to ſhame:
" But let us goe to ſeeke my deareſt dame,
" Whom he hath left in yonder foreſt wyld,
" For of her ſafety in great doubt I ame,
" Leaſt ſalvage beaſtes her perſon have deſpoyld,
" Then all the world is loſt, and we in vaine have " toyld."

xl.

They all agree, and forward them addreſt:
" Ah! but," ſaid craſty Trompart, " weete ye " well
" That yonder in that waſteſull wilderneſſe
" Huge monſters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
" Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,
" And many wilde woodmen which robbe and " rend
" All travelers; therefore adviſe ye well
" Before ye enterpriſe that way to wend:
" One may his iourney bring too ſoone to evill " end."

xli.

Malbecco ſtopt in great aſtoniſhment,
And with pale eyes faſt fixed on the reſt,
Their counſeil crav'd in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart, " You, that are the moſt oppreſt
" With burdein of great treaſure, I thinke beſt
" Here for to ſtay in ſafetie behynd;
" My lord and I will ſearch the wide foreſt."
That counſell pleaſed not Malbeccoes mynd,
For he was much afraid himſelfe alone to fynd.

xlii.

" Then is it beſt," ſaid he, " that ye doe leave
" Your treaſure here in ſome ſecurity,

" Either faſt cloſed in ſome hollow greave,
" Or buried in the ground from ieopardy,
" Till we returne againe in ſafety:
" As for us two, leaſt doubt of us ye have,
" Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
" Ne privy bee unto your treaſures grave."
It pleaſed; ſo he did: then they march forward brave.

XLIII.

Now when amid the thickeſt woodes they were,
They heard a noyſe of many bagpipes ſhrill,
And ſhrieking hububs them approching nere,
Which all the foreſt did with horrour fill:
That dreadfull ſound the boſter's hart did thrill
With ſuch amazement, that in haſte he fledd,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill,
And after him eke fearefull Trompart ſpedd:
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dedd:

XLIV.

Yet afterwardes cloſe creeping, as he might,
He in a buſh did hyde his fearefull hedd:
The iolly Satyres, full of freſh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd
Faire Hellenore, with girlonds all beſpredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She proude of that new honour, which they redd,
And of their lovely fellowſhip full glade,
Daunſt lively, and her face did with a lawrell ſhade.

XLV.

The ſilly man that in a thickett lay,
Saw all this goodly ſport, and grieved ſore,
Yet durſt he not againſt it doe or ſay,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To ſee th' unkindneſs of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great luſtyhedd,
And with their horned feet the greene gras wore,
The whiles their gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

XLVI.

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to truſſe,
And all their goodly heardes did gather rownd;
But every Satyre firſt did give a buſſe
To Hellenore; ſo buſſes did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour ſhed the grownd
With perly deaw, and th' earthes gloomy ſhade
Did dim the brightneſſe of the welkin rownd,
That every bird and beaſt awarned made
To ſhroud themſelves, while ſleepe their ſences did invade.

XLVII.

Which when Malbecco ſaw, out of the buſh
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,
And like a gote emongſt the gotes did ruſh,
That through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,
And miſty dampe of miſconceyving night,
And eke through likeneſſe of his gotiſh beard,
He did the better counterfeite aright;
So home he marcht emongſt the horned heard,
That none of all the Satyres him eſpyde or heard.

XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to ſleepe, he vewd
Whereas his lovely wife emongſt them lay,
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
Who all the night did minde his ioyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his heart with gealoſy did ſwell;
But yet that night's enſample did bewray
That not for nought his wife them lovd ſo well,
When one ſo oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX.

So cloſely as he could he to them crept,
When wearie of their ſporte to ſleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full ſoundly ſlept,
He whiſpered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was he which by her ſide did dwell,
And therefore prayd her wake to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well,
She turnd her, and returned backe againe;
Yet her for to awake he did the more conſtraine.

L.

At laſt with irkeſom trouble ſhe abrayd;
And then perceiving that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco which did her upbrayd
With looſeneſſe of her love and loathly deed,
She was aſtoniſht with exceeding dreed,
And would have wakt the Satyre by her ſyde;
But he her prayd for mercy or for meed
To ſave his life, ne let him be deſcryde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counſell hyde.

LI.

Tho gan he her perſwade to leave that lewd
And loathſom life, of God and man abhord,
And home retourne, where all ſhould be renewd
With perfect peace, and bandes of freſh accord,
And ſhe receivd againe to bed and bord,
As if not treſpas ever had beene donne;
But ſhe it all refuſed at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But choſe emongſt the iolly Satyres ſtill to wonne.

LII.

He wooed her till day-ſpring he eſpyde,
But all in vaine; and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on every ſyde,
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
Early before the heavens faireſt light
Out of the ruddy eaſt was fully reard,
The heardes out of their foldes were looſed quight,
And he emongſt the reſt crept forth in ſory plight.

LIII.

So ſoone as he the priſon dore did pas,
He ran as faſt as both his feet could beare,
And never looked who behind him was,
Ne ſcarſely who before; like as a beare,
That creeping cloſe emongſt the hives to reare
An honey-combe, the wakefull dogs eſpy,
And him aſſayling, ſore his carkas teare,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne ſtayes till ſafe himſelfe he ſee from ieopardy.

LIV.

Ne ſtayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treaſure he entombed had,
Where when he found it not (for Trombart bace
Had it purloyned for his maiſter bad)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himſelfe away,
That who ſo ſtraungely had him ſeene beſtadd,
With upſtart haire, and ſtaring eyes diſmay,
From Limbo lake him late eſcaped ſure would ſay.

LV.

High over hilles and over dales he fledd,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne;
Ne banck nor buſh could ſtay him when he ſpedd
His nimble feet, as treading ſtill on thorne;
Griefe, and Deſpight, and Gealoſy and Scorne,
Did all the way him follow hard behynd,
And he himſelfe, himſelfe loath'd, ſo forlorne,
So ſhamefully forlorne of womankynd,
That as a ſnake ſtill lurked in his wounded mynd.

LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward ſtill,
Ne ſtayd his flight nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the ſea ſuſpended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To looke adowne or upward to the hight;
From thence he threw himſelfe diſpiteouſly,
All deſperate of his fore-damned ſpright,
That ſeemed no helpe for him was left in living ſight:

LVII.

But through long anguiſh and ſelfe-murd'ring thought
He was ſo waſted and forpined quight,
That all his ſubſtance was conſum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an aery ſpright,
That on the rocks he fell ſo flit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light,
Whence he with crooked clawes ſo long did crall,
That at the laſt he found a cave with entrance ſmall.

LVIII.

Into the ſame he creepes, and thenceforth there
Reſolv'd to build his balefull manſion
In drery darkenes, and continuall feare
Of that rock's fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never ſleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occaſion;
Ne ever reſts he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre ſo boyſtrouſly.

LIX.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
But todes and frogs (his paſture poyſonous)
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread ſuſpitious,
That doth with cureleſſe care conſume the hart,
Corrupts the ſtomacke with gall vitious,
Croſs-cuts the liver with eternall ſmart,
And doth transfixe the ſoule with Death's eternall dart.

LX.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himſelfe with ſorrow new ſuſtaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painefull pleaſure turnes to pleaſing paine.
There dwells he ever (miſerable ſwaine!)
Hatefull both to himſelfe and every wight,
Where he through privy griefe and horrour vaine
Is woxen ſo deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Geloſy is hight.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,
Findes Scudamour diſtreſt:
Aſſayes the houſe of Buſyrane,
Where Love's ſpoyles are expreſt.

I.

O HATEFULL helliſh ſnake! what furie furſt
Brought thee from balefull houſe of Proſerpine,
Where in her boſome ſhe thee long had nurſt,
And foſtred up with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealoſy! that turneſt love divine
To ioyleſs dread, and mark'ſt the loving hart
With hatefull thoughts to languiſh and to pine,
And feed itſelfe with ſelfe-conſuming ſmart?
Of all the paſſions in the mind thou vileſt art.

II.

O let him far be baniſhed away,
And in his ſtead let Love for ever dwell;
Sweete Love! that doth his golden wings embay
In bleſſed nectar and pure pleaſures well,
Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.
And ye, faire ladies! that your kingdomes make
In th' harts of men, them governe wiſely well,
And of faire Britomart enſample take,
That was as trew in love as turtle to her make:

III.

Who with Sir Satyrane (as earſt ye red)
Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hoſtleſſe hous,
Far off eſpyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge geaunt, that with hideous
And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argante vile and vitious,
From whom the ſquyre of Dames was reft whylere;
This all as bad as ſhe, and worſe, if worſe ought were.

IV.

For as the ſiſter did in feminine
And filthy luſt exceede all womankinde,
So he ſurpaſſed his ſex maſculine
In beaſtly uſe all that I ever finde;
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde,
The fearefull boy ſo greedily purſew,
She was emoved in her noble minde
T'employ her puiſſaunce to his reſkew,
And pricked fiercely forward where ſhe did him vew.

V.

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,
But with like fierceneſſe did enſew the chace;
Whom when the gyaunt ſaw, he ſoone reſinde
His former ſuit, and from them fled apace,
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did ſtrive the other to outgoe,
But he them both out-ran a wondrous ſpace,
For he was long, and ſwift as any roe,
And now made better ſpeed t'eſcape his feared foe.

VI.

It was not Satyrane whom he did feare,
But Britomart, the flowre of chaſtity,
For he the powre of chaſte hands might not beare,
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly;
And now ſo faſt his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a foreſt neare,
Where he is ſhrowded in ſecurity:
The wood they enter, and ſearch everie where;
They ſearched diverſely; ſo both divided were.

VII.

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His habergeon, his helmet, and his speare;
A little off his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, wherever it in field was shownne.

VIII.

His face upon the grownd did groveling ly,
As if he had beene slombring in the shade,
That the brave mayd would not for courtesy
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddeinly him to invade:
Still as she stood she heard with grievous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pitty did the virgin's hart of patience rob.

IX.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes,
He sayd, "O soverayne Lord! that sit'st on hye,
" And raignst in blis emongst thy blessed saintes,
" How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
" So long unwreaked of thine enemy!
" Or hast thou, Lord! of good mens cause no
" heed?
" Or doth thy justice sleepe and silent ly?
" What booteth then the good and righteous
" deed,
" If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse
" no meed?

X.

" If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,
" Why then is Amoret in caytive band,
" Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
" On foot upon the face of living land?
" Or if that heavenly justice may withstand
" The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
" Why then is Busirane, with wicked hand,
" Suffred these seven monethes day in secret den
" My lady and my love so cruelly to pen?

XI.

" My lady and my love is cruelly pend
" In dolefull darkenes from the vew of day,
" Whilest deadly torments doe her chast brest
" rend,
" And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway.
" All for she Scudamore will not denay;
" Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art found,
" Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
" Unworthy wretch, to tread upon the ground,
" For whom so faire a lady feeles so sore a
wound."

XII.

There an huge heape of singultes did oppresse
His struggling soule, and swelling throbs impeach
His foltring toung with pangs of drerinesse,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
As if his dayes were come to their last reach;
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the wearie foule would
flit.

XIII.

Tho stouping downe she him amoved light,
Who therewith somewhat starting up gan looke,
And seeing him behind a straunger knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
With great indignaunce he that sight forfooke,
And downe againe himselfe disdainfully
Abiecting, th' earth with his faire forhead strooke;
Which the bold virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit medcine to his griefe, and spake thus courteſly:

XIV.

" Ah, gentle Knight! whose deepe-conceivd griefe
" Well seemes t' exceede the powre of patience,
" Yet if that hevenly grace some good relieſe
" You send, submit you to high Providence,
" And ever in your noble hart prepence,
" That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
" Then vertue's might and value's confidence;
" For who nill bide the burden of distresse,
" Must not here thinke to live, for life is wretch-
" edneſſe.

XV.

" Therefore, faire Sir! doe comfort to you take,
" And freely read what wicked felon so
" Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle
" make:
" Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,
" And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;
" At least it faire endevour will apply."
Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,
That up his head he reared easily,
And leaning on his elbow, these few words let
fly;

XVI.

" What boots it plaine that cannot be redreſt,
" And sow vain sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,
" Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
" Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare
" Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
" For he the tyrant which her hath in ward,
" By strong enchauntments and blacke magicke
" leare,
" Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
" And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her
" gard:

XVII.

" There he tormenteth her most terribly,
" And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
" Because to yield him love she doth deny,
" Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe;
" But yet by torture he would her constraine
" Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
" Till so she doe she must in doole remaine,
" Ne may by living meanes be thence releſt;
" What bootes it then to plaine that cannot be re-
" dreſt?"

XVIII.

With this sad herfall of his heavie stresse,
The warlike damzell was empassiond sore,
And sayd, " Sir knight, your cause is nothing lesse

" Then is your sorrow, certes, if not more;
" For noth so much pitty doth implore
" As gentle ladyes helpleſſe misery;
" But yet, if pleaſe ye liſten to my lore,
" I will with proofe of laſt extremity
" Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy."

XIX.

" Ah, gentleſt knight alive!" ſayd Scudamore,
" What huge heroicke magnanimity
" Dwells in thy bounteous breſt? what couldſt thou more
" If ſhe were thine, and thou as now am I?
" O ſpare thy happy daies, and them apply
" To better boot, but let me die that ought;
" More is more loſſe; one is enough to dy."
" Life is not loſt," ſaid ſhe, " for which is bought
" Endleſſe renown, that more then death is to be fought."

XXI.

Thus ſhe at length perſuaded him to riſe
And with her wend, to ſee what new ſucceſſe
Mote him befall upon a new enterpriſe;
His armes, which he had vowed to diſprofeſſe,
She gathered up, and did about him dreſſe,
And his forwandred ſteed unto him gott:
So forth they both yſere make their progreſſe,
And march not paſt the mountenaunce of a ſhott,
Till they arriv'd whereas their purpoſe they did plott.

XXII.

There they diſmounting, drew their weapons bold,
And ſtoutly came unto the caſtle gate,
Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;
But in the porch, that did them ſore amate,
A flaming fire ymixt with ſmouldry ſmoke
And ſtinking ſulphure, that with grieſly hate
And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

XXIII.

Greatly thereat was Britomart diſmayd,
Ne in that ſtound wiſt how herſelfe to beare,
For daunger vaine it were to have affayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can ſuffer to approchen neare;
And turning backe to Scudamour, thus ſayd;
" What monſtrous enmity provoke we heare,
" Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made
" Batteill againſt the gods? ſo we a god invade.

XXIII.

" Daunger without diſcretion to attempt,
" Inglorious, beaſt-like is; therefore, Sir knight,
" Aread what courſe of you is ſafeſt dempt,
" And how we with our foe may come to fight?"
" This is," quoth he, " the dolorous deſpight
" Which earſt to you I playnd; for neither may
" This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
" Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away,
" So mighty be th' enchauntments which the ſame do ſtay.

XXIV.

" What is there ells but ceaſe theſe fruitleſſe paines,
" And leave me to my former languiſhing?
" Faire Amorett muſt dwell in wicked chaines,
" And Scudamore here die with ſorrowing."
" Perdy not ſo," ſaid ſhee, " for ſhamefull thing
" Yt were t' abandon noble cheviſaunce
" For ſhewe of perill without venturing;
" Rather let try extremities of chaunce
" Then enterpriſed praiſe for dread to diſavaunce."

XXV.

Therewith reſolv'd to prove her utmoſt might,
Her ample ſhield ſhe threw before her face,
And her ſword's point directing forward, right
Aſſayld the flame, the which eſteſoones gave place,
And did itſelfe divide with equall ſpace,
That through ſhe paſſed, as a thonder-bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth diſplace
The ſoring clouds, into ſad ſhowres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

XXVI.

Whom whenas Scudamour ſaw paſt the fire
Safe and untouchr, he likewiſe gan aſſay
With greedy will and envious deſire,
And bad the ſtubborne flames to yield him way;
But cruell Mulciber would not obay
His threatfull pride but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious ſway
Him forſt (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,
And backe retire, all ſcoreht and pittifully brent.

XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly ſwelt,
More for great ſorrow that he could not pas,
Then for the burning torment which he felt,
That with ſell woodnes he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
Did beat and bounſe his head and breſt full ſore;
The whiles the championeſſe now entred has
The utmoſt rowme, and paſt the foremoſt dore,
The utmoſt rowme, abounding with all precious ſtore:

XXVIII.

For round about the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great maieſty,
Woven with gold and ſilke ſo cloſe and nere,
That the rich metall lurked privily,
As faining to be hidd from envious eye;
Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares
It ſhewd itſelfe, and ſhone unwillingly,
Like a diſcoloured ſnake, whoſe hidden ſnares,
Through the greene gras his long bright burniſht back declares.

XXIX.

And in thoſe tapets weren faſhioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a fairy feate,
And all of love and al of luſty-hed,
As ſeemed by their ſemblaunt did entreat;
And eke all Cupid's warres they did repeat,
And cruell battailes which he whilome fought
Gainſt all the gods, to make his empire great,
Beſides the huge maſſacres which he wrought
On mighty kings, and keſars into thraldome brought.

XXX.

Therein was writ how often thondring love
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And leaving heaven's kingdome here did rove
In ſtraunge diſguize, to ſlake his ſcalding ſmart;
Now like a ram faire Helle to pervart,
Now like a bull Europa to withdraw;
Ah! how the fearefull ladies tender hart
Did lively ſeeme to tremble, when ſhe ſaw
The huge ſeas under her t' obay her ſervaunts law!

XXXI.

Soone after that into a golden ſhowre
Himſelfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew,
And through the roofe of her ſtrong brafen towre
Did raine into her lap an honey dew,
The whiles her fooliſh garde, that little knew
Of ſuch deceipt, kept the yron dore faſt bard,
And watcht that none ſhould enter nor iſſew;
Vain was the watch, and bootleſſe all the ward,
Whenas the god to golden hew himſelfe transfard.

XXXII.

Then was he turnd into a ſnowy ſwan,
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:
O wondrous ſkill, and ſweete wit of the man!
That her in daffadillies ſleeping made
From ſcorching heat her daintie limbs to ſhade,
Whiles the proud bird, ruffing his fethers wyde,
And bruſhing his faire breſt, did her invade;
She ſlept, yet twixt her eie-lids cloſely ſpyde
How towards her he ruſht, and ſmiled at his pryde.

XXXIII.

Then ſhewd it how the Thebane Semelee,
Deceivd of gealous Iuno did require
To ſee him in his ſoverayne maieſtee,
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whens dearely ſhe with death bought her deſire:
But ſalre Alcmena better match did make,
Ioying his love in likenes more entire;
Three nights in one, they ſay, that for her ſake
He then did put, her pleaſures lenger to partake.

XXXIV.

Twiſe was he ſeene in ſoaring eagle's ſhape,
And with wide winges to beate the buxome ayre,
Once when he with Aeſterie did ſcape,
Againe whenas the Trojane boy ſo fayre
He ſnatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was there to behould
How the rude ſhepheards after him did ſtare,
Trembling through feare leaſt down he fallen ſhould,
And often to him calling to take ſurer hould.

XXXV.

In Satyre's ſhape Antiopa he ſnatcht,
And like a fire, when he Aegin' aſſayd;
A ſhepheard when Mnemoſyne he catcht,
And like a ſerpent to the Thracian mayd:
Whyles thus on earth great Iove theſe pageaunts playd,
The winged Boy did thruſt into his throne,
And, ſcoffing, thus unto his mother ſayd:
"Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone,
"And take me for their Iove, whiles Iove to "earth is gone."

XXXVI.

And thou, faire Phœbus! in thy colours bright
Waſt there unwoven, and the ſad diſtreſſe
In which that boy thee plonged, for diſpight
That thou bewray'dſt his mother's wantonneſſe
When ſhe with Mars was meynt in ioyfulneſſe;
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart
To love fair Daphne, which thee loved leſſe;
Leſſe ſhe thee lovd then was thy iuſt deſart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy ſmart.

XXXVII.

So lovedſt thou the luſty Hyacinct,
So lovedſt thou the faire Coronis deare;
Yet both are of thy hapleſſe hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,
The one a paunce, the other a ſweet-breare;
For griefe whereof ye mote have lively ſeene
The god himſelfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his garlond ever-greene,
With other ſignes of ſorrow and impatient teene.

XXXVIII.

Both for thoſe two, and for his own deare ſonne,
The ſonne of Climene, he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charet of the ſunne,
Himſelfe in thouſand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flaſhing fire brent:
So like, that all the walles did ſeeme to flame;
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forſt him eftſoones to follow other game, [dame.
And love a ſhepheard's daughter for his deareſt

XXXIX.

He loved Iſſe for his deareſt dame,
And for her ſake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her ſake a cowheard vile became,
The ſervant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heaven he ſuffered exile.
Long were to tell his other lovely fit;
Now like a lion hunting after ſpoile,
Now like a hag, now like a faulcon flit;
All which in that faire arras was moſt lively writ.

XL.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine reſemblance wondrous lyke;
His face was rugged, and his hoary hed
Dropped with brackiſh deaw; his three-forkt pyke
He ſtearnely ſhooke, and therewith fierce did ſtryke
The raging billowes, that on every ſyde
They trembling ſtood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his ſwift charet might have paſſage wyde,
Which four great Hippodames did draw, in teme-wiſe tyde.

XLI.

His ſea-horſes did ſeeme to ſnort amayne,
And from their noſthrilles blow the brynie ſtreame,
That made the ſparckling wayes to ſmoke agayne,
And flame with gold; but the white ſomy creame
Did ſhine with ſilver, and ſhoot forth his beame:
The god himſelfe did penſive ſeeme and ſad,
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame,

For priving love his breſt empierced had,
Ne ought but deare Biſaltis ay could make him glad.

XLII.

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
And Æolus' faire daughter, Arne hight,
For whom he turnd himſelfe into a ſteare,
And fedd on fodder, to beguile her ſight:
Alſo to win Deucalion's daughter bright,
He turn'd himſelfe into a dolphin fayre;
And like a winged horſe he tooke his flight,
To ſnaky-locke Meduſa to repayre,
On whom he got faire Pegaſus, that flitteth in the ayre.

XLIII.

Next Saturne was; but who would ever weene
That ſullein Saturne ever weend to love?
Yet love is ſullein, and Saturnlike ſeene,
As he did for Erigone it prove,
That to a Centaur did himſelfe tranſmove.
So proov'd it eke that gratious god of Wine,
When for to compaſſe Philliras hard love,
He turnd himſelfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire boſome made his grapes decline.

XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous aſſayes
And gentle pangues with which he maked meeke
The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes;
How oft for Venus, and how often eek
For many other nymphes, he ſore did ſhreek
With womaniſh teares, and with unwarlike ſmarts,
Privily moyſtening his hoarid cheeke:
There was he painted full of burning dartes,
And many wide woundes launched through his inner partes.

XLV.

Ne did he ſpare (ſo cruel was the elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah! why ſhould he ſo?)
Ne did he ſpare ſometime to pricke himſelfe,
That he might taſte the ſweet-conſuming woe
Which he had wrought to many others moe.
But to declare the mournfull tragedyes,
And ſpoiles wherewith he all the ground did ſtrow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High heven beholdes ſad lovers nightly the everyes.

XLVI.

Kings, queenes, lords, ladies, knights, and damſels gent,
Were heap'd together with the vulgar ſort,
And mingled with the raſkall rabblement,
Without reſpect of perſon or of port,
To ſhew Dan Cupid's powre and great effort:
And round about a border was entrayld
Of broken bowes and arrowes ſhivered ſhort,
And a long bloody river through them rayld,
So lively and ſo like, that living ſence it fayld.

XLVII.

And at the upper end of that faire rowme,
There was an altar built of precious ſtone,
Of paſſing valew and of great renowme,
On which there ſtood an image all alone
Of maſſy gold, which with his own light ſhone;
And winges it had with ſondry colours dight,
More ſondry colours then the proud pavone
Beares in his boaſted fan, or Iris bright,
When her diſcoloured bow ſhe ſpreds through heven bright.

XLVIII.

Blyndfold he was, and in his cruell fiſt
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he ſhot at random when him liſt,
Some headed with ſad lead, ſome with pure gold.
(Ah, Man! beware how thou thoſe dartes behold.)
A wounded dragon under him did ly,
Whoſe hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,
And with a ſhaft was ſhot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

XLIX.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the victor of the gods this bee;
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle idolatree.
That wondrous ſight faire Britomart amazd,
Ne ſeeing could her wonder ſatisfie,
But ever more and more upon it gazd,
The whiles the paſſing brightnes her fraile ſences dazd.

L.

Tho as ſhe backward caſt her buſie eye,
To ſearch each ſecrete of that goodly ſted,
Over the dore thus written ſhe did ſpye,
Bee bold: ſhe oft and oft it over-red,
Yet could not find what ſence it figured;
But whatſo were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby diſcouraged
From proſecuting of her firſt intent,
But forward with bold ſteps into the next roome went.

LI.

Much fayrer than the former was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd;
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was overlayd,
Wrought with wide antickes which their follies playd
In the rich metall as they living were;
A thouſand monſtrous formes therein were made,
Such as falſe love doth oft upon him weare,
For love in thouſand monſtrous formes doth oft appeare.

LII.

And all about the gliſtering walles were hong
With warlike ſpoiles and with victorious prayes
Of mightie conquerors and captaines ſtrong,
Which were whylome captived in their dayes
To cruell Love, and wrought their own decayes;
Their ſwerds and ſperes were broke, and hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of triumphant bayes
Troden in duſt with fury inſolent,
To ſhew the victor's might and mercileſs intent.

LIII.

The warlike mayd beholding earneſtly
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could ſatisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long ſpace;
But more ſhe marvaild that no footing's trace
Nor wight appeard, but waſtefull emptineſs,
And ſolemne ſilence over all that place:
Straunge thing it ſeem'd that none was to poſſeſſe
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with careſulneſſe.

LIV.

And as ſhe lookt about ſhe did behold
How over that ſame dore was likewiſe writ,
Be bolde, Be bolde, and every where *Be bold*,
That much ſhe muz'd, yet could not conſtrue it
By any ridling ſkill or commune wit.
At laſt ſhe ſpyde at that rowme's upper end
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though ſhe did bend
Her earneſt minde, yet wiſt not what it might intend.

LV.

Thus ſhe there wayted untill eventyde,
Yet living creature none ſhe ſaw appeare;
And now ſad ſhadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkneſs dreare;
Yet nould ſhe d'off her weary armes for feare
Of ſecrete daunger, ne let ſleepe oppreſſe
Her heavy eyes with nature's burdein deare,
But drew herſelfe aſide in ſickerneſſe,
And her well-pointed weapons did about her dreſſe.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted
Chamber, are displayd;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charmes decayd.

I.

Tho whenas cheareleſſe Night ycovered had
Faire heaven with an univerſal clowd,
That every wight diſmayd with darknes ſad
In ſilence and in ſleepe themſelves did ſhrowd,
She heard a ſhrilling trompet ſound alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her corage prowd,
But rather ſtird to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever when ſome foe ſhe might deſcry.

II.

With that an hideous ſtorme of winde aroſe,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it ſtreight would looſe
The world's foundation from his center fixt,
A direfull ſtench of ſmoke and ſulphure mixt
Enſewd, whoſe noyaunce fild the fearful ſted,
From the fourth howre of night untill the ſixt;
Yet the bold Britoneſſe was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but ſtedfaſt ſtill perſevered.

III.

All ſuddeinly a ſtormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the houſe, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore,
And forth iſſewd, as on the readie flore
Of ſome theatre, a grave perſonage,
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance ſage,
Yclad in coſtly garments, fit for tragicke ſtage.

IV.

Proceeding to the midſt he ſtil did ſtand,
As if in minde he ſomewhat had to ſay,
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In ſigne of ſilence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter paſſioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred ſoft away,
And paſſing by, his name diſcovered,
Eaſe, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

V.

The noble mayd ſtill ſtanding, all this vewd,
And marveild at his ſtraunge intendiment:
With that a ioyous fellowſhip iſſewd
Of minſtrales making goodly meriment,
With wanton bardes and rymers impudent,
All which together ſong full chearfully
A lay of love's delight with ſweet concent,
After whom marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a maſk, enranged orderly.

VI.

The whiles a moſt delitious harmony
In full ſtraunge notes was ſweetly heard to ſound,
That the rare ſweetneſſe of the melody
The feeble ſences wholy did confound,
And the frayle ſoule in deepe delight nigh drownd;
And when it ceaſt, ſhrill trompets lowd did bray,
That their report did far away rebound;
And when they ceaſt, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maſkers marched forth in trim aray.

VII.

The firſt was Fanſy, like a lovely boy
Of rare aſpect, and beautie without peare,
Matchable either to that ympe of Troy
Whom Iove did love, and choſe his cup to beare,
Or that ſame daintie lad which was ſo deare
To great Alcides, that whenas he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every woode and every valley wyde,
He fild with Hylas' name; the nymphes eke Hylas cryde.

VIII.

His garment neither was of ſilke nor ſay,
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the ſun-burnt Indians do aray
Their tawny bodies in their proudeſt plight:
As thoſe ſame plumes, ſo ſeemd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might eaſily appeare,
For ſtill he far'd as dauncing in delight,
An din his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd ſtill here and theare.

IX.

And him beſide marcht amorous Deſyre,
Who ſeemd of ryper yeares then the other ſwayne,
Yet was that other ſwayne this elder's ſyre,
And gave him being commune to them twayne:
His garment was diſguyſd very vayne,
And his embrodered bonet ſat awry;
Twixt both his hands few ſparks he cloſe did ſtrayne,
Which ſtill he blew and kindled buſily,
That ſoone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

X.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a diſcolour'd cote of ſtraunge diſguyſe,
That at his backe a brode capuccio had,
And ſleeves dependaunt Albanese-wyſe;
He lookt aſkew with his miſtruſtfull eyes,
And nicely trode as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to ſhrinke he did avyſe;
And on a broken reed he ſtill did ſtay
His feeble ſteps, which ſhrunk when hard thereon he lay.

XI.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed
Made of beares ſkin, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his own face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horrour to deforme his grieſly ſhade:
A net in th' one hand, and a ruſty blade
In th' other was, this Miſchiefe, that Miſhap;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrapt;
For whom he could not kill, he practized to entrap.

XII.

Next to him was Feare, all armd from top to toe,
Yet thought himſelfe not ſafe enough thereby,
But feard each ſhadow moving to or fro,
And his owne armes when glettering he did ſpy,
Or claſhing heard, he faſt away did fly;
As aſhes pale of hew, and winged heeld,
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainſt whom he always bent a braſen ſhield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

XIII.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handſome mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold;
In ſilken ſamite ſhe was light arayd,
And her fayre locks were woven up in gold:
She always ſmyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy water-ſprinkle, dipt in deowe,
With which ſhe ſprinkled favours manifold
On whom ſhe liſt, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

XIV.

And after them Diſſemblaunce and Suſpect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequal paire;
For ſhe was gentle and of milde aſpect,
Courteous to all, and feeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire;
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire;
Her deeds were forged, and her words falſe coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of ſilke ſhe twynd:

XV.

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eiebrowes looking ſtill aſkaunce;
And ever as Diſſemblaunce laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eye-glaunce,
Shewing his nature in his countenaunce;
His rolling eies did never reſt in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid miſchaunce,
Holding a lattis ſtill before his face,
Through which he ſtill did peep as forward he did pace.

XVI.

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere;
Grief all in ſable forrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more than ſeeming ſad;
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched many people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life thay ladd
In wilfull languor and conſuming ſmart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of Dolour's dart.

XVII.

But fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh ſhe did appeare,
With ghaſtly lookes and dreadfull drerihed;
For from her backe her garments ſhe did teare,
And from her head ofte rent her ſnarled heare;
In her right hand a firebrand ſhee did toſſe
About her head, ſtill roming here and there,
As a diſmayed deare in chace emboſt,
Forgetfull of his ſafety hath his right way loſt.

XVIII.

After them went Diſpleaſure and Pleaſaunce,
He looking lompiſh and full ſullein ſad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;

She chearfull, freſh, and full of ioyaunce glad,
As if no ſorrow ſhe ne felt ne drad,
That evill matched paire they ſeemd to bee:
An angry waſpe th' one in a viall had,
Th' other in her's an hony-lady bee.
Thus marched theſe ſix couples forth in faire degree.

XIX.

After all theſe there marcht a moſt faire dame,
Led of two gryſlie villains, th' one Deſpight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name:
She, dolefull lady, like a drery ſpright
Cald by ſtrong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
Full of ſad ſignes, fearefull to living ſight;
Yet in that horror ſhewd a ſeemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

XX.

Her breſt all naked, as nett yvory
Without adorne of gold or ſilver bright,
Wherewith the craftesman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was diſpoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull ſight!)
Entrenched deep with knyfe accurſed keene,
Yet freſhly bleeding forth her fainting ſpright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be ſeene,
That dyde in ſanguine red her ſkin all ſnowy cleene:

XXI.

At that wyde orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in ſilver baſin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet ſteeming freſh embayd;
And thoſe two villeins (which her ſteps upſtayd,
When her weake feete could ſcarcely her ſuſtaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade)
Her forward ſtill with torture did conſtraine,
And evermore encreaſed her conſuming paine.

XXII.

Next after her the winged god himſelfe
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that elfe,
That man and beaſt with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbind,
That his proud ſpoile of that ſame dolorous
Faire dame, he might behold in perfect kinde;
Which ſeene, he much reioyced in his cruell minde.

XXIII.

Of which ful prowd, himſelfe uprearing hye,
He looked round about with ſterne diſdayne,
And did ſurvay his goodly company,
And marſhalling the evill-ordered trayne;
With that the darts, which his right hand did ſtraine,
Full dreadfully he ſhooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hye his colourd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

XXIV.

Behind him was Reproch, Repentance, Shame;
Reproch the firſt, Shame next, Repent behinde:
Repentaunce feeble, ſorrowfull, and lame;
Reproch deſpightful, careleſſe, and unkinde;
Shame moſt ill-favourd, beſtiall, and blinde:
Shame lowred, Repentaunce ſighd, Reproch did ſcould;
Reproch ſharpe ſtings, Repentaunce whips entwinde,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold;
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

XXV.

And after them a rude confuſed rout
Of perſons flockt, whoſe names is hard to read:
Emongſt them was ſterne Striſe, and Anger ſtout,
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead,
Lewd loſſe of Time, and Sorrow ſeeming dead,
Inconſtant Chaunge, and falſe Diſloyalty,
Conſuming Riotiſe, and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance, faint Infirmity,
Vile Poverty, and, laſtly, Death with Infamy.

XXVI.

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whoſe names and natures I note readen well;
So many moe as there be phantaſies
In wavering wemans witt, that none can tell,
Or paines in love, or puniſhments in hell;
All which diſguized, marcht in maſking wiſe
About the chamber by the damozell,
And then returned, having marched thriſe
Into the inner rowme, from whence they firſt did riſe.

XXVII.

So ſoone as they were in, the dore ſtreightway,
Faſt locked, driven with that ſtormy blaſt
Which firſt it opened, and bore all way:
Then the brave maid, which al this while was plaſt
In ſecret ſhade, and ſaw both firſt and laſt,
Iſſewed forth, and went unto the dore
To enter in, but fownd it locked faſt:
It vaine ſhe thought with rigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charmes had cloſed it afore.

XXVIII.

Where force might not availe, there ſleights and art
She caſt to uſe, both fitt for hard emprize:
Forthy from that ſame rowme not to depart
Till morrow next ſhe did herſelfe avize,
When that ſame maſke againe ſhould forth arize.
The morrowe next appeard with ioyous cheare,
Calling men daily to their exercize,
Then ſhe, as morrow freſh, herſelfe did reare
Out of her ſecret ſtand, that day for to out-weare.

XXIX.

All that day ſhe out-wore in wandering,
And gazing on that chamber's ornament,
Till that againe the ſecond evening
Her covered with her ſable veſtiment;
Wherewith the world's faire beautie ſhe hath blent;
Then when the ſecond watch was almoſt paſt,
That braſen dore flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as ſhe had late forecaſt,
Nether of ydle ſhowes nor of falſe charmes aghaſt.

xxx.

So soone as she was entred, rownd about
She cast her eies, to see what was become
Of all those persons which she saw without,
But lo! they streight were vanisht, all and some;
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,
Save that same woefull lady, both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands
Unto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands:

xxxi.

And her before the vile enchaunter sate,
Figuring straunge characters of his art;
With living blood he those characters wrate,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,
And all perforce to make her him to love:
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart?
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove,
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart remove.

xxxii.

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface,
And fiercely running to that lady trew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought for villeinous despight
In her tormented bodie to embrew;
But the stout damzell to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

xxxiii.

From her to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And turning to herselfe his fell intent,
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

xxxiv.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should have slaine
Had not the lady, which by him stood bound,
Deerly unto him called to abstaine
From doing him to dy; for else her paine
Should be remediless, sith none but hee
Which wrought it could the same recure againe:
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee,
For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to see;

xxxv.

And to him said, "Thou wicked Man! whose meed
" For so huge mischiefe and vile villany
" Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed,
" Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy;
" But if that thou this dame doe presently
" Restore unto her health and former state,
" This doe and live, els dye undoubtedly."
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yeild himselfe, right willing to prolong his date;

xxxvi.

And rising up, gan streight to over-looke
Those cursed leaves, his charmes backe to reverse.
Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horrour gan the virgin's hart to perse,
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;
And all the while he red she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

xxxvii.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slack her threatful hand for daungers dout,
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all:
At last that mightie chaine, which round about
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

xxxviii.

The cruel steele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wide wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest, and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd;
And every part to safety full sownd,
As she were never hurt, was soone restord;
Tho when she felt herselfe to be unbownd,
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd;

xxxix.

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
Saying, "Ah, noble Knight! what worthy meede
" Can wretched lady, quitt from wofull state,
" Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
" Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
" Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,
" Which I your vassal, by your prowesse freed,
" Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
" And goodly well advaunce that goodly well was tryde."

xl.

But Britomart, upreering her from grownd,
Said, "Gentle Dame! reward enough, I weene,
" For many labours more then I have found,
" This, that in safetie now I have you seene,
" And meane of your deliverance have beene:
" Henceforth, faire Lady! comfort to you take,
" And put away remembrance of late teene;
" Insted thereof, know that your loving make
" Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake."

xli.

She much was cheard to heare him mentioned,
Whom of all living wightes she loved best:
Then laid the noble championesse strong hond
Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages oppрest

With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
He bound that pitteous [lady] priſoner, now releſt,
Himſelfe ſhe bound, more worthy to be ſo,
And captive with her led to wretchedneſſe and wo.

XLII.

Returning back, thoſe goodly rowmes, which erſt
She ſaw ſo rich and royally arayd,
Now vaniſht utterly, and cleane ſubverſt
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That ſight of ſuch a chaunge her much diſmayd.
Thenceforth deſcending to that perlous porch,
Thoſe dreadfull flames ſhe alſo found delayd
And quenched, quite like a conſumed torch,
That erſt all entrers wont ſo cruelly to ſcorch.

XLIII.

More eaſie iſſew now then entrance late
She found; for now the ſained-dreadful flame,
Which chokt the poreh of that inchanted gate,
And paſſage bard to all that thither came,
Was vaniſht quite, as it were not the ſame,
And gave her leave at pleaſure forth to paſſe:
Th' enchaunter ſelfe, which all that fraud did frame,
To have efforſt the love of that faire laſſe, [was.
Seeing his worke now waſted, deepe engrieved

XLIV.

But when the victoreſſe arrived there,
Where late ſhe left the penſive Scudamore
With her owne truſty ſquire, both full of feare,
Neither of them ſhe found where ſhe them lore:
Thereat her noble hart was ſtoniſht ſore,
But more fair Amoret, whoſe gentle ſpright
Now gan to feede on hope, which ſhe before
Conceived had, to ſee her own deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new affright.

XLV.

But he (ſad man!) when he had long in drede
Awayted there for Britomart's returne,
Yet ſaw her not, nor ſigne of her good ſpeede,
His expectation to deſpaire did turne,
Meſdeeming ſure that her thoſe flames did burne,
And therefore gan advize with her old ſquire
(Who her deare nourſling's loſſe no leſſe did mourne)
Thence to depart for further aide t'inquire;
Where let them wend at will, whileſt here I doe reſpire.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV.

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TELAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

I.

The rugged forhead, that with grave foreſight
Welds kingdomes cauſes and affairs of ſtate,
My looſer rimes, I wote, doth ſharply wite
For praiſing love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers deare debate,
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led
Through falſe allurement of that pleaſing baite,
That better were in vertues diſcipled,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies fed.

II.

Such ones ill iudge of love that cannot love,
Ne in their froſen hearts feele kindly flame;
Forthy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultleſſe blame,
For fault of few that have abuſd the ſame;
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amiſſe.

III.

Which whoſo liſt looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find that all the workes of thoſe wiſe ſages,
And brave exploits which great heroës wonne,
In love were either ended or begunne;
Witneſſe the father of Philoſophie,
Which to his Critias, ſhaded oft from ſunne,
Of love full manie leſſons did apply,
The which theſe Stoicke cenſours cannot well deny.

IV.

To ſuch, therefore, I do not ſing at all,
But to that ſacred ſaint my ſoveraigne Queene,
In whoſe chaſt breſt all bountie naturall,
And treaſures of true love, enlocked beene,
Bove all her ſexe that ever yet was ſeene;
To her I ſing of love, that loveth beſt,
And beſt is lov'd of all alive I weene;
To her this ſong moſt fitly is addreſt,
The Queene of Love, and Prince of Peace from heven bleſt.

V.

Which that ſhe may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou, dred Infant! Venus' dearling dove,
From her high ſpirit chace imperious feare,
And uſe of awfull maieſtie remove:
Inſted thereof, with drops of melting love
Deawd with ambroſiall kiſſes, by thee gotten
From thy ſweete-ſmyling mother from above,
Sprinckle her heart, and haughtie courage ſoften,
That ſhe may hearke to love, and reade this leſſon often.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK IV. CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret:
Duessa discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deedes.

I.

Of lovers sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous ever was ytold,
Then that of Amoret's hart-binding chaine,
And this of Florimel's unworthie paine;
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit,
My softned heart so sorely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

II.

For from the time that Scudamour her bought
In perilous fight, she never ioyed day;
A perilous fight, when he with force her brought
From twentie knights that did him all assay;
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
And with great glorie both the shield of love,
And eke the ladie selfe, he brought away,
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknowen mischiefe did from him remove.

III.

For that same vile enchauntour Busyran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every man
Surcharg'd with wine were heedlesse and ill-hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of Love which late was showen,
And there the ladie, ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is known,
Conveyed quite away, to living wight unknowen.

IV.

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to sterve,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerve;
And now she is with her upon the way,
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though Spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

V.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale to tell
The diverse usage and demeanure daint
That each to other made, as oft befell;
For Amoret right fearefull was and faint,
Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
That every word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,
And everie limb that touched her did quake;
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her make.

VI.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her live's lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:
All is his justly that all freely dealth:
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth;
Die had she lever with enchanter's knife,
Then to be false in love, profest a virgin wife.

VII.

Thereto her feare was made ſo much the greater
Through fine abuſion of that Briton mayd,
Who for to hide her fained ſex the better,
And maſke her wounded mind, both did and ſayd
For many things ſo doubtfull to be wayd,
That well ſhe wiſt not what by them to gueſſe;
For otherwhiles to her ſhe purpos made
Of love, and otherwhiles of luſtfulneſſe,
That much ſhe feard his mind would grow to ſome exceſſe.

VIII.

His will ſhe feard, for him ſhe furely thought
To be a man, ſuch as indeed he ſeemed,
And much the more by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no ſervice ſhe too much eſteemed;
Yet dread of ſhame, and doubt of fowle diſhonor,
Made her not yeeld ſo much as due ſhee deemed;
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

IX.

It ſo befell one evening, that they came
Unto a caſtel, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight and many a lovely dame
Was then aſſembled deeds of armes to ſee;
Amongſt all which was none more faire then ſhee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her fore:
The cuſtome of that place was ſuch, that hee
Which had no love nor lemman there in ſtore,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

X.

Amongſt the reſt there was a iolly knight,
Who being aſked for his love, avow'd
That faireſt Amoret was his by right,
And offred that to iuſtifie alowd.
The warlike virgine, ſeeing his ſo prowd
And boaſtfull chalenge, wexed inlie wroth,
But for the preſent did her anger ſhrowd;
And ſayd her love to loſe ſhe was full loth,
But either he ſhould neither of them have, or both.

XI.

So foorth they went, and both together giuſted;
But that ſame younker ſoone was overthrowne,
And made repent that he had raſhly luſted
For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne;
Yet ſince he ſeemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no leſſe was courteous then ſtout,
Caſt how to ſalve, that both the cuſtome ſhowne
Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out;
That ſeem'd full hard t'accord two things ſo far in dout.

XII.

The ſeneſchall was cal'd to deeme the right;
Whom ſhe requir'd that firſt fayre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight
That did her win and free from chalenge ſet;
Which ſtraight to her was yeelded without let.
Then ſince that ſtrange knight's love from him was quitted,
She claim'd that to herſelfe, as ladies det,
He as a knight might iuſtly be admitted:
So none ſhould be out-ſhut, ſith all of loves were fitted.

XIII.

With that her gliſtring helmet ſhe unlaced,
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were up-bound
Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
And like a ſilken veile in compaſſe round
About her backe and all her bodie wound;
Like as the ſhining ſkie in ſummer's night,
What time the dayes with ſcorching heat abound,
Is creaſted all with lines of fierie light,
That it prodigious ſeemes in common peoples ſight.

XIV.

Such when thoſe knights and ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement ſmit,
And every one gan grow in ſecret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that ſome enchantment faygned it;
Some that Bellona, in that warlike wiſe,
To them appear'd, with ſhield and armour fit;
Some that it was a maſke of ſtrange diſguiſe:
So diverſely each one did ſundrie doubts deviſe.

XV.

But that young knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowſhip reſtor'd,
Ten thouſand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,
And doubly over-commen her ador'd;
So did they all their former ſtriſe accord;
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which ſhe was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right ſafe aſſurance theare.

XVI.

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themſelves alone,
That each the other gan with paſſion great,
And griefe-full pittie, privately bemone.
The morrow next, ſo ſoone as Titan ſhone,
They both uproſe, and to their waies them dight;
Long wandered they, yet never met with none
That to their wil'es could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their hartes delight.

XVII.

Lo thus they rode, till at the laſt they ſpide
Two armed knights that toward them did pace,
And each of them had ryding by his ſide
A lady, ſeeming in ſo farre a ſpace;
But ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward ſhew faire ſemblance they did beare
For under maſke of beautie and good grace
Vile treaſon and fowle falſhood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the wearie wiſe appeare

XVIII.

The one of them the falſe Dueſſa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;
For ſhe could do'n ſo manie ſhapes in ſight,
As ever could cameleon colours new;
So could ſhe forge all colours ſave the trew:

The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree.

XIX.

Her name was Até, mother of debate
And all dissention, which doth daily grow,
Amongst fraile men, that many a publicke state,
And many a private oft doth over-throw:
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.

XX.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound
Which punish wicked men that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delve, farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
That none the same may easily out-win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

XXI.

And all within the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times fore-past,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken scepters plast,
Altars defyld, and holy things defast,
Dishevered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast,
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine;
Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

XXII.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
For which the three fair goddesses did strive;
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
Of Alexander, and his princes five,
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got alive:

XXIII.

And there the relicks of the drunken fray
The which amongst the Lapithees befell,
And of the bloodie feast which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides' furie fell;
And of the dreadfull discord which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the Golden Fleece, which made them strive.

XXIV.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnaturall;
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetuall;
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all,
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh and greene.

XXV.

Such was her house within; but all without
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she herselfe had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes,
Which when to ripenesse due they growen arre,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble and contentious iarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

XXVI.

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food,
For life it is to her when others sterve
Through mischievous debate and deadly feood,
That she may sucke their life and drinke their blood,
With which she from her childhood had bene fed;
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by internall furies nourished,
That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

XXVII.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue, so was her hart discided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

XXVIII.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumours and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report;
And as her cares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplast; that when th' one forward yode,
The other backe retired, and contrarie trode.

XXIX.

Likewise unequall were her handes twaine;
That one did reach, the other pusht away:
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay;
For all her studie was, and all her thought,
How she might overthrow the things that Concord wrought.

XXX.

So much her malice did her might surpas,
That even th' Almightie selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so merciful he was,

And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she herselfe was of his grace indigne;
For all this world's faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

XXXI.

Such was that hag which with Duessa roade,
And serving her in her malitious use
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude,
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse;
For though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-de-luce
She was become, by chaunge of her estate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new-found mate.

XXXII.

Her mate, he was a iollie youthful knight,
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might;
His name was Blandamour, that did descrie
His fickle mind full of inconstancie,
And now himselfe he fitted had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false full hard it is to tell

XXXIII.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon (his conquest's part)
Approching nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd,
"Lo there, Sir Paridell! for your desart,
"Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
"For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd."

XXXIV.

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond;
Whom whenas Paridel more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld
That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,
He had small lust to buy his love so deare,
But answered, "Sir, him wise I never held,
"That having once escaped perill neare,
"Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare.

XXXV.

"This knight too late his manhood and his might
"I did assay, that me right dearely cost;
"Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
"Ne for light ladies love, that soone is lost."
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
"Take then to you this dame of mine," quoth hee,
"And I without your perill or your cost
"Will challenge yond same other for my fee."
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

XXXVI.

The warlike Britonesse her soone addrest,
And with such uncouth welcome did receave
Her fayned paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Himselfe he did of his new love deceave,
And made himselfe th' ensample of his follie;
Which done, she passed forth not taking leave,
And left him now as sad as whilome iollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

XXXVII.

Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd,
And finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horse-backe, and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth convayd;
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mynd
And shame, he shewd himselfe to be dismayd
More for the love which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir Paridel resynd.

XXXVIII.

Nathlesse he forth did march well as he might,
And made good semblaunce to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and evill plight,
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge them new:
Whom whenas Blandamour approching nie,
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

XXXIX.

For th' one of them he perfectly descride
To be Sir Scudamour, by that he bore
The God of Love with wings displayed wide;
Whom mortally he hated evermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his love he wonne by right;
Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
That through the bruses of his former fight
He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

XL.

Forthy he thus to Paridel bespake;
"Faire Sir! of friendship let me now you pray,
"That as I late adventured for your sake
"The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
"Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
"And iustifie my cause on yonder knight."
"Ah! Sir," said Paridel, "do not dismay
"Yourselfe for this; myselfe will for you fight,
"As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs the right."

XLI.

With that he put his spurres unto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow prevenuing speed;
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approch, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete;
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,
That what of them became, themselves did scarsly weete.

XLII.

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,

Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roring rage, and daſhing on all ſides,
That filleth all the ſea with ſome, divydes
The doubtfull current into divers wayes,
So fell thoſe two in ſpight of both their prydes;
But Scudamour himſelfe did ſoone uprayſe,
And mounting light, his foe for lying long upbrayes:

XLIII.

Who rolled on an heape lay ſtill in ſwound,
All careleſſe of his taunt and bitter rayle,
Till that the reſt him ſeeing lie on ground
Ran haſtily, to weete what did him ayle;
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With buſie care they ſtrove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle;
So much they did, that at the laſt they brake
His ſlomber, yet ſo mazed that he nothing ſpake.

XLIV.

Which whenas Blandamour beheld, he ſayd,
" Falſe faitour Scudamour, that haſt by ſlight
" And ſoule advantage this good knight diſmayd,
" A knight much better than thyſelfe behight,
" Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
" This day to wreake the dammage by thee donne;
" Such is thy wont, that ſtill when any knight
" Is weakned, then thou doeſt him over-ronne;
" So haſt thou to thyſelfe falſe honor often wonne."

XLV.

He little anſwer'd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbeare;
Which was not yet ſo ſecret, but ſome part
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare;
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
An hideous ſtorme, is by the northerne blaſt
Quite over-blowne, yet doth not paſſe ſo cleare,
But that it all the ſkie doth over-caſt
With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to waſt.

XLVI.

" Ah, gentle Knight!" then falſe Dueſſa ſayd,
" Why do ye ſtrive for ladies love ſo ſore,
" Whoſe chiefe deſire is love and friendly aid
" Mongſt gentle knights to nouriſh evermore?
" Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefore,
" That ſhe your love liſt love another knight,
" Ne do yourſelfe diſlike a whit the more,
" For love is free, and led with ſelfe delight,
" Ne will enforced be with maiſterdome or might."

XLVII.

So falſe Dueſſa; but vile Até thus;
" Both fooliſh knights, I can but laugh at both,
" That ſtrive and ſtorme with ſtirre outrageous
" For her that each of you alike doth loth,
" And loves another, with whom now ſhe goth
" In lovely wiſe, and ſleepes, and ſports, and playes,
" Whileſt both you here, with many a curſed oth,
" Sweare ſhe is yours, and ſtirre up bloodie frayes,
" To win a willow bough, whileſt other weares the bayes."

XLVIII.

" Vile Hag," ſayd Scudamour, " why doſt thou lye,
" And falſly feekſt a virtuous wight to ſhame;"
" Fond Knight," ſayd ſhe, " the thing that with this eye
" I ſaw, why ſhould I doubt to tell the ſame?"
" Then tell," quoth Blandamour, " and feare no blame;
" Tell what thou ſaw'ſt, maulgre whoſo it heares."
" I ſaw," quoth ſhe, " a ſtranger knight, whoſe name
" I wote not well, but in his ſhield he beares
" (That well I wote) the heads of many broken ſpeares;

XLIX.

" I ſaw him have your Amoret at will,
" I ſaw him kiſſe, I ſaw him her embrace,
" I ſaw him ſleepe with her all knight his fill,
" All manie nights, and manie by in place
" That preſent were to teſtifie the caſe."
Which whenas Scudamour did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward griefe, as when in chace
The Parthian ſtrikes a ſtag with ſhivering dart,
The beaſt aſtoniſht ſtands in middeſt of his ſmart.

L.

So ſtood Sir Scudamour when this he heard;
Ne word he had to ſpeake for great diſmay,
But lookt on Glauce grim, who wexe afeard
Of outrage for the words which ſhe heard ſay,
Albee untrue ſhe wiſt them by aſſay:
But Blandamour, whenas he did eſpie
His chaunge of cheere that anguiſh did bewray,
He wexe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

LI.

" Lo, Recreant!" ſayd he, " the fruitleſſe end
" Of thy vaine boaſt, and ſpoile of love miſgotten,
" Whereby the name of Knighthood thou doſt ſhend,
" And all true lovers with diſhonor blotten:
" All things not rooted well will ſoone be rotten."
" Fy, fy, falſe Knight!" then falſe Dueſſa cryde,
" Unworthy life, that love with guile haſt gotten;
" Be thou, wherever thou do go or ryde,
" Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights deſyde."

LII.

But Scudamour, for paſſing great deſpight,
Staid not to anſwer; ſcarcely did refraine,
But that in all theſe knights and ladies ſight
He for revenge had guiltleſſe Glauce ſlaine;
But being paſt, he thus began amaine;
" Falſe traitour Squire, falſe Squire of falſeſt knight,
" Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abſtaine,
" Whoſe lord hath done my love this foule deſpight?
" Why do I not it wreake on thee now in my might?

LIII.

" Diſcourteous, diſloyall Britomart,
" Untrue to God, and unto man uniuſt,
" What vengeance due can equall thy deſart,
" That haſt with ſhamefull ſpot of ſinful luſt
" Defil'd the pledge committed to thy truſt?
" Let ugly ſhame and endleſſe infamy
" Colour thy name with foule reproaches ruſt:
" Yet thou, falſe Squire, his fault ſhalt deare aby,
" And with thy puniſhment his penance ſhalt
" ſupply."

LIV.

The aged dame him ſeeing ſo enraged,
Was dead with feare; nathleſſe as needе required
His flaming furie fought to have aſſuaged,
With ſober words, that ſufferance deſired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred,
And evermore fought Britomart to cleare;
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thriſe his hand to kill her did upreare,
And thriſe he drew it backe; ſo did at laſt forbeare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes falſe Florimell,
Paridell for her ſtrives;
They are accorded: Agape
Doth lengthen her ſonnes lives.

I.

FIREBRAND of hell firſt tynd in Phlegeton
By thouſand furies, and from thence out-throwen
Into this world to worke confuſion,
And ſet it all on fire by force unknowen,
Is wicked Diſcord, whoſe ſmall ſparkes once blowen,
None but a god or godlike man can ſlake;
Such as was Orpheus, that when ſtrife was growen
Amongſt thoſe famous ympes of Greece, did take
His ſilver harpe in hand, and ſhortly friends them make:

II.

Or ſuch as that celeſtial Pſalmiſt was,
That when the wicked feend his lord tormented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such muſicke is wiſe words with time concented,
To moderate ſtiffe mindes diſpoſd to ſtrive;
Such as that prudent Romane well inventcd,
What time his people into partes did rive,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did drive.

III.

Such uſ'd wiſe Glauce to that wrathful knight,
To calme the tempeſt of his troubled thought;
Yet Blandamour, with termes of foule deſpight,
And Paridell her ſcornd and ſet at nought,
As old and crooked, and not good for ought;
Both they unwiſe and wareleſſe of the evill
That by themſelves unto themſelves is wrought,
Through that falſe witch and that foule aged drevill;
The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill.

IV.

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a luſtie knight,
That had a goodly ladie by his ſide,
To whom he made great daliance and delight;
It was to weet the bold Sir Ferraugh hight,
He that from Braggadocchio whilome reft
The ſnowy Florimell, whoſe beautie bright
Made him ſeeme happie for ſo glorious theft
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

V.

Which whenas Blandamour (whoſe fancie light
Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind,
After each beautie that appeard in ſight)
Beheld, eftſoones it prickt his wanton mind
With ſting of luſt, that Reaſon's eye did blind,
That to Sir Paridell theſe words he ſent;
"Sir knight, why ride ye dumpiſh thus behind,
"Since ſo good fortune doth to you preſent
"So fayre a ſpoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?"

VI.

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
Of the bad iſſue of his counſell vaine,
Liſt not to hearke, but made this faire denyall;
"Laſt turne was mine, well proved to my paine;
"This now be yours; God ſend you better gaine."
Whoſe ſcoffed words he taking halfe in ſcorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his ſteed, as in diſdaine,
Againſt that knight, ere he him well could torne,
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly overborne.

vii.

Who with the ſuddein ſtroke aſtoniſht ſore,
Upon the ground a while in ſlombre lay,
The whiles his love away the other bore,
And ſhewing her, did Paridell upbray;
" Lo, ſluggiſh knight, the victor's happie pray:
" So fortune friends the bold." Whom Paridell
Seeing ſo faire indeede, as he did ſay,
His hart with ſecret envie gan to ſwell,
And inly grudge at him that he had ſped ſo well.

viii.

Nathleſſe proud man himſelfe the other deemed,
Having ſo peereleſs paragon ygot;
For ſure the fayreſt Florimell him ſeemed
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whoſe like alive on earth he weened not;
Therefore he her did court, did ſerve, did wooe,
With humbleſt ſuit that he imagine mot,
And all things did deviſe, all things dooe
That might her love prepare, and liking win theretoo.

ix.

She in regard thereof him recompenſt
With golden words and goodly countenance,
And ſuch fond favours ſparingly diſpenſt;
Sometimes him bleſſing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with looſe dalliance;
Sometimes eſtranging him in ſterner wiſe,
That having caſt him in a fooliſh trance,
He ſeemd brought to bed in Paradiſe, [moſt wiſe.
And prov'd himſelfe moſt foole in what he ſeem'd

x.

So great a miſtreſſe of her art ſhe was,
And perfectly practiz'd in woman's craft,
That though therein himſelfe he thought to pas,
And by his falſe allurements wylie draft
Had thouſand women of their love beraft,
Yet now he was ſurpriz'd; for that falſe ſpright,
Which that ſame witch had in this forme engraft,
Was ſo expert in every ſubtile ſlight,
That it could over-reach the wiſeſt earthly wight.

xi

Yet he to her did dayly ſervice more,
And dayly more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
As ſeeming plaſt in ſole felicity;
So blind is luſt falſe colours to deſcry:
But Até ſoone diſcovering his deſire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To ſtirre up ſtrife, twixt love, and ſpight, and ire,
Did privily put coles unto his ſecret fire.

xii.

By ſundry meanes thereto ſhe prickt him forth,
Now with remembrance of thoſe ſpightfull ſpeaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendſhip, as that hag him teaches;
And ever when his paſſion is allayd
She it revives, and new occaſion reaches,
That on a time, as they together way'd, [ſayd;
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly

x ii.

" Too boaſtfull Blandamour, too long I beare
" The open wrongs thou doeſt me day by day;
" Well know'ſt thou when we friendſhip firſt did
" ſweare,
" The covenant was, that every ſpoyle or pray
" Should equally be ſhard betwixt us tway:
" Where is my part, then, of this ladie bright,
" Whom to thyſelfe thou takeſt quite away?
" Render, therefore, therein to me my right,
" Or anſwere for thy wrong as ſhall fall out in
" fight."

xiv.

Exceeding wroth thereat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter anſwere to him make;
" Too fooliſh Paridell, that fayreſt floure
" Wouldſt gather faine, and yet no paines wouldſt
" take:
" But not ſo eaſie will I her forſake;
" This hand her wonne, this hand ſhall her de-
" fend."
With that they gan their ſhivering ſpeares to ſhake.
And deadly paints at either's breaſt to bend,
Forgetfull each to have been ever other's frend.

xv.

Their firie ſteedes with ſo untamed forſe
Did beare them both to fell avenge's end,
That both their ſpeares with pitileſſe remorſe
Through ſhield, and mayle, and haberieon, did wend,
And in their fleſh a grieſly paſſage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret
Each other horſe and man to ground did ſend;
Where lying ſtill awhile, both did forget
The perilous preſent ſtownd in which their lives were ſet.

xvi.

As when two warlike brigandines at ſea,
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Do meete together on the watry lea,
They ſtemme ech other with ſo fell deſpight,
That with the ſhocke of their owne headleſſe might
Their wooden ribs are ſhaken nigh aſonder;
They which from ſhore behold the dreadful ſight
Of flaſhing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly ſtand amaz'd at ſuch unwonted wonder.

xvii.

At length they both upſtarted in amaze,
As men awaked raſhly out of dreme,
And round about themſelves awhile did gaze,
Till ſeeing her, that Florimell did ſeeme,
In doubt to whom ſhe victorie ſhould deeme,
Therewith their dulled ſprights they edgd anew,
And drawing both their ſwords with rage extreme,
Like two mad maſtiffes, each on other flew,
And ſhields did ſhare, and mailes did raſh, and helmes did hew.

xviii.

So furiouſly each other did aſſayle,
As if their ſoules they would attonce have rent
Out of their breſts, that ſtreames of blood did rayle
Adowne, as if their ſprings of life were ſpent,

That all the ground with purple bloud was ſprent
And all their armours ſtaynd with bloudie gore;
Yet ſcarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice, and ſo ſore,
Become of fayned friendſhip which they vow'd afore.

XIX.

And that which is for ladies moſt befitting,
To ſtint all ſtrife, and foſter friendly peace,
Was from thoſe dames ſo farre and ſo unfitting,
As that inſtead of praying them ſurceaſe,
They did much more their cruelty encreaſe,
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then ladies cauſe releaſe;
With which vaine termes ſo much they did them move,
That both reſolv'd the laſt extremities to prove.

XX.

There they (I weene) would fight until this day,
Had not a Squyre, even he the Squyre of Dames,
By great adventure travelled that way;
Who ſeeing both bent to ſo bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cauſe of their debate,
And firſt laide on thoſe ladies thouſand blames,
That did not ſeeke t' appeaſe their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their eſtate:

XXI.

And then thoſe knights he humbly did beſeech
To ſtay their hands, till he awhile had ſpoken;
Who lookt a little up at that his ſpeech,
Yet would not let their battell ſo be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken:
Yet he to them ſo earneſtly did call,
And them coniur'd by ſome well-known token,
That they at laſt their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him ſpeake, and glad to reſt withall.

XXII.

Firſt he deſir'd their cauſe of ſtrife to ſee:
They ſaid it was for love of Florimell.
"Ah gentle knights!" quoth he, "how may that bee
"And ſhe ſo farre aſtray, as none can tell?
"Fond Squyre!" full angry then ſaid Paridell,
"Seeſt not the ladie there before thy face?"
He looked backe, and her advizing well,
Weend, as he ſaid, by that her outward grace
That fayreſt Florimell was preſent there in place.

XXIII.

Glad man was he to ſee that ioyous ſight,
For none alive but ioy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight;
"Fayreſt of faire! that faireneſſe doeſt excell,
"This happie day I have to greete you well,
"In which you ſafe I ſee, whom thouſand late
"Miſdoubted loſt through miſchiefe that befell:
"Long may you live in health and happie ſtate!"
She litle anſwer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

XXIV.

Then, turning to thoſe knights, he gan anew;
"And you, Sir Blandamour and Paridell,
"That for this ladie preſent in your vew
"Have raiſ'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
"Certes me ſeemes bene not adviſed well,
"But rather ought in friendſhip for her ſake
"To ioyne your force their forces to repell,
"That ſeeke perforce her from you both to take,
"And of your gotten ſpoyle their owne triumph to make."

XXV.

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance ſterne
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him beſpake;
"Aread, thou Squire! that I the man may learne,
"That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take."
"Not one," quoth he, "but many doe partake
"Herein, as thus: it lately ſo befell,
"That Satyrane a girdle did uptake
"Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
"Which for her ſake he wore, as him beſeemed well.

XXVI.

"But whenas ſhe herſelfe was loſt and gone,
"Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
"Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
"That loſt faire ladies ornament ſhould weare,
"And gan therefore cloſe ſpight to him to beare;
"Which he to ſhun, and ſtop vile Envies ſting,
"Hath lately cauſd to be proclaim'd each where
"A ſolemne feaſt with publike turneying,
"To which all knights with them their ladies are to bring:

XXVII.

"And of them all ſhe that is fayreſt found
"Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
"And of thoſe knights who is moſt ſtout on ground,
"Shall to that faireſt ladie be prefard:
"Since, therefore ſhe herſelfe is now your ward,
"To you that ornament of her's pertaines
"Againſt all thoſe that chalenge it to gard,
"And ſave her honour with your ventrous paines,
"That ſhall you win more glory then ye here find gaines."

XXVIII.

When they the reaſon of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves regard
The furious flames of malice to aſſwage:
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell ſtrong to wage
Gainſt all thoſe knights, as their profeſſed fone,
That chaleng'd outin Florimell, ſave they alone.

XXIX.

So well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly ſort, that laſted but awhile,
And of all old diſlikes they made faire weather;
Yet all was forg'd, and ſpred with golden foyle,
That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendſhip long endure,
However gay and goodly be the ſtyle,
That doth ill cauſe or evill end enure,
For vertue is the band that bindeth harts moſt ſure.

xxx.

Thus as they marched all in cloſe diſguiſe
Of layned love, they chaunſt to overtake
Two knights, that linckt rode in lovely wiſe,
As if they ſecret counſels did partake:
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete two ladies of moſt goodly hew,
That twixt themſelves did gen'le purpoſe make,
Unmindfull both of that diſcordfull crew,
The which with ſpeedie pace did after them purſew.

xxxi.

Who as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughty as they did appeare,
They ſent that ſquire afore, to underſtand
What mote they be; who viewing them more neare,
Returned readie newes, that thoſe ſame weare
Two of the proweſt knights in Faery Lond;
And thoſe two ladies their two lovers deare,
Couragious Cambell, and ſtout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely bond.

xxxii.

Whylome, as antique ſtories tellen us,
Thoſe two were foes the felloneſt from ground,
And battell made the dreddeſt daungerous
That ever ſhrilling trumpet did reſound,
Tho now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowmed poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and heroicke ſound,
Dan Chaucer, well of Engliſh undefyled,
On Fame's eternall bead-roll worthie to be fyled.

xxxiii.

But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waſte,
And workes of nobleſt wits to nought out-weare,
That famous moniment hath quite defaſte,
And robd the world of threaſure endleſſe deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare.
O curſed Eld, the canker-worme of writs,
How may theſe rimes, ſo rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, ſith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little bits?

xxxiv.

Then pardon, O moſt ſacred happie ſpirit!
That I thy labours loſt may thus revive,
And ſteale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durſt ever whileſt thou waſt alive,
And being dead, in vaine yet many ſtrive:
Ne dare I like, but through infuſion ſweete
Of thine owne ſpirit, which doth in me ſurvive,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning ſo I may the rather meete.

xxxv.

Cambelloes ſiſter was fayre Canacee,
That was the learneſt ladie in her dayes,
Well ſeene in everie ſcience that mote bee,
And every ſecret worke of Nature's wayes,
In wittie riddles, and in wiſe ſoothſayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beaſts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayſe,
She modeſt was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaſt of life, yet lov'd of knights and lords.

xxxvi.

Full many lords and many knights her loved,
Yet ſhe to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly government,
For dread of blame and honour's blemiſhment;
And eke unto her lookes a law ſhe made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie centonels well ſtay'd,
Still watcht on every ſide, of ſecret foes afrayd.

xxxvii.

So much the more as ſhe refuſd to love,
So much the more ſhe loved was and ſought,
That oftentimes unquiet ſtriſe did move
Amongſt her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought;
Which whenas Cambell, that was ſtout and wiſe,
Perceiv'd would breede great miſchiefe, he bethought
How to prevent the perill that mote riſe,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wiſe.

xxxviii.

One day when all that troupe of warlike wooers
Aſſembled were, to weet whoſe ſhe ſhould bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring dooers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongſt them all this end he did decree;
That of them all which love to her did make,
They by conſent ſhould chooſe the ſtouteſt three,
That with himſelfe ſhould combat for her ſake,
And of them all the victour ſhould his ſiſter take.

xxxix.

Bold was the chalenge, as himſelfe was bold,
And courage full of haughty hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament;
But yet his ſiſter's ſkill unto him lent
Moſt confidence and hope of happie ſpeed,
Conceived by a ring, which ſhe him ſent,
That mongſt the manie vertues which we reed,
Had power to ſtaunch al wounds that mortally did bleed.

xl.

Well was that ring's great vertue knowen to all
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout ſo much apall,
That none of them durſt undertake the fight;
More wife they weend to make of love delight,
Then life to hazard for ſaire ladies looke;
And yet uncertaine by ſuch outward ſight
(Though for her ſake they all that perill tooke)
Whether ſhe would them love, or in her liking brooke.

xli.

Amongſt thoſe knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thriſe happie mother! and thriſe happie morne!

That bore three ſuch, three ſuch not to be fond;
Her name was Agape, whoſe children werne
All three as one; the firſt hight Priamond,
The ſecond Dyamond, the youngeſt Triamond.

XLII.

Stout Priamond, but not ſo ſtrong to ſtrike;
Strong Diamond, but not ſo ſtout a knight;
But Triamond was ſtout and ſtrong alike:
On horſe-backe uſed Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight;
But horſe and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe uſed Diamond to ſmite,
And Triamond to handle ſpeare and ſhield,
But ſpeare and curtaxe both uſd Priamond in field.

XLIII.

Theſe three did love each other dearely well,
And with ſo firme affection were allyde,
As if but one ſoule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divyde;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wyde,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall ſap;
And like that roote that doth her life divide,
Their mother was, and had full bleſſed hap
Theſe three ſo noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

XLIV.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the ſkill
Of ſecret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which ſhe by art could uſe unto her will,
And to her ſervice bind each living creature,
Through ſecret underſtanding of their feature.
Thereto ſhe was right fayre, whenſo her face
She liſt diſcover, and of goodly ſtature;
But ſhe, as Fayes are wont, in private place
Did ſpend her dayes, and lov'd in foreſts wyld to ſpace.

XLV.

There on a day a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the ſalvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the ſight,
As ſhe ſate careleſſe by a criſtall flood
Combing her golden lockes, as ſeemd her good,
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That ſtrove in vaine him long to have withſtood,
Oppreſſed her, and there (as it is told)
Got theſe three lovely babes, that prov'd three champions bold;

XLVI.

Which ſhe with her long foſtred in that wood,
Till that to ripeneſſe of man's ſtate they grew;
Then ſhewing forth ſignes of their father's blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did enſew,
Seeking adventures where they anie knew:
Which when their mother ſaw, ſhe gan to dout
Their ſafetie, leaſt by ſearching daungers new,
And raſh provoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridged through their corage ſtout.

XLVII.

Therefore deſirous th' end of all their dayes
To know, and them t' enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous ſkill and many hidden wayes
To the Three Fatall Siſters' houſe ſhe went;
Farre under ground from tract of living went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe abyſſe,
Where Demogorgon in dull darkneſſe pent,
Farre from the view of gods and heven's bliſs,
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

XLVIII.

There ſhe them found all ſitting round about,
The direfull diſtaffe ſtanding in the mid,
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the third
By grieſly Lacheſis was ſpun with paine,
That cruell Atropos eftſoones undid,
With curſed knife cutting the twiſt in twaine:
Moſt wretched men, whoſe dayes depend on thrids ſo vaine!

XLIX.

She them ſaluting there by them ſate ſtill,
Beholding how the thrids of life they ſpan;
And when at laſt ſhe had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cauſe of comming ſhe to tell began.
To whom fierce Atropos; "Bold Fay! that durſt
"Come ſee the ſecret of the life of man,
"Well worthie thou to be of Jove accurſt,
"And eke thy childrens thrids to be aſunder "burſt."

L.

Whereat ſhe ſore affrayd, yet her beſought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That ſhe might ſee her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the meaſure of their utmoſt date
To them ordained by eternall Fate;
Which Clotho graunting, ſhewed her the ſame;
That when ſhe ſaw, it did her much amate
To ſee their thrids ſo thin as ſpiders frame,
And eke ſo ſhort, that ſeemd their ends out ſhortly came.

LI.

She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That ſo their lives might be prolonged late;
But Lacheſis thereat gan to repine,
And ſayd, "Fond Dame! that deem'ſt of things "divine
"As of humane, that they may altred bee,
"And chaung'd at pleaſure for thoſe impes of "thine:
"Not ſo; for what the Fates do once decree,
"Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Jove himſelfe can free."

LII.

"Then ſince," quoth ſhe, "the term of each "man's life
"For nought may leſſened nor enlarged bee,
"Graunt this, that when ye ſhred with fatal "knife
"His line, which is the eldeſt of the three,
"Which is of them the ſhorteſt, as I ſee,
"Eftſoones his life may paſſe into the next;
"And when the next ſhall likewiſe ended bee

" That both their lives may likewiſe be annext
" Unto the third, that his may be ſo trebly
" wext."

LIII.

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
And comming home, in warlike freſh aray,
Them found, all three according to their kynd;
But unto them what deſtinie was aſſynd,
Or how their lives were eekt, ſhe did not tell;
But evermore, when ſhe fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their ſafeties well,
And love each other deare, whatever them befell.

LIV.

So did they furely during all their dayes,
And never diſcord did amongſt them fall,
Which much augmented all their other praiſe;
And now t' increaſe affection naturall,
In love of Canaſee they ioyned all;
Upon which ground this ſame great battell grew
(Great matter growing of beginning ſmall)
The which for length I will not here purſew,
But rather will reſerve it for a Canto new.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO III.

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee;
Cambina, with true friendſhip's bond,
Doth their long ſtrife agree.

I.

O WHY doe wretched men ſo much deſire
To draw their dayes unto the utmoſt date,
And doe not rather wiſh them ſoone expire,
Knowing the miſerie of their eſtate,
And thouſand perills which them ſtill awate,
Toſſing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at Deathes gate?
And he that happie ſeemes and leaſt in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that moſt doth playne.

II.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which in ſeeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine;
Yet whileſt they lived none did ever ſee
More happie creatures then they ſeem'd to bee,
Nor more ennobled for their courteſie;
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowmed for their chivalrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

III.

Theſe three that hardie challenge took in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight;
The day was ſet, that all might underſtand,
And pledges pawnd the ſame to keep aright:
That day (the dreddeſt day that living wight
Did ever ſee upon this world to ſhine)
So ſoone as heaven's window ſhewed light,
Theſe warlike champions, all in armour ſhine,
Aſſembled were in field, the chalenge to define.

IV.

The field with liſtes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the preaſe of people farre away,
And at th' one ſide ſixe iudges were diſpos'd,
To vew and deeme the deedes of armes that day;
And on the other ſide, in freſh aray
Fayre Canacee upon a ſtately ſtage
Was ſet, to ſee the fortune of that fray,
And to be ſeene, as his moſt worthie wage
That could her purchaſe with his live's adventur'd gage.

V.

Then entred Cambell firſt into the liſt,
With ſtately ſteps and feareleſſe countenance,
As if the conqueſt his he ſurely wiſt:
Soone after did the brethren three advance
In brave aray and goodly amenance,
With ſcutchins gilt and banners broad diſplayd;
And marching thriſe in warlike ordinance,
Thriſe lowted lowly to the noble mayd:
The whiles ſhril trompets and loud clarions ſweatly playd.

VI.

Which doen, the doughty chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to point, his chalenge to abet,
Gainſt whom Sir Priamond with equall worth
And equall armes, himſelfe did forward ſet.
A trompet blew; they both together met,
With dreadfull force and furious intent,
Careleſſe of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to loſſe they had forelent,
And cared not to ſpare that ſhould be ſhortly ſpent.

VII.

Right practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,
And throughly ſkild in uſe of ſhield and ſpeare;
Ne leſſe approved was Cambelloes might,
Ne leſſe his ſkill in weapons did appeare,
That hard it was to weene which hard it were.
Full many mightie ſtrokes on either ſide
Were ſent, that ſeemed death in them to beare;
But they were both ſo watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did flyde.

VIII.

Yet one of many was ſo ſtrongly bent
By Priamond, that with unlucky glaunce
Through Cambel's ſhoulder it unwarely went,
That forced him his ſhield to diſadvaunce;
Much was he grieved with that graceleſſe chaunce,
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
His haughty courage to avengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to ſwell.

IX.

With that his poynant ſpeare he fierce aventred
With doubled force cloſe underneath his ſhield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arreſting, readie way did yield
For bloud to guſh forth on the graſſie field,
That he for paine himſelfe n'ote right upreare,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old oke, whoſe pith and ſap is feare,
At puffe of every ſtorme doth ſtagger here and theare.

X.

Whom ſo diſmayd when Cambell had eſpide,
Againe he drove it at him with double might,
That nought mote ſtay the ſteele, till in his ſide
The mortall point moſt cruelly empight;
Where faſt infixed, whileſt he ſought by flight
It forth to wreſt, the ſtaffe aſunder brake,
And left the head behinde, with which deſpight
He all enrag'd his ſhivering ſpeare did ſhake,
And charging him afreſh, thus felly him beſpake;

XI.

"Lo! Faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,
"The meede of thy miſchalenge and abet!
"Not for thine owne, but for thy ſiſter's ſake,
"Have I thus long thy life unto thee let;
"But to forbeare doth not forgive the det."
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull bow,
And paſſing forth with furious affret,
Pierſt through his bever quite into his brow, [bow.
That with the force it backward forced him to

XII.

Therewith aſunder in the midſt it breſt,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left,
The other halfe behind yet ſticking faſt,
Out of his head-peece, Cambell fiercely reft,
And with ſuch furie backe at him it heft,
That making way into his deareſt life,
His weaſand-pipe it through his gorget cleft;
Thence ſtreames of purple bloud iſſuing rife,
Let forth his wearie ghoſt, and made an end of ſtrife.

XIII.

His wearie ghoſt, aſſoyld from fleſhly band,
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her reſt in Plutoes grieſly land,
Ne unto ayre did vaniſh preſently,
Ne chaunged was into a ſtarre in ſky;
But through traduction was eftſoones derived,
Like as his mother prayd the Deſtinie,
Into his other brethren that ſurvived,
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.

XIV.

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though ſad and ſorrie for ſo heavy fight,
Yet leave unto his ſorrow did not yeeld,
But rather ſtir'd to vengeaunce and deſpight,
Through ſecret feeling of his generous ſpright,
Ruſht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reverſion of his brother's right,
And chalenging the virgin as his dew;
His foe was ſoone addreſt; the trompet freſhly blew.

XV.

With that they both together fierſly met,
As if that each ment other to devoure,
And with their axes both ſo ſorely bet,
That nether plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
They felt, could once ſuſtaine the hideous ſtowre,
But rived were like rotten wood aſunder,
Whileſt through their rift the ruddy bloud did ſhowre,
And fire did flaſh, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

XVI.

As when two tygers, prickt with hunger's rage,
Have by good fortune found ſome beaſt's freſh ſpoyle,
On which they weene their famine to aſſwage,
And gaine a feaſtfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe ſtirre up ſtrife-full broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themſelves do make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the ſoyle,
But either ſdeigns with other to partake;
So cruelly thoſe knights ſtrove for that ladies ſake.

XVII.

Full many ſtrokes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them too;
Yet they were all with ſo good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded, and let goe,
That ſtill the life ſtood feareleſſe of her foe:
Till Diamond, diſdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,
Reſolv'd to end it one or other way,
And heav'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty ſway.

XVIII.

The dreadfull ſtroke, in caſe it had arrived
Where it was ment, ſo deadly it was ment,
The ſoule had ſure out of his body rived,
And ſtinted all the ſtrife incontinent;
But Cambel's fate that fortune did prevent;
For ſeeing it at hand, he ſwarv'd aſyde,
And ſo gave way unto his fell intent;

Who miſſing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh feld, whilſt his right foot did flyde.

xix.

As when a vulture, greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an heron with all his bodies ſway,
That from his force ſeemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle, that ſpies him toward bend,
His dreadfull ſouſe avoydes, it ſhunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to ſpend,
That with the weight of his owne weeldleſſe might,
He falleth nigh to ground, and ſcarſe recovereth flight.

xx.

Which faire adventure, when Cambello ſpide,
Full lightly, ere himſelfe he could recower
From daunger's dread to ward his naked ſide,
He can let drive at him with all his power,
And with his axe him ſmote in evill hower,
That from his ſhoulders quite his head he reft;
The headleſſe tronk, as heedleſſe of that ſtower,
Stood ſtill awhile, and his faſt footing kept,
Till feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly ſlept.

xxi.

They which that pitteous ſpectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the headleſſe trunk to ſee
Stand up ſo long, and weapon vaine to wield,
Unweeting of the Fates divine decree
For life's ſucceſſion in thoſe brethren three;
For notwithſtanding that one ſoule was reft,
Yet had the bodies not diſmembred bee,
It would have lived, and revived eft;
But finding no fit ſeat, the lifeleſſe corſe it left.

xxii.

It left; but that ſame ſoule which therein dwelt,
Streight entering into Triamond, him fild
With double life and grieſe; which when he felt,
As one whoſe inner parts had bene ythrild
With point of ſteele that cloſe his hart-bloud ſpild,
He lightly lept out of his place of reſt,
And ruſhing forth into the emptie field,
Againſt Cambello fiercely him addreſt;
Who him affronting, ſoone to fight was readie preſt.

xxiii.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble knight,
After he had ſo often wounded beene,
Could ſtand on foot now to renew the fight;
But had ye then him forth advauncing ſeene,
Some new-borne wight ye would him ſurely weene,
So freſh he ſeemed and ſo fierce in fight;
Like as a ſnake, whom wearie winter's teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling ſommer's might,
Caſts off his ragged ſkin, and freſhly doth him dight.

xxiv.

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of blood to fall, but did reſtore
His weakened powers, and dulled ſpirits whet,
Through working of the ſtone therein yſet;
Elſe how could one of equall might with moſt,
Againſt ſo many no leſſe mightie met,
Once thinke to match three ſuch on equall coſt?
Three ſuch as able were to match a puiſſaunt hoſt.

xxv

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
Ne deſperate of glorious victorie,
But ſharply him aſſayld, and ſore beſtedde
With heapes of ſtrokes, which he at him let flie.
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the ſkie:
He ſtroke, he ſouſt, he foynd, he hewd, he laſht,
And did his yron brond'ſo faſt applie,
That from the ſame the fierie ſparkles flaſht,
As faſt as water-ſprinkles againſt a rocke are daſht.

xxvi.

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes:
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were ſent,
That he was forſt from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and ſomewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had ſpent;
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afreſh with new encouragement
Did him aſſayle, and mightily amate,
As faſt as forward erſt, now backward to retrate.

xxvii.

Like as the tide that comes fro th' ocean mayne,
Flowes up the Shenan with contrarie forſe,
And over-ruling him in his own rayne,
Drives back the current of his kindly courſe,
And makes it ſeem to have ſome other ſourſe;
But when the flood is ſpent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forſt to re-diſbourſe,
He ſends the ſea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his ſoverayne.

xxviii.

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverſe fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquiſht, then the other ſeemd;
Yet victors both themſelves alwayes eſteemd:
And all the while the diſentrayled blood
Adowne their ſides like litle rivers ſteemd,
That with the waſting of his vitall flood,
Sir Triamond at laſt full faint and feeble ſtood.

xxix.

But Cambell ſtill more ſtrong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to waſte, ne powres empriſht,
Through that ring's vertue, that with vigour new
Still whenas he enfeebled was him cheriſht,
And all his wounds and all his bruſes guariſht;
Like as a withred tree through huſband's toyle
Is often ſeene full freſhly to have floriſht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne a while,
As freſh as when it firſt was planted in the ſoyle.

xxx.

Through which advantage, in his ſtrength he roſe,
And ſmote the other with ſo wondrous might,
That through the ſeame which did his hauberk cloſe,
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens ſight;

Yet dead he was not, yet he ſure did die,
As all men do that loſe the living ſpright;
So did one foule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miſerie.

xxxi.

But natheleſſe whilſt all the lookers on
Him did behight, as he to all appeard,
All unawares he ſtarted up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And freſh aſſayld his foe; who halfe affeard
Of th' uncouth ſight, as he ſome ghoſt had ſeene,
Stood ſtill amaz'd, holding his idle ſweard,
Till having often by him ſtricken beene,
He forced was to ſtrike, and ſave himſelfe from teene.

xxxii.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
Ne followed on ſo faſt, but rather ſought
Himſelfe to ſave, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to ſpend;
Which Triamond perceiving, weened ſure
He gan to faint toward the battel's end,
And that he ſhould not long on foote endure,
A ſigne which did to him the victorie aſſure.

xxxiii.

Whereof full blith, eftſoones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that ſame blow
To make an end of all that did withſtand;
Which Cambell ſeeing come, was nothing ſlow
Himſelfe to ſave from that ſo deadly throw;
And at that inſtant reaching forth his ſweard,
Cloſe underneath his ſhield, that ſcarſe did ſhow,
Stroke him, as he his hand to ſtrike up-reard,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both ſides the wound appeard.

xxxiv.

Yet ſtill that direfull ſtroke kept on his way,
And falling heavie on Cambelloes creſt,
Strooke him ſo hugely, that in ſwowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound impreſt;
And ſure had it not happily found reſt
Upon the brim of his bróde-plated ſhield,
It would have cleft his braine downe to his breſt;
So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other ſeemd the victorie to yield.

xxxv.

Which whenas all the lookers on beheld,
They weened ſure the warre was at an end;
And iudges roſe, and marſhals of the field
Broke up the liſtes, their armes away to rend,
And Canacee gan wayle her deareſt frend:
All ſuddenly they both upſtarted light,
The one out of the ſwownd which did him blend,
The other breathing now another ſpright,
And fiercely each aſſayling gan afreſh to fight.

xxxvi.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did deſpiſe,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill ſhonne,
Deſirous both to have the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to ſave or ſpill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne;
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life itſelfe ſeemd loathſome, and long ſafetie ill.

xxxvii.

Whilſt thus the caſe in doubtfull ballance hong,
Unſure to whether ſide it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine
And fecret feare, to ſee their fatall fine,
All ſuddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That ſeemd ſome perilous tumult to define,
Confuſ'd with womens cries and ſhouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled theatres oft-times annoyes.

xxxviii.

Thereat the champions both ſtood ſtill a ſpace,
To weeten what that ſudden clamour ment;
Lo! where they ſpyde with ſpeedy whirling pace
One in a charet of ſtraunge furniment
Towards them driving like a ſtorme out ſent;
The charet decked was in wondrous wize
With gold, and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Perſian monarks antique guize,
Such as the maker ſelfe could beſt by art devize.

xxxix.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lyons taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell,
Now made forget ther former cruell mood,
T'obey their rider's heſt, as ſeemed good;
And therein ſate a ladie paſſing faire
And bright, that ſeemed borne of angels brood,
And with her beautie bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her ſhould have the greater ſhare.

xl.

Thereto ſhe learned was in magicke leare,
And all the artes that ſubtill wits diſcover,
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well inſtructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the ſame ſhe farre exceld all other;
Who underſtanding by her mightie art
Of th' evill plight in which her deareſt brother
Now ſtood, came forth in haſt to take his part,
And pacifie the ſtrife which cauſ'd ſo deadly ſmart.

xli.

And as ſhe paſſed through th' unruly preace
Of people, threnging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like ſheepe in narrow fold,
For haſt did over-runne, in duſt enrould;
That through rude confuſion of the rout,
Some fearing ſhrickt, ſome being harmed hould,
Some laught for ſport, ſome did for wonder ſhout,
And ſome that would ſeeme wiſe their wonder turnd to doubt.

xlii.

In her right hand a rod of peace ſhee bore,
About the which two ſerpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailes together firmely bound,
And both were with one olive garland crownd,
Like to the rod which Maia's ſonne doth wield,
Wherewith the helliſh fiends he doth confound;

And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with nepenthe to the brim upfild.

XLIII.

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
Devized by the gods for to asswage
Hart's grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage;
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd:
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the gods to drink thereof assynd,
But such as drinck eternal happinesse do synd.

XLIV.

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As Iove will have advaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
To drincke hereof; whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memorie:
So did those old heroës hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the gods were plaste.

XLV.

Much more of price, and of more gratious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscane penne;
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro love to hate, a change of evill choise;
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

XLVI.

At last arriving by the listes side,
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope, and gave her way to ride.
Effsoones out of her coch she gan availe,
And pacing fairely forth, did hid all haile
First to her brother, whom she loved deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quaile,
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden love t' appeare.

XLVII.

They lightly her requit, (for small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine)
And eft them turned both againe to fight;
Which when she saw, downe on the bloudy plaine
Herselfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine,
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reasons, to restraine
From blouddy strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
By all that unto them was deere did them beseeke.

XLVIII.

But whenas all might nought with them prevaile,
Shee smote them lightly with her powrefull wand,
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they like men astonisht still did stand.
Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to themsor drinke she raught,
Whereof full glad for thirst ech drunke an harty draught:

XLIX.

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
(Wonder it is that sudden change to see)
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haulst, from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing ioy, which so great marvaile brings,
They all gan shout alowd, that all the heaven rings.

L.

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her lostie chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befeld;
Where when she saw that cruell warre so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended,
And entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

LI.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere,
Those warlike champions both together chose
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose;
And wife Cambina taking by her side
Faire Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her coch remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

LII.

Where making ioyous feast, their daies they spent
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutual couplement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And Cambell tooke Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were each to other liefe:
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their days such lovers were not found elswhere.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO IV.

Satyrane makes a turneyment
For love of Florimell;
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

I.

It often fals (as here it earſt befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profeſt are chaungd to foemen fell;
The cauſe of both, of both their minds depends,
And th' end of both likewiſe of both their ends;
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occaſion, with th' occaſion ends;
And friendſhip, which a faint affection breeds,
Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded seeds.

II.

That well (me ſeemes) appeares by that of late
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell;
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
The which by courſe befals me here to tell;
Who having thoſe two other knights eſpide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their ſquire to have them both deſcride,
And eke thoſe maſked ladies riding them beſide:

III.

Who backe returning, told as he had ſeene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name;
And thoſe two ladies their two loves unſeene;
And therefore wiſht them, without blot or blame,
To let them paſſe at will, for dread or ſhame:
But Blandamour, full of vaine-glorious ſpright,
And rather ſtir'd by his diſcordfull dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was ſore of his late luckleſſe fight.

IV.

Yet nigh approching he them fowle beſpake,
Diſgracing them, himſelfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont; ſo weening way to make
To ladies love, whereſo he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface,
Whoſe ſharpe provokement them incenſt ſo ſore,
That both were bent t' avenge his uſage baſe,
And gan their ſhields addreſſe themſelves afore;
For evill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

V.

But faire Cambina, with perſwaſions myld,
Did mitigate the fierceneſſe of their mode,
That for the preſent they were reconcyld,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrode,
And ſtrange adventures, all the way they rode;
Amongſt the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie moſt excell.

VI.

To which folke-mote they all with one conſent
(Sith each of them his ladie had him by,
Whoſe beautie each of them thought excellent)
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try:
So as they paſſed forth, they did eſpy
One in bright armes with ready ſpeare in reſt,
That toward them his courſe ſeem'd to apply,
Gainſt whom Sir Paridell himſelfe addreſt,
Him weening ere he nigh approcht, to have repreſt.

VII.

Which th' other ſeeing, gan his courſe relent,
And vaunted ſpeare eſtſoones to diſadvaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleaſure ment,
Now ſalne into their fellowſhip by chaunce,
Whereat they ſhewed curteous countenaunce;
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eie did on the lady glaunce
Which Blandamour had riding by his ſide;
Whom ſure he weend that he ſomewhere tofore had eide.

VIII.

It was to weete that ſnowy Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne,
Whom he now ſeeing, her remembred well,
How having reft her from the witches ſonne,
He ſoone her loſt, wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprize,
Which ſcornefull offer Blandamour gan ſoone deſpize.

IX

And ſaid, "Sir knight, ſith ye this lady clame,
"Whom he that hath were loth to loſe ſo light,
"(For ſo to loſe a lady were great ſhame)
"Yee ſhall her winne, as I have done, in fight;
"And lo! ſhee ſhall be placed here in ſight,
"Together with this hag beſide her ſet,
"That whoſo winnes her may her have by right;
"But he ſhall have the hag that is yhet,
"And with her alwaies ride till he another get."

X.

That offer pleaſed all the company;
So Florimell with Até forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily;
But Braggadochio ſaid, he never thought
For ſuch an hag, that ſeemed worſt then nought,
His perſon to imperill ſo in fight;
But if to match that lady they had fought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would ſpend to iuſtifie his right.

XI.

At which his vaine excuſe they all gan ſmile,
As ſcorning his unmanly cowardize,
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her ſake refuſ'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in ſo knightly wize;
And Até eke provokt him privily
With love of her, and ſhame of ſuch meſprize:
But naught he car'd for friend or enemy;
For in baſe mind nor friendſhip dwells nor enmity.

XII.

But Cambell thus did ſhut up all in ieſt;
"Brave knights and ladies, certes ye do wrong
"To ſtirre up ſtrife, when moſt us needeth reſt,
"That we may us reſerve both freſh and ſtrong
"Againſt the turneiment, which is not long:
"When whoſo liſt to fight may fight his fill;
"Till then your challenges ye may prolong,
"And then it ſhall be tried, if ye will,
"Whether ſhall have the hag, or hold the lady ſtill."

XIII.

They all agreed; ſo turning all to game
And pleaſaunt bord, they paſt forth on their way;
And all that while, whereſo they rode or came,
That maſked mock-knight was their ſport and play:
Till that at length upon th' appointed day,
Unto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in freſh array
Manie a brave knight, and manie a daintie dame
Aſſembled, for to get the honour of that game.

XIV.

There this faire crew arriving, did divide
Themſelves aſunder: Blandamour, with thoſe
Of his, on th' one; the reſt on th' other ſide:
But boaſtfull Braggadochio rather choſe
For glorie vaine their fellowſhip to loſe,
That men on him the more might gaze alone:
The reſt themſelves in troupes did elſe diſpoſe,
Like as it ſeemed beſt to every one;
The knights in couples marcht with ladies linckt attone.

XV.

Then firſt of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prephane;
Which drawing ſoftly forth out of the darke,
He open ſhewd, that all men it mote marke;
A gorgeous girdle, curiouſly emboſt
With perle and precious ſtone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanſhip farre paſſe the coſt:
It was the ſame which lately Florimell had loſt.

XVI.

The ſame aloft he hung in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might,
The which eſtſoones diſcovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with cloſe delight,
And hearts quite robbed with ſo glorious ſight,
That all men threw out vowes and wiſhes vaine;
Thriſe happie ladie, and thriſe happie knight,
Them ſeemd that could ſo goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the pain.

XVII.

Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great ſpeare, ſuch as he wont to wield,
And vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, addreſt his maiden-headed ſhield,
Shewing himſelfe all ready for the field:
Againſt whom there ſingled from the other ſide
A painim knight that well in armes was ſkil'd,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fierſly forth did ride.

XVIII.

So furiouſly they both together met,
That neither could the other's force ſuſtaine:
As two fierce buls, that ſtrive the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with ſo hideous maine,
That both rebutted tumble on the plaine:
So theſe two champions to the ground were feld,
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag or once to weld.

XIX.

Which when the noble Ferramont eſpide,
He pricked forth in ayd of Satyran,
And him againſt Sir Blandamour did ride,
With all the ſtrength and ſtifneſſe that he can:
But the more ſtrong and ſtiffely that he ran,
So much more ſorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horſe and man;
Unto whoſe reſcue forth rode Paridell;
But him likewiſe with that ſame ſpeare he eke did quell.

XX.

Which Braggadochio ſeeing, had no will
To haſten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next; but ſtood there ſtill,
As one that ſeemed doubtfull or diſmayd;
But Triamond, halfe wroth to ſee him ſtaid,
Sternly ſtept forth, and raught away his ſpeare,
With which ſo ſore he Ferramont aſſaid,
That horſe and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in haſt themſelves againe upreare.

XXI.

Which to avenge, Sir Devon him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the reſt,
For him likewiſe he quickly downe did ſmight;
And after him Sir Douglas him addreſt,
And after him Sir Palimord forth preſt;
But none of them againſt his ſtrokes could ſtand,
But all the more, the more his praiſe increſt;
For either they were left upon the land,
Or went away ſore wounded of his hapleſſe hand.

XXII.

And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the ſwowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about like one diſmaid,
Whenas he ſaw the mercileſſe affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
Unto the noble knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almoſt rend in tway
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himſelfe he wiſht have beene then in ſo bad a ſtead.

XXIII.

Eftſoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons, which lay ſcattered all abrode,
And as it fell his ſteed he ready found,
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like ſparke of fire that from the andvile glode,
There where he ſaw the valiant Triamond
Chaſing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withſtond;
So dreadfull was his ſtrokes, ſo deadly was his hond.

XXIV.

With that at him his beamlike ſpeare he aimed,
And thereto all his powre and might applide;
The wicked ſteele for miſchiefe firſt ordained,
And having now Misfortune got for guide,
Staid not, till it arrived in his ſide,
And therein made a very grieſly wound,
That ſtreames of blood his armour all bedide:
Much was he daunted with that direfull ſtownd,
That ſcarſe he him upheld from falling in a ſownd.

XXV.

Yet, as he might, himſelfe he ſoft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine;
Then gan the part of chalengers anew
To range the field, and victor-like to raine,
That none againſt them batrell durſt maintaine.
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets ſound to ceaſe did them compell;
So Satyrane that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

XXVI.

The morrow next the turney gan anew,
And with the firſt the hardy Satyrane
Apper'd in place with all his noble crew:
On th' other ſide full many a warlike ſwaine
Aſſembled were that glorious prize to gain;
But mongſt them all was not Sir Triamond,
Unable he new battell to daraine
Through grievaunce of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve, when ſo himſelfe he found.

XXVII.

Which Cambell ſeeing, though he could not ſalve,
Ne done undoe, yet for to ſalve his name,
And purchaſe honour in his friend's behalve,
This goodly counterfeſaunce he did frame;
The ſhield and armes well knowne to be the ſame
Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight,
And to his friend unwiſt, for doubt of blame
If he miſdid, he on himſelfe did dight,
That none could him diſcerne, and ſo went forth to fight.

XXVIII.

There Satyrane lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iollity,
Gainſt whom none able was to ſtand on ground,
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And caſt t'avenge his friend's indignity:
A mighty ſpeare eftſoones at him he bent,
Who ſeeing him come on ſo furiouſly,
Met him mid-way with equal hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

XXIX.

They up againe themſelves gan lightly reare,
And to their tryed ſwords themſelves betake,
With which they wrought ſuch wondrous marvels there,
That all the reſt it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake:
Now cuſing cloſe, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take;
As two wild boares together grapling go,
Chauſing and foming choler each againſt his fo.

XXX.

So as they courſt, and tourneyed here and theare
It chaunſt Sir Satyrane his ſteed at laſt,
Whether through foundring or through ſodden feare,
To ſtumble, that his rider nigh he caſt;
Which vauntage Cambell did purſue ſo faſt,
That ere himſelfe he had recovered well,
So ſore he ſowſt him on the compaſt creaſt,

That forced him to leave his loftie fell,
And rudely tumbling downe, under his horſe-feete fell.

XXXI.

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his ſteed,
For to have rent his ſhield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victor's meed;
When all unwares he felt an hideous ſway
Of many ſwords, that lode on him did lay;
An hundred knights had him enclofed round,
To reſcue Satyrane out of his pray,
All which at once huge ſtrokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him priſoner where he ſtood on ground.

XXXII.

He with their multitude was nought diſmayd,
But with ſtout courage turnd upon them all,
And with his brond-iron round about him layd,
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a lion, that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunter's toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart diſdaining to be thrall:
But all in vaine; for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, though it grieve him ſore.

XXXIII.

Whereof, when newes to Triamond was brought,
Thereas he lay, his wound he ſoone forgot,
And ſtarting up, ſtreight for his armour ſought:
In vaine he ſought, for their he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly iſſewed forth to take his lot:
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew
Leading his friend away, full ſorie to his vew.

XXXIV.

Into the thickeſt of that knightly preaſſe
He thruſt, and ſmote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with fervent zeal; ne did he ceaſſe,
Till that he came where he had Cambell ſeene,
Like captive thral two other knights atweene;
There he amongſt them cruell havock makes,
That they which lead him ſoone enforced beene
To let him looſe to ſave their proper ſtakes:
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes:

XXXV.

With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friend's late harme,
And in revengement of his owne deſpight;
So both together give a new allarme,
As if but now the battell wexed warme.
As when two greedy wolves doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the huſband farme,
They ſpoile and ravine without all remorſe;
So did theſe two through all the field their foes enforce.

XXXVI.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde empriſe,
Till trumpets ſound did warne them all to reſt;
Then all with one conſent did yeeld the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the beſt;
But Triamond to Cambell it releſt,
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd;
Each labouring t'advance the other's geſt,
And make his praiſe before his owne preferd;
So that the doome was to another day differd.

XXXVII.

The laſt day came, when all thoſe knightes againe
Aſſembled were, their deedes of armes to ſhew:
Full many deedes that day were ſhewed plaine:
But Satyrane bove all the other crew
His wondrous worth declard in all mens view;
For from the firſt he to the laſt endured,
And though ſome while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet evermore his honour he recured,
And with unwearied powre his party ſtill aſſured.

XXXVIII.

Ne was there knight that ever thought of armes,
But that his utmoſt proweſſe there made knowen,
That by their many wounds, and careleſſe harmes,
By ſhivred ſpeares, and ſwords all under ſtrowen,
By ſcattered ſhields, was eaſie to be ſhowen.
There might ye ſee looſe ſteeds at random ronne,
Whoſe luckeleſſe riders late were overthrowen,
And ſquiers make haſt to helpe their lords fordonne;
But ſtill the knights of Maidenhead the better wonne.

XXXIX.

Till that there entred on the other ſide
A ſtraunger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In queint diſguiſe, full hard to be deſcride;
For all his armour was like ſalvage weed
With woody moſſe bedight, and all his ſteed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that ſeemed fit
For ſalvage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged ſhield was writ,
Salvageſſe ſans fineſſe, ſhewing ſecret wit.

XL.

He at his firſt in-comming charg'd his ſpere
At him that firſt appeared in his ſight,
That was to weet the ſtout Sir Sangliere,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant knight,
Approved oft in many a perlous fight;
Him at the firſt encounter downe he ſmote
And over-bore beyond his crouper quight;
And after him another knight that hote
Sir Brianor, ſo ſore, that none him life behote.

XLI.

Then ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seven knights one after other as they came;
And when his ſpeare was bruſt, his ſword he drew,
The inſtrument of wrath, and with the ſame
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and flaſhing ſhields and helmets bright,
And beating downe whatever nigh him came,
That every one gan ſhun his dreadfull fight,
No leſſe then Death itſelfe in daungerous affright.

XLII.

Much wondred all men what or whence he came,
That did amongſt the troupes ſo tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name:
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Moſt anſwerable to his wyld diſguize,
It ſeemed him to terme the Salvage Knight;
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Tho knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight,
The doughtie knight that liv'd that day, and moſt of might.

XLIII.

Thus was Sir Satyrane, with all his band,
By his ſole manhood and atchievement ſtout,
Diſmayd, that none of them in field durſt ſtand,
But beaten were and chaſed all about:
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till evening, that the ſunne gan downward bend;
Then ruſhed forth out of the thickeſt rout
A ſtraunger knight, that did his glorie ſhend;
So nought may be eſteemed happie till the end.

XLIV.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull ſpeare
At Arthegall, in middeſt of his pryde,
And therewith ſmote him on his umbriere
So ſore, that tombling backe he downe did flyde
Over his horſe's taile above a ſtryde,
Whence litle luſt he had to riſe againe;
Which Cambell ſeeing, much the ſame envyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine,
But ſhortly was likewiſe ſeene lying on the plaine.

XLV.

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And caſt t'avenge the ſhame doen to his freend;
But by his friend himſelfe eke ſoone he fond,
In no leſſe neede of helpe then him he weend:
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith diſpleaſed ſore,
And thought in mind it ſhortly to amend:
His ſpeare he feutred, and at him it bore,
But with no better fortune then the reſt afore.

XLVI.

Full many others at him likewiſe ran,
But all of them likewiſe diſmounted were;
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted ſpeare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which ſhe wondrous deeds of armes atchieved,
And overthrew whatever came her neare,
That all thoſe ſtranger knights full ſore aggrieved,
And that late weaker band of chalengers relieved,

XLVII.

Like as in ſommer's day, when raging heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled rivers drie,
That all brute beaſts, forſt to refraine fro meat,
Doe hunt for ſhade, where ſhrowded they may lie,
And miſſing it, faine from themſelves to flie;
All travellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcaſt the ſkie,
And poureth forth a ſudden ſhoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe;

XLVIII.

So did the warlike Britomart reſtore
The prize to knights of Maydenhead that day,
Which elſe was like to have bene loſt, and bore
The prayſe of proweſſe from them all away:
Then ſhrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leave their labours and long toyle
To ioyous feaſt and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize ſhold win that pretious ſpoyle:
Where I with ſound of trompe will alſo reſt awhyle.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO V.

The ladies for the girdle ſtrive
Of famous Florimell;
Scudamour coming to Care's houſe,
Doth Sleepe from him expell.

I.

It hath been through all ages ever ſeene,
That with the praiſe of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie ſtill hath ioyned beene,
And that for reaſons ſpeciall privitee;
For either doth on other much relie:
For he me ſeemes moſt fit the faire to ſerve,
That can her beſt defend from villenie:
And ſhe moſt fit his ſervice doth deſerve,
That faireſt is, and from her faith will never ſwerve.

II.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of proweſſe ended well,
The controverſe of beauties ſoveraine grace,
In which to her that doth moſt excell
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:
That many wiſh to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous uſe, which ſome doe tell
That glorious belt did in itſelfe containe,
Which ladies ought to love, and ſeeke for to obtaine.

III.

That girdle gave the vertue of chaſte love
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;
But whoſoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the ſame about her middle weare,
But it would looſe, or elſe aſunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus' girdle, by her ſteemed deare,
What time ſhe uſd to live in wively ſort;
But layd aſide whenſo ſhe uſd her looſer ſport.

IV.

Her huſband Vulcan whylome for her ſake,
When firſt he loved her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament they ſay did make,
And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her love's firſt hire
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind laſcivious deſire,
And looſe affections ſtreightly to reſtraine,
Which vertue it for ever after did retaine,

V.

The ſame one day, when ſhe herſelfe diſpoſd
To viſite her beloved paramoure,
The God of Warre, ſhe from her middle looſd,
And left behind her in her ſecret bowre,
On Acidalian mount where many an howre
She with the pleaſant Graces wont to play:
There Florimell in her firſt age's flowre
Was foſtered by thoſe Graces (as they ſay,)
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

VI.

That goodly belt was Ceſtus hight by name,
And as her life by her eſteemed deare;
No wonder then, if that to winne the fame,
So many ladies ſought, as ſhall appeare,
For peareleſſe ſhe was thought that did it beare.
And now by this their feaſt all being ended,
The iudges which thereto ſelected were,
Into the Martian field adowne deſcended,
To deeme this doubtfull caſe, for which they all contended.

vii.

But firſt was queſtion made, which of thoſe knights
That lately turneyd had the wager wonne?
There was it iudged by thoſe worthie wights,
That Satyrane the firſt day beſt had donne,
For he laſt ended, having firſt begonne.
The ſecond was to Triamond behight,
For that he ſav'd the victour from ſordonne;
For Cambell victor was in all men's ſight,
Till by miſhap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

viii.

The third dayes prize unto that ſtraunger knight,
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene Speare,
To Britomart was given by good right;
For that with puiſſaunt ſtroke ſhe downe did beare
The Salvage knight that victour was whileare,
And all the reſt which had the beſt afore,
And to the laſt unconquer'd did appeare;
For laſt is deemed beſt: to her, therefore,
The fayreſt ladie was adiudged for paramore.

ix.

But thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
And much repynd, that both of victor's meede,
And eke of honour, ſhe did him foreſtall:
Yet mote he not withſtand what was decreede,
But inly thought of that deſpiteſull deede,
Fit time t' wait avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next enſew'd the paragon to ſee [ſee.
Of beauties praiſe, and yield the fayreſt her due

x.

Then firſt Cambello brought into their view
His faire Cambina, covered with a veale,
Which being once withdrawne, moſt perfect hew
And paſſing beautie did eſtſoones reveale,
That able was weake harts away to ſteale.
Next did Sir Triamond unto their ſight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale.
Whoſe beauties beame eſtſoones did ſhine ſo bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

xi.

And after her did Paridell produce
His falſe Dueſſa, that ſhe might be ſeene,
Who with her forged beautie did ſeduce
The hearts of ſome that faireſt her did weene,
As diverſe wits affected divers beene:
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them ſhew
His Lucida, that was full faire and ſheene;
And after theſe an hundred ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.

xii.

All which whoſo dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth ſure a golden pen, I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face;
For ſince the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not ſeene
Aſſembled in one place; ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict Beauties queene,
By view of all the faireſt to him brought,
So many faire did ſee as here he might have fought.

xiii.

At laſt the moſt redoubted Britoneſſe
Her lovely Amoret did open ſhew,
Whoſe face diſcovered, plainly did expreſſe
The heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew.
Well weened all which her that time did vew,
That ſhe ſhould ſurely beare the bell away,
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her diſplay.
The ſight of whom once ſeene did all the reſt diſmay.

xiv.

For all afore that ſeemed fayre and bright,
Now baſe and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her that ſhone as Phœbe's light
Amongſt the leſſer ſtarres in evening cleare.
All that her ſaw, with wonder raviſht weare,
And weend no mortall creature ſhe ſhould bee,
But ſome celeſtiall ſhape that fleſh did beare;
Yet all were glad there Florimell to ſee,
Yet thought that Florimell was not ſo faire as ſhee.

xv.

As guileſull goldſmith, that by ſecret ſkill
With golden foyle doth finely over-ſpred
Some baſer metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold inſted,
He much more goodly gloſſe thereon doth ſhed,
To hide his falſhood, then if it were trew;
So hard this idole was to be ared,
That Florimell herſelfe in all mens vew
She ſeem'd to paſſe: ſo forged things do faireſt ſhew.

xvi.

Then was that golded belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayreſt dame;
Which being brought, about her middle ſmall
They thought to gird, as beſt it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame;
For ever as they faſtned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling ſecret blame:
Full oft about her waſt ſhe it enclos'd,
And it as oft was from about her waſt diſclos'd:

xvii.

That all men wondred at the uncouth ſight,
And each one thought as to their fancies came;
But ſhe herſelfe did thinke it doen for ſpight,
And touched was with ſecret wrath and ſhame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
Then many other ladies likewiſe tride
About their tender loynes to knit the ſame;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it faſt, eſtſoones it was untyde.

xviii.

Which when that ſcornfull Squyre of Dames did vew,
He loudly gan to laugh, and thus to ieſt;
" Alas for pittie that ſo faire a crew,
" As like cannot be ſeene from eaſt to weſt,
" Cannot find one this girdle to inveſt!

" Fie on the man that did it firſt invent,
" To ſhame us all with this *ungirt unbleſt !*
" Let never ladie to his love aſſent,
" That hath this day ſo many ſo unmanly ſhent."

XIX.

Thereat all knights gan laugh, and ladies lowre;
Till that at laſt the gentle Amoret
Likewiſe aſſayd to prove that girdle's powre;
And having it about her middle ſet,
Did find it fit withouten breach or let:
Whereat the reſt gan greatly to envie;
But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
And ſnatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie:

XX.

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
Yet natheleſſe to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that iudged it,
And ſhe herſelfe adiudged to the knight
That bore the hebene ſpeare, as wonne in fight:
But Britomart would not thereto aſſent,
Ne her owne Amoret forgoe ſo light
For that ſtrange dame, whoſe beauties wonderment
She leſſe eſteem'd then th' others vertuous government.

XXI.

Whom when the reſt did ſee her to refuſe,
They were full glad, in hope themſelves to get her;
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muſe:
But after that the iudges did arret her
Unto the ſecond beſt, that lov'd her better,
That was the Salvage knight; but he was gone,
In great diſpleaſure that he could not get her.
Then was ſhe iudged Triamond his one;
But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other none.

XXII.

Tho unto Satyran ſhe was adiudged,
Who was right glad to gaine ſo goodly meed;
But Blandamour thereat full greatly grudged,
And litle prays'd his labours evill ſpeed,
That for to winne the ſaddle loſt the ſteed.
Ne leſſe thereat did Paridell complaine,
And thought t' appeale from that which was decreed,
To ſingle combat with Sir Satyrane;
Thereto him Até ſtird, new diſcord to maintaine.

XXIII.

And eke with theſe full many other knights
She through her wicked working did incenſe
Her to demaund, and chalenge as their rights,
Deſerved for their perils recompenſe.
Amongſt the reſt, with boaſtfull vaine pretenſe,
Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd by him in battell wonne long ſens;
Whereto herſelfe he did to witneſſe call;
Who being aſkt, accordingly confeſſed all.

XXIV.

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran;
And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour;
And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan;
And at them both Sir Paridell did loure.
So all together ſtird up ſtrifefull ſtoure,
And readie were new battell to derraine;
Each one profeſt to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with ſpeare and ſhield it to maintaine; [ſtraine.
Ne iudges powre, ne reaſon's rule mote them re-

XXV.

Which troublous ſtirre when Satyrane aviz'd,
He gan to caſt how to appeaſe the ſame,
And to accord them all this meanes deviz'd:
Firſt, in the midſt to ſet that fayreſt dame
To whom each one his challenge ſhould diſclame,
And he himſelfe his right would eke releaſſe;
Then looke to whom ſhe voluntarie came,
He ſhould without diſturbance her poſſeſſe:
Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingneſſe.

XXVI.

They all agreed; and then that ſnowy mayd
Was in the middeſt plaſt among them all:
All on her gazing wiſht, and vow'd, and pray'd,
And to the Queene of Beautie cloſe did call,
That ſhe unto their portion might befall.
Then when ſhe long had lookt upon each one,
As though ſhe wiſhed to have pleaſd them all,
At laſt to Braggadochio ſelfe alone
She came of her accord, in ſpight of all his fone.

XXVII.

Which when they all beheld, they chaft and rag'd
And woxe nigh mad for very hart's deſpight,
That from revenge their willes they ſcarſe aſſwag'd:
Some thought from him her to have reft by might;
Some preſſer made with him for her to fight;
But he nought car'd for all that they could ſay,
For he their words as wind eſteemed light;
Yet not fit place he thought it there to ſtay,
But ſecretly from thence that night her bore away.

XXVIII.

They which remaynd, ſo ſoone as they perceiv'd
That ſhe was gone, departed thence with ſpeed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
From wight unworthy of ſo noble meed.
In which purſuit, how each one did ſucceede,
Shall elſe be told in order as it fell;
But now of Britomart it here doth neede
The hard adventures and ſtraunge haps to tell,
Since with the reſt ſhe went not after Florimell.

XXIX.

For ſoone as ſhe them ſaw to diſcord ſet,
Her liſt no longer in that place abide,
But taking with her lovely Amoret,
Upon her firſt adventure forth did ride,
To ſeek her lov'd, making blind love her guide.
Unluckie mayd to ſeek her enemie!
Unluckie mayd to ſeeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was unto herſelfe moſt nie,
She through his late diſguizement could him not deſcrie!

XXX.

So much the more her griefe the more her toyle;
Yet neither toyle nor griefe ſhe once did ſpeare,
In ſeeking him that ſhould her paine aſſoyle;
Whereto great comfort in her ſad miſfare

Was Amoret, companion of her care;
Who likewiſe ſought her lover long miſwent,
The gentle Scudamour, whoſe heart whileare
That ſtryfefull hag with gealous diſcontent
Had fild, that he to fell revenge was fully bent:

XXXI.

Bent to revenge on blameleſſe Britomart
The crime which curſed Até kindled earſt,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his ſoule like poyſned arrow perſt,
That by no reaſon it might be reverſt
For ought that Glauce could or doe or ſay;
For aye the more that ſhe the ſame reherſt
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote deſray.

XXXII.

So as they travelled, the drouping night,
Covered with cloudie ſtorme and bitter ſhowre,
That dreadfull ſeem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre,
That forced them to ſeeke ſome covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet reſt,
And ſhrowd their perſons from that ſtormy ſtowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any gueſt,
They ſpide a little cottage, like ſome poor man's neſt.

XXXIII.

Under a ſteepe hilles ſide it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke,
And faſt beſide a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle ſtanke,
By which few crooked ſallowes grew in ranke;
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the ſound,
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And anſwering their wearie turnes around,
That ſeemed ſome blackſmith dwelt in that deſert ground.

XXXIV.

There entring in, they found the goodman ſelfe
Full buſily unto his worke ybent,
Who was to weet a wretched wearifh elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forefpent,
As if he had in priſon long bene pent:
Full blacke and griefly did his face appeare,
Beſmeard with ſmoke that nigh his eye-ſight blent,
With rugged beard, and hoarie ſhagged heare,
The which he never went to combe, or comely ſheare.

XXXV.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared;
With bliſtered hands emongſt the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie, with long nayles unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared:
His name was Care; a blackſmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working ſpared,
But to ſmall purpoſe yron wedges made:
Thoſe be unquiet thoughts that carefull minds invade.

XXXVI.

In which his worke he had ſixe ſervants preſt,
About the andvile ſtanding evermore
With huge great hammers, that did never reſt
From heaping ſtroakes which thereon ſouſed ſore;
All ſixe ſtrong groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were diſagreed:
So likewiſe did the hammers which they bore
Like belles in greatneſs orderly ſucceed,
That he which was the laſt the firſt did farre exceede.

XXXVII.

He like a monſtrous gyant ſeem'd in ſight,
Farre paſſing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,
The which in Lipari doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for Iove's avengefull threate:
So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
That ſeem'd to duſt he ſhortly would it drive;
So huge his hammer, and ſo fierce his beat,
That ſeemd a rocke of diamond it could rive
And rend aſunder quite, if he thereto liſt ſtrive.

XXXVIII.

Sir Scudamour there entring, much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And having long beheld, at laſt enquired
The cauſe and end thereof: but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his ſpeeches come into their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the northerne winde, that none could heare;
Thoſe Penſifeneſſe did move, and ſighes the bellows werre.

XXXIX.

Which when that warriour ſaw, he ſaid no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to reſt:
To reſt he layd him downe upon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous knights the bedding beſt)
And thought his wearie limbs to have redreſt.
And that old aged dame, his faithfull ſquire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to reſt,
That needed much her weake age to defire,
After ſo long a travell which them both did tire.

XL.

There lay Sir Scudamour, long while expecting
When gentle ſleepe his heavie eyes would cloſe,
Oft chaunging ſides, and oft new place electing,
Where better ſeem'd he mote himſelfe repoſe,
And oft in wrath he thence againe uproſe
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe;
But whereſoere he did himſelf diſpoſe,
He by no meanes could wiſhed eaſe obtaine:
So every place ſeem'd painefull, and eech changing vaine.

XLI.

And evermore when he to ſleepe did thinke,
The hammers ſound his ſenſes did moleſt;
And evermore when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyſe diſturb'd his quiet reſt,
Ne ſuffred ſleepe to ſettle in his breſt.
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle,
About the houſe at ſcent of ſtranger gueſt;

And now the crowing cocke, and now the owle,
Lowde ſhriking, him afflicted to the very ſowle.

XLII.

And if by fortune any litle nap
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunſt to fall,
Eftſoones one of thoſe villeins him did rap
Upon his head-peece with his yron mall,
That he was ſoone awaked therewithall,
And lightly ſtarted up as one affrayd,
Or as if one him ſuddenly did call:
So oftentimes he out of ſleepe abrayd,
And then lay muſing long on that him ill apayd.

XLIII.

So long he muzed, and ſo long he lay,
That at the laſt his wearie ſprite oppreſt
With fleſhly weakneſſe, which no creature may
Long time reſiſt, gave place to kindly reſt,
That all his ſenſes did full ſoone arreſt;
Yet in his ſoundeſt ſleepe his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan buſily moleſt,
And made him dreame thoſe two diſloyall were:
The things that day moſt minds at night doe moſt appeare.

XLIV.

With that the wicked carle, the maiſter ſmith,
A pair of red-whot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his ſide him nipt, that forſt to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And ſtarted up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet ſlumber brake;
Yet looking round about him none could ſee;
Yet did the ſmart remaine, though he himſelfe did flee.

XLV.

In ſuch diſquiet and hart-fretting payne,
He all that night, that too long night did paſſe:
And now the day out of the ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly maſſe,
With pearly dew ſprinkling the morning graſſe;
Then up he roſe like heavie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glaſſe,
The ſignes of anguiſh one mote plainely read,
And gueſſe the man to be diſmayd with gealous dread.

XLVI.

Unto his lofty ſteede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged ſquire attone;
Who, whatſoever perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill ſhared;
The end whereof, and daungerous event,
Shall for another Canticle be ſpared;
But here my wearie teeme, nigh over-ſpent,
Shall breath itſelfe a while after ſo long a went.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Artegall
Doe fight with Britomart;
He ſees her face, doth fall in love,
And ſoone from her depart.

I.

What equall torment to the griefe of mind,
And pyning anguiſh hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds itſelf with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne conſuming ſmart?
What medicine can any leaches art
Yeeld ſuch a ſore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride,
For which Dan Phœbus ſelfe cannot a ſalve provide.

II.

Who having left that reſtleſſe houſe of Care,
The next day as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and ſad miſfare
Through miſconceipt, all unawares eſpide
An armed knight under a forreſt ſide
Sitting in ſhade beſide his grazing ſteede;
Who, ſoone as them approaching he deſcride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger ſpeede,
That ſeem'd he was full bent to ſome miſchievous deede.

III.

Which Scudamour perceiving, forth iſſewed
To have rencountred him in equall race;
But ſoone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his ſpeare he gan abaſe,
And voide his courſe; at which ſo ſuddain caſe
He wondred much: but th' other thus can ſay;
"Ah, gentle Scudamour! unto your grace
"I me ſubmit, and you of pardon pray,
"That almoſt had againſt you treſpaſſed this "day."

IV.

Whereto thus Scudamour; "Small harme it were
"For any knight upon a ventrous knight
"Without diſpleaſance for to prove his ſpere:
"But reade you, Sir, ſith ye my name have hight,
"What is your owne, that I mote you requite?"
"Certes," ſayd he, "ye mote as now excuſe
"Me from diſcovering you my name aright;
"For time yet ſerves that I the ſame refuſe,
"But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others uſe."

V.

"Then this, Sir Salvage Knight," quoth he, areede;
"Or doe you here within this forreſt wonne,
"(That ſeemeth well to anſwere to your weede)
"Or have ye it for ſome occaſion donne?
"That rather ſeemes, ſith knowen armes ye "ſhonne."
"This other day," ſayd he, "a ſtranger knight
"Shame and diſhonour hath unto me donne,
"On whom I waite to wreake that foul deſpight,
"Whenever he this way ſhall paſſe by day or "night."

VI.

"Shame be his meede," quoth he, "that meaneth "ſhame:
"But what is he by whom ye ſhamed were?"
"A ſtraunger knight," ſaid he, "unknowne by "name,
"But knowne by fame, and by an hebene ſpeare,
"With which he all that met him downe did
"He in an open turney, lately held, [beare.
"Fro me the honour of that game did reare,

" And having me, all wearie earſt, downe feld,
" The fayreſt ladie reft, and ever ſince withheld."

VII.

When Scudamour heard mention of that ſpeare,
He wiſt right well that it was Britomart;
The which from him his faireſt love did beare:
Tho gan he ſwell in every inner part
For fell deſpight, and gnaw his gealous hart;
That thus he ſharply ſayd; " Now by my head,
" Yet is not this the firſt unknightly part
" Which that fame knight, whom by his launce I read,
" Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread:

VIII.

" For lately he my love hath fro me reft,
" And eke defiled with foule villanie
" The ſacred pledge which in his faith was left,
" In ſhame of knighthood and fidelitie,
" The which ere long full deare he ſhall abie;
" And if to that avenge by you decreed
" This hand may helpe, or ſuccour ought ſupplie,
" It ſhall not fayle whenſo ye ſhall it need"
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart agreed.

IX.

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
A knight ſoft ryding towards them they ſpyde,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and ſtraunge aray;
Whom when they nigh approcht, they plaine deſcryde
To be the ſame for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour, " Sir Salvage Knight,
" Let me this crave, ſith firſt I was deſyde,
" That firſt I may that wrong to him requite;
" And if I hap to fayle, you ſhall recure my right."

X.

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull ſpeare
Gan fewter, and againſt her fiercely ran;
Who ſoone as ſhe him ſaw approching neare
With ſo fell rage, herſelfe ſhe lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him well as ſhe can;
But entertained him in ſo rude a wiſe,
That to the ground ſhe ſmote both horſe and man;
Whence neither greatly haſted to ariſe,
But on their common harmes together did deviſe.

XI.

But Artegall beholding his miſchaunce,
New matter added to his former fire,
And eft aventring his ſteele-headed launce,
Againſt her rode, full of deſpiteous ire,
That nought but ſpoyle and vengeance did require;
But to himſelfe his felonous intent
Returning, diſappointed his deſire,
Whiles unawares his ſaddle he forwent,
And found himſelfe on ground in great amazement.

XII.

Lightly he ſtarted up out of that ſtownd,
And ſnatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thruſt to an hynd within ſome covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade:
With ſuch fell greedines he her aſſayled,
That though ſhe mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground, (ſo much his force prevayled)
And ſhun his mightie ſtrokes, gainſt which no armes avayled.

XIII.

So as they courſed here and there, it chaunſt
That in her wheeling round, behind her creſt
So ſorely he her ſtrooke, that thence it glaunſt
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely bleſt
From foule miſchaunce; ne did it ever reſt,
Till on her horſe's hinder parts it fell,
Where byting deepe, ſo deadly it impreſt,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the ſelle,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell.

XIV.

Like as the lightning brond from riven ſkie,
Throwne out by angry love in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falls on ſome ſteeple hie,
Which battring downe, it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible miſchance:
Yet ſhe no whit diſmayd her ſteed forſooke,
And caſting from her that enchaunted lance,
Unto her ſword and ſhield her ſoone betooke,
And therewithall at him right furiouſly ſhe ſtrooke.

XV.

So furiouſly ſhe ſtrooke in her firſt heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathleſſe was,
That ſhe him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas;
Whoſe raging rigour neither ſteele nor bras
Could ſtay, but to the tender fleſh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras,
That all his mayle yriv'd and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

XVI.

At length whenas he ſaw her haſtie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long ſufferance growing now more great,
Roſe in his ſtrength, and gan her freſh aſſayle,
Heaping huge ſtrokes as thicke as ſhowre of hayle,
And laſhing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her ſoule to diſentrayle.
Ah! cruell hand, and thriſe more cruell hart!
That workſt ſuch wrecke on her to whom thou deareſt art.

XVII.

What yron courage ever could endure
To worke ſuch outrage on ſo fayre a creature;
And in his madneſſe thinke with hands impure
To ſpoyle ſo goodly workmanſhip of Nature,
The Maker ſelfe reſembling in her feature?
Certes ſome helliſh furie or ſome feend
This miſchiefe framd, for their firſt loves defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of deareſt freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end.

xviii.

Thus long they trac'd and traverſt to and fro,
Sometimes purſewing and ſometimes purſewed,
Still as advantage they eſpyde thereto;
But toward th' end Sir Artegall renewed
His ſtrength ſtill more, but ſhe ſtill more decrewed.
At laſt his luckleſſe hand he heav'd on high,
Having his forces all In one accrewed,
And therewith ſtroke at her ſo hideouſlie,
That ſeemed nought but death mote be her deſtinie.

xix.

The wicked ſtroke upon her helmet chaunſt,
And with the force, which in itſelfe it bore,
Her ventayle ſhard away, and thence forth glaunſt
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that her angel's face, unſeene afore,
Like to the ruddie Morne appear'd in ſight,
Deawed with ſilver drops through ſweating ſore;
But ſomewhat redder than beſeem'd aright,
Through toyleſome heate and labour of her weary fight:

xx.

And round about the ſame her yellow heare,
Having through ſtirring looſd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldſmithes forge with cunning hand;
Yet goldſmithes cunning could not underſtand
To frame ſuch ſubtile wire, ſo ſhinie cleare;
For it did gliſter like the golden ſand,
The which Pactolus with his waters ſhere
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

xxi.

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmoſt wracke,
His powreleſſe arme, benumbed with ſecret feare,
From his revengefull purpoſe ſhronke abacke,
And cruell ſword out of his fingers ſlacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the ſteele had ſence,
And felt ſome ruth, or ſence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to ſo divine a beauties excellence.

xxii.

And he himſelfe long gazing thereupon,
At laſt fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening ſome heavenly goddeſſe he did ſee,
Or elſe unweeting what it elſe might bee,
And pardon her beſought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in ſo high degree;
Whileſt trembling horrour did his ſenſe aſſayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

xxiii.

Natheleſſe ſhe full of wrath for that late ſtroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
And looking ſterne, ſtill over him did ſtand,
Threatning to ſtrike unleſſe he would withſtand;
And bad him riſe, or ſurely he ſhould die:
But die or live, for nought he would upſtand,
But her of pardon prayd more earneſtlie,
Or wreake on him her will for ſo great iniurie.

xxiv.

Which whenas Scudamour, who now abrayd
Beheld, whereas he ſtood not farre aſide,
He was therewith right wondrouſly diſmayd,
And drawing nigh, whenas he plaine deſcride
That peereleſſe paterne of Dame Nature's pride,
And heavenly image of perfection,
He bleſt himſelfe, as one fore terrifide;
And turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worſhip her as ſome celeſtiall viſion.

xxv.

But Glauce, ſeeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to aſſoyle,
Full glad of ſo good end, to them drew nere,
And her ſalewd with ſeemely bel-accoyle,
Ioyous to ſee her ſafe after long toyle;
Then her beſought, as ſhe to her was deare,
To graunt unto thoſe warriours truce awhyle;
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
And ſhew'd themſelves to her ſuch as indeed they were.

xxvi.

When Britomart, with ſharpe avizefull eye,
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall,
Tempred with ſterneſſe and ſtout maieſtie,
She gan eftſoones it to her mind to call
To be the ſame which in her father's hall
Long ſince in that enchaunted glaſſe ſhe ſaw;
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie ſpirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand ſhe downe can ſoft withdraw.

xxvii.

Yet ſhe it forſt to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler, which was turn'd to cold;
But ever when his viſage ſhe beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainſt his countnance bold:
But when in vaine to fight ſhe oft aſſayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to ſcold;
Nathleſſe her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth ſpeeches myld, when ſhe would have miſſayd.

xxviii.

But Scudamour, now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he falſe had found,
And how that hag his love abuſed had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unſound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
He thus beſpake; "Certes, Sir Artegall,
"I ioy to ſee you lout ſo low on ground,
"And now become to live a ladies thrall,
"That whylome in your minde wont to deſpiſe
"them all."

xxix.

Soone as ſhe heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-ſtrings tremble
For ſudden ioy and ſecret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble
To ſuccour it themſelves gan there aſſemble,

That by the ſwift recourſe of fluſhing blood
Right plaine appeard, though ſhe it would diſſemble,
And fayned ſtill her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

xxx.

When Glauce thus gan wiſely all upknit;
" Ye gentle Knights! whom Fortune here hath
" brought
" To be ſpectators of this uncouth fit,
" Which ſecret Fate hath in this ladie wrought
" Againſt the courſe of kind, ne mervaile nought,
" Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
" Hath troubled both your mindes with idle
" thought,
" Fearing leaſt ſhe your loves away ſhould woo,
" Feared in vaine, ſith meanes ye ſee there wants
" theretoo.

xxxi.

" And you, Sir Artegall, the Salvage Knight,
" Henceforth may not diſdaine, that woman's
" hand
" Hath conquered you anew in ſecond fight;
" For whylome they have conquered ſea and land,
" And heaven itſelfe, that nought may them with-
" ſtand:
" Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
" That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
" Of noble minds derived from above,
" Which being knit with vertue never will re-
" move.

xxxii.

" And you, faire Ladie Knight! my deareſt dame,
" Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
" Whoſe fire were better turn'd to other flame,
" And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
" Graunt him your grace, but ſo that he fulfill
" The penance which ye ſhall to him empart;
" For lovers heaven muſt paſſe by ſorrowes hell."
Thereat full inly bluſhed Britomart;
But Artegall, cloſe-ſmyling, ioyd in ſecret hart.

xxxiii.

Yet durſt he not make love ſo ſuddenly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
From one to other ſo quite contrary:
Beſides, her modeſt countenance he ſaw
So goodly grave and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looſer thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the paſſion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a ſtubborne ſteede whom ſtrong hand would reſtraine.

xxxiv.

But Scudamour, whoſe hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope, hung all this while ſuſpence,
Deſiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and ſure intelligence,
Her thus beſpake; " But, Sir, without offence
" Mote I requeſt you tydings of my love,
" My Amoret, ſith you her freed fro thence,
" Where ſhe captived long great woes did prove,
" That were ye left I may her ſeeke, as doth be-
" hove."

xxxv.

To whom thus Britomart; " Certes, Sir knight,
" What is of her become, or whether reft,
" I cannot unto you aread aright;
" For from that time I from enchaunter's theft
" Her freed, in which ye her all hopeleſſe left,
" I her preſerv'd from perill and from feare,
" And evermore from villenie her kept;
" Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
" Then ſhe, ne unto whom I more true love did
" beare:

xxxvi.

" Till on a day, as through a deſert wyld
" We travelled, both wearie of the way,
" We did alight, and ſate in ſhadow myld,
" Where feareleſſe I to ſleepe me downe did lay;
" But whenas I did out of ſleepe abray,
" I found her not where I her left whyleare,
" But thought ſhe wandred was, or gone aſtray;
" I cal'd her loud, I ſought her farre and neare,
" But no where could her find, nor tydings of her
" heare."

xxxvii.

When Scudamour thoſe heavie tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard,
But ſenſeleſſe ſtood, like to a mazed ſteare,
That yet of mortall ſtroke the ſtound doth beare;
Till Glauce thus: " Faire Sir, be nought diſmayd
" With needleſſe dread, till certaintie ye heare,
" For yet ſhe may be ſafe, though ſomewhat
" ſtrayd: [affraid."
" Its beſt to hope the beſt, though of the worſt

xxxviii.

Nathleſſe he hardly of her chearefull ſpeech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled ſight
Shew'd change of better cheare; ſo ſore a breach
That ſudden newes had made into his ſpright,
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight;
" Great cauſe of ſorrow, certes, Sir ye have;
" But comfort take; for by this heaven's light
" I vow you dead or living not to leave,
" Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her
" reave."

xxxix.

Therewith he reſted, and well pleaſed was.
So peace being confirm'd amongſt them all,
They tooke their ſteeds, and forward thence did paſs
Unto ſome reſting place, which mote befall,
All being guided by Sir Artegall;
Where goodly ſolace was unto them made,
And dayly feaſting both in bowre and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late uſage bad.

xl.

In all which time Sir Artegall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke ſervice and much ſuit did lay
Continuall ſiege unto her gentle hart;
Which being whylome launcht with lovely dart,
More eath was new impreſſion to receive;
However ſhe her paynd with womaniſh art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
Vaine is the art that ſeekes itſelfe for to deceive.

XLI.

So well he woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her
With faire entreatie and ſweet blandiſhment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as ſhe to his ſpeeches was content
To lende an eare, and ſoftly to relent.
At laſt, through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, ſhe yeelded her conſent
To be his love, and take him for her lord,
Till they with mariage might finiſh that accord.

XLII.

Tho when they had long time there taken reſt,
Sir Artegall (who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in queſt)
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound,
And unto her his congé came to take;
But her there-with ſull ſore diſpleaſd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed make,
Her deareſt love full loth ſo ſhortly to forſake.

XLIII.

Yet he with ſtrong perſwaſions her aſſwaged,
And wonne her will to ſuffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he faſt engaged,
And thouſand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That all ſo ſoone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve whereto he did aſpire,
He unto her would ſpeedily revert;
No longer ſpace thereto he did deſire,
But till the horned moone three courſes did expire.

XLIV.

With which ſhe for the preſent was appeaſed,
And yeelded leave, however malcontent
She inly were, and in her mind diſpleaſed.
So early on the morrow next he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the cuſtome ancient
Mongſt knights, when on adventures they did ride,
Save that ſhe algates him awhile accompanide.

XLV.

And by the way ſhe fundry purpoſe found
Of this or that the time for to delay,
And of the perills whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof ſeem'd much her to affray;
But all ſhe did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes ſhe leave of him did take,
And eft againe deviz'd ſomewhat to ſay
Which ſhe forgot, whereby excuſe to make;
So loth ſhe was his companie for to forſake.

XLVI.

At laſt, when all her ſpeeches ſhe had ſpent,
And new occaſion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortune's government,
And backe returned with right heavie mind
To Scudamour, whom ſhe had left behind;
With whom ſhe went to ſeek faire Amoret,
Her ſecond care, though in another kind;
For vertue's onely ſake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendſhip, ſhe by her did ſet.

XLVII.

Backe to that deſert forreſt they retyred,
Where ſoric Britomart had loſt her late;
There they her ſought, and every where inquired
Where they might tydings get of her eſtate;
Yet found they none: but by what hapleſſe fate,
Or hard misfortune, ſhe was thence convayd,
And ſtolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will ſtay
Untill another tyde, that I it finiſh may.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie Luſt,
Belphœbe ſaves from dread:
The Squire her loves, and being blam'd,
His daies in dole doth lead.

I.

Great God of Love! that with thy cruell darts
Doeſt conquer greateſt conquerors on ground,
And ſetſt thy kingdome in the captive harts
Of kings and Keaſars, to thy ſervice bound,
What glorie or what guerdon haſt thou found
In feeble ladies tyranning ſo ſore,
And adding anguiſh to the bitter wound,
With which their lives thou lanchedſt long afore,
By heaping ſtormes of trouble on them daily more?

II.

So whylome didſt thou to faire Florimell,
And ſo and ſo to noble Britomart;
So doeſt thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whoſe gentle hart,
Thou martyreſt with ſorow and with ſmart,
In ſalvage forreſts and in deſerts wide
With beares and tygers taking heavie part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide;
That pittie is to heare the perils which ſhe tride.

III.

So ſoone as ſhe with that brave Britoneſſe
Had left that turneyment for beauty's priſe,
They travel'd long; that now for wearineſſe
Both of the way and warlike exerciſe,
Both through a foreſt ryding did deviſe
T' alight, and reſt their wearie limbs awhile:
Their heavie ſleepe the eye-lids did ſurpriſe
Of Britomart, after long tedious toyle,
That did her paſſed paines in quiet reſt aſſoyle.

IV.

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood for pleaſure or for need,
When ſuddenly behind her backe ſhe heard
One ruſhing forth out of the thickeſt weed,
That ere ſhe backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her ſnatched up from ground;
Feebly ſhe ſhriekt, but ſo feebly indeed,
That Britomart heard not the ſhrilling ſound,
There where through weary travel ſhe lay ſleeping ſound.

V.

It was to weet a wilde and ſalvage man;
Yet was no man, but only like in ſhape,
And eke in ſtature higher by a ſpan,
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tuſked bore;
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beaſts, and fed on fleſhly gore,
The ſigne whereof yet ſtain'd his bloudy lips afore.

VI.

His neather lip was not like man nor beaſt,
But like a wide deepe poke, down hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feaſt
And cruell ſpoyle, which he had ſpard, to ſtow;
And over it his huge great noſe did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud,
And downe both ſides two wide long eares did glow,
And raught downe to his waſte, when up he ſtood,
More great then th' eares of elephants by Indus' flood.

VII.

His waſt was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For all his haire was like a garment ſeene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whoſe knottie ſnags were ſharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire, for ſteele to be in ſted:
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beaſts, or of the earth, I have not red;
But certes was with milke of wolves and tygres fed.

VIII.

This ugly creature in his armes her ſnatcht,
And through the forreſt bore her quite away,
With briers and buſhes all to rent and ſcratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had ſought ſo many a day;
He ſtayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave, farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

IX.

For ſhe (deare ladie!) all the way was dead,
Whileſt he in armes her bore; but when ſhe felt
Herſelfe downe ſouſt, ſhe waked out of dread
Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh ſwelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt:
Then when ſhe lookt about, and nothing found
But darkneſſe and dread horrour where ſhe dwelt,
She almoſt fell againe into a ſwound,
Ne wiſt whether above ſhe were or under ground.

X.

With that ſhe heard ſome one cloſe by her ſide
Sighing and ſobbing ſore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would divide;
Which ſhe long liſtning, ſoftly aſkt againe
What miſter wight it was that ſo did plaine?
To whom thus aunſwer'd was; "Ah, wretched wight,
"That ſeekes to know another's griefe in vaine,
"Unweeting of thine owne like hapleſſe plight:
"Selfe to forget to mind another is over-ſight."

XI.

"Aye me!" ſaid ſhe, "where am I, or with whom,
"Emong the living, or emong the dead?
"What ſhall of me, unhappy maid! become?
"Shall death be th' end, or ought elſe worſe, aread?"
"Unhappy mayd," then anſwer'd ſhe, "whoſe dread
"Untride is leſſe then when thou ſhalt it try;
"Death is to him that wretched life doth lead
"Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie
"That lives a loathed life, and wiſhing, cannot die.

XII.

"This diſmall day hath thee a captive made,
"And vaſſall to the vileſt wretch alive,
"Whoſe curſed uſage and ungodly trade
"The heavens abhorre, and into darkneſſe drive;
"For on the ſpoile of women he doth live,
"Whoſe bodies chaſt, whenever in his powre
"He may them catch, unable to gaine-ſtrive,
"He with his ſhamefull luſt doth firſt deflowre,
"And afterwardes themſelves doth cruelly devoure.

XIII.

"Now twenty daies (by which the ſonnes of men
"Divide their workes) have paſt through heven ſheene,
"Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
"During which ſpace theſe ſory eies have ſeen
"Seaven women by him ſlaine and eaten clene;
"And now no more for him but I alone,
"And this old woman here remaining beene,
"Till thou cam'ſt hither to augment our mone,
"And of us three to-morrow he will ſure eate one."

XIV.

"Ah! dreadfull tidings which thou doeſt declare,"
Quoth ſhe, "of all that ever hath beene knowen!
"Full many great calamities and rare
"This feeble breſt endured hath, but none
"Equall to this, whereever I have gone:
"But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
"Hath linckt with me in the ſame chain attone?"
"To tell," quoth ſhe, "that which ye, ſee needs not;
"A woful wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

XV.

"But what I was it irkes me to reherſe,
"Daughter unto a lord of high degree,
"That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates perverſe,
"With guileſull Love, did ſecretly agree
"To overthrow my ſtate and dignitie.
"It was my lot to love a gentle ſwaine,
"Yet was he but a ſquire of low degree;
"Yet was he meet, unleſs mine eye did faine,
"By any ladies ſide for leman to have laine.

XVI.

"But for his meanneſſe and diſparagement,
"My ſire, who me too dearely well did love,
"Unto my choiſe by no meanes would aſſent,
"But often did my folly fowle reprove;
"Yet nothing could my fixed miud remove,
"But whether will'd or nilled, friend or foe,
"I me reſolv'd the utmoſt end to prove,
"And rather then my love abandon ſo,
"Both ſire and friends, and all for ever, to forgo.

XVII.

"Thenceforth I fought by ſecret meanes to worke
"Time to my will, and from his wrathfull ſight
"To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,
"Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
"So on a day unweeting unto wight,
"I with that ſquire agreede away to flit,
"And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
"Within a grove appointed him to meete;
"To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete.

XVIII.

" But ah! unhappy houre me thither brought,
" For in that place where I him thought to find,
" There was I found, contrary to my thought,
" Of this accurſed carle of helliſh kind,
" The ſhame of men, and plague of womankind;
" Who truſſing me, as eagle doth his pray,
" Me hether brought with him as ſwifte as wind,
" Where yet untouched till this preſent day,
" I reſt his wretched thrall, the ſad Aemylia."

XIX.

" Ah! ſad Aemylia," then ſayd Amoret,
" Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne;
" But read to me by what deviſe or wit
" Haſt thou in all this time from him unknowne
" Thine honour ſav'd, though into thraldome
" throwne."
" Thro' helpe," quoth ſhe, " of this old woman
" here
" I have ſo done, as ſhe to me hath ſhowne;
" For ever when he burnt in luſtfull fire,
" She in my ſtead ſupplide his beſtiall deſire."

XX.

Thus of their evils as they did diſcourſe,
And each did other much bewaile and mone,
Loe where the villaine ſelfe, their ſorrowes fourſe,
Came to the cave, and rolling thence the ſtone
Which wont to ſtop the mouth thereof, that none
Might iſſue forth, came rudely ruſhing in,
And ſpredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight himſelfe unto his wonted ſinne,
Which ended, then his bloody banket ſhould beginne.

XXI.

Which whenas fearefull Amoret perceived,
She ſtaid not th' utmoſt end thereof to try,
But like a ghaſtly gelt, whoſe wits are reaved,
Ran forth in haſt with hideous outcry,
For horrour of his ſhamefull villany;
But after her full lightly he uproſe,
And her purſu'd as faſt as ſhe did flie;
Full faſt ſhe flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feels the thorns and thickets pricke her tender toes.

XXII.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale, ſhe ſtaies,
But over-leapes them all like robucke light,
And through the thickeſt makes her nigheſt waies;
And evermore, when with regardfull ſight
She looking backe eſpies that grieſly wight
Approching nigh, ſhe gins to mend her pace,
And makes her fear a ſpur to haſt her flight;
More ſwift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
Or any of the Thracian nymphes in ſalvage chace.

XXIII.

Long ſo ſhe fled, and ſo he follow'd long;
Ne living aide for her on earth appeares,
But if the heavens helpe to redreſſe her wrong,
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
It fortuned Belphœbe with her peares,
The woody nimphs, and with that lovely boy,
Was hunting then the libbards and the beares
In theſe wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To baniſh ſloth that oft doth noble minds annoy.

XXIV.

It ſo befell, as oft it fals in chace,
That each of them from other ſundred were,
And that ſame gentle ſquire arriv'd in place
Where this ſame curſed caytive did appeare
Purſuing that faire lady full of feare:
And now he her quite overtaken had,
And now he her away with him did beare
Under his arme, as ſeeming wondrous glad;
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

XXV.

Which drery ſight the gentle ſquire eſpying,
Doth haſt to croſs him by the neareſt way,
Led with that wofull ladies piteous crying,
And him aſſailes with all the might he may;
Yet will not he the lovely ſpoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand
Defends himſelfe, and ſaves his gotten pray;
Yet had it bene right hard him to withſtand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

XXVI.

Thereto the villaine uſed craft in fight;
For ever when the ſquire his iavelin ſhooke,
He held the lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puiſſaunce of his intended ſtroke;
And if it chaunſt (as needs it muſt in fight)
Whileſt he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

XXVII.

Which ſubtill ſleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would ſtrike, forbeare;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her moſt hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand ſo carefully did beare,
That at the laſt he did himſelfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his ſpeare;
A ſtreame of cole-blacke bloud thence guſht amaine,
That all her ſilken garments did with bloud beſtaine.

XXVIII.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull ſtrokes let drive at him ſo ſore,
That forſt him flie abacke, himſelfe to ſave;
Yet he therewith ſo felly ſtill did rave,
That ſcarce the ſquire his hand could once upreare
But for advantage ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traverſing, now here, now there;
For bootleſſe thing it was to think ſuch blowes to beare.

XXIX.

Whileſt thus in battell they embuſied were,
Belphœbe, raunging in that foreſt wide,
The hideous noiſe of their huge ſtrokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide;
Whom when that theefe approching nigh eſpide,
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,

But fled away with ghaſtly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his death's ſole inſtrument.

xxx.

Whom ſeeing flie, ſhe ſpeedily pourſewed
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow ſhe ready ſhewed
The arrow, to his deadly marke deſynde;
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengement of her mother's great diſgrace,
With fell deſpight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainſt wofull Niobe's unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miſerable caſe.

xxxi.

So well ſhe ſped her, and ſo far ſhe ventred,
That ere unto his helliſh den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She ſent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him over-caught,
And in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two diſtraught,
That all his vitall ſpirites thereby ſpild,
And all his hairy breſt with gory bloud was fild.

xxxii.

Whom when on ground ſhe groveling ſaw to rowle,
She ran in haſt his life to have bereſt;
But ere ſhe could him reach, the ſinfull ſowle,
Having his carrion corſe quite fenceleſſe left,
Was fled to hell, ſurcharg'd with ſpoile and theft;
Yet overſhim ſhe there long gazing ſtood,
And eft admir'd his monſtrous ſhape, and eft
His mighty limbs, whileſt all with filthy bloud
The place there over-flowne ſeemd like a ſodaine flood.

xxxiii.

Thenceforth ſhe paſt into this dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkeſome drerineſſe ſhe found,
Ne creature ſaw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whiſpering, and ſoft-groning ſound.
With that ſhe aſkt, what ghoſts there under ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
And bad them, if ſo be they were not bound,
To come and ſhew themſelves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that diſmall wight.

xxxiv.

Then forth the ſad Aemylia iſſewed,
Yet trembling every ioynt through former feare,
And after her the hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothſome creature, did appeare,
A leman fit for ſuch a lover deare;
That mov'd Belphœbe her no leſſe to hate,
Then for to rue the other's heavy cheare;
Of whom ſhe gan enquire of her eſtate;
Who all to her at large as hapned, did relate.

xxxv

Thence ſhe them brought toward the place where late
She left the gentle ſquire with Amoret:
There ſhe him found by that new lovely mate,
Who lay the whiles in ſwoune, full ſadly ſet,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
Which ſoftly ſtild, and kiſſing them atweene,
And handling ſoft the hurts which ſhe did get;
For of that carle ſhe ſorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne raſh hand one wound was to be ſeene.

xxxvi.

Which when ſhe ſaw with ſodaine glaunceing eye,
Her noble heart with ſight thereof was fild
With deepe diſdaine and great indignity,
That in her wrath ſhe thought them both have thrild
With that ſelfe arrow which the carle had kild;
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance fore;
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
"Is this the faith?"—ſhe ſaid, and ſaid no more;
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

xxxvii.

He ſeeing her depart, aroſe up light
Right ſore agrieved at her ſharpe reproofe,
And follow'd faſt; but when he came in ſight,
He durſt not nigh approch, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her diſpleaſure's utmoſt proofe;
And evermore when he did grace entreat,
And framed ſpeaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes ſhe at him did threat,
And forſt him backe with ſowle diſhonor to retreat.

xxxviii.

At laſt, when long he ſollow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no eaſe of griefe nor hope of grace,
Unto thoſe woods he turned backe againe,
Full of ſad anguiſh, and in heavy caſe;
And finding there fit ſolitary place
For wofull wight, choſe out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote ſee bright heaven's face
For moſſy trees, which covered all with ſhade
And ſad melancholy, there he his cabin made.

xxxix.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke,
And threw away, with vow to uſe no more,
Ne thenceforth ever ſtrike in battell ſtroke,
Ne ever word to ſpeake to woman more;
But in that wilderneſſe, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard miſhap in dolor to deplore,
And waſt his wretched daies in wofull plight;
So on himſelfe to wreake his follies owne deſpight.

xl.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and ſhape anew,
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment ſweet
To be embaulm'd, and ſweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and griſly to concrew,
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and careleſly unſhed,
That in ſhort time his face they over-grew,
And over all his ſhoulders did diſpred,
That who he whilome was uneath was to be red.

XLI.

There he continued in his carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury conſumed quight,
That like a pined ghoſt he ſoone appeares;
For other food then that wilde forreſt beares,
Ne other drinke there did he ever taſt
Then running water, tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body ſo to waſt,
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at laſt.

XLII.

For on a day, by Fortune as it fell,
His own deare lord, Prince Arthure, came that way,
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;
And as he through the wandring wood did ſtray,
Having eſpide his cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne,
Weening therein ſome holy hermit lay,
That did reſort of ſinfull people ſhonne,
Or elſe ſome woodman ſhrowded there from ſcorching ſunne.

XLIII.

Arriving there he found this wretched man,
Spending his daies in dolour and deſpaire,
And through long faſting woxen pale and wan,
All over-growen with rude and rugged haire;
That albeit his owne dear ſquire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all,
But like ſtrange wight, whom he had ſeene no where,
Saluting him, gan into ſpeach to fall,
And pitty much his plight, that liv'd like out-caſt thrall.

XLIV.

But to his ſpeach he aunſwered no whit,
But ſtood ſtill mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne ſigne of ſence did ſhew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguiſhe over-cum,
And unto every thing did aunſwere--Mum;
And ever when the prince unto him ſpake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make,
Midſt ſorrow ſhewing ioyous ſemblance for his ſake.

XLV.

At which his uncouth guiſe and uſage quaint
The prince did wonder much, yet could not gheſſe
The cauſe of that his ſorrowfull conſtraint;
Yet weend by ſecret ſignes of manlineſſe,
Which cloſe appeard in that rude bruiſhneſſe,
That he whilome ſome gentle ſwaine had beene,
Traind up in feats of armes and knightlineſſe,
Which he obſerv'd by that he him had ſeene
To weld his naked ſword, and try the edges keene

XLVI.

And eke by that he ſaw on every tree,
How he the name of one engraven had,
Which likly was his liefeſt love to be,
From whom he now ſo ſorely was beſtad,
Which was by him Belphœbe rightly rad;
Yet who was that Belphœbe he ne wiſt,
Yet ſaw he often how he wexed glad
When he it heard, and how the ground he kiſt,
Wherein it written was, and how himſelfe he bliſt:

XLVII.

Tho when he long had marked his demeanor,
And ſaw that all he ſaid and did was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him chaunge his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote ceaſe to mitigate his paine,
He left them there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him ſhould remedy provide,
And him reſtore to former grace againe;
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will defer the end untill another tide.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO VIII.

The gentle Squire recovers;
Sclaunder her gueſts doth ſtaine;
Corflambo chaſeth Placidas,
And is by Arthure ſlaine.

I.

Well ſaid the wiſeman, now prov'd true by this
Which to this gentle ſquire did happen late,
That the diſpleaſure of the mighty is
Than death itſelfe more dread and deſperate;
For naught the ſame may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempeſt doe thereof delay
With ſufferance ſoft, which rigour can abate,
And have the ſterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.

II.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whoſe tender heart the faire Belphœbe had
With one ſterne look ſo daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He ever taſted, but with penaunce ſad,
And penſive ſorrow, pind and wore away;
Ne ever laught, ne once ſhew'd countenance glad,
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blaſted bloſſome through heat doth languiſh and decay.

III.

Till on a day, as in his wonted wiſe
His doole he made, there chaunſt a turtle-dove
To come, where he his dolors did deviſe
That likewiſe late had loſt her deareſt love,
Which loſſe her made like paſſion alſo prove;
Who ſeeing his ſad plight, her tender heart
With deare compaſſion deeply did emmove,
That ſhe gan mone his undeſerved ſmart, [part.
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a

IV.

Shee ſitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full piteouſly did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So ſenſibly compyld, that in the ſame
Him ſeemed oft he heard his owne right name;
With that he ſorth would poure ſo plenteous teares,
And beat his breaſt, unworthy of ſuch blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could have perſt the hearts of tigres and of beares.

V.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did uſe,
Withouten dread of perill, to repaire
Unto his wonne, and with her mournefull muſe
Him to recomfort in his greateſt care,
That much did eaſe his mourning and miſfare;
And every day for guerdon of her ſong
He part of his ſmall feaſt to her would ſhare,
That at the laſt of all his woe and wrong
Companion ſhe became, and ſo continued long.

VI.

Upon a day, as ſhe him ſate beſide,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relicks did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphœbe threw
On him, whilſt goodly grace ſhe did him ſhew;
Amongſt the reſt a iewell rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

VII.

The ſame he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtle's necke, that with the vew
Did greatly ſolace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when ſhe did find
Herſelfe ſo deckt, her nimble wings diſplaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind;
Which ſodaine accident him much diſmaid,
And looking after long did marke which way ſhe ſtraid.

VIII.

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,
Yet ſaw her forward ſtill to make her flight,
His weary eie returnd to him againe,
Enll of diſcomfort and diſquiet plight,
That both his ſuell he had loſt ſo light,
And eke his deare companion of his care:
But that ſweet bird departing flew forthright
Through the wide region of the waſtfull aire,
Untill ſhe came where wonned his Belphœbe faire.

IX.

There found ſhe her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert ſhade of arbors ſweet,
After late wearie toile, which ſhe had tride
In ſalvage chaſe, to reſt as ſeem'd her meet:
There ſhe alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe that for her ſake
Her gentle ſquire through her diſpleaſure did partake.

X.

She her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple breſt
That precious iuell, which ſhe formerly
Had knowne right well, with colour'd ribbands dreſt;
Therewith ſhe roſe in haſt, and her addreſt
With ready hand it to have reſt away,
But the ſwift bird obayd not her beheſt,
But ſwarv'd aſide, and there againe did ſtay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to aſſay.

XI.

And ever when ſhe nigh approcht, the dove
Would flit a litle forward, and then ſtay
Till ſhe drew neare, and then againe remove;
So tempting her ſtill to purſue the pray,
And ſtill from her eſcaping ſoſt away,
Till that at length into that forreſt wide
She drew her far, and led with ſlow delay:
In th' end, ſhe her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that wofull man in langour did abide.

XII.

Eſtſoones ſhe flew unto his feareleſſe hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
As if ſhe would have made him underſtand
His ſorrowes cauſe to be of her deſpis'd;
Whom when ſhe ſaw in wretched weeds diſguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghoſt late riſen from his grave agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his caſe,
And wiſht it were in her to doe him any grace.

XIII.

He her beholding at her feete downe fell,
And kiſt the ground on which her ſole did tread,
And waſht the ſame with water, which did well
From his moiſt eies, and like two ſtreames procead;
Yet ſpake no word, whereby ſhe might aread
What miſter wight he was, or what he ment;
But as one daunted with her preſence dread,
Onely few ruefull lookes unto her ſent
As meſſengers of his true meaning and intent.

XIV.

Yet nathemore his meaning ſhe ared,
But wondred much at his ſo ſelcouth caſe,
And by his perſon's ſecret ſeemlyhed,
Well weend that he had beene ſome man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface:
That being mov'd with ruth, ſhe thus beſpake;
" Ah! wofull Man! what heavens hard diſgrace,
" Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
" Or ſelfe-diſliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

XV.

" If Heaven, then none may it redreſſe or blame,
" Sith to his powre we all are ſubiect borne;
" If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and ſhame
" Be theirs that have ſo cruell thee forlorne;
" But if through inward griefe or wilfull ſcorne
" Of life it be, then better doe adviſe;
" For he whoſe daies in wilfull woe are worne,
" The grace of his Creator doth deſpiſe,
" That will not uſe his gifts for thankleſſe nigardiſe."

XVI.

When ſo he heard her ſay, eftſoones he brake
His ſodaine ſilence which he long had pent,
And ſighing inly deepe, her thus beſpake;
" Then have they all themſelves againſt me bent;
" For Heaven, firſt author of my languiſhment,
" Envying my too great felicity,
" Did cloſely with a cruell one conſent
" To cloud my daies in dolefull miſery,
" And make me loath this life, ſtill longing for to die.

XVII.

" Ne any but yourſelf, O deareſt dred!
" Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthleſſe wight
" Your high diſpleaſure, through miſdeeming bred;
" That when your pleaſure is to deeme aright,
" Ye may redreſſe, and me reſtore to light."
Which ſory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to ſee his ruefull plight,
That her in-burning wrath ſhe gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours ſtate.

XVIII.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happy life with grace and good accord,
Feareleſſe of Fortune's chaunge or Envies dread,
And eke all mindleſſe of his own deare lord
The noble prince, who never heard one word

Of tydings what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But thr ugh the endleſſe world did wander wide,
Him ſeeking evermore, yet no where him deſcride;

xix.

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunſt to come where thoſe two ladies late,
Aemylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full ſad and forr wfull eſtate,
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food, which in her dureſſe ſhe had found;
The other almoſt dead and deſperate
Through her late hurts, and through that hapleſſe wound
With which the ſquire in her defence her ſore aſtound.

xx.

Whom when the prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evill caſe in which thoſe ladies lay;
But moſt was moved at the piteous vew
Of Amoret, ſo neare unto decay,
That her great daunger did him much diſmay.
Eftſoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in ſtore about him kept away,
And with few drops thereof did ſoftly dew
Her wounds, that unto ſtrength reſtor'd her ſoone anew.

xxi.

Tho when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell?
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide
Of that ſame wicked carle, by virgin's hond;
Whoſe bloudie corſe they ſhew'd him there beſide,
And eke his cave in which they both were bond;
At which he wondred much when all thoſe ſignes he fond.

xxii.

And evermore he greatly did deſire
To know what virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earneſtly inquire
Where was her wont, and how he mote her find?
But whenas nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare,
(No ſervice loathſome to a gentle kind)
And on his warlike beaſt them both did beare,
Himſelfe by them on foot to ſuccour them from feare.

xxiii.

So when that forreſt they had paſſed well,
A litle cotage farre away they ſpide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell,
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman ſitting there beſide
Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her ſcattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for ſelneſſe and for yre,
And there out ſucking venime to her parts entyre.

xxiv.

A foule and loathly creature ſure in ſight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no leſſe,
For ſhe was ſtuft with rancour and deſpight
Up to the throat, that oft with bitterneſſe
It forth would breake and guſhe in great exceſſe,
Pouring out ſtreames of poyſon and of gall
Gainſt all that truth or vertue doe profeſſe,
Whom ſhe with leaſings lewdly did miſcall,
And wickedly backbite: her name men Sclaunder call.

xxv.

Her nature is all goodneſſe to abuſe,
And cauſeleſſe crimes continually to frame,
With which ſhe guiltleſſe perſons may accuſe,
And ſteale away the crowne of their good name;
Ne ever knight ſo bold, ne ever dame
So chaſt and loyall liv'd, but ſhe would ſtrive
With forged cauſe them falſely to defame;
Ne ever thing ſo well was doen alive,
But ſhe with blame would blot, and of dew praiſe deprive.

xxvi.

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
T' expreſſe the meaning of the inward mind;
But noyſome breath, and poyſnous ſpirit ſent
From inward parts, with canckred malice lind,
And breathed forth with blaſt of bitter wind;
Which paſſing through the eares, would pierce the harr,
And wound the ſoule itſelfe with griefe unkind;
For like the ſtings of aſpes, that kill with ſmart,
Her ſpightfull words did pricke and wound the inner part.

xxvii.

Such was that hag, unmeet to hoſt ſuch gueſts,
Whom greateſt princes' court would welcome fayne,
But neede (that anſwers not to all requeſts)
Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
And eke that age deſpyſed niceneſſe vaine,
Enur'd to hardneſſe and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike diſcipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
Againſt all hard miſhaps and fortuneleſſe miſfare.

xxviii.

Then all that evening (welcomed with cold
And chearleſſe hunger) they together ſpent;
Yet found no fault, but that the hag did ſcold
And rayle at them with grudgefull diſcontent,
For lodging there without her owne conſent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto reſt themſelves all onely lent,
Regardleſſe of that queane ſo baſe and vilde,
To be uniuſtly blamd, and bitterly revilde.

xxix.

Here well I weene, whenas theſe rimes be red
With miſregard, that ſome raſh-witted wight,
Whoſe loofer thought will lightly be miſled,
Theſe gentle ladies will mideeme too light,
For thus converſing with this noble knight,
Sith now of dayes ſuch temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull ſpright

For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare;
More hard for hungry steed t'abstaine from pleasant lare.

xxx.

But antique Age yet in the infancie
Of time did live then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blameless chastitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But, voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for itselfe in soveraine awe;
Then loyall love had royall regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdrawe.

xxxi.

The lyon there did with the lambe consort,
And eke the dove sate by the faulcon's side,
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride;
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old,
(Whereof it hight) and having shortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

xxxii.

Then beautie, which was made to represent
The great Creatour's owne resemblance bright,
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grewe faire in sight,
And that which wont to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vassall of the victor's might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Despisd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

xxxiii.

And now it is so utterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth scarse remaine,
But if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
In princes court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie soveraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient stooke of princes straine,
Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed.

xxxiv.

Tho soone as day discovered heaven's face
To sinfull men with darknes over-dight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the damp ish night,
And did themselves unto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
That them to view had bene an uncouth sight,
How all the way the prince on foot-pace traced,
The ladies both on horse together fast embraced.

xxxv.

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
Him calling theefe, them whores, that much did vexe
His noble hart; thereto she did annexe
False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
That those two ladies much asham'd did wexe;
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

xxxvi.

At last, when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbeare,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone which passed straunger at him threw;
So she them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tong's end grew.

xxxvii.

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
Faire Amoret, that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heavie armes, which sore annoyd
The prince on foot, not wonted so to fare;
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare;
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

xxxviii.

At length they spide where towards them with speed
A squire came galloping, as he would flie,
Bearing a little dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen skie,
Whom after did a mightie man pursew,
Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew.

xxxix.

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre, that poysnous bale did breede
To all that on him lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the basiliske, of serpent seede,
From powrefull eyes close venim doth convay
Into the looker's hart, and killeth farre away.

xl.

He all the way did rage at that same squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine, in his avengefull ire;
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him overtooke before he came in vew:
Where when he saw the prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud his case to rew,
And rescue him, through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in fight.

XLI.

Eſtſoones the prince tooke downe thoſe ladies twaine,
From loſtie ſteede, and mounting in their ſtead,
Came to that ſquire, yet trembling every vaine;
Of whom he gan enquire his cauſe of dread:
Who as he gan the ſame to him aread,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was preſt,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That unto death had doen him unredreſt,
Had not the noble prince his readie ſtroke repreſt:

XLII.

Who thruſting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Upon his ſhield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head before the harme came neare:
Nathleſſe it fell with ſo diſpiteous dreare
And heavie ſway, that hard unto his crowne
The ſhield it drove, and did the covering reare;
Therewith both ſquire and dwarfe did tumble downe
Unto the earth, and lay long while in ſenſeleſſe ſwowne.

XLIII.

Whereat the prince fell wrath, his ſtrong right hand
In full avengement heaved up on hie,
And ſtroke the pagan with his ſteely brand
So ſore, that to his ſaddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and ſo a while did lie:
And ſure had not his maſſie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place;
Yet, as it was, it did aſtoniſh him long ſpace.

XLIV.

But when he to himſelfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curſe and ſweare,
And vow by Mahoune that he ſhould be ſlaine.
With that his murdrous mace he up did reare,
That ſeemed nought the ſuſe thereof could beare,
And therewith ſmote at him with all his might;
But ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child, with readie quick foreſight
Did ſhun the prooſe thereof, and it avoyded light.

XLV.

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
To ward his bodie from the balefull ſtound,
He ſmote at him with all his might and maine
So furiouſly, that ere he wiſt he ſound
His head before him tombling on the ground,
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaſpheme
And curſe his god that did him ſo confound;
The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudie ſtreame,
His ſoule deſcended downe into the Stygian reame.

XLVI.

Which when that ſquire beheld, he woxe full glad
To ſee his foe breath out his ſpright in vaine;
But that ſame dwarfe right ſorie ſeem'd and ſad,
And howld aloud to ſee his lord there ſlaine,
And rent his haire, and ſcratcht his face for paine.

Then gan the prince at leaſure to inquire
Of all the accident there hapned plaine,
And what he was whoſe eyes did flame with fire?
All which was thus to him declared by that ſquire:

XLVII.

" This mightie man," quoth he, " whom you have
" ſlaine,
" Of an huge geaunteſſe whylome was bred,
" And by his ſtrength rule to himſelfe did gaine
" Of many nations into thraldome led,
" And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
" Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
" Ne hoſtes of men with banners brode diſpred,
" But by the powre of his infectious ſight,
" With which he killed all that came within his
" might.

XLVIII.

" Ne was he ever vanquiſhed afore,
" But ever vanquiſht all with whom he fought;
" Ne was there man ſo ſtrong, but he downe bore;
" Ne woman yet ſo faire, but he her brought
" Unto his bay, and captived her thought;
" For moſt of ſtrength and beautie his deſire
" Was ſpoyle to make, and waſt them unto
" nought,
" By caſting ſecret flakes of luſtfull fire
" From his falſe eyes into their harts and parts
" entire.

XLIX.

" Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright,
" Though nameleſſe there his bodie now doth lie,
" Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
" The faire Pœana, who ſeemes outwardly
" So faire as ever yet ſaw living eie;
" And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
" She were as faire as any under ſkie;
" But ah! ſhe given is to vaine delight,
" And eke too looſe of life, and eke of love too
" light.

L.

" So as it fell, there was a gentle ſquire
" That lov'd a lady of high parentage,
" But for his meane degree might not aſpire
" To match ſo high; her friends with counſell
" ſage
" Diſſuaded her from ſuch a deſparage;
" But ſhe, whoſe hart to love was wholly lent,
" Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
" But firmely following her firſt intent,
" Reſolv'd with him to wend gainſt all her friends
" conſent.

LI.

" So twixt themſelves they pointed time and
" place;
" To which when he according did repaire,
" An hard miſhap and diſadventrous caſe
" Him chaunſt; inſtead of his Aemylia faire,
" This gyant's ſonne, that lies there on the laire
" An headleſſe heape, him unawares there caught,
" And all diſmayd through mercileſſe deſpaire,
" Him wretched thrall unto his dungeon brought,
" Where he remaines of all unſuccour'd and un-
" ſought.

LII.

" This gyant's daughter came upon a day
" Unto the priſon in her ioyous glee,
" To view the thrals which there in bondage lay;
" Amongſt the reſt ſhe chaunced there to ſee
" This lovely ſwaine, the Squyre of Low Degree,
" To whom ſhe did her liking lightly caſt,
" And wooed him her paramour to bee:
" From day to day ſhe woo'd and prayd him faſt,
" And for his love him promiſt libertie at laſt.

LIII.

" He, though affide unto a former love,
" To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
" Yet ſeeing not how thence he mote remove,
" But by that meanes which fortune did unfold,
" Her graunted love, but with affection cold,
" To win her grace his libertie to get;
" Yet ſhe him ſtill detaines in captive hold,
" Fearing leaſt if ſhe ſhould him freely ſet,
" He would her ſhortly leave, and former love forget.

LIV.

" Yet ſo much favour ſhe to him hath hight
" Above the reſt, that he ſometimes may ſpace
" And walke about her gardens of delight,
" Having a keeper ſtill with him in place;
" Which keeper is this dwarfe, her dearling baſe,
" To whom the keyes of every priſon-dore
" By her commited be of ſpeciall grace,
" And at his will may whom he liſt reſtore,
" And whom he liſt reſerve to be afflicted more.

LV.

" Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare,
" (Full inly ſorie for the fervent zeale
" Which I to him as to my ſoul did beare)
" I thether went, where I did long conceale
" Myſelfe, till that the dwarfe did me reveale,
" And told his dame her Squyre of Low Degree
" Did ſecretely out of her priſon ſteale:
" For me he did miſtake that ſquire to bee;
" For never two ſo like did living creature ſee.

LVI.

" That was I taken and before her brought,
" Who through the likeneſſe of my outward hew,
" Being likewiſe beguiled in her thought,
" Gan blame me much for being ſo untrew
" To ſeeke by flight her fellowſhip t' eſchew,
" That lov'd me deare, as deareſt thing alive:
" Thence ſhe commanded me to priſon new;
" Whereof I glad did not gaine-ſay nor ſtrive,
" But ſuffred that ſame dwarfe me to her dongen drive.

LVII.

" There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
" In heavy plight and ſad perplexitie,
" Whereof I ſorrie, yet myſelfe did bend
" Him to recomfort with my companie;
" But him the more agreev'd I found thereby;
" For all his ioy, he ſaid, in that diſtreſſe,
" Was mine and his Aemylia's libertie;
" Aemylia well he lov'd, as I mote gheſſe;
" Yet greater love to me than her he did profeſſe.

LVIII.

" But I with better reaſon him aviz'd,
" And ſhew'd him how through error and miſthought
" Of our like perſons eath to be diſguiz'd,
" Or his exchaunge or freedom might be wrought;
" Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
" Conſent that I, who ſtood all feareleſſe free,
" Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
" Till fortune did perforce it ſo decree;
" Yet over-ruld at laſt he did to me agree.

LIX.

" The morrow next about the wonted howre,
" The dwarfe cald at the door of Amyas
" To come forthwith into his ladies bowre;
" Inſteed of whom forth came I Placidas,
" And undiſcerned forth with him did pas:
" There with great ioyaunce and with gladſome glee
" Of faire Pœana I received was,
" And oft imbraſt, as if that I were hee,
" And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love to mee.

LX.

" Which I, that was not bent to former love,
" As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,
" Did well accept, as well it did behove,
" And to the preſent neede it wiſely uſd;
" My former hardneſſe firſt I faire excuſd,
" And after promiſt large amends to make.
" With ſuch ſmooth termes her error I abuſd,
" To my friend's good more then for mine owne ſake,
" For whoſe ſole libertie I love and life did ſtake.

LXI.

" Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand;
" That to her dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
" She bad to lighten my too heavie band,
" And graunt more ſcope to me to walke at large.
" So on a day, as by the flowry marge
" Of a freſh ſtreame I with that elfe did play,
" Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
" But if that dwarfe I could with me convay,
" I lightly ſnatcht him up, and with me bore away.

LXII.

" Thereat he ſhriekt aloud, that with his cry
" The tyrant ſelfe came forth with yelling bray,
" And me purſew'd; but nathemore would I
" Forgoe the purchaſe of my gotten pray,
" But have perforce him hether brought away."
Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
Thoſe ladies two, yet doubtful through diſmay,
In preſence came, deſirous t' underſtand
Tydings of all which there had hapned on the land.

LXIII.

Where ſoon as ſad Aemylia did eſpie
Her captive lover's friend, young Placidas,
All mindleſſe of her wonted modeſtie,
She to him ran, and him with ſtraight embras

Enfolding ſaid, " And lives yet Amyas?"
" He lives," quoth he, " and his Aemylia loves."
" Then leſſe," ſaid ſhe, " by all the woe I pas,
" With which my weaker patience Fortune proves:
" But what miſhap thus long him fro myſelfe re-
" moves?"

LXIV.

Then gan he all this ſtorie to renew,
And tell the courſe of his captivitie,
That her deare hart full deepely made to rew,
And ſigh full ſore, to heare the miſerie
In which ſo long he mercileſſe did lie:
Then, after many teares and ſorrowes ſpent,
She deare beſought the prince of remedie;
Who thereto did with readie will conſent,
And well perform'd, as ſhall appeare by this event.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK IV. CANTO IX.

The Squire of Low Degree releaſt
Pœana takes to wife;
Britomart fightes with many knights;
Prince Arthur ſtints their ſtriſe.

I.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And doe diſpart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether ſhall weigh the balance downe; to weet,
The deare affection unto kindred ſweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet;
But of them all the band of vertuous mind
Me ſeemes the gentle hart ſhould moſt aſſured bind:

II.

For naturall affection ſoone doth ceſſe,
And quenched is with Cupid's greater flame;
But faithfull friendſhip doth them both ſupreſſe,
And them with mayſtring diſcipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aſpyring to eternall fame:
For as the ſoule doth rule the earthly maſſe,
And all the ſervice of the bodie frame,
So love of ſoule doth love of bodie paſſe,
No leſſe than perfect gold ſurmounts the meaneſt braſſe.

III.

All which who liſt by tryall to aſſay,
Shall in this ſtoric find approved plaine; [ſway
In which this ſquire's true friendſhip more did
Then either care of parents could refraine,
Or love of faireſt ladie could conſtraine;
For though Pœana were as faire as morne,
Yet did this truſtie ſquire with proud diſdaine
For his friend's ſake her offred favours ſcorne,
And ſhe herſelfe her ſyre of whom ſhe was yborne.

IV.

Now after that Prince Arthur graunted had
To yeeld ſtrong ſuccour to that gentle ſwayne,
Who now long time had lyen in priſon ſad,
He gan adviſe how beſt he mote derrayne
That enterprize, for greateſt glories gayne.
That headleſſe tyrant's tronke he reard from ground,
And having ympt the head to it agayne,
Upon his uſuall beaſt it firmely bound,
And made it ſo to ride as it alive was found,

V.

Then did he take that chaced ſquire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were,
And made his dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
To guide the beaſt that did his maiſter beare,
Till to his caſtle they approached neare:
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him unbard;
Whom ſtraight the prince enſuing, in together far'd.

VI.

There did he find in her delitious boure
The faire Pœana playing on a rote,
Complayning of her cruell paramoure,
And ſinging all her ſorrow to the note,
As ſhe had learned readily by rote;
That with the ſweetneſſe of her rare delight,
The prince half rapt began on her to dote,
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her unwares attacht, and captive held by might.

vii.

Whence being forth produc'd, when ſhe perceiv'd
Her own deare ſire, ſhe cald to him for aide;
But when of him no aunſwere ſhe received.
But ſaw him fenceleſſe by the ſquire up-ſtaide,
She weened well that then ſhe was betraide;
Then gan ſhe loudly cry, and weepe and waile,
And that ſame ſquire of treaſon to upbraide;
But all in vaine; her plaints might not prevaile,
Ne none there was to reſkue her, ne none to baile.

viii.

Then tooke he that ſame dwarfe, and him compeld
To open unto him the priſon dore,
And forth to bring thoſe thrals which there he held:
Thence forth were brought to him above a ſcore
Of knights and ſquires to him unknowne afore;
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty reſtore;
Amongſt the reſt that Squire of Low Degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himſelfe to bee.

ix.

Whom ſoon as faire Aemylia beheld
And Placidas, they both unto him ranne,
And him embracing faſt betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kiſſing oft his viſage pale and wan;
That faire Pœana them beholding both,
Gan both envy and bitterly to ban,
Through iealous paſſion weeping inly wroth,
To ſee the ſight perforce that both her eyes were loth.

x.

But when awhile they had together beene,
And diverſly conferred of their caſe,
She, though full oft ſhe both of them had ſeene
Aſunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when ſhe them ſaw embrace,
Which was the captive ſquire ſhe lov'd ſo deare,
Deceived through great likeneſſe of their face;
For they ſo like in perſon did appeare,
That ſhe uneath diſcerned whether whether weare.

xi.

And eke the prince, whenas he them avized,
Their like reſemblaunce much admired there,
And mazd how Nature had ſo well diſguized
Her worke, and counterfet herſelfe ſo nere,
As if that by one patterne ſeene ſomewhere
She had them made a paragone to be;
Or whether it through ſkill or errour were:
Thus gazing long at them much wondred he,
So did the other knights and ſquires which him did ſee.

xii.

Then gan they ranſacke that ſame caſtle ſtrong,
In which he found great ſtore of hoorded threaſure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And torrious powre, without reſpect or meaſure;
Upon all which the Briton prince made ſeaſure,
And afterwards continu'd there awhile
To reſt himſelfe, and ſolace in ſoft pleaſure
Thoſe weaker ladies after weary toile,
To whom he did divide part of his purchaſt ſpoile.

xiii.

And for more ioy that captive lady faire,
The faire Pœana, he enlarged free,
And by the reſt did ſet in ſumptuous chaire
To feaſt and frollicke, nathemore would ſhe
Shew gladſome countenance nor pleaſaunt glee,
But grieved was for loſſe both of her ſire
And eke of lordſhip, with both land and fee;
But moſt ſhe touched was with griefe entire
For loſſe of her new love, the hope of her deſire.

xiv.

But her the prince through his well-wonted grace
To better termes of myldneſſe did entreat,
From that fowle rudeneſſe which did her deface,
And that ſame bitter cor'ſive which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat;
He with good thewes and ſpeaches well applyde
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat,
For though ſhe were moſt faire and goodly dyde,
Yet ſhe it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

xv.

And for to ſhut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was firſt the ground of all her griefe,
That truſty ſquire he wiſely well did move
Not to deſpiſe that dame which lov'd him life,
Till he had made of her ſome better priefe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife:
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordſhip during life:
He yeelded and her tooke; ſo ſtinted all their ſtrife.

xvi.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis
They liv'd together long without debate;
Ne private iarre, ne ſpite of enemis,
Could ſhake the ſafe aſſurance of their ſtate;
And ſhe whom Nature did ſo faire create,
That ſhe mote match the faireſt of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and luſt intemperate
Had it defaſte, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and ſpake her praiſe.

xvii.

Thus when the prince had perfectly compylde
Theſe paires of friends in peace and ſetled reſt,
Himſelfe, whoſe minde did travell as with chylde
Of his old love conceav'd in ſecret breſt,
Reſolved to purſue his former gueſt;
And taking leave of all, with him did beare
Faire Amoret, whom fortune by bequeſt
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

xviii.

Feare of her ſafety did her not conſtraine;
For well ſhe wiſt now in a mighty hond
Her perſon late in perill did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withſtond;
But now in feare of ſhame ſhe more did ſtond,
Seeing herſelfe all ſoly ſuccourleſſe,

Left in the victor's powre, like vaſſal bond,
Whoſe will her weakeneſſe could no way reſiſt.
In caſe his burning luſt ſhould breake into exceſſe.

XIX.

But cauſe of feare ſure had ſhe none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The courſe of looſe affection to forſtall,
And lawleſſe luſt to rule with reaſon's lore,
That all the while he by his ſide her bore,
She was as ſafe as in a ſanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To ſeeke their loves diſperſed diverſly,
Yet neither ſhewd to other ther hart's privity.

XX.

At length they came whereas a troupe of knights
They ſaw together ſkirmiſhing, as ſeemed;
Sixe they were all, all full of fell deſpight,
But foure of them the battel beſt beſeemed,
That which of them was beſt mote not be deemed.
Thoſe foure were they from whom falſe Florimell
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed,
To weet ſterne Druon, and lewd Claribell.
Love-laviſh Blandamour, and luſtfull Paridell.

XXI.

Druon's delight was all in ſingle life,
And unto ladies love would lend no leaſure;
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of meaſure:
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleſure
Would change his liking, and new lemans prove;
But Paridell of love did make no threaſure,
But luſted after all that did him move:
So diverſly theſe foure diſpoſed were to love.

XXII.

But thoſe two other, which beſide them ſtoode,
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour,
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their implacable ſtoure,
Whoſe like they never ſaw till that ſame houre:
So dreadfull ſtrokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that every dint the ghoſt would rive
Out of their wretched corſes, and their lives deprive.

XXIII.

As when Dan Æolus, in great diſpleaſure
For loſſe of his deare love by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threaſure,
Upon the ſea to wreak his fell intent,
They breaking forth with rude unruliment
From all foure parts of heaven doe rage full ſore,
And toſſe the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore,
As if inſtead thereof they Chaos would reſtore.

XXIV.

Cauſe of their diſcord and ſo fell debate
Was for the love of that ſame ſnowy maid,
Whome they had loſt in turneyment of late;
And ſeeking long to weet which way ſhe ſtraid,
Met here together; where through lewd upbraide
Of Arté and Dueſſa they fell out,
And each one taking part in other's aide,
This cruell conflict raiſed thereabout,
Whoſe dangerous ſucceſſe depended yet in doubt;

XXV.

For ſometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe;
Eftſoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiend like fury ſlacke,
But evermore their malice did augment,
Till that uneath they forced were for lacke
Of breath their raging rigour to relent,
And reſt themſelves, for to recover ſpirits ſpent.

XXVI.

There gan they change their ſides and new parts take;
For Paridell did take to Druon's ſide
For old deſpight, which now forth newly brake
Gainſt Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide;
And Blandamour to Claribell relide;
So all afreſh gan former fight renew;
As when two barkes, this carried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courſes few,
If wind and tide doe chaunge, their courſes change anew.

XXVII.

Thenceforth they much more furiouſly gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks ſtrong did ſpare,
That through the clifts the vermeill blood out ſponne,
And all adowne their riven ſides did ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to ſee
In friends profeſt, and ſo great outrage donne;
But ſooth is ſaid, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out moſt cruell fomen bee.

XXVIII.

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till Scudamour and that ſame Briton maide;
By fortune in that place did chaunce to light;
Whom ſoone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonneſſe had to them donne
In that late turney for the ſnowey maide;
Where ſhe had them both ſhamefully ſordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

XXIX.

Eftſoones all burning with a freſh deſire
Of fell revenge in their malicious mood,
They from themſelves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet ſteeming with whot bloud
Againſt thoſe two let drive as they were wood;
Who wondring much at that ſo ſodaine ſit,
Yet nought diſmayd, them ſtoutly well withſtood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly ſmitten, likewiſe doubly ſmit.

XXX.

The warlike dame was on her part affaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell, and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his profeſſed fone:

Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two themselves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duly weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

xxxi.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance move;
But they for ought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to nought that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his bloudy feast;
So litle did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

xxxii.

Whom when the Briton prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest;
Eftsoones himselfe he to their aide addrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace,
Divided them, however loth to rest,
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace:

xxxiii.

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme, which hovers under skie,
Long here and there, and round about doth flie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and fleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie,
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

xxxiv.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The prince yet being fresh unto ought afore,
Who them with speaches milde gan first diswade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore;
Till seeing them through suffrance hardned more,
Himselfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharply and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger, to relent too late.

xxxv.

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T'asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise;
At whose request he gan himselfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise:
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat;

xxxvi.

And told at large how that same errant knight,
To weete faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled
And also of their private loves beguyled;
Of two full hard to read the harder theft:
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
And shew'd that she had not that lady reft,
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

xxxvii.

To whom the prince thus goodly well replied;
" Certes, Sir knight, ye seemen much to blame
" To rip up wrong, that battell once hath tried,
" Wherein the honour both of armes ye shame,
" And eke the love of ladies foule defame;
" To whom the world this franchise ever yeelded,
" That of their loves choise they might freedom clame,
" And in that right should by all knights be shielded;
" Gainst which me seemes this war ye wrongfully have wielded."

xxxviii.

" And yet," quoth she, " a greater wrong remaines;
" For I thereby my former love have lost:
" Whom, seeking ever since with endlesse paines,
" Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost;
" Aye me to see that gentle maide so tost!"
But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus saide;
" Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
" Whose right she is, wherever she be straide,
" Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide:

xxxix.

" For from the first that I her love profest,
" Unto this houre, this present luckelesse howre,
" I never joyed happinesse nor rest;
" But thus turmoild from one to other stowre
" I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
" In wretched anguishe and intestant woe,
" Passing the measure of my feeble powre;
" That living thus a wretch, and loving so,
" I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo."

xl.

Then good Sir Claribell him thus bespake;
" Now were it not, Sir Scudamour, to you
" Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
" Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
" Is now so well accorded all anew,
" That as we ride together on our way,
" Ye will recount to us, in order dew,
" All that adventure which ye did assay
" For that faire ladies love: past perils well apay."

xli.

So gan the rest him likewise to require;
But Britomart did him importune hard
To take on him that paine; whole great desire
He glad to satisfie, himselfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell;
And all those daungers unto them declar'd,
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conqueſt tell
Of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus' temple is deſcrib'd,
And lovers life forth ſet.

I.

" True he it ſaid, whatever man it ſayd,
" That love with gall and hony doth abound;
" But if the one be with the other wayd,
" For every dram of hony therein found
" A pound of gall doth over it redound:
" That I too true by triall have approved;
" For ſince the day that firſt with deadly wound
" My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
" I never ioyed howre, but ſtill with care was
" moved.

II.

" And yet ſuch grace is given them from above,
" That all the cares and evill which they meet
" May nought at all their ſetled mindes remove,
" But ſeeme gainſt common ſence to them moſt
" ſweet;
" As boſting in their martyrdome unmeet:
" So all that ever yet I have endured
" I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
" Since of my love at length I reſt aſſured,
" That to diſloyalty ſhe will not be allured.

III.

" Long were to tell the travell and long toile
" Through which this ſhield of Love I late have
" wonne,
" And purchaſed this peereleſſe beauties ſpoile,
" That harder may be ended then begone;
" But ſince ye ſo deſire, your will be donne.
" Then hearke, ye gentle knights and ladies free!
" My hard miſhaps, that ye may learne to ſhonne;
" For though ſweet love to conquer glorious bee,
" Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the
" fee.

IV.

" What time the fame of this renowmed priſe
" Flew faſt abroad, and all mens eares poſſeſt,
" I having armes then taken, gan aviſe
" To winne me honour by ſome noble geſt,
" And purchaſe me ſome place amongſt the beſt,
" I boldly thought (ſo young mens thoughts are
" bold)
" That this fame brave emprize for me did reſt,
" And that both ſhield and ſhe whom I behold,
" Might be my lucky lot, ſith all by lot we
" hold.

V.

" So on that hard adventure forth I went,
" And to the place of perill ſhortly came,
" That was a temple faire and auncient,
" Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
" And farre renowmed through exceeding fame;
" Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
" Or that in Cyprus, both long ſince this fame,
" Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
" And all the other's pavement were with yvory
" ſpilt:

VI.

" And it was ſeated in an iſland ſtrong,
" Abounding all with delices moſt rare,
" And wall'd by Nature gainſt invaders wrong,
" That none mote have acceſſe, nor inward fare,
" But by one way that paſſage did prepare:
" It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize
" With curious corbes and pendants graven faire;
" And arched all with porches, did arize
" On ſtately pillours fram'd after the Doricke
" guize;

VII.

" And for defence thereof on th' other end
" There reared was a caſtle faire and ſtrong,
" That warded all which in or out did wend,
" And flancked both the bridge's ſides along,
" Gainſt all that would it faine to force or wrong;
" And therein wonned twenty valiant knights,
" All twenty tride in warres experience long,
" Whoſe office was againſt all manner wights
" By all meanes to maintain that caſtel's ancient
" rights.

VIII.

" Before that caſtle was an open plaine,
" And in midſt thereof a pillar placed,
" On which this ſhield, of many fought in vaine,
" The ſhield of Love, whoſe guerdon me hath
" graced,
" Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced,
" And in the marble ſtone was written this,
" With golden letters well enchaced,
" *Bleſſed the man that well can uſe this bliſs;*
" *Whoſoever be the ſhield, faire Amoret be his.*

IX.

" Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
" And pant with hope of that adventure's hap,
" Ne ſtayed further newes thereof to learne,
" But with my ſpeare upon the ſhield did rap,
" That all the caſtle ringed with the clap:
" Streight forth iſſewd a knight all arm'd to
" proofe,
" And bravely mounted to his moſt miſhap,
" Who ſtaying nought to queſtion from aloofe,
" Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunſt from his
" horſe's hoofe.

X.

" Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
" And by good fortune ſhortly him unſeated:
" Eftſoones out ſprung two more of equall mould,
" But I them both with equall hap defeated;
" So all the twenty I likewiſe entreated,
" And left them groning there upon the plaine;
" Then preaching to the pillour, I repeated
" The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
" And taking downe the ſhield, with me did it
" retaine.

XI.

" So forth without impediment I paſt,
" Till to the bridge's utter gate I came,
" The which I found ſure lockt and chained faſt:
" I knockt, but no man anſwer'd me by name;
" I cald, but no man anſwerd to my clame;
" Yet I perſever'd ſtill to knocke and call,
" Till at the laſt I ſpide within the ſame,
" Where one ſtood peeping through a crevis ſmall,
" To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

XII.

" That was to wect the porter of the place,
" Unto whoſe truſt the charge thereof was lent;
" His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
" Th' one forward looking, th' other backeward
" bent,
" Therein reſembling Ianus auncient
" Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare;
" And evermore his eyes about him went,
" As if ſome proved perill he did feare,
" Or did miſdoubt ſome ill whoſe cauſe did not
" appeare.

XIII.

" On th' one ſide he, on th' other ſate Delay,
" Behind the gate, that none her might eſpy;
" Whoſe manner was all paſſengers to ſtay,
" And entertaine with her occaſions ſly,
" Through which ſome loſt great hope unheedily,
" Which never they recover might againe,
" And others quite excluded forth did ly,
" Long languiſhing there in unpittied paine,
" And ſeeking often entraunce afterwards in
" vaine.

XIV.

" Me when as he had privily eſpide
" Bearing the ſhield which I had conquered late,
" He kend it ſtreight, and to me opened wide:
" So in I paſt, and ſtreight he cloſed the gate.
" But being in, Delay in cloſe awaite
" Caught hold on me, and thought my ſteps to
" ſtay,
" Feigning full many a fond excuſe to prate,
" And time to ſteale, the threaſure of man's day,
" Whoſe ſmalleſt minute loſt, no riches render
" may.

XV.

" But by no meanes my way I would forſlow,
" For ought that ever ſhe could doe or ſay,
" But from my lofty ſteede diſmounting low,
" Paſt forth on foote, beholding all the way
" The goodly workes and ſtones of rich aſſay
" Caſt inter ſundry ſhapes by wondrous ſkill,
" That like on earth no where I recken may;
" And underneath the river rolling ſtill,
" With murmure ſoft, that ſeem'd to ſerve the
" workman's will.

XVI.

" Thence forth I paſſed to the ſecond gate,
" The Gate of Good Deſert, whoſe goodly pride
" And coſtly frame were long here to relate;
" The ſame to all ſtoode alwaies open wide
" But in the porch did evermore abide
" An hideous giant, dreadfull to behold,
" That ſtopt the entraunce with his ſpacious
" ſtride,
" And with the terrour of his countenance bold
" Full many did affray, that elſe faine enter
" would:

XVII.

" His name was Daunger, dreaded over all,
" Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
" From fearefull cowards entrance to forſtall,
" And faint-heart fooles, whom ſhew of perill
" hard
" Could terrifie from Fortune's faire adward;
" For oftentimes faint hearts at firſt eſpiall
" Of his grim face were from approching feard;
" Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
" Excludes from faireſt hope withouten further
" triall.

XVIII.

" Yet many doughty warriours often tride
" In greater perils to be ſtout and bold,

" Durſt not the ſternneſſe of his looke abide;
" But ſoone as they his countenance did behold,
" Began to faint, and feele their corage cold:
" Againe ſome other, that in hard aſſaies
" Where cowards knowne, and little count did hold
" Either through gifts, or guile, or ſuch like waies,
" Crept in by ſtouping low, or ſtealing of the kaies.

XIX.

" But I, though meaneſt man of many moe,
" Yet much diſdaining unto him to lout,
" Or creepe betweene his legs, ſo in to goe,
" Reſolv'd him to aſſault with manhood ſtout,
" And either beat him in or drive him out.
" Eftſoones advaunсing that enchaunted ſhield,
" With all my might I gan to lay about,
" Which when he ſaw, the glaive which he did wield
" He gan forthwith t'avale, and way unto me yield.

XX.

" So as I entred I did backward looke
" For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there,
" And loe his hind-parts, whereof heed I tooke,
" Much more deformed, fearfull, ugly, were
" Then all his former parts did earſt appere;
" For Hatred, Murther, Treaſon, and Deſpight,
" With many moe lay in ambuſhment there,
" Awayting to entrap the wareleſſe wight,
" Which did not them prevent with vigilant foreſight.

XXI.

" Thus having paſt all perill, I was come
" Within the compaſſe of that iſland's ſpace,
" The which did ſeeme unto my ſimple doome
" The onely pleaſant and delightfull place
" That ever trodden was of footing's trace;
" For all that Nature by her mother wit
" Could frame in earth, and forme of ſubſtance baſe,
" Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
" Art, playing ſecond Nature's part, ſupplyed it.

XXII.

" No tree that is of count in greenewood growes,
" From loweſt iuniper to ceder tall,
" No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
" And deckes his branch with bloſſomes over all,
" But there was planted or grew naturall;
" Nor ſenſe of man ſo coy and curious nice,
" But there mote find to pleaſe itſelfe withall;
" Nor hart could wiſh for any queint device,
" But there it preſent was, and did fraile ſenſe entice.

XXIII.

" In ſuch luxurious plentie of all pleaſure,
" It ſeem'd a ſecond Paradiſe to gheſſe,
" So laviſhly enricht with Nature's threaſure,
" That if the happie ſoules which doe poſſeſſe
" Th' Elyſian Fields, and live in laſting bleſſe,
" Should happen this with living eye to ſee,
" They ſoone would loath their leſſer happineſſe,
" And wiſh to life return'd againe to bee,
" That in this ioyous place they mote have ioyance free.

XXIV.

" Freſh ſhadowes, fit to ſhroud from ſunny ray,
" Faire lawnds, to take the ſunne in ſeaſon dew,
" Sweet ſprings, in which a thouſand nymphes did play,
" Soft rumbling brookes, that gentle ſlumber drew,
" High-reared mounts, the lands about to view,
" Low-looking dales, diſloigned from common gaze,
" Delightfull bowres, to ſolace lovers trew,
" Falſe labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze,
" All which by Nature made did Nature ſelfe amaze.

XXV.

" And all without were walkes and alleyes dight,
" With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes,
" And here and there were pleaſant arbors pight,
" And ſhadie ſeates, and ſundry flowring bankes,
" To ſit and reſt the walkers wearie ſhankes;
" And therein thouſand payres of lovers walkt,
" Prayſing their God, and yielding him great thankes,
" Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt.
" Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

XXVI.

" All theſe together by themſelves did ſport,
" Their ſpotleſſe pleaſures and ſweet loves content;
" But farre away from theſe another ſort
" Of lovers linсked in true hart's conſent,
" Which loved not as theſe for like intent,
" But on chaſte vertue grounded their deſire,
" Farre from all fayned blandiſhment;
" Which in their ſpirits kindling zealous fire,
" Brave thoughts and noble deeds did evermore aſpire.

XXVII.

" Such were great Hercules and Hylus deare;
" True Ionathan and David truſtie tryde,
" Stout Theſeus, and Perithous his feare;
" Pylades, and Oreſtes by his ſyde;
" Myld Titus, and Geſippus without pryde;
" Damon and Pythias, whom death could not fever:
" All theſe, and all that ever had been tyde
" In bands of friendſhip, there did live for ever,
" Whoſe lives, although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.

XXVIII.

" Which whenas I that never taſted blis,
" Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
" I thought there was none other heaven then this,
" And gan their endleſſe happineſſe envye,
" That being free from feare and gealoſye,
" Might frankely there their loves deſire poſſeſſe,
" Whileſt I through pains and perlous ieopardie
" Was forſt to ſeeke my life's deare patroneſſe:
" Much dearer be the things which come through hard diſtreſſe.

XXIX.

" Yet all thoſe ſights, and all that elſe I ſaw,
" Might not my ſteps withold, but that forthright

" Unto that purpoſd place I did me draw;
" Whereas my love was lodged day and night,
" The temple of great Venus, that is hight
" The Queene of Beautie, and of Love the mother,
" There worſhipped of every living wight;
" Whoſe goodly workmanſhip farre paſt all other
" That ever were on earth, all were they ſet to-
" gether.

xxx.

" Not that fame famous Temple of Diane,
" Whoſe hight all Epheſus did over-ſee,
" And which all Aſia fought with vows pro-
" phane,
" One of the world's ſeven wonders ſayd to bee,
" Might match with this by many a degree;
" Nor that which that wiſe king of Iurie framed
" With endleſſe coſt, to be the Almighties fee;
" Nor all that elſe through all the world is named
" To all the heathen gods, might like to this be
" clamed.

xxxi.

" I much admyring that ſo goodly frame,
" Unto the porch approcht, which open ſtood,
" But therein ſate an amiable dame,
" That ſeem'd to be of very ſober mood,
" And in her ſemblant ſhew'd great womanhood;
" Strange was her tyre, for on her head a crowne
" She wore much like unto a Daniſk hood,
" Poudred with perle and ſtone, and all her
" gowne
" Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low
" adowne.

xxxii.

" On either ſide of her two young men ſtood,
" Both ſtrongly arm'd, as fearing one another,
" Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood
" Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
" Though of contrarie natures each to other:
" The one of them hight Love, the other Hate;
" Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
" Yet was the younger ſtronger in his ſtate
" Then th' elder, and him mayſtred ſtill in all
" debate.

xxxiii.

" Natheleſſe that dame ſo well them tempred
" both,
" That ſhe them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
" Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
" And turn'd his face away, as he did ſtand,
" Unwilling to behold that lovely hand;
" Yet ſhe was of ſuch grace and vertuous might,
" That her commaundment he could not with-
" ſtand,
" But bit his lip for felonous deſpight,
" And gnaſht his yron tuſkes at that diſpleaſing
" ſight.

xxxiv.

" Concord ſhe cleeped was in common reed,
" Mother of bleſſed Peace and Friendſhip trew;
" They both her twins, both borne of heavenly
" feed,
" And ſhe herſelfe likewiſe divinely grew,
" The which right well her workes divine did
" ſhew;
" For ſtrength, and wealth, and happineſſe ſhe lends,
" And ſtriſe, and warre, and anger, does ſubdew;
" Of little much, of foes ſhe maketh frends,
" And to afflicted minds ſweet reſt and quiet ſends.

xxxv.

" By her the heaven is in his courſe contained,
" And all the world in ſtate unmoved ſtands,
" As their almightie Maker firſt ordained,
" And bound them with inviolable bands;
" Elſe would the waters over-flow the lands,
" And fire devour the ayre, and hell them quight;
" But that ſhe holds them with her bleſſed hands.
" She is the nourſe of pleaſure and delight,
" And unto Venus' grace the gate doth open right.

xxxvi.

" By her I entring, halfe diſmayed was,
" But ſhe in gentle wiſe me entertayned,
" And twixt herſelfe and Love did let me paſs;
" But Hatred would my entrance have reſtrayned,
" And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
" Had not the ladie with her powerfull ſpeech
" Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned;
" And th' other eke his malice did empeach,
" Till I was throughly paſt the perill of his reach.

xxxvii.

" Into the inmoſt temple thus I came,
" Which fuming all with frackenſence I found,
" And odours riſing from the altar's flame:
" Upon an hundred marble pillors round
" The roof up high was reared from the ground,
" All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and gir-
" lands gay,
" And thouſand pretious gifts worth many a
" pound,
" The which ſad lovers for their vowes did pay,
" And all the ground was ſtrow'd with flowres as
" freſh as May.

xxxviii.

" An hundred altars round about were ſet,
" All flaming with their ſacrifices fire,
" That with the ſteme thereof the temple ſwet,
" Which, rould in clouds, to heaven did aſpire,
" And in them bore true lovers vowes entire;
" And eke an hundred braſen caudrons bright
" To bath in ioy and amorous deſire,
" Every of which was to a damzell hight;
" For all the prieſts were damzels in ſoft linen
" dight.

xxxix.

" Right in the midſt the goddeſſe ſelfe did ſtand,
" Upon an altar of ſome coſtly maſſe,
" Whoſe ſubſtance was uneath to underſtand,
" For neither pretious ſtone, nor durefull braſſe,
" Nor ſhining gold, nor mouldring clay, it was;
" But much more rare and pretious to eſteeme,
" Pure in aſpect, and like to chriſtall glaſſe;
" Yet glaſſe was not, if one did rightly deeme,
" But being faire and brickle likeſt glaſſe did
" ſeeme.

xl.

" But it in ſhape and beautie did excell
" All other idoles which the heathen adore,
" Farre paſſing that which by ſurpaſſing ſkill
" Phidias did make in Paphos' iſle of yore,

" With which that wretched Greeke, that life
" forlore,
" Did fall in love; yet this much fairer ſhined,
" But covered with a ſlender veile afore;
" And both her feete and legs together twyned
" Were with a ſnake, whoſe head and tail were
" faſt-combyned.

XLI.

" The cauſe why ſhe was covered with a vele
" Was hard to know, for that her prieſts the ſame
" From people's knowledge labour'd to concele;
" But ſooth it was not ſure for womaniſh ſhame,
" Nor any blemiſh which the worke mote blame;
" But for (they ſay) ſhe hath both kinds in one,
" Both male and female, both under one name:
" She ſyre and mother is herſelfe alone,
" Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other
" none.

XLII.

" And all about her necke and ſhoulders flew
" A flocke of little Loves, and Sports, and loyes,
" With nimble wings of gold and purple hew,
" Whoſe ſhapes ſeem'd not like to terreſtriall
" boyes,
" But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
" The whileſt their eldeſt brother was away,
" Cupid, their eldeſt brother, he enioyes
" The wide kingdome of Love with lordly ſway,
" And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

XLIII.

" And all about her altar ſcattered lay
" Great ſorts of lovers piteouſly complayning,
" Some of their loſſe, ſome of their loves delay,
" Some of their pride, ſome paragons diſdayning,
" Some fearing fraud, ſome fraudulently fayning,
" As every one had cauſe of good or ill:
" Amongſt the reſt ſome one through loves con-
" ſtrayning,
" Tormented ſore, could not containe it ſtill, [fill:
" But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did

XLIV.

" Great Venus! queene of beautie and of grace,
" The ioy of gods and men, that under ſkie
" Doeſt fayreſt ſhine, and moſt adorne thy place,
" That with thy ſmyling looke doeſt pacifie
" The raging ſeas, and makſt the ſtormes to flie;
" Thee, Goddeſſe! thee the windes, the clouds
" doe feare;
" And when thou ſpredſt thy mantle forth on hie,
" The waters play, and pleaſant lands appeare,
" And heavens laugh, and al the world ſhews
" ioyous cheare:

XLV.

" Then doth the dædale Earth throw forth to
" thee
" Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres;
" And then all living wights, ſoone as they ſee
" The Spring breake forth out of his luſty bowres,
" They all do learn to play the paramours:
" Firſt doe the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
" Privily pricked with thy luſtfull powres,
" Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
" And thee their mother call to coole their kindly
" rages.

XLVI.

" Then doe the ſalvage beaſts begin to play
" Their pleaſant friſkes, and loath their wonted
" food;
" The lyons rore, the tygers loudly bray,
" The raging buls rebellow through the wood,
" And breaking forth dare tempt the deepeſt
" flood,
" To come where thou doeſt draw them with
" deſire:
" So all things elſe, that nouriſh vitall blood,
" Soone as with fury thou doeſt them inſpire,
" In generation ſeeke to quench their inward fire.

XLVII.

" So all the world by thee at firſt was made,
" And dayly yet thou doeſt the ſame repayre;
" Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
" Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre
" But thou the ſame for pleaſure didſt prepayre.
" Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
" Great God of men and women, queene of
" th' ayre,
" Mother of laughter, and wel-ſpring of bliſſe,
" O graunt that of my love at laſt I may not
" miſſe."

XLVIII.

" So did he ſay; but I with murmure ſoft,
" That none might heare the ſorrow of my hart,
" Yet inly groning deepe, and ſighing oft,
" Beſought her to graunt eaſe unto my ſmart,
" And to my wound her gratious help impart.
" Whileſt thus I ſpake, behold with happy eye
" I ſpyde where at the idoles feet apart
" A bevie of fayre damzels cloſe did lye,
" Wayting whenas the antheme ſhould be ſung on
" hye.

XLIX.

" The firſt of them did ſeeme of ryper yeares
" And graver countenance then all the reſt;
" Yet all the reſt were eke her equall peares,
" Yet unto her obayed all the beſt:
" Her name was Womanhood; that ſhe expreſt
" By her ſad ſemblant and deameanure wyſe;
" For ſtedfaſt ſtill her eyes did fixed reſt,
" Ne rov'd at random after gazers guyſe,
" Whoſe luring bates oftimes doe heedleſſe harts
" entyſe.

L.

" And next to her ſate goodly Shamfaſtneſſe,
" Ne ever durſt her eyes from ground upreare,
" Ne ever once did looke up from her deſſe,
" As if ſome blame of evill ſhe did feare,
" That in her cheekes made roſes oft appeare;
" And her againſt ſweet Cheruſulneſſe was placed,
" Whoſe eyes like twinkling ſtars in evening
" cleare
" Were deckt with ſmyles, that all ſad humors
" chaced, [graced.
" And darted forth delights, the which her goodly

LI.

" And next to her ſate ſober Modeſtie,
" Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
" And her againſt ſate comely Courteſie,
" That unto every perſon knew her part;

" And her before was seated overthwart
" Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
" Both linckt together never to dispart,
" Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence,
" Both girlonds of his saints against their foes
" offence.

LII.

" Thus sate they all around in seemely rate,
" And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
" Even in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
" The which was all in lilly white aray'd,
" With silver streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
" Like to the Morne, when first her shining face
" Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd;
" That fame was fayrest Amoret in place,
" Shyning with beauties light, and heavenly ver-
" tues grace.

LIII.

" Whom soon as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
" And wade in doubt what best were to be
" donne,
" For sacrilege me seem'd the church to rob,
" And folly seem'd to leave the thing undonne,
" Which with so strong attempt I had begonne;
" Tho shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
" Which ladies love I heard had never wonne
" Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
" And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare,

LIV.

" Therat that formost matrone me did blame,
" And sharpe rebuke, for being over-bold;
" Saying it was to knight unseemely shame,
" Upon a recluse virgin to lay hold,
" That unto Venus' services was sold.
" To whom I thus, Nay, but it fitteth best
" For Cupid's man with Venus' mayd to hold,
" For ill your goddesse services are dresst
" By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

LV.

" With that my shield I forth to her did show,
" Which all that while I closely had conceld;
" On which when Cupid with his killing bow
" And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
" At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
" And said no more; but I, which all that
" while,
" The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
" Like warie hynd within the weedie soyle,
" For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious
" spoyle.

LVI.

" And evermore upon the goddesse face
" Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence;
" Whom when I saw with amiable grace
" To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
" I was emboldned with more confidence,
" And nought for niceneſſe nor for envy sparing,
" In presence of them all forth led her thence,
" All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
" Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them
" daring.

LVII.

" She often pray'd, and often me besought,
" Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
" Sometime with witching smyles; but yet for
" nought
" That ever she to me could say or doe,
" Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;
" But forth I led her through the temple gate,
" By which I hardly past with much adoe;
" But that same ladie which me friended late
" In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

LVIII.

" No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
" Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
" That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
" Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
" His leman from the Stygian prince's boure:
" But evermore my shield did me defend
" Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure;
" Thus safely with my love I thence did wend."
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO XI.

Marinell's former wound is heald;
He comes to Proteus' hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the sea-gods all.

I.

But ah for pittie! that I have thus long
Left a fayre ladie languishing in payne:
Now well away! that I have doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes chayne,
From which unlesse some heavenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee;
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

II.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That virgin's love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw;
For whenas neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

III.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres nor brasen locke
Did neede to gard from force or secret theft
Of all her lovers which would her have reft;
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in pieces would have cleft;
Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping grielly, all begor'd.

IV.

And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,
And Darkenesse dredd, that never viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of loweſt hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones away
(Old Styx, the grandame of the gods) doth lay:
There did this luckleſſe mayd seven months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne morning's ray,
Ne ever from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres divide.

V.

All this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despys'd (ah! who would her despyse?)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse,
For of a woman's hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can he cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave when he did her provoke.

VI.

Yet farre and neare the nymph his mother fought,
And many salves did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did use; but whenas nought
She saw could ease his rankling maladie,
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,

(This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeon hight)
Whom she besought to find some remedie,
And for his paines a whistle him behight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

VII.

So well that leach did hearke to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe,
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too ventrous prowesse, proved over all.

VIII.

It fortun'd then a solemne feast was there
To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed,
But the proud nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led,
Till now at last relenting she to him was wed.

IX.

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
Should for the gods in Proteus' house be made,
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
As well which in the mightie ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes do wade;
All which not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse, I had,
And endlesse memorie, that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

X.

Helpe, therefore, thou sacred Imp of Iove!
The nourseling of Dame Memorie his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods,
And all those nymphes which then assembled were
To that great banquet of the watry gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

XI.

First came great Neptune with his three-forkt mace,
That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his diadem imperiall;
And by his side his queene with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for her prepaire.

XII.

These marched farre afore the other crew,
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rockes to roare as they were rent;
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent;
First the sea-gods, which to themselves doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame:

XIII.

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood
By whom those old heroës wonne such fame,
And Glaucus, that wise southsayes understood;
And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became
A god of seas through his mad mother's blame,
Now hight Palemon, and his saylers frend;
Inseise with incest of his kin unkend;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend:

XIV.

The rich Cteatus, and Eurytus long;
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysaor, and Caicus strong;
Eurypylus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire Euphœmus, that upon them goth
As on the ground without dismay or dread;
Fierce Eryx, and Alebius, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottom tread;
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoary head.

XV.

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world possest;
Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest,
And Inachus, renowmd above the rest;
Phœnix, and Aon, and Pelasgus old,
Great Belus, Phœax, and Agenor best;
And mightie Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people which the Britaine iland hold:

XVI.

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was,
Who for the proofe of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleeped France,
To fight with Hercules, that did advance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might,
And there his mortall part by great mischaunce
Was slaine; but that which is th' immortall spright
Lives still, and to his feast with Neptune's feed was dight.

XVII.

But what do I their names seeke to reherse,
Which all the world have with their issue fild?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
Let them record them that are better skild
And know the moniments of passed age;
Onely what needeth shall be here fulfild,
T' expresse some part of that great equipage,
Which from Great Neptune do derive their parentage.

XVIII.

Next came the aged Ocean and his dame,
Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest,
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterwards both sea and land possest

Of all which Nereus th' eldeſt and the beſt
Did firſt proceed, then which none more upright,
Ne more ſincere in word and deed profeſt,
Moſt voide of guile, moſt free from fowle deſpight,
Doing himſelfe, and teaching others to doe right.

XIX.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the gods unfold,
Through which, when Paris brought his famous priſe,
The faire Tindarid laſſe, he him foretold
That her all Greece, with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally deſtroy
Proud Priam's towne: ſo wiſe is Nereus old,
And ſo well ſkild; natheleſſe he takes great ioy
Oft-times amongſt the wanton nymphs to ſport and toy.

XX.

And after him the famous rivers came
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie;
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whoſe ſourſe ſprings from the ſkie;
Faire Iſter, flowing from the mountaines hie;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus, gliſtring with his golden flood,
And Tygris fierce, whoſe ſtreames of none may be withſtood:

XXI.

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates;
Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate;
Slow Peneus, and tempeſtuous Phaſides;
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus ſtill immaculate;
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus' fate;
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame;
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge river which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which doe poſſeſſe the ſame.

XXII.

Ioy on thoſe warlike women, which ſo long
Can from all men ſo rich a kingdom hold;
And ſhame on you, O Men! which boaſt your ſtrong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts leſſe hard and bold,
Yet quaile in conqueſt of that land of gold.
But this to you, O Britons! moſt pertaines
To whom the right hereof itſelf hath ſold,
The which for ſparing little coſt or paines,
Looſe ſo immortall glory, and ſo endleſſe gaines.

XXIII.

Then was there heard a moſt celeſtial ſound
Of dainty muſicke, which did next enſew
Before the ſpouſe, that was Arion crownd,
Who playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew;
That even yet the dolphin which him bore
Through the Ægean ſeas from pirates vew
Stood ſtill, by him aſtoniſht at his lore,
And all the raging ſeas for ioy forget to rore.

XXIV.

So went he playing on the watery plaine;
Soone after whom the lovely bridegroome came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine;
But him before there went, as beſt became,
His auncient parents, namely th' auncient Thame;
But much more aged was his wife than he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Iſis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature ſeemed ſhee,
And almoſt blinde through eld, that ſcarce her way could ſee.

XXV.

Therefore on either ſide ſhe was ſuſtained
Of two ſmal grooms, which by their names were hight
The Churne and Charwell, two ſmall ſtreames which pained
Themſelves her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight;
But Thame was ſtronger, and of better ſtay,
Yet ſeem'd full aged by his outward ſight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with ſilver drops that trickled downe alway.

XXVI.

And eke ſomewhat ſeem'd to ſtoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reaſon of the lode
And auncient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire city, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that ſhoote abrode,
And with their braunches ſpred all Britany,
No leſſe then do her elder ſiſter's broode:
Ioy to you both, ye double nourſery
Of arts but Oxford! thine doth Thame moſt glorify.

XXVII.

But he their ſonne full freſh and iolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waves, glittering like chriſtall glas,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen whether they were falſe or trew;
And on his head like to a coronet
He wore, that ſeemed ſtrange to common vew,
In which were many towres and caſtels ſet,
That it encompaſt round as with a golden fret.

XXVIII.

Like as the mother of the gods, they ſay,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to love's pallace ſhe doth take her way,
Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a turribant;
With ſuch as one was Thamis beautifide,
That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly reſiant.

XXIX.

And round about him many a pretty page
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little rivers which owe vaſſalage
To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay;
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray;
The moriſh Cole, and the ſoft-fliding Breane;
The wanton Lee, that oft doth looſe his way,

And the ſtill Darent, in whoſe waters cleane
Ten thouſand fiſhes play and decke his pleaſant ſtreame.

xxx.

Then came his neighbour flouds which nigh him dwell.
And water all the Engliſh ſoile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet ſervice waited him about,
Ne none diſdained low to him to lout;
No, not the ſtately Severne grudg'd at all,
Ne ſtorming Humber, though he looked ſtout,
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their ſwelling waters low before him fall.

xxxi.

There was the ſpeedy Tamar, which divides
The Corniſh and the Devoniſh confines,
Through both whoſe borders ſwiftly downe it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines
And Dart, nigh chockt with ſands of tinny mines;
But Avon marched in more ſtately path,
Proud of his adamants with which he ſhines
And gliſters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
And Briſtow faire, which on his waves he build-ed hath.

xxxii.

And there came Stoure, with terrible aſpect,
Bearing his ſize deformed heads on hye,
That doth his courſe through Blandford plains direct,
And waſheth Windborne meades in ſeaſon drye;
Next to him went Wylibourne with paſſage ſlye,
That of his wylineſſe his name doth take,
And of himſelfe doth name the ſhire thereby;
And Mole, that like a nouſling mole doth make
His way ſtill under ground till Thamis he overtake.

xxxiii.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods,
Like a wood god and flowing faſt to Rhy;
And Sture, that parteth with his pleaſant floods
The Eaſterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare and Harwitch both doth beautify;
Him follow'd Yar, ſoft waſhing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a preſent ioyfully
Of his owne fiſh unto their feſtivall,
Whoſe like none elſe could ſhew, the which the Ruſſins call.

xxxiv.

Next theſe the plenteous Ouſe came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under hand
Into his waters, as he paſſeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne,
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muſe and many a learned wit.

xxxv.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That if old ſawes prove true (which God forbid)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And ſhall ſee Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then ſhine in learning more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beames;
And next to him the Nene downe ſoftly ſlid;
And bounteous Trent, that in himſelfe enſeames
Both thirty ſorts of fiſh, and thirty ſundry ſtreams.

xxxvi.

Next theſe came Tyne, along whoſe ſtony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a braſen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons ſtrongly ſlancke
Againſt the Picts, that ſwarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualſever they do call;
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany; and Eden though but ſmall,
Yet often ſtainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and Engliſh both, that tyned on his ſtrand.

xxxvii.

Then came thoſe ſixe ſad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant knights, of one faire nymph yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Ure, ſwift Werfe, and Oze, the moſt of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell,
All whom a Scythian King, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite:

xxxviii.

But paſt not long, ere Brutus' warlicke ſonne
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the ſame date
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his own pate;
For in the ſelfe ſame river where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe,
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate,
Whoſe bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft toſſed with his ſtormes which therein ſtill remaine.

xxxix.

Theſe after came the ſtony ſhallow Lone,
That to old Loncaſter his name doth lend,
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Cheſter tend;
And Conway, which out of his ſtreame doth ſend
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall;
And Lindus, that his pikes doth moſt commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All theſe together marched toward Proteus' hall.

xl.

Ne thence the Iriſhe rivers abſent were,
Sith no leſs famous than the reſt they bee,
And ioynd in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why ſhould they not likewiſe in love agree,
And ioy likewiſe this ſolemne day to ſee?
They ſaw it all, and preſent were in place,
Though I them all according their degree

Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read their ſalvage countries thorough which they pace.

XLI.

There was the Liffy rolling down the lea,
The ſandy Slane, the ſtony Aubrian,
The ſpacious Shenan ſpreading like a ſea,
The pleaſaunt Boyne, the fiſhy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the Engliſh man
Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffer deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong Allo, tombling from Slewlogher ſteep,
And Mulla mine, whoſe waves I whilom taught to weep.

XLII.

And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire nimph Rheuſa wandring there;
One day, as ſhe to ſhunne the ſeaſon whot
Under Slewboome in ſhady grove was got,
This gyant found her, and by force deflowr'd,
Whereof conceiving, ſhe in time forth brought
Theſe three faire ſons, which being thenceforth powrd,
In three great rivers ran, and many countries ſcowrd.

XLIII.

The firſt the gentle Shure, that making way
By ſweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next the ſtubborne Newre, whoſe waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Roſſeponte boord;
The third the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of ſalmons in his deepe boſome:
All which long ſundred, doe at laſt accord
To ioyne in one ere to the ſea they come;
So flowing all from one, all one at laſt become.

XLIV.

There alſo was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleaſaunt Bandon, crownd with many a wood,
The ſpreading Lee, that like an iſland fayre
Encloſeth Corke with his divided flood,
And balefull Oure, late ſtaind with Engliſh blood;
With many more whoſe names no tongue can tell:
All which that day, in order ſeemly good,
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull ſervice as to them befell.

XLV.

Then came the bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a veſture of unknowen geare,
And uncouth faſhion, yet her well became,
That ſeem'd like ſilver ſprincked here and theare,
With glitterings ſpangs that did like ſtarres appeare,
And wav'd upon like water chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewrayed itſelfe, to let men plainely wot
It was no mortall worke, that ſeem'd and yet was not.

XLVI.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Unto her waſte, with flowres beſcattered,
The which ambroſiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her ſhoulders ſpred
As a new ſpring; and likewiſe on her hed
A chapelet of ſundry flowers ſhe wore,
From under which the deawy hemour ſhed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops which doe the morne adore.

XLVII.

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
One cald the Theiſe, the other cald the Crane,
Which on her waited things amiſſe to mend,
And both behind upheld her ſpredding traine,
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her ſilver feet, faire waſht againſt this day;
And her before there paced pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepar'd her way.

XLVIII.

And after theſe the ſea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene hare,
Whom of their ſire Nereides men call,
All which the Ocean's daughter to him bare,
The grey-eyde Doris, all which fifty are;
All which ſhe there on her attending had;
Swift Proto, mild Eucrate, Thetis faire;
Soft Spio, ſweete Endore, Sao ſad;
Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galene glad;

XLIX.

White-hand Eunica, proud Dynamene;
Ioyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite;
Lovely Paſithée, kinde Eulimene;
Light-foote Cymothoe, and ſweete Melite;
Faireſt Pheruſa, Phao lilly white;
Wondred Agave, Poris, and Neſæa;
With Erato that doth in love delite,
And Panopæ, and wiſe Protomedæa,
And ſnowy-necked Doris, and milke-white Galathæa;

L.

Speedy Hippothoe, and chaſte Actea;
Large Liſianaſſa, and Pronæa ſage;
Euagore, and light Pontoperea;
And ſhe that with her leaſt word can aſſwage
The ſurging ſeas when they doe foreſt rage,
Cymodoce, and ſtout Autonoë;
And Neſo, and Eione well in age,
And ſeeming ſtill to ſmile Glauconome,
And ſhe that hight of many heaſtes Polynome;

LI.

Freſh Alimeda, deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo, with ſalt bedewed wreſts;
Laomedia, like the chriſtall ſheene;
Liagore, much praiſd for wiſe beheſts,
And Pſamathe for her brode ſnowy breſts;
Cymo, Eupompe, and Themiſte iuſt;
And ſhe that vertue loves and vice deteſts,
Euarna, and Menippe true in truſt,
And Nemertea, learned well to rule her luſt.

LII.

All theſe the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the ſea in charge to them aſſinde,

To rule his tides, and surges to up-rere,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to up-binde,
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde;
And yet besides three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but Iove's and Phœbus' kinde,
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankinde doe nourish with their waters clere.

LIII.

The which more eath it were for mortall wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right;
But well I wote that these which I descry
Were present at this great solemnity;
And there amongst the rest the mother was
Of luckless Marinell, Cymodoce;
Which, for my Muse herselfe now tyred has,
Unto another Canto I will over-pas.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO XII.

Marin, for love of Florimell,
In languor waſtes his life;
The nymph his mother getteth her,
And gives to him for wife.

I.

O WHAT an endleſſe worke have I in hand,
To count the ſeas abundant progeny!
Whoſe fruitfull ſeede farre paſſeth thoſe in land,
And alſo thoſe which wonne in the azure ſky;
For much more eath to tell the ſtarres on hy,
Albe they endleſſe ſeeme in eſtimation,
Then to recount the ſeas poſterity;
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and ſo numberleſſe their nation.

II.

Therefore the antique wiſards well invented
That Venus of the ſomy ſea was bred,
For that the ſeas by her are moſt augmented,
Witneſſe th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous ſholes which may of none be red:
Then blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers yet unred;
For though their numbers do much more ſurmount,
Yet all thoſe fame were there which erſt I did recount.

III.

All thoſe were there, and many other more,
Whoſe names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus' houſe they fild even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees diſpoſed well.
Amongſt the reſt was faire Cymodoce,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and ſee [be.
The manner of the gods when they at banquet

IV.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall ſire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortal food be fed,
Ne with th' eternall gods to bancket come;
But walkt abrode, and round about did rome
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That ſeem'd unlike unto his earthly home,
Where as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There unto him betid a diſadventrous caſe.

V.

Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one
That piteouſly complaind her careſull grieffe,
Which never ſhe before diſcloſd to none,
But to herſelfe her ſorrow did bemone:
So feelingly her caſe ſhe did complaine,
That truth it moved in the rocky ſtone,
And made it ſeeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine:

VI.

" Though vaine I ſee my ſorrowes to unfold,
" And count my cares, when none is nigh to " heare,
" Yet hoping grieſe may leſſen being told,
" I will them tell, though unto no man neare;
" For heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
" Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight,
" And loweſt hell, to which I lie moſt neare,
" Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight,
" And greedy ſeas do in the ſpoile of life de- " light.

vii.

" Yet loe the ſeas I ſee by often beating
" Doe perce the rockes, and hardeſt marble weares;
" But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
" Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,
" Is hardned more with my aboundant teares;
" Yet though he never liſt to me relent,
" But let me waſte in woe my wretched yeares,
" Yet will I never of my love repent,
" But ioy that for his ſake I ſuffer priſonment.

viii.

" And when my weary ghoſt, with griefe outworne,
" By timely death ſhall winne her wiſhed reſt,
" Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
" That blame it is to him that armes profeſt,
" To let her die whom he might have redreſt."
There did ſhe pauſe, inforced to give place
Unto the paſſion that her heart oppreſt,
And after ſhe had wept and wail'd a ſpace,
She gan afreſh thus to renew her wretched caſe:

ix.

" Ye gods of ſeas! if any gods at all
" Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
" By one or other way me woefull thrall
" Deliver hence out of this dungeon ſtrong,
" In which I daily dying am too long;
" And if ye deeme me death for loving one
" That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
" But let me die, and end my daies attone,
" And let him live unlov'd, or love himſelfe alone.

x.

" But if that life ye unto me decree,
" Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
" And of my life's deare love beloved be;
" And if he ſhould through pride your doome undo,
" Do you by dureſſe him compell thereto,
" And in this priſon put him here with me;
" One priſon fitteſt is to hold us two:
" So had I rather to be thrall then free;
" Such thraldome or ſuch freedome let it ſurely be.

xi.

" But O vaine iudgment, and conditions vaine,
" The which the priſoner points unto the free;
" The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
" He where he liſt goes looſe, and laughes at me;
" So ever looſe, ſo ever happy be:
" But whereſo looſe or happy that thou art,
" Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee."
With that ſhe wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burſt though great abundance of her ſmart.

xii.

All which complaint, when Marinell had heard,
And underſtood the cauſe of all her care
To come of him for uſing her ſo hard,
His ſtubborne heart, that never felt miſfare,
Was toucht with ſoft remorſe and pitty rare,
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wiſht that in his powre it weare
Her to redreſſe; but ſince he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great miſery bemone.

xiii.

Thus whilſt his ſtony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame Venus' ſonne (that tameth ſtubborne youth
With yron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a victor on his backe he ride)
Into his mouth his mayſtring bridle threw,
That made him ſtoupe, till he did him beſtride;
Then gan he make him tread his ſteps anew,
And learne to love, by learning lovers paines to rew.

xiv.

Now gan he in his grieved minde deviſe,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
Some while he thought by faire and humble wiſe
To Proteus ſelfe to ſue for her diſcharge;
But then he fear'd his mother's former charge
Gainſt womens love, long given him in vaine;
Then gan he thinke perforce with ſword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to conſtraine;
But ſoone he gan ſuch folly to forthinke againe.

xv.

Then did he caſt to ſteale her thence away,
And with him beare where none of her might know:
But all in vaine; for why? he found no way
To enter in, or iſſue forth below.
For all about that rocke the ſea did flow:
And though unto his will ſhe given were,
Yet without ſhip or bote her thence to row
He wiſt not how her thence away to bere,
And daunger well he wiſt long to continue there.

xvi.

At laſt, whenas no meanes he could invent,
Backe to himſelfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her puniſhment,
And with vile curſes and reprochfull ſhame
To damne himſelfe by every evil name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had deſpiſde ſo chaſt and faire a dame,
Which him had ſought through trouble and long ſtrife,
Yet had refuſde a god that her had ſought to wife.

xvii.

In this ſad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had loſt himſelfe, he wiſt not where,
Oft liſtening if he mote her here againe,
And ſtill bemoning her unworthy paine:
Like as an hynde, whoſe calfe is ſaine unwares
Into ſome pit, where ſhe him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit ſide fares,
Right ſorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

xviii.

And now by this the feaſt was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to reſort;
Which ſeeing, Marinell was ſore offended
That his departure ſhould be ſo ſhort,

And leave his love in that sea-walled fort;
Yet durst he not his mother disobay,
But her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way,
And all the way did inly mourne like one astray.

XIX.

Being returned to his mother's bowre,
In solitary silence, far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre
In which his wretched love lay day and night
For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight;
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, and mourn'd, and langisht, and alone did weepe:

XX.

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight;
His cheeke-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knowen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
He woxe, that lenger he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stir or move.

XXI.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene,
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne;
Which griev'd her more, that she it could not mend:
To see an helpelesse evill double griefe doth lend.

XXII.

Nought could she read the root of his disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease:
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis.
That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
But closely rankled under th'orisis:
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That love it was which in his hart lay unrevealed.

XXIII.

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent,
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured;
So backe he came unto her patient,
Where searching every part, her well assured,
That it was no old sore which his new paine procured:

XXIV.

But that it was some other maladie,
Or griefe unknowne, which he could not discerne;
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speaches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale: who still her answered there was nought.

XXV.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo king of leaches brought.
Apollo came; who soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out finde
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

XXVI.

Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve;
And coming to her sonne, gan first to scold
And chyde at him, that made her misbelieve;
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And wooe with faire entreatie, to disclose
Which of the nymphes his heart so sore did mieve,
For sure she weend it was some one of those
Which he had lately seene, that for his love he chose.

XXVII.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens love beware,
Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
For love of nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promist him, whatever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine:
So he her told; but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chase, and grieve in every vaine.

XXVIII.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd:
It's late in death of daunger to advize,
Or love forbid him that is life denayd;
But rather gan in troubled mind devize
How she that ladies libertie might enterprize.

XXIX.

To Proteus' selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe,
Nor unto any meaner to complaine.
But unto great King Neptune selfe did goe,
And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his maiestie
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,
A cruell tyrant, had presumpteously
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to die.

XXX.

To whom god Neptune, softly smyling, thus;
"Daughter! me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,

" Gainſt one that hath both wronged you and us;
" For death t'adward I ween'd did appertaine
" To none but to the ſeas ſole ſoverayne.
" Read, therefore, who it is which this hath
" wrought,
" And for what cauſe; the truth diſcover plaine;
" For never wight ſo evill did or thought,
" But would ſome rightfull cauſe pretend, though
rightly nought."

xxxi.

To whom ſhe anſwer'd, " Then it is by name
" Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my ſonne to die,
" For that a waiſt, the which by fortune came
" Upon your ſeas, he claym'd as propertie;
" And yet nor his nor his in equitie,
" But your's the waiſt by high prerogative;
" Therefore I humbly crave your maieſtie
" It to replevie, and my ſonne reprive,
" So ſhall you by one gift ſave all us three
" alive."

xxxii.

He graunted it, and ſtreight his warrant made,
Under the ſea-god's ſeale authenticall,
Commaunding Proteus ſtraight t'enlarge the
mayd,
Which wandering on his ſeas imperiall
He lately tooke, and ſithence kept as thrall:
Which ſhe receiving, with meete thankfulneſſe
Departed ſtraight to Proteus therewithall:
Who reading it with inward loathfulneſſe,
Was grieved to reſtore the pledge he did poſſeſſe.

xxxiii.

Yet durſt he not the warrant to withſtand,
But unto her delivered Florimell.
Whom ſhe receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as ſhe mote well,
For ſhe all living creatures did excell;
And was right ioyous that ſhe gotten had
So faire a wife for her ſonne Marinell:
So home with her ſhe ſtraight the virgin lad,
And ſhewed her to him then being ſore beſtad.

xxxiv.

Who ſoone as he beheld that angel's face,
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftſoones away gan chace
Sad death, revived with her ſweet inſpection,
And feeble ſpirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell Winter's tine,
That feeles the warmth of ſunny beames reflection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline,
And gins to ſpred his leafe before the faire ſunſhine.

xxxv.

Right to himſelfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his deareſt love did ſpy,
And though his limbs could not his body beare,
Ne former ſtrength returne ſo ſuddenly,
Yet chearefull ſignes he ſhewed outwardly.
Ne leſſe was ſhe in ſecret hart affected,
But that ſhe maſked it with modeſtie,
For feare ſhe ſhould of lightneſſe be detected,
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V.

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL, OR OF JUSTICE.

I.

So oft as I with ſtate of preſent time
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas man's age was in his freſheſt prime,
And the firſt bloſſome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt thoſe and theſe which are,
As that, through long continuance of his courſe,
Me ſeemes the world is runne quite out of ſquare
From the firſt point of his appointed courſe,
And being once amiſſe, growes daily wourſe and wourſe:

II.

For from the Golden Age, that firſt was named,
It's now at earſt become a ſtonie one;
And men themſelves, the which at firſt were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of fleſh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardeſt ſtone,
Such as behind their backs (ſo backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione;
And if then thoſe may any worſe be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered.

III.

Let none then blame me if, in diſcipline
Of vertue and of civill uſe's lore,
I do not forme them to the common line
Of preſent dayes, which are corrupted ſore,
But to the antique uſe which was of yore,
When good was onely for itſelfe deſyred,
And all men ſought their owne, and none no more;
When iuſtice was not for moſt meed out-hyred,
But ſimple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

IV.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and ſo us'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things elſe in time are chaunged quight;
Ne wonder, for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it firſt was pight,
And ſo doe make contrarie conſtitution
Of all this lower world toward his diſſolution.

V.

For whoſo liſt into the heavens looke,
And ſearch the courſes of the rowling ſpheares,
Shall find that from the point where they firſt tooke
Their ſetting forth, in theſe few thouſand yeares,
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares
For that ſame golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their ſtepdames feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plaſt of yore,
And ſhouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europa bore:

VI.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne,
So hardly butted thoſe two twinnes of Iove,

That they have cruſht the Crab, and quight him horne
Into the great Nemæan Lion's grove:
So now all range and doe at Random rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amiſſe doe move,
And all this creatures from their courſe aſtray,
Till they arrive at their laſt ruinous decay.

VII.

Ne is that ſame great glorious lampe of light
That doth enlumine all theſe leſſer fyres
In better caſe, ne keepes his courſe more right,
But is miſcarried with the other ſpheres;
For ſince the terme of fourteen hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the ſoutherne lake,
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forſake.

VIII.

And if to thoſe Ægyptian wiſards old
(Which in ſtar-read were wont have beſt inſight)
Faith may be given, it is by them told,
That ſince the time they firſt tooke the ſunnes hight,
Foure times his place he ſhifted hath in ſight,
And twice hath riſen where he now doth weſt,
And weſted twiſe where he ought riſe aright;
But moſt is Mars amiſſe of all the reſt,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be beſt.

IX.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's ſayd
That all the world with goodneſſe did abound;
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found;
No warre was knowne, no dreadful trompet's ſound;
Peace univerſal rayn'd mongſt men and beaſts,
And all things freely grow out of the ground:
Iuſtice ſate high ador'd with ſolemn feaſts,
And to all people did divide her dred beheſts:

X.

Moſt ſacred Vertúe ſhe of all the reſt,
Reſembling God in his imperiall might,
Whoſe ſoveraine powre is herein moſt expreſt,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with iuſtice hath bedight.
That powre he alſo doth to princes lend,
And makes them like himſelfe in glorious ſight
To ſit in his own ſeate, his cauſe to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

XI.

Dread ſoverayne Goddeſſe! that doſt higheſt ſit
In ſeate of iudgment in the Almighties ſtead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doeſt to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furtheſt nations fills with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldneſſe of thy baſeſt thrall,
That dare diſcourſe of ſo divine a read
As thy great iuſtice prayſed over all,
The inſtrument whereof, loe here thy Artegall.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK V. CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in iuſtice lore
Irenaes queſt perſewed;
He doeth avenge on Sanglier
His ladies bloud embrewed.

I.

Though vertue then were held in higheſt price
In thoſe old times of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewiſe the wicked ſeede of vice
Began to ſpring, which ſhortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat;
But evermore ſome of the vertuous race
Roſe up, inſpired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the lient baſe,
And with ſtrong hand their fruitfull rancknes did deface.

II.

Such firſt was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th' Eaſt, before untam'd, did over-ronne,
And wrong repreſſed, and eſtabliſht right,
Which lawleſſe men had formerly fordonne;
There Iuſtice firſt her princely rule begonne:
Next Hercules his like enſample ſhewed,
Who all the Weſt with equall conqueſt wonne,
And monſtrous tyrants with his club ſubdewed,
The club of Iuſtice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

III.

And ſuch was he of whom I have to tell,
The champion of true Iuſtice, Artegall,
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did them befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was to ſuccoure a diſtreſſed dame,
Whom a ſtrong tyrant did uniuſtly thrall,
And from the heritage which ſhe did clame,
Did with ſtrong hand withhold; Grantorto was his name.

IV.

Wherefore the lady, which Irena hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addreſſe,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her beſought of gratious redreſſe:
That ſoveraine queene, that mightie empereſſe,
Whoſe glorie is to aide all ſuppliants pore,
And of weake princes to be patroneſſe,
Choſe Artegall to right her to reſtore,
For that to her he ſeem'd beſt ſkild in righteous lore.

V.

For Artegall in iuſtice was upbrought,
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire Aſtræa with great induſtrie,
Whileſt here on earth ſhe lived mortallie;
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Aſtræa here mongſt earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iuſtice them inſtructed well.

VI.

Whiles through the world ſhe walked in this ſort,
Upon a day ſhe found this gentle childe
Amongſt his peres playing his childiſh ſport,
Who ſeeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and ſpeaches milde

To wend with her, ſo thence him farre ſhe brought
Into a cave, from compaine exilde,
In which ſhe nourſled him till yeares he raught,
And all the diſcipline of iuſtice there him taught.

vii.

There ſhe him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to meaſure out along
According to the line of conſcience,
Whenſo it needes with rigour to diſpence:
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She cauſed him to make experience
Upon wyld beaſts, which ſhe in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppreſſing others of their kind.

viii.

Thus ſhe him trayned, and thus ſhe him taught,
In all the ſkill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripeneſſe of man's yeares he raught,
That even wilde beaſts did feare his awfull ſight,
And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durſt withſtand
His dreadfull heaſt, much leſſe him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
Whenſo he liſt in wrath lift up his ſteely brand:

ix.

Which ſteely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her ſlight
And earneſt ſearch, where it was kept in ſtore
In Ioue's eternall houſe, unwiſt of wight,
Since he himſelfe it uſ'd in that great fight
Againſt the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainſt higheſt heaven; Chryſaor it was hight;
Chryſaor! that all other ſwords excelled,
Well prov'd in that fame day when Ioue thoſe gyants quelled:

x.

For of moſt perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with adamant amongſt the ſame,
And garniſht all with gold upon the blade,
In goodly wiſe, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no leſſe vertue than of fame;
For there no ſubſtance was ſo firme and hard,
But it would peirce or cleave whereſo it came,
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
But whereſoever it did light it throughly ſhard.

xi.

Now when the world with ſinne gan to abound,
Aſtræa lothing lenger here to ſpace
Mongſt wicked men, in whom no truth ſhe found,
Return'd to heaven, whence ſhe deriv'd her race,
Where ſhe hath now an everlaſting place
Mongſt thoſe twelve ſignes which nightly we do ſee
The heavens bright-ſhining baudricke to enchace,
And is the Virgin, ſixt in her degree,
And next herſelfe her righteous Ballance hanging bee.

xii.

But when ſhe parted hence ſhe left her groome,
An yron man, which did on her attend
Always to execute her ſtedfaſt doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe whatever thing he did intend:
His name was Talus; made of yron mould,
Immoveable, reſiſtleſſe, without end,
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould.
With which he threſht out falſhood, and did truth fould.

xiii.

He now went with him in this new inqueſt,
Him for to aid, if aide he chaunſt to neede,
Againſt that cruell tyrant which oppreſt
The faire Irena with his foule miſdeede,
And kept the crowne in which ſhe ſhould ſucceed:
And now together on their way they bin,
Whenas they ſaw a ſquire, in ſquallid weed,
Lamenting ſore his ſorrowfull ſad tyne,
With many bitter teares ſhed from his blubbred eyne.

xiv.

To whom as they approched, they eſpide
A ſorie ſight as ever ſeene with eye,
An headleſſe ladie lying him beſide,
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in diſcolour die:
Much was he moved at that ruefull ſight,
And, flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He aſkt who had that dame ſo ſouly dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

xv.

" Ah! woe is me, and well away!" quoth hee,
Burſting forth teares like ſprings out of a banke,
" That ever I this diſmall day did ſee!
" Full farre was I from thinking ſuch a pranke;
" Yet litle loſſe it were, and mickle thanke,
" If I ſhould grant that I have doen the fame,
" That I mote drinke the cup whereof ſhe drank;
" But that I ſhould die guiltie of the blame,
" The which another did, who now is fled with " ſhame."

xvi.

" Who was it then," ſayd Artegall, " that " wrought?
" And why? doe it declare unto me trew."
" A knight," ſaid he, " if knight he may be " thought
" That did his hand in ladies bloud embrew,
" And for no cauſe, but as I ſhall you ſhew.
" This day as I in ſolace ſate hereby
" With a faire love, whoſe loſſe I now do rew,
" There came this knight, having in companie
" This luckleſſe ladie which now here doth head-" leſſe lie.

xvii.

" He whether mine ſeem'd fairer in his eye,
" Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
" Would change with me; but I did it denye,
" So did the ladies both, as may be knowne;
" But he, whoſe ſpirit was with pride upblowne,

" Would not ſo reſt contented with his right,
" But having from his courſer her downe throwne,
" Fro me reſt mine away by lawleſſe might,
" And on his ſteed her ſet, to beare her out of
" ſight.

XVIII.

" Which when his ladie ſaw, ſhe follow'd faſt,
" And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
" Not ſo to leave her, nor away to caſt,
" But rather of his hand beſought to die;
" With that his ſword he drew all wrathfully,
" And at one ſtroke cropt off her head with
" ſcorne,
" In that ſame place where as it now doth lie:
" So he my love away with him hath borne,
" And left me here both his and mine owne love
" to morne."

XIX.

" Aread," ſayd he, " which way then did he
" make?
" And by what markes may he be knowne
" againe?"
" To hope," quoth he, " him ſoone to overtake,
" That hence ſo long departed, is but vaine;
" But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
" And as I marked bore upon his ſhield,
" By which it's eaſie him to know againe,
" A broken ſword within a bloodie field,
" Expreſſing well his nature which the ſame did
" wield."

XX.

No ſooner ſayd, but ſtreight he after ſent
His yron page, who him purſewd ſo light,
As that it ſeemd above the ground he went;
For he was ſwift as ſwallow in her flight,
And ſtrong as lyon in his lordly might.
It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sanglier, (ſo cleeped was that knight)
Whom at the firſt he ghеſſed by his looke,
And by the other markes which of his ſhield he
tooke.

XXI.

He bad him ſtay, and backe with him retire;
Who full of ſcorne to be commaunded ſo,
The lady to alight did eft require,
Whileſt he reformed that uncivell ſo,
And ſtreight at him with all his force did go;
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a
rocke
Is lightly ſtricken with ſome ſtone's throw,
But to him leaping, lent him ſuch a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a ſenceleſſe
bloke.

XXII.

But ere he could himſelfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he ſeized had,
That when he wak't out of his wareleſſe paine,
He found himſelfe unwiſt ſo ill beſtad,
That him he could not wag; thence he him lad,
Bound like a beaſt appointed to the ſtall,
The ſight whereof the lady ſore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly ſtayd, and forſt to wend
withall.

XXIII.

When to the place they came where Artegall
By that ſame carefull ſquire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all
That did betwixt him and that ſquire betide;
Who with ſterne countenance and indignant pride
Did anſwere, that of all he guiltleſſe ſtood,
And his accuſer thereuppon defide;
For neither he did ſhed that ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper
good.

XXIV.

Well did the ſquire perceive himſelfe too weake
To aunſwere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather choſe his challenge off to breake,
Then to approve his right with ſpeare and ſhield
And rather guilty choſe himſelfe to yield:
But Artegall, by ſignes, perceiving plaine
That he it was not which that lady kild,
But that ſtrange knight, the fairer love to gaine,
Did caſt about by ſleight the truth thereout to
ſtraine;

XXV.

And ſayd, " Now ſure this doubtfull cauſe's right
" Can hardly but by ſacrament be tride,
" Or elſe by ordele, or by bloody fight,
" That ill perhaps mote fall to either ſide;
" But if ye pleaſe that I your cauſe decide,
" Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
" So ye will ſweare my iudgement to abide."
Thereto they both did frankly condiſcend,
And to his doome with liſtfull eares did both
attend.

XXVI.

" Sith then," ſayd he, " ye both the dead deny,
" And both the living lady claime your right,
" Let both the dead and living equally
" Devided be betwixt you here in ſight,
" And each or either take his ſhare aright.
" But looke, who does diſſent from this my read,
" He for a twelve moneths day ſhall in deſpight
" Beare for his penaunce that ſame ladies head,
" To witneſſe to the world that ſhe by him is
" dead."

XXVII.

Well pleaſed with that doome was Sangliere,
And offred ſtreight the lady to be ſlaine;
But that ſame ſquire to whom ſhe was more dere,
Whenas he ſaw ſhe ſhould be cut in twaine,
Did yield ſhe rather ſhould with him remaine
Alive then to himſelfe be ſhared dead;
And rather then his love ſhould ſuffer paine,
He choſe with ſhame to beare that ladies head:
True love deſpiſeth ſhame, when life is cald in
dread.

XXVIII.

Whom when ſo willing Artegall perceaved,
" Not ſo, thou ſquire!" he ſayd, " but thine I
" deeme
" The living lady, which from thee he reaved;
" For worthy thou of her doeſt rightly ſeeme.
" And you, Sir knight, that lovd ſo light eſ-
" teeme,
" As that ye would for little leave the ſame,

" Take here your own that doth you beſt be-
" ſeeme,
" And with it beare the burden of deſame,
" Your owne dead ladies head to tell abrode your
" ſhame."

XXIX.

But Sangliere diſdained much his doome,
And ſternly gan repine at his beheaſt,
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that ladies head before his breaſt,
Untill that Talus had his pride repreſt,
And forced him maulgre it up to reare;
Who when he ſaw it bootleſſe to reſiſt,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
As rated ſpaniell takes his burden up for feare.

XXX.

Much did that ſquire Sir Artegall adore
For his great iuſtice, held in high regard,
And as his ſquire him offred evermore
To ſerve for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard;
But he thereto would by no meanes conſent,
But leaving him, forth on his iourney far'd;
Ne weight with him but onely Talus went;
They two enough t'encounter an whole regiment.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell;
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him flaies; drownes lady Munera;
Does race her caſtle quight.

I.

Nought is more honourable to a knight,
Ne better doth beſeeme brave chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redreſſe in ſuch as wend awry:
Whilome thoſe great heröes got thereby
Their greateſt glory for their rightfull deedes,
And place deſerved with the gods on hy:
Herein the nobleſſe of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iuſtice' ſake proceedes:

II.

To which as he now was uppon the way,
He chaunſt to meet a dwarfe in haſty courſe,
Whom he requir'd his forward haſt to ſtay,
Till he of tidings mote with him diſcourſe:
Loth was the dwarfe, yet did he ſtay perforce,
And gan of ſundry newes his ſtore to tell,
As to his memory they had recourſe,
But chiefly of the faireſt Florimell,
How ſhe was found againe, and ſpouſde to Marinell.

III.

For this was Dony, Florimel's owne dwarfe,
Whom having loſt, (as ye have heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the ſcattred ſcarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare;
But of her health when Artegall did heare,
And ſafe returne, he was full inly glad,
And aſkt him where and when her bridal cheare
Should be ſolemniz'd? for if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her ſpouſall ad.

IV.

" Within three daies," quoth he, " as I doe heare,
" It will be at the Caſtle of the Strond;
" What time, if naught me let, I will be there
" To doe her ſervice, ſo as I am bond;
" But in my way, a little here beyond,
" A curſed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
" That keepes a bridge's paſſage by ſtrong hond,
" And many errant knights hath there fordonne,
" That makes all men for feare that paſſage for
" to ſhonne."

V.

" What miſter wight," quoth he, " and how far
" hence
" Is he that doth to travellers ſuch harmes?"
" He is," ſaid he, " a man of great defence,
" Expert in battell and in deedes of armes,
" And more embolden by the wicked charmes
" With which his daughter doth him ſtill ſupport,
" Having great lordſhips got, and goodly farmes,
" Through ſtrong oppreſſion of his powre extort,
" By which he ſtil them holds, and keepes with
" ſtrong effort.

VI.

" And dayle he his wrongs encreaſeth more;
" For never wight he lets to paſſe that way,
" Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
" But he him makes his paſſage-penny pay,
" Els he doth hold him backe or beat away.
" Thereto he hath a groome of evill guize,
" Whoſe ſcalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
" Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize,
" But he himſelfe upon the rich doth tyrannize.

VII.

" His name is hight Pollente, rightly ſo
" For that he is ſo puiſſant and ſtrong,
" That with his powre he all doth over-go
" And makes them ſubject to his mighty wrong,
" And ſome by fleight he eke doth underfong;
" For on a bridge he cuſtometh to fight,
" Which is but narrow, but exceeding long,
" And in the ſame are many trap-fals pight,
" Through which the riderdowne doth fall through
" overſight.

VIII.

" And underneath the ſame a river flowes,
" That is both ſwift and dangerous deepe withall,
" And in the which whomſo he overthrowes,
" All deſtiture of helpe doth headlong fall;
" But he himſelfe through practiſe uſuall
" Leapes forth into the floud. and their affaies
" His foe confuſed through his ſodaine fall;
" That horſe and man he equally diſmais,
" And either both them drownes, or trayterouſly
" ſlaies.

IX.

" Then doth he take the ſpoile of them at will,
" And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby,
" Who all that comes doth take, and therewith
" fill
" The coffers of her wicked threafury,
" Which ſhe with wrongs hath heaped up ſo hy,
" That many princes ſhe in wealth exceedes,
" And purchaſt all the countrey lying ny
" With the revenue of her plenteous meedes;
" Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes;

X.

" Thereto ſhe is full faire, and rich attired,
" With golden hands and ſilver feete beſide,
" That many lords have her to wife deſired,
" But ſhe them all deſpiſeth for great pride."
" Now by my life," ſayd he, " and God to guide,
" None other way will I this day betake,
" But by that bridge whereas he doth abide,
" Therefore me thether lead." No more he
ſpake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did
make.

XI.

Unto the place he came within a while,
Where on the bridge he ready armed ſaw
The Sarazin, awayting for ſome ſpoile,
Who as they to the paſſage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with ſkull all raw,
That paſſage-money did of them require,
According to the cuſtome of their law;
To whom he anſwered wroth, " Lo there thy
" hire:"
And with that word him ſtrooke, that ſtreight he
did expire.

XII.

Which when the pagan ſaw, he wexed wroth,
And ſtreight himſelfe unto the fight addreſt;
Ne was Sir Artegall behind: ſo both
Together ran with ready ſpeares in reſt.
Right in the midſt, whereas they breſt to breſt
Should meet, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the floud; ſtreight leapt the carle unbleſt,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall;
But he was well aware, and lept before his fall.

XIII.

There being both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannouſly flew,
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new:
But there the paynim, who that uſe well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew;
And eke the courſer whereuppon he rad
Could ſwim like to a fiſh, whiles he his backe
beſtrad.

XIV.

Which oddes whenas Sir Artegall eſpide,
He ſaw no way but cloſe with him in haſt;
And to him driving ſtrongly downe the tide,
Uppon his iron collar griped faſt,
That with the ſtraint his weſand nigh he braſt.
There they together ſtrove and ſtrugled long,
Either the other from his ſteed to caſt;
Ne ever Artegall his griple ſtrong
For any things would ſlacke, but ſtill upon him
hong.

XV.

As when a dolphin and a ſele are met
In the wide champain of the ocean plaine,
With cruell chauſe their courages they whet,
The mayſterdome of each by force to gain,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them to darraine;
They ſnuf, they ſnort, they bounce, they rage,
they rore,
That all the ſea diſturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with ſome above the ſurges hore;
Such was betwixt theſe two the troublesome uprore.

XVI.

So Artegall at length him forſt forſake
His horſe's backe for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy ſwimming him betake.
Eftſones himſelfe he from his hold unbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
For Artegall in ſwimming ſkilfull was,
And durſt the depth of any water ſownd;
So ought each knight, that uſe of perill has,
In ſwimming be expert, through waters force to
paſs.

XVII.

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better ſide,
For both were ſkild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly
tride;
But Artegall was better breath'd beſide,
And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puiſſance, ne beare himſelfe upright;
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

XVIII.

But Artegall purſewd him ſtill ſo neare
With bright Chryſaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the land
He smote it off, that tumbling on the ſtrand,

It bit the earth for very fell deſpight,
And gnaſhed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whoſe goodneſſe he deſpaired quight,
Or curſt the hand which did that vengeance on him dight.

XIX.

His corps was carried downe along the lee,
Whoſe waters with his filthy bloud it ſtayned;
But his blaſphemous head, that all might ſee,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned,
Where many yeares it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whoſe right hands great power is contained,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within iuſt compaſſe pen.

XX.

That done, unto the caſtle he did wend,
In which the paynim's daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend,
Of whom he entrance ſought but was denide,
And with reprochfull blaſphemy defide,
Beaten with ſtones downe from the batilement,
That he was forced to withdraw aſide;
And bad his ſervant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endangerment.

XXI.

Eftſoones his page drew to the caſtle gate,
And with his iron flale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did ſore amate,
The which ere-while ſpake ſo reprochfully,
And made them ſtoupe, that looked earſt ſo hie;
Yet ſtill he bet and bounſt uppon the dore,
And thundred ſtrokes thereon ſo hideouſlie,
That all the peece he ſhaked from the flore,
And filled all the houſe with feare and great uprore.

XXII.

With noiſe thereof the lady forth appeared
Upon the caſtle-wall; and when ſhe ſaw
The daungerous ſtate in which ſhe ſtood, ſhe feared
The ſad effect of her neare overthrow,
And gan intreat that iron man below
To ceaſe his outrage, and him faire beſought,
Sith neither force of ſtones which they did throw,
Nor powre of charms, which ſhe againſt him wrought,
Might otherwiſe prevaile, or make him ceaſe for ought.

XXIII.

But whenas yet ſhe ſaw him to proceede,
Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede,
And cauſde great ſackes, with endleſſe riches fraught
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the caſtle wall,
That ſhe might win ſometime, though dearly bought,
Whileſt he to gathering of the gold did fall;
But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted therewithall:

XXIV.

But ſtill continu'd his aſſault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maiſter to aſſaile;
Who being entred, nought did then availe
For wight againſt his powre themſelves to reare;
Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,
And hid themſelves in corners here and there,
And eke their dame, halfe dead, did hide herſelfe for feare.

XXV.

Long they her ſought, yet no-where could they finde her,
That ſure they ween'd ſhe was eſcapt away;
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound winde her,
And all things ſecret wiſely could bewray,
At length found out whereas ſhe hidden lay
Under an heape of gold; thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and ſowly did array
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That Artegall himſelfe her ſeemeleſſe plight did rew.

XXVI.

Yet for no pitty would he chaunge the courſe
Of iuſtice which in Talus' hand did lye,
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorſe,
Still holding up her ſuppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete ſubmiſſively;
But he her ſuppliant hands, thoſe hands of gold,
And eke her feete, thoſe feete of ſilver trye,
Which ſought unrighteouſneſſe, and iuſtice ſold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might them behold.

XXVII.

Herſelfe then tooke he by the ſclender waſt,
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the caſtle wall adowne her caſt,
And there her drowned in the dirty mud;
But the ſtreame waſht away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The ſpoile of peoples evil gotten good,
The which her ſire had ſcrapt by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to aſhes, powr'd it downe the brooke.

XXVIII.

And, laſtly, all that caſtle quite he raced,
Even from the ſole of his foundation,
And all the hewen ſtones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artegall undid the evill faſhion,
And wicked cuſtomes of that bridge reſourmed;
Which done, unto his former iourney he returned.

XXIX.

In which they meaſur'd muckle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the ſea they drew,
By which as they did travell on a day,
They ſaw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew,
Whoſe great aſſembly they did much admire,

For never there the like resort they knew;
So towardes them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met did there desire.

xxx.

There they behold a mighty gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great pair of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted, in his furquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys;
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys;
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

xxxi.

He sayd that he would all the earth uptake,
And all the sea, divided each from either;
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether;
Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe,
Of all whose wight he would not misse a fether;
And looke, what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

xxxii.

For why? he sayd they all unequall were,
And had encroched uppon others share;
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth; so did the fire the aire;
So all the rest did others parts empaire;
And so were realmes and nations run awry:
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently,
And all things would reduce unto equality.

xxxiii.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
Like foolish flies about an hony-crocke,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see, and heare
How he misled the simple peoples traine,
In disdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or feare;

xxxiv.

" Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
" And all things to an equall to restore,
" Instead of right, me seemes great wrong dost
" shew,
" And far above thy forces pitch to sore;
" For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
" In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
" What was the poyse of every part of yore,
" And looke then how much it doth overflow,
" Or faile thereof; so much is more then iust I
" trow.

xxxv.

" For at the first they all created were
" In goodly measure by their Maker's might,
" And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
" That not a dram was missing of their right:
" The earth was in the middle centre pight,
" In which it doth immoveable abide,
" Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
" And they with aire, that not a drop can slide;
" Al which the heavens containe, and in their
" courses guide.

xxxvi.

" Such heavenly iustice doth among them raine,
" That every one doe know their certaine bound,
" In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
" And mongst them al no change hath yet beene
" found;
" But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in
" pound,
" We are not sure they would so long remaine;
" All change is perillous, and all chaunce un-
" found;
" Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
" Till we may be assur'd they shall their course
" retaine."

xxxvii.

" Thou foolishe Elfe," said then the gyant wroth,
" Seest not how badly all things present bee,
" And each estate quite out of order goth?
" The sea itselfe, doest thou not plainely see
" Encroch uppon the land there under thee?
" And th' earth itselfe how daily its increast
" By all that dying to it turned be?
" Were it not good that wrong were then sur-
" ceast,
" And from the most that some were given to the
" least?

xxxviii.

" Therefore I will throw downe these mountains
" hie,
" And make them levell with the lowly plaine;
" These towring rocks, which reach unto the
" skie,
" I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
" And as they were them equalize againe.
" Tyrants, that make men subiect to their law,
" I will suppresse, that they no more may raine,
" And lordings curbe that commons over-aw,
" And all the wealth of rich men to the poore
" will draw."

xxxix.

" Of things unseene how canst thou deeme
" aright,"
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
" Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
" What though the sea with waves continuall
" Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
" Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought;
" For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
" Is with the tide unto another brought;
" For there is nothing lost that may be found if
" sought.

xl.

" Likewise the earth is not augmented more
" By all that dying into it doe fade,
" For of the earth they formed were of yore;
" However gay their blossome or their blade
" Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
" What wrong then is it if that when they die

" They turne to that whereof they firſt were
" made?
" All in the powre of their great Maker lie;
" All creatures muſt obey the voice of the Moſt
" Hie.

XLI.

" They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
" Ne ever any aſketh reaſon why.
" The hils doe not the lowly dales diſdaine;
" The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
" He maketh kings to ſit in ſoverainty;
" He maketh ſubiects to their powre obay;
" He pulleth downe, he ſetteth up on hy;
" He gives to this, from that he takes away;
" For all we have is his: what he liſt doe he
" may.

XLII.

" Whatever thing is done, by him is donne,
" Ne any may his mighty will withſtand;
" Ne any may his ſoveraine power ſhonne,
" Ne looſe that he hath bound with ſtedfaſt
" band;
" In vaine therefore doeſt thou now take in hand
" To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
" Whoſe counſels depth thou canſt not underſtand,
" Sith of things ſubiect to thy daily vew
" Thou doeſt not know the cauſes nor their courſes
" dew.

XLIII.

" For take thy ballaunce, if thou be ſo wiſe,
" And weigh the winde that under heaven doth
" blow;
" Or weigh the light that in the eaſt doth riſe,
" Or weigh the thought that from mans mind
" doth flow:
" But if the weight of theſe thou canſt not ſhow,
" Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth
" fall:
" For how canſt thou thoſe greater ſecrets know,
" That doeſt not know the leaſt thing of them all?
" Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the
" ſmall."

XLIV.

Therewith the gyaunt, much abaſhed, ſayd,
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the leaſt word that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce, he could way aright,
" Which is," ſayd he, " more heavy then in
" weight,
" The right or wrong, the falſe or elſe the
" trew?"
He anſwered that he would try it ſtreight;
So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
But ſtreight the winged words out of his ballaunce
flew.

XLV.

Wroth wext he then, and ſayd that words were
light,
Ne could within his ballaunce well abide;
But he could iuſtly weigh the wrong or right.
" Well, then," ſayd Artegall, " let it be tride;
" Firſt in one ballance ſet the true aſide."
He did ſo firſt, and then the falſe he layd
In th' other ſcale; but ſtill it downe did ſlide,
And by no meane could in the weight be ſtayd;
For by no meanes the falſe will with the truth be
wayd.

XLVI.

" Now take the right likewiſe," ſayd Artegale,
" And counterpeiſe the ſame with ſo much
" wrong."
So firſt the right he put into one ſcale,
And then the gyant ſtrove, with puiſſance ſtrong,
To fill the other ſcale with ſo much wrong;
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might it not peiſe; yet did he labour long,
And ſwat, and chauf'd, and proved every way;
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe
way.

XLVII.

Which when he ſaw, he greatly grew in rage
And almoſt would his balances have broken;
But Artegall him fairely gan aſſwage,
And ſaid, " Be not upon thy balance wroken,
" For they do nought but right or wrong betoken;
" But in the mind the doome of right muſt bee,
" And ſo likewiſe of words, the which be ſpoken,
" The eare muſt be the ballance, to decree
" And iudge whether with truth or falſhood they
agree.

XLVIII.

" But ſet the truth and ſet the right aſide,
" For they with wrong or falſhood will not fare,
" And put two wrongs together to be tride,
" Or elſe two falſes, of each equall ſhare,
" And then together doe them both compare;
" For truth is one, and right is ever one."
So did he; and then plaine it did appeare
Whether of them the greater were attone;
But right ſat in the middeſt of the beame alone.

XLIX.

But he the right from thence did thruſt away,
For it was not the right which he did ſeeke;
But rather ſtrove extremities to way,
Th' one to diminiſh, the other for to eeke,
For of the meane he greatly did miſleeke;
Whom when ſo lewdly minded Talus found,
Approching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke,
He ſhouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing, in the ſea him
drownd.

L.

Like as a ſhip, whom cruell tempeſt drives
Upon a rocke with horrible diſmay,
Her ſhattered ribs in thouſand peeces rives,
And ſpoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make herſelfe Misfortune's piteous pray;
So downe the cliffe the wretched gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbred bones all broken rudely rumbled;
So was the high-aſpyring with huge ruine
humbled.

LI.

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, ſaw his ſudden deſolation,
They gan together in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to ſtirre up civill faction
For certaine loſſe of ſo great expectation;

For well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation;
Therefore reſolving to revenge his blood,
They roſe in armes, and all in battell order ſtood.

LII.

Which lawleſſe multitude him comming to
In warlike wiſe when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wiſt what to do,
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
In the baſe blood of ſuch a raſcall crew;
And otherwiſe, if that he ſhould retire.
He fear'd leaſt they with ſhame would him purſew;
Therefore he Talus to them ſent t'inquire
The cauſe of their array, and truce for to deſire.

LIII.

But ſoone as they him nigh approching eſpide,
They gan with all their weapons him aſſay,
And rudely ſtroke at him on every ſide,
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought diſmay;
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a ſwarm of flyes them overthrew;
Ne any of them durſt come in his way,
But here and there before his preſence flew,
And hid themſelves in holes and buſhes from his vew.

LIV.

As when a falcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule, diſmayd with dreadful ſight
Of death, the which them almoſt overtooke,
Doe hide themſelves from her aſtonying looke
Amongſt the flags and covert round about;
When Talus ſaw they all the field forſooke,
And none appear'd of all that raſkall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO III.

The ſpouſals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights;
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the ladies ſights.

I.

After long ſtormes and tempeſts over-blowne,
The ſunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare;
So whenas Fortune all her ſpight hath ſhowne,
Some bliſsful houres at laſt muſt needes appeare,
Elſe ſhould afflicted wights oft-times deſpeire:
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long ſorrowes ſuffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd ſhe many moneths did mourne,
To taſt of ioy, and to wont pleaſures to retourne:

II.

Who being freed from Proteus' cruell band
By Marinell was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie Land,
Where he her ſpous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And ſolemne feaſtes and giuſts ordain'd therefore,
To which there did reſort from every ſide
Of lords and ladies infinite great ſtore;
Ne any knight was abſent that brave courage bore.

III.

To tell the glorie of the feaſt that day,
The goodly ſervice, the deviceſull ſights,
The bridegroome's ſtate, the bride's moſt rich array,
The pride of ladies and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an herauld, not for me;
But for ſo much as to my lot here lights,
That with this preſent treatiſe doth agree,
True vertue to advance, ſhall here recounted bee.

IV.

When all men had with full ſatietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites ſuffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of chevalrie
They gan themſelves addreſſe, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furniture deviz'd:
And firſt of all iſſu'd Sir Marinell,
And with him ſixe knights more, which entered priz'd
The chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that ſhe all others did excell.

V.

The firſt of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble knight, and tride in hard aſſayes;
The ſecond had to name Sir Belliſont,
But ſecond unto none in proweſſe prayſe;
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;
The fourth Ecaſtor, of exceeding might;
The fift Armeddan, ſkild in lovely layes;
The ſixt was Lanſack, a redoubted knight:
All ſix well ſeene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

VI.

And them againſt came all that liſt to giuſt,
From every coaſt and countrie under ſunne;
None was debard, but all had leave that luſt.
The trompets ſound; then all together ronne.
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,
And many knights unhorſt, and many wounded,
As fortune fell, yet little loſt or wonne;
But all that day the greateſt prayſe redounded
To Marinell, whoſe name the heralds loud reſounded.

VII.

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame,
Yet whether side was victor not be gheſt;
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved beſt:
So they disparted were, and all men went to reſt.

VIII.

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the reſt; and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deedes of armes did shew,
And through the thickeſt like a lyon flew,
Rashing off helmets, and ryving plates asonder,
That every one his daunger did eſchew:
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

IX.

But what on earth can alwaies happy stand?
The greater proweſſe greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they have him encloſed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himſelfe outwind:
And now perforce they have him priſoner taken;
And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
Unleſſe some succour had in time him overtaken.

X.

It fortun'd, whileſt they were thus ill beſet,
Sir Artegall into the tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way with that his snowy dame;
Where when he underſtood by common fame,
What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
And straight that boaſter prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

XI.

So forth he went, and soone them over-hent,
Where they were leading Marinell away;
Whom he assayld with dreadleſſe hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array,
Of which th' one halfe upon himſelfe did set,
Th' other stayd behind to gard the pray;
But he ere long the former fiftie bet,
And from th' other fiftie soone the priſoner set.

XII.

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They brought together ioyned might and maine,
To set afreſh on all the other crew,
Whom with sore havocke soone they overthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Againſt them durſt his head to perill shew:
So were they left lords of the field alone;
So Marinell by him was reſcu'd from his fone.

5

XIII.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield reſtore;
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store,
That his falſe ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and iudges roſe,
And all theſe knights, which that day armour boré,
Came to the open hall to liſten whoſe
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by thoſe.

XIV.

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And beſt to him to whom the beſt should fall:
Then for that straunger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield;
Who came not forth; but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the funne brode blazed in a golden field.

XV.

The sight whereof did all with gladneſſe fill;
So unto him they did addeeme the priſe
Of all that triumph: then the trompets shrill
Don Braggadochio's name refounded thriſe;
So courage lent a cloke to cowardiſe:
And then to him came fayreſt Florimell,
And goodly gan to greet his brave empriſe,
And thousand thankes him yield, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell.

XVI.

To whom the boaſter, that all knights did blot,
With proud diſdaine did scornfull anſwere make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare ladies ſake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell;
And further did uncomely ſpeaches crake:
Much did his words the gentle ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

XVII.

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beſide,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele;
Whom when diſcovered they had throughly eide,
With great amazement they were stupefide;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell herſelfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

XVIII.

Which when as Marinell beheld likewiſe,
He was therewith exceedingly diſmayd,
Ne wiſt he what to thinke, or to deviſe;
But like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astoniſht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd;
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmize.

xix.

As when two ſunnes appear in th' azure ſkye,
Mounted in Phœbus' charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each man's eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
All that behold ſo ſtrange prodigious ſight,
Not knowing Nature's worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright;
So ſtood Sir Marinell when he had ſeene
The ſemblant of this falſe by his faire beauties queene.

xx.

All which when Artegall, who all this while
Stood in the preaſſe cloſe covered, well had vewed,
And ſaw that boaſter's pride and graceleſſe guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth iſſewed,
And unto all himſelfe there open ſhewed;
And to the boaſter ſaid, " Thou loſſel baſe!
" That haſt with borrowed plumes thyſelfe endewed,
" And others worth with leaſings doeſt deface,
" When they are all reſtor'd thou ſhalt reſt in
" diſgrace.

xxi.

" That ſhield which thou doeſt beare was it in-
" deed
" Which this dayes honour ſav'd to Marinell;
" But not that arme, nor thou the man, I reed,
" Which didſt that ſervice unto Florimell;
" For proofe ſhew forth thy ſword, and let it tell
" What ſtrokes, what dreadfull ſtoure it ſtird
" this day,
" Or ſhew the wounds which unto thee befell;
" Or ſhew the ſweat with which thou diddeſt
" ſway
" So ſharpe a battel, that ſo many did diſmay.

xxii.

" But this the ſword which wrought thoſe cruell
" ſtounds,
" And this the arme the which that ſhield did
" beare,
" And theſe the ſignes, (ſo ſhewed forth his wounds)
" By which that glory gotten doth appeare.
" As for this ladie which he ſheweth here,
" Is not (I wager) Florimell at all,
" But ſome fayre franion, fit for ſuch a fere,
" That by misfortune in his hand did fall;"
For proofe whereof he bad them Florimell forth call.

xxiii.

So forth the noble ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace,
Whereto her baſhful ſhamefaſtneſſe ywrought
A great increaſe in her faire bluſhing face,
As roſes did with lillies interlace;
For of thoſe words, the which that boaſter threw,
She inly yet conceived great diſgrace,
Whom whenas all the people ſuch did vew,
They ſhouted loud, and ſignes of gladneſſe all did ſhew.

xxiv.

Then did he ſet her by that ſnowy one,
Like the true ſaint beſide the image ſet,
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall whether ſhould the honor get:
Streightway ſo ſoone as both together met,
The enchaunted damzell vaniſht into nought;
Her ſnowy ſubſtance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th' emptie girdle which about her waſt was wrought.

xxv.

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire,
Hath in a watry cloud diſplayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride,
All ſuddenly, ere one can looke aſide,
The glorious picture vaniſheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide;
So did this ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe ere one could it bewray.

xxvi.

Which whenas all that preſent were beheld,
They ſtricken were with great aſtoniſhment,
And their faint harts with ſenſeleſſe horrour quell'd,
To ſee the thing that ſeem'd ſo excellent
So ſtolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became none underſtood;
And Braggadochio ſelfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his deſpeyring mood,
That like a lifeleſſe corſe immoveable he ſtood.

xxvii.

But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her ſpoyle was onely left,
Which was not her's, as many it miſtooke,
But Florimell's owne girdle, from her reft
While ſhe was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monſter which did her compell
To perils great; which he unbuckling eft,
Preſented to the faireſt Florimell;
Who round about her tender waſt it fitted well.

xxviii.

Full many ladies often had aſſayd
About their middles that faire belt to knit,
And many a one ſuppos'd to be a mayd;
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her faſtned it.
Such power it had, that to no woman's waſt
By any ſkill or labour it would fit,
Unleſſe that ſhe were continent and chaſt,
But it would loſe or break, that many had diſgraſt.

xxix.

Whileſt thus they buſied were bout Florimell,
And boaſtfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickeſt preaſſe of people came,
His owne good ſteed, which he had ſtolen, to clame;
And th' one hand ſeizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his ſword; for with the ſame
He ment the thiefe there deadly to have ſmit;
And had he not beene held, he nought had fayld of it.

xxx.

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
Throughout the hall for that ſame warlike horſe;

For Braggadochio would not let him pas;
And Guyon would him algates have perforse,
Or it approve uppon his carrion corse:
Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceived,
He nigh them drew, to stay th' avenger's forse,
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceaved.

XXXI.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About the woefull couple which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe, to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine
His horse purloyned was by subtill traine,
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
But he for nought could him thereto constraine,
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose then trie in armes his right.

XXXII.

Which Artegall well hearing (though no more
By law of armes there neede one's right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie)
Yet further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt what privie tokens he did beare?
"If that," said Guyon, "may you satisfie,
"Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
"Shapt like a horse's shoe, who list to seeke it there."

XXXIII.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke,
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke:
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedstall tooke,
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split.

XXXIV.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
And called Brigadore (so was he hight)
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see;
And whenas he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and flond aloft, and louted low on knee.

XXXV.

Thereby Sir Artegall did plaine areed,
That unto him the horse belong'd, and sayd,
"Lo there, Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
"As he with golden saddle is arayd,
"And let that losell, plainely now displayd,
"Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gayned."

But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned
That iudgement so uniust against him had ordayned.

XXXVI.

Much was the knight incenst with his lewd word,
To have revenged that his villeny,
And thrise did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby;
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, "Sir Knight it would dishonour bee
"To you that are our iudge of equity,
"To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee;
"It's punishment enough that all his shame doe see."

XXXVII.

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall;
But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Upon him did inflict this punishment;
First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent,
Then from him reft his shield, and it renverst;
And blotted out his armis with falsehood blent,
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst,
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

XXXVIII.

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away;
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie,
Who overtaking him did diseray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all brave knights be banisht with defame;
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame.

XXXIX.

Now when these counterfeits were thus uncased
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to iest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie:
Ladies can laugh at ladies, knights at knights,
To think with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtil slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their fights.

XL.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking usurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such ladies and such lovely knights;
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That whenas time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren hat do ſtrive;
Saves Terpin from the gallow-tree,
And doth from death reprive.

I.

Whoso upon himſelfe will take the ſkill
True iuſtice unto people to divide,
Had need have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maiſter wrong and puiſſant pride;
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iuſtice to deride,
Unleſſe it be perform'd with dreadleſſe might;
For powre is the right hand of Iuſtice truely hight.

II.

Therefore whylome to knights of great empriſe
The charge of Iuſtice given was in truſt,
That they might execute her iudgements wiſe,
And with their might beat downe licentious luſt,
Which proudly did impugne her ſentence iuſt;
Whereof no braver preſident this day
Remaines on earth, preſerv'd from yron ruſt,
Of rude oblivion and long time's decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we have to ſay.

III.

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
Enlincked faſt in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
With whom great feaſt and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the caſtle of the Strond,
To follow his adventure's firſt intent,
Which long ago he taken had in hond;

Ne wight with him for his aſſiſtance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and government:

IV.

With whom as he did paſſe by the ſea-ſhore,
He chaunſt to come whereas two comely ſquires,
Both brethren whom one wombe together bore,
But ſtirred up with different deſires,
Together ſtrove, and kindled wrathfull fires;
And them beſide two ſeemly damzels ſtood,
By all meanes ſeeking to aſſwage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good:
Now with ſharpe threats; but threats the more increaſt their mood.

V.

And there before them ſtood a coffer ſtrong,
Faſt bound on every ſide with yron bands,
But ſeeming to have ſuffred miekle wrong,
Either by being wreckt upon the ſands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands:
Seem'd that for it theſe ſquires at odds did fall,
And bent againſt themſelves their eruell hands;
But evermore thoſe damzels did foreſtall
Their furious encounter, and their fierceneſſe pall.

VI.

But firmely fixt they were with dint of ſword
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iuſtify;
So ſtood they both in readineſſe thereby
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;

When Artegall arriving happily,
Did ſtay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had queſtioned the cauſe of their diſſent.

VII.

To whom the elder did this anſwer frame;
" Then weet ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
" To whom our ſire, Mileſio by name,
" Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
" Two iſlands, which ye there before you ſee
" Not farre in ſea, of which the one appeares
" But like a little mount of ſmall degree,
" Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
" As that ſame other iſle, that greater bredth now
" beares.

VIII.

" But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
" And this devouring ſea, that nought doth
" ſpare,
" The moſt part of my land hath waſht away,
" And throwne it up unto my brother's ſhare,
" So his increaſed but mine did empaire.
" Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
" That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
" With whom a goodly doure I ſhould have got,
" And ſhould have ioyned bene to her in wed-
" lock's knot.

IX.

" Then did my yonger brother Amidas
" Love that ſame other damzell, Lucy bright,
" To whom but little dowre allotted was;
" Her vertue was the dowre that did delight:
" What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
" But now when Philtra ſaw my lands decay,
" And former livel'od fayle, ſhe left me quight,
" And to my brother did elope ſtraight way,
" Who taking her from me, his owne love left
" aſtray.

X.

" She ſeeing then herſelfe forſaken ſo,
" Through dolorous deſpayre, which ſhe con-
" ceyved,
" Into the ſea herſelfe did headlong throw,
" Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved;
" But ſee how much her purpoſe was deceived!
" Whilſt thus amidſt the billowes beating ot her,
" Twixt life and death long to and fro ſhe weaved,
" She chaunſt unwares to light upon this coffer,
" Which to her in that daunger hope of life did
" offer.

XI.

" The wretched mayd, that earſt deſir'd to die,
" Whenas the paine of death ſhe taſted had,
" And but halfe feene his ugly viſnomie,
" Gan to repent that ſhe had beene ſo mad
" For any death to chaunge life, through moſt
" bad;
" And catching hold of this ſea-beaten cheſt,
" (The lucky pylot of her paſſage ſad)
" After long toſſing in the ſeas diſtreſt,
" Her weary barke at laſt uppon mine iſle did
" reſt:

XII.

" Where I by chaunce then wandring on the ſhore
" Did her eſpy, and through my good endeavour
" From dreadfull mouth of death, which threat-
" ened ſore
" Her to have ſwallow'd up, did helpe to ſave
" her.
" She then in recompence of that great favour
" Which I on her beſtowed, beſtowed on me
" The portion of that good which Fortune gave
" her,
" Together with herſelf in dowry free;
" Both goodly portions, but of both the better ſhe.

XIII.

" Yet in this coffer which ſhe with her brought,
" Great threaſure ſithence we did finde contained,
" Which as our owne we tooke, and ſo it thought;
" By this ſame other damzell ſince hath fained
" That to herſelfe that threaſure appertained,
" And that ſhe did tranſport the ſame by ſea,
" To bring it to her huſband now ordained,
" But ſuffred cruell ſhipwracke by the way;
" But whether it be ſo or no I cannot ſay.

XIV.

" But whether it indeede be ſo or no,
" This doe I ſay, that whatſo good or ill,
" Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
" (Not wronging any other by my will)
" I hold mine owne, and ſo will hold it ſtill:
" And though my land he firſt did winne away,
" And then my love (though now it little ſkill)
" Yet my good lucke he ſhall not likewiſe pray;
" But I will it defend whilſt ever that I may."

XV.

So having ſayd, the younger did enſew;
" Full trew it is whatſo about our land
" My brother here declared hath to you;
" But not for it this ods twixt us doth ſtand,
" But for this threaſure throwne uppon his ſtrand;
" Which well I prove, as ſhall appeare by triall,
" To be this maides with whom I faſtned hand,
" Known by good markes and perfect good eſ-
" piall;
" Therefore it ought be rendred her without de-
" niall."

XVI.

When they thus ended had, the knight began;
" Certes your ſtriſe were eaſie to accord,
" Would ye remit it to ſome righteous man."
" Unto yourſelfe," ſaid they; " we give our
" word
" To bide what iudgement ye ſhall us afford."
" Then for aſſurance to my doome to ſtand,
" Under my foot let each lay downe his ſword,
" And then you ſhall my ſentence underſtand."
So each of them layd downe his ſword out of his
hand.

XVII.

Then Artegall thus to the younger ſayd;
" Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
" Your brother's land which the ſea hath layd
" Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
" By what good right doe you withold this
" day?"
" What other right," quoth he, " ſhould you
" eſteeme,
" But that the ſea it to my ſhare did lay?"

" Your right is good," fayd he, " and ſo I deeme,
" That what the ſea unto you ſent your own
" ſhould ſeeme."

XVIII.

Then turning to the elder thus he fayd;
" Now, Bracidas, let this likewiſe be ſhowne;
" Your brother's threaſure, which from him is
" ſtrayd,
" Being the dowre of his wife well knowne,
" By what right doe you claime to be your
" owne?"
" What other right," quoth he, " ſhould you eſ-
" teeme,
" But that the ſea hath it unto me throwne?"
" Your right is good," fayd he, " and ſo I deeme,
" That what the ſea unto you ſent your own
" ſhould ſeeme.

XIX.

" For equall right in equall things doth ſtand;
" For what the mighty ſea hath once poſſeſt,
" And plucked quite from all poſſeſſors hand,
" Whether by rage of waves that never reſt,
" Or elſe by wracke, that wretches hath diſtreſt,
" He may diſpoſe by his imperiall might,
" As thing at random left, to whom he liſt.
" So Amidas, the land was your's firſt hight;
" And ſo the threaſure your's is, Bracidas, by
" right."

XX.

When he his ſentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were diſpleaſed;
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the threaſure by that iudgment ſeaſed.
So was their diſcord by this doome appeaſed,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall,
Whenas their ſharpe contention he had ceaſed,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old queſt, the which him forth did call.

XXI.

So as he travelled upon the way,
He chaunſt to come, where happily he ſpide
A route of many people farre away,
To whom his courſe he haſtily applide,
To weete the cauſe of their aſſemblaunce wide;
To whom when he approched neare in ſight
(An uncouth ſight) he plainely then deſcride
To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight:

XXII.

And in the midſt of them he ſaw a knight,
With both his hands behind him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow-tree prepard:
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was uneath was to deſcry;
And with full heavy heart with them he fard,
Griev'd to the ſoule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands ſo baſe a death ſhould dy.

XXIII.

But they like tyrants mercileſſe, the more
Reioyced at his miſerable caſe,
And him reviled, and reproched ſore
With bitter taunts and terms of vile diſgrace.
Now whenas Artegall, arriv'd in place,
Did aſk what cauſe brought that man to decay?
They round about him gan to ſwarm apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares ſome villanous aſſay.

XXIV.

But he was ſoone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe, deceived their intent;
Yet though himſelfe did ſhame on womankinde,
His mighty hand to ſhend, he Talus ſent
To wreake on them their follies hardyment;
Who with few ſowces of his yron flale
Diſperſed all their troupe incontinent,
And ſent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vain proweſſe turned to their proper bale:

XXV.

But that ſame wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be ſo quit;
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horror of fowle death for knight unfit,
Who more than loſſe of life ydreaded it;
And him reſtoring unto living light,
So brought unto his lord, where he did ſit
Beholding all that womaniſh weake fight;
Whom ſome as he beheld he knew, and thus behight;

XXVI.

" Sir Turpine! hapleſſe man! what make you
" here?
" Or have you loſt yourſelfe and your diſcretion,
" That ever in this wretched caſe ye were?
" Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppreſſion
" Of womens powre, that boaſt of mens ſub-
" iection?
" Or elſe what other deadly diſmal day
" Is falne on you by Heaven's hard direction,
" That ye were runne ſo fondly far aſtray
" As for to lead yourſelfe unto your owne de-
" cay?"

XXVII.

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with ſhame and partly with diſmay,
That all aſtoniſht he himſelfe did find,
And little had for his excuſe to ſay,
But onely thus; " Moſt happleſſe well ye may
" Me iuſtly terme, that to this ſhame am brought,
" And made the ſcorne of knighthood this ſame
" day;
" But who can ſcape what his own Fate hath
" wrought?
" The worke of Heaven's will ſurpaſſeth humaine
" thought."

XXVIII.

" Right true; but faulty men uſe oftentimes
" To attribute their folly unto Fate,
" And lay on Heaven the guilt of their own
" crimes.
But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate
Your miſery, how fell ye in this ſtate?"

" Then ſith ye needs," quoth he, " will know
" my ſhame,
" And all the ill which chaunſt to me of late,
" I ſhortly will to you rehearſe the ſame,
" In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my
" blame.

xxix.

" Being deſirous (as all knights are woont)
" Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
" And after fame and honour for to hunt,
" I heard report, that farre abrode did fly,
" That a proud Amazon did late defy
" All the brave knights that hold of Maidenhead,
" And unto them wrought all the villany
" That ſhe could forge in her malicious head,
" Which ſome hath put to ſhame, and many done
" be dead.

xxx.

" The cauſe, they ſay, of this her cruell hate,
" Is for the ſake of Bellodant the Bold,
" To whom ſhe bore moſt fervent love of late,
" And wooed him by all the waies ſhe could;
" But when ſhe ſaw at laſt that he ne would
" For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
" She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
" And for his ſake vow'd to doe all the ill
" Which ſhe could doe to knights, which now ſhe
" doth fulfill.

xxxi.

" For all thoſe knights, the which by force or
" guile
" She doth ſubdue, ſhe fowly doth entreate;
" Firſt ſhe doth them of warlike armes deſpoile,
" And cloth in womens weedes, and then with
" threat
" Doth them compell to worke to earne their
" meat,
" To ſpin, to card, to ſew, to waſh, to wring;
" Ne doth ſhe give them other thing to eat
" But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
" Them to diſable from revenge adventuring.

xxxii.

" But if through ſtout diſdaine of manly mind
" Any her proud obſervance will withſtand,
" Upon that gibbet, which is there behind,
" She cauſeth them be hang'd up out of hand,
" In which condition I right now did ſtand;
" For being overcome by her in fight,
" And put to that baſe ſervice of her band,
" I rather choſe die in live's deſpight,
" Then lead that ſhamefull life, unworthy of a
" knight."

xxxiii.

" How hight that Amazon," ſayd Artegall,
" And where and how far hence does ſhe abide?"
" Her name," quoth he, " they Radigund doe call,
" A princeſſe of great powre and greater pride,
" And Queen of Amazons, in armes well tride
" And ſundry battels which ſhe had atchieved
" With great ſucceſſe, that her hath glorifide,
" And made her famous more than is believed,
" Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it
prieved."

xxxiv.

" Now ſure," ſaid he, " and by the faith that I
" To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
" I will not reſt it till I her might doe trie,
" And venge the ſhame that ſhe to knights doth
" ſhow:
" Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
" This ſqualid weede, the patterne of deſpaire,
" And wend with me, that ye may ſee and
" know
" How fortune will your ruin'd name repaire,
" And knights of Maidenhead, whoſe praiſe ſhe
" would empaire."

xxxv.

With that like one that hopeleſſe was repryv'd
From Deathes dore at which he lately lay,
Thoſe yron fetters wherewith he was gyv'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone;
Which was from thence not paſt a mile or tway:
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which of her owne name ſhe called Reda-
gone.

xxxvi.

Where they arriving, by the watchmen were
Deſcried ſtreight, who all the citty warned
How that three warlike perſons did appeare,
Of which the one him ſeem'd a knight all arm'd,
And th' other two well likely to have harmed.
Eſtſoones the people all to harneſſe ran,
And like a ſort of bees in cluſters ſwarmed;
Ere long their queene herſelfe, arm'd like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t' array be-
gan.

xxxvii.

And now the knights being arrived neare,
Did beat uppon the gates to enter in,
And at the porter, ſcorning them ſo few,
Threw many threats, if they the town did win,
To teare his fleſh in pieces for his ſin;
Which whenas Radigund their comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bad that ſtraight the gates ſhould be un-
bard,
And to them way to make with weapons well
prepard.

xxxviii.

Soone as the gates were open to them ſet,
They preſſed forward, entraunce to have made;
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a ſharpe ſhowre of arrowes, which them
ſtaid,
And better bad adviſe, ere they aſſaid
Unknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout uppon them rudely laid,
And heaped ſtrokes ſo faſt on every ſide,
And arrowes haild ſo thicke, that they could ne
abide.

xxxix.

But Radigund herſelfe, when ſhe eſpide
Sir Terpin from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doale amongſt her maides divide,

T' avenge that ſhame they did on him commit,
All ſodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell lioneſſe at him ſhe flew,
And on his head-piece him ſo fiercely ſmit,
That to the ground him quite ſhe overthrew,
Diſmayd ſo with the ſtroke that he no colours knew.

XL.

Soone as ſhe ſaw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke
Her proud foote ſetting, at his head did levell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her iudg'ment breake:
As when a beare hath ſeiz'd her cruell clawes
Uppon the carkaſſe of ſome beaſt too weake,
Proudly ſtands over, and a while doth pauſe
To heare the piteous beaſt pleading her pleintiffe cauſe.

XLI.

Whom whenas Artegall in that diſtreſſe
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloody ſlaughter
In which he ſwam, and ranne to his redreſſe;
There her aſſayling fiercely freſh, he raught her
Such an huge ſtroke, that it of ſenſe diſtraught her,
And had ſhe not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
Nathleſſe for all the powre ſhe did apply
It made her ſtagger oft, and ſtare with ghaſtly eye.

XLII.

Like to an eagle, in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide empire of the aire,
To weather his brode ſailes, by chaunce hath ſpide
A goſhauke, which hath ſeized for her ſhare
Uppon ſome fowle that ſhould her feaſt prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,
That with his ſouce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

XLIII.

But ſoone as ſhe her ſence recover'd had;
She fiercely towards him herſelfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath and ſdeignfull pride half mad,
For never had ſhe ſuffred ſuch deſpight;
But ere ſhe could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt ſo faſt,
That they diſparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far aſunder caſt;
But mongſt the reſt the fight did untill evening laſt.

XLIV.

And every while that mighty yron man
With his ſtraunge weapon, never wont in warre,
Them ſorely vext, and courſt, and over-ran,
And broke their bowes, and did their ſhooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to aſſault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a ſort of ſheepe diſperſed farre,
For dread of their devouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

XLV.

But whenas daies faire ſhinie beame yclowded
With fearefull ſhadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beaſt in quiet reſt be ſhrowded,
Bold Radigund, with ſound of trompe on hight,
Cauſd all her people to furceaſe from fight,
And gathering them unto her cities gate,
Made them all enter in before her ſight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in ſtate,
To be convayed in, ere ſhe would once retrate.

XLVI.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted the Elfin knight,
Wearie of toile and traveil of that day,
Cauſd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city-gate in open ſight,
Where he himſelfe did reſt in ſafety,
Together with Sir Terpin, all that night;
But Talus uſde in times of ieopardy
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

XLVII.

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing griefe
For the rebuke which ſhe ſuſtain'd that day,
Could take no reſt, ne would receive reliefe,
But toſſed in her troublous mind what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
There ſhe reſolv'd herſelfe in ſingle fight
To try her fortune, and his force aſſay,
Rather then ſee her people ſpoiled quight,
As ſhe had ſeene that day, a diſadventerous fight.

XLVIII.

She called forth to her a truſty mayd,
Whom ſhe thought fitteſt for that buſineſſe,
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her ſayd;
" Goe, Damzell, quickly doe thyſelfe addreſſe
" To doe the meſſage which I ſhall expreſſe:
" Goe thou unto that ſtranger Facry knight,
" Who yeſterday drove us to ſuch diſtreſſe,
" Tell that to-morrow I with him will fight,
" And try in equall field whether hath greater " might.

XLIX.

" But theſe conditions doe to him propound,
" That if I vanquiſh him, he ſhall obay
" My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
" And ſo will I, if me he vanquiſh may;
" Whatever he ſhall like to doe or ſay:
" Goe ſtreight, and take with thee to witneſſe it
" Sixe of thy fellowes of the beſt array;
" And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
" And bid him eate: henceforth he oft ſhall hun- " gry ſit."

L.

The damzell ſtreight obayd; and putting all
In readineſſe, forth to the town-gate went;
Where ſounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
Unto thoſe warlike knights ſhe warning ſent.
Then Talus forth iſſuing from the tent,

Unto the wall his way did fcareleſſe take,
To weeten what that trumpet's ſounding ment;
Where that ſame damzell lowdly him beſpake,
And ſhewd that with his lord ſhe would emperlaunce make.

LI.

So he them ſtreight conducted to his lord,
Who as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their meſſage word by word;
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them fairely entertayned with curt'ſies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare delight;
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete;
But Artegall himſelfe to reſt did dight,
That he mote freſher be againſt the nixt daies fight.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK V. CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is ſubdew'd by guyle;
He is by her impriſoned,
But wrought by Clarin's wile.

I.

So ſoone as day forth dawning from the Eaſt
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens with-
drew,
And earely calling forth both man and beaſt,
Commaunded them their daily workes renew,
Theſe noble warriors, mindefull to purſew
The laſt daies purpoſe of their vowed fight,
Themſelves thereto preparde in order dew;
The knight as beſt was ſeeming for a knight,
And th' Amazon as beſt it likt herſelfe to dight.

II.

All in a camis light of purple ſilke,
Woven uppon with ſilver, ſubtly wrought,
And quilted uppon ſattin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diverſly diſtraught,
Like as the workeman had their courſes taught,
Which was ſhort tucked for light motion
Up to her ham, but when ſhe liſt it raught
Downe to her loweſt heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

III.

And on her legs ſhe painted buſkins wore,
Baſted with bends of gold on every ſide,
And mailes betweene, and laced cloſe afore;
Uppon her thigh her cemitare was tide
With an embroidered belt of mickle pride;
And on her ſhoulder hung her ſhield bedeckt
Uppon the boſſe with ſtones that ſhined wide,
As the faire moone in her moſt full aſpect,
That to the moone it mote be like in each reſpect.

IV.

So forth ſhe came out of the citty-gate
With ſtately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzeils that did waite
Uppon her perſon for her ſure defence,
Playing on ſhaumes and trumpets, that from
hence
Their ſound did reach unto the heavens hight;
So forth into the field ſhe marched thence,
Where was a rich pavillion ready pight
Her to receive, till time they ſhould begin the
fight.

V.

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and firſt the liſts did enter;
Soone after eke came ſhe with fell intent,
And countenaunce fierce, as having fully bent
her
That battel's utmoſt triall to adventer.
The liſts were cloſed faſt, to barre the rout
From rudely preſſing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting how Fortune would reſolve that dange-
rous dout.

VI.

The trumpets ſounded and the field began:
With bitter ſtrokes it both began and ended.
She at the firſt encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if ſhe had intended
Out of his breaſt the very heart have rended;
But he, that had like tempeſts often tride,

From that firſt flaw himſelfe right well defended.
The more ſhe rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, ſhe foynd, ſhe laſht, ſhe laid on every ſide.

VII.

Yet ſtill her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at laſt to win advantage hew;
Yet ſtill her crueltie increaſed more,
And though powre faild, her courage did accrew,
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her purſew:
Like as a ſmith, that to his cunning feat
The ſtubborne mettall ſeeketh to ſubdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron ſledge doth ſtrongly on it beat.

VIII.

So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if ſhe had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire bright as the ſunny ray,
Out of her ſteele armes were flaſhing ſeene,
That all on fire ye would her ſurely weene;
But with her ſhield ſo well herſelfe ſhe warded
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life ſhe ſafely garded,
But he that helpe from her againſt her will diſcarded:

IX.

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her ſhield he ſhared quite away,
That halfe her ſide itſelfe did naked ſhow,
And thenceforth unto daunger opened way.
Much was ſhe moved with the mighty ſway
Of that fad ſtroke, that halfe enrag'd ſhe grew;
And like a greedie beare unto her pray,
With her ſharp cemitare at him ſhe flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh, the purple bloud forth drew.

X.

Thereat ſhe gan to triumph with great boaſt,
And to upbraid that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize ſhe gotten had almoſt,
With ſpightfull ſpeaches, fitting with her well,
That his great hart gan inwardly to ſwell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her ſtrooke with puiſſance feareſull fell;
Yet with her ſhield ſhe warded it againe;
That ſhattered all to pieces round about the plaine.

XI.

Having her thus diſarmed of her ſhield,
Upon her helmet he againe her ſtrooke,
That downe ſhe fell upon the graſſie field
In ſencleſſe ſwoune, as if her life forſooke,
And pangs of death her ſpirit overtooke;
Whom when he ſaw before his foote proſtrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her ſun-ſhynie helmet ſoone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

XII.

But whenas he diſcovered had her face,
He ſaw, his ſences ſtraunge aſtoniſhment,
A miracle of Nature's goodly grace
In her faire viſage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and ſweat together ment;
Which in the rudeneſſe of that evill plight
Bewrayed the ſignes of feature excellent;
Like as the moone in foggie winter's night
Doth ſeeme to be herſelfe, though darkened be her light.

XIII.

At ſight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his ſharpe ſword he threw from him apart,
Curſing his hand that had that viſage mard:
No hand ſo cruell, nor no hart ſo hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie,
By this upſtarting from her ſwoune, ſhe ſtar'd
Awhile about her with confuſed eye,
Like one that from his dreame is waked ſuddenlye.

XIV.

Soone as the knight ſhe there by her did ſpy,
Standing with emptie hands all weaponleſſe,
With freſh aſſault upon him ſhe did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelneſſe;
And though he ſtill retyr'd, yet natheleſſe
With huge redoubled ſtrokes ſhe on him layd,
And more increaſt her outrage mercileſſe,
The more that he with meeke intreatie pray'd
Her wrathfull hand from greedy vengeance to have ſtayd.

XV.

Like as a puttoke, having ſpyde in ſight
A gentle faulcon ſitting on an hill,
Whoſe other wing, now made unmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by ſome fortune ill,
The fooliſh kyte led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle ſtoups her troubling ſtill;
Even ſo did Radigund with bootleſſe paine
Annoy this noble knight, and ſorely him conſtraine.

XVI.

Nought could he do but ſhun the dred deſpight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward ſtill retyre,
And with his ſingle ſhield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And evermore he gently did deſyre
To ſtay her ſtroks, and he himſelfe would yield;
Yet nould ſhe hearke, ne let him once reſpyre,
Till he to her delivered had his ſhield,
And to her mercie him ſubmitted in plaine field.

XVII.

So was he overcome, not overcome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he iuſtly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that ſpake ſo wareleſſe word
To be her thrall, and ſervice her afford;
For though that he firſt victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his ſword,
He wilfull loſt that he before attayned:
No fayrer conqueſt then that with goodwill is gayned.

XVIII.

Tho' with her ſword on him ſhe flatling ſtrooke,
In ſigne of true ſubiection to her powre,
And as her vaſſal him to thraldome tooke;
But Terpine, borne to a more unhappy howre,

As he on whom the luckleſſe ſtarres did lowre,
She cauſd to be attacht, and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t'abide the balefull ſtowre
From which he lately had through reſkew fled,
Where he full ſhamefully was hanged by the hed.

XIX.

But when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongſt them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him ſcape away,
Glad from his companie to be ſo ſondred,
Whoſe preſence all their troops ſo much encombred,
That th' heapes of thoſe which he did wound and ſlay,
Beſides the reſt diſmayd, might not be nombred;
Yet all that while he would not once aſſay
To reſkew his owne lord, but thought it iuſt t'obay.

XX.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And cauſed him to be diſarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whilome he gotten had great fame;
Inſtead whereof ſhe made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood ſhame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
Inſtead of curiets and baſes fit for fight.

XXI.

So being clad, ſhe brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was ſield
With moniments of many knights decay,
By her ſubdewed in victorious fray;
Amongſt the which ſhe cauſd his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his ſhame bewray,
And broke his ſword for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to ſtirre up battailous alarmes.

XXII.

There entred in, he round about him ſaw
Many brave knights, whoſe names right well he knew,
There bound t'obay that Amazon's proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd ſo uncomely vew:
But they were forſt through penurie and pyne
To doe thoſe workes to them appointed dew;
For nought was given them to ſup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twiſting linnen twyne.

XXIII.

Amongſt them all ſhe placed him moſt low,
And in his hand a diſtaffe to him gave,
That he thereon ſhould ſpin both flax and tow;
A ſordid office for a mind ſo brave:
So hard it is to be a woman's ſlave!
Yet he it tooke in his owne ſelfes deſpight,
And thereto did himſelfe right well behave
Her to obay, ſith he his faith had plight
Her vaſſal to become if ſhe him wonne in fight.

XXIV.

Who had him ſeene imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas' ſake he did apply
His mightie hands the diſtaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had ſubdew'd of old
So many monſters which the world annoyed,
His lyon's ſkin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres, he onely ioyed
In combats of ſweet love, and with his miſtreſſe toyed.

XXV.

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have ſhaken off the ſhamefaſt band
With which wiſe Nature did them ſtrongly bynd
T'obay the heaſts of man's well-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reaſon they withſtand
To purchaſe a licentious libertie;
But vertuous women wiſely underſtand
That they were borne to baſe humilitie,
Unleſſe the Heavens them lift to lawfull ſoveraintie.

XXVI.

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
Serving proud Radigund with true ſubiection,
However it his nobie heart did gall
T'obay a woman's tyrannous direction
That might have had of life or death election;
But having choſen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whoſe wandring fancie after luſt did raunge,
Gan caſt a ſecret liking to this captive ſtraunge.

XXVII.

Which long concealing in her covert breſt,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers carefull plight;
Yet could it not ſo thoroughly digeſt,
Being faſt fixed in her wounded ſpright,
But it tormented her both day and night;
Yet would ſhe not thereto yeeld free accord
To ſerve the lowly vaſſal of her might,
And of her ſervant make her ſoverayne lord:
So great her pride, that ſhe ſuch baſeneſſe much abhord.

XXVIII.

So much the greater ſtill her anguiſh grew,
Through ſtubborne handling of her love-ſicke hart,
And ſtill the more ſhe ſtrove it to ſubdew,
The more ſhe ſtill augmented her owne ſmart
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
At laſt, when long ſhe ſtruggled had in vaine,
She gan to ſtoup, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeyſance of Love's mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd her paine.

XXIX.

Unto herſelfe in ſecret ſhe did call
Her neareſt handmayd, whom ſhe moſt did truſt,
And to her ſayd, "Clarinda, whom of all
"I truſt alive, ſith I thee foſtred firſt,
"Now is the time that I untimely muſt
"Thereof make tryall in my greateſt need:
"It is ſo hapned that the Heavens unjuſt,
"Spithing my happie freedome, have agreed
"To thrall my looſer life, or my laſt bale to breed."

xxx.

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose;
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning, thus began againe;
" This griefes deepe wound I would to thee
" disclose,
" Thereto compelled through hart-murdring
" paine,
" But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still
" restraine."

xxxi.

" Ah, my deare Dread!" said then the fearefull
" mayd,
" Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart with-
" hold,
" That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
" And dare even Deathes most dreadfull face
" behold?
" Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be bold:
" Doth not your handmayd's life at your foot
" lie?"
Therewith much comforted, she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie,
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it
denie.

xxxii.

" Clarin," sayd she, " thou seest yond Fayry
" knight,
" Whom not my valour, but his owne brave
" mind
" Subiected hath to my unequall might;
" What right is it that he should thraldome find
" For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,
" That for such good him recompence with ill?
" Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
" And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
" Yet so as bound to me he may continue still:

xxxiii.

" Bound unto me, but not with such hard bands
" Of strong compulsion and streight violence,
" As now in miserable state he stands;
" But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
" Voide of malitious mind or foule offence:
" To which if thou canst win him any way
" Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
" Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
" And eke with gratefull service me right well
" apay.

xxxiv.

" Which that thou mayst the better bring to pass,
" Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant
" bee,
" And token true to old Eumenias,
" From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
" That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
" Goe now, Clarinda, well thy wits advise,
" And all thy forces gather unto thee,
" Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,
" With which thou canst even Iove himselfe to
" love entise."

xxxv.

The trustie mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good endeavour
Give her great comfort and some hart's content;
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour,
By all the meanes she might, to curry favour
With th' Elfin knight, her ladies best beloved;
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved,
And with wide-glauncing words one day she thus
him proved:

xxxvi.

" Unhappy Knight! upon whose hopelesse state
" Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
" And cruell Heavens have heapt an heavy fate,
" I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
" In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
" In stupid sorrow, sith thy iuster merit
" Might else have with felicitie bene crowned:
" Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit
" To thinke how this long death thou mightest
" disinherit."

xxxvii.

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speach,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive;
And gan to doubt least she him sought t'appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
Through which she might his wretched life bereave;
Both which to barre he with this answere met
her;
" Faire Damzell! that with ruth, as I perceave,
" Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
" For such your kind regard I can but rest your
" detter.

xxxviii.

" Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
" It is no lesse beseeming well to beare
" The storme of Fortune's frowne or Heaven's
" threat,
" Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
" Timely to ioy and carrie comely cheare;
" For though this cloud have now me overcast,
" Yet doe I not of better times despeyre;
" And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
" Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast."

xxxix.

" But what so stonie mind," she then replyde,
" But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
" Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
" And to his fortune's helpe make readie way?"
" Unworthy sure," quoth he, " of better day,
" That will not take the offer of good hope,
" And eke pursew, if he attaine it may."
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope:

xl.

" Then why doest not, thou ill-advized man,
" Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
" And try if thou by faire intreatie can
" Move Radigund? who though she still have
" worne
" Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not
" borne

" Of beares and tygres, nor ſo ſalvage mynded,
" As that albe all love of men ſhe ſcorne,
" She yet forgets that ſhe of men was kynded;
" And ſooth oft ſeene that proudeſt hiarts baſe
" love hath blynded."

XLI.

" Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred will,"
Sayd he, " nor obſtinate diſdainefull mind,
" I have forbore this duetie to fulfill;
" For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
" That ſhe a queene, and come of princely kynd,
" Both worthie is for to be ſewd unto,
" Chiefely by him whoſe life her law doth bynd,
" And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
" And als of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto:

XLII.

" But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
" From ſeeking favour where it doth abound,
" Which if I might by your good office get,
" I to yourſelfe ſhould reſt for ever bound,
" And ready to deſerve what grace I found."
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting leaſt his hold was but unſound,
And not well faſtened, would not ſtrike him ſtrayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leiſure to awayt.

XLIII.

But, fooliſh mayd! whyles heedleſſe of the hooke,
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through ſlipperie footing fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confuſion;
For ſeeking thus to ſalve the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipt's own dart,
And gan thenceforth to caſt affection,
Conceived cloſe in her beguiled hart,
To Artegall, through pittie of his caufeleſſe ſmart.

XLIV.

Yet durſt ſhe not diſcloſe her fancies wound,
Ne to himſelfe, for doubt of being ſdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her miſtreſſe ſhould have knowledge gayned,
But to herſelfe it ſecretly retayned
Within the cloſet of her covert breſt;
The more thereby her tender hart was payned:
Yet to awayt fit time ſhe weened beſt,
And fayrely did diſſemble her ſad thoughts unreſt.

XLV.

One day her ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demand of her ſome tydings good,
Touching her love's ſucceſſe, her lingring ſmart;
Therewith ſhe gan at firſt to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confuſed ſtood;
But quickly ſhe it overpaſt, ſo ſoone
As ſhe her face had wypt to freſh her blood;
Tho gan ſhe tell her all that ſhe had donne,
And all the wayes ſhe fought his love for to have wonne:

XLVI.

But ſayd, that he was obſtinate and ſterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine,
Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne
So fond a leſſon as to love againe;
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour waſt,
Then his foe's love or liking entertaine:
His reſolution was both firſt and laſt,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plaſt.

XLVII.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
She gan to ſtorme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell deſpight, which ſhe conceived,
To be ſo ſcorned of a baſe-borne thrall,
Whoſe life did lie in her leaſt eye-lid's fall;
Of which ſhe vow'd with many a curſed threat,
That ſhe therefore would him ere long forſtall:
Nathleſſe when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat:

XLVIII.

" What now is left, Clarinda? what remaines,
" That we may compaſſe this our enterprize?
" Great ſhame to loſe ſo long employed paines,
" And greater ſhame t'abide ſo great miſprize,
" With which he dares our offers thus deſpize;
" Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
" And more my gratious mercie by this wize,
" I will a while with his firſt folly beare
" Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more neare.

XLIX.

" Say and do all that may thereto prevaile;
" Leave nought unpromiſt that may him perſwade,
" Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
" With which the gods themſelves are mylder made:
" Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
" The art of mightie words, that men can charme;
" With which in caſe thou canſt him not invade,
" Let him feele hardneſſe of thy heavy arme:
" Who will not ſtoupe with good, ſhall be made ſtoupe with harme.

L.

" Some of his diet doe from him withdraw,
" For I him find to be too proudly fed:
" Give him more labour, and with ſtreighter law,
" That he with worke may be forwearied:
" Let him lodge hard, and lie in ſtrawen bed,
" That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
" And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
" Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide;
" And let whatever he deſires be him denide.

LI.

" When thou haſt all this doen, then bring me newes
" Of his demeane; thenceforth not like a lover,
" But like a rebell ſtout I will him uſe;
" For I reſolve this ſiege not to give over
" Till I the conqueſt of my will recover."
So ſhe departed full of griefe and ſdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her;
But the falſe mayden ſhortly turn'd againe
Unto the priſon, where her hart did thrall remaine.

LII.

There all her ſubtill nets ſhe did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit diſplay

In which she ment him wareleſſe to unfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray:
So cunningly she wrought her crafts aſſay,
That both her ladie and herſelfe withall,
And eke the knight, attonce she did betray;
But moſt the knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did caſt for to allure, into her trap to fall.

LIII.

As a bad nurſe, which fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to herſelfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, ſo for want of nourture ſpoyle;
Even ſo Clarinda her owne dame beguyld,
And turn'd the truſt which was in her affyde
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward breſt, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it fought to cover and to hyde.

LIV.

For comming to this knight, she purpoſe fayned,
How earneſt ſuit she earſt for him had made
Unto her queene, his freedome to have gayned,
But by no meanes could her thereto perſwade,
But that inſtead thereof she ſternely bade
His miſerie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade:
All which nathleſſe she for his love forbore;
So praying him t' accept her ſervice evermore.

LV.

And more then that, she promiſt that she would,
In caſe she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Gan yeeld great thankes for ſuch her curteſie,
And with fayre words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,
Promiſt, if she would free him from that caſe,
He wold by all good meanes he might deſerve ſuch grace.

LVI.

So daily he faire ſemblant did her ſhew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne abſent love to be untrew;
Ne ever did deceiptfull Clarin find
In her falſe hart his bondage to unbind,
But rather how she mote him faſter tye;
Therefore unto hir miſtreſſe, moſt unkind,
She daily told her love he did defye;
And him she told her dame his freedome did denye.

LVII.

Yet thus much friendſhip she to him did ſhow,
That his ſcarſe diet ſomewhat was amended,
And his worke leſſened, that his love mote grow;
Yet to her dame him ſtill she diſcommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but little friended,
Untill his own true love his freedome gayned,
Which in another Canto will be beſt contayned.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegall's miſhap;
She goes to ſeeke him, Dolon meetes,
Who ſeekes her to entrap.

I.

Some men I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weakneſſe, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding ſo himſelfe a wretched thrall
To th' inſolent command of womens will,
That all his former praiſe doth fowly ſpill;
But he the man that ſay or doe ſo dare,
Be well adviz'd that he ſtand ſtedfaſt ſtill;
For never yet was wight ſo well aware,
But he at firſt or laſt was trapt in womens ſnare.

II.

Yet in the ſtreightneſs of that captive ſtate,
This gentle knight himſelfe ſo well behaved,
That notwithſtanding all the ſubtill bait
With which thoſe Amazons his love ſtill craved,
To his owne love his loialtie he ſaved,
Whoſe character in th' adamantine mould
Of his true hart ſo firmely was engraved,
That no new love's impreſſion ever could
Bereave it thence; ſuch blot his honour blemiſh ſhould.

III.

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
Scarce ſo conceived in her iealous thought,
What time ſad tydings of his balefull ſmart,
In woman's bondage Talus to her brought;
Brought in untimely Houre, ere it was fought:
For after that the utmoſt date aſſynde
For his returne ſhe waited hard for nought,
She gan to caſt in her miſdoubtfull mynde
A thouſand feares, that love-ſicke fancies faine to ſynde.

IV.

Sometime ſhe feared leaſt ſome hard miſhap
Had him miſſalne in his adventurous queſt;
Sometime leaſt his falſe foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had unwares oppreſt;
But moſt ſhe did her troubled mynd moleſt,
And ſecretly afflict with iealous feare,
Leaſt ſome new love had him from her poſſeſt;
Yet loth ſhe was ſince ſhe no ill did heare,
To thinke of him ſo ill, yet could ſhe not forbeare.

V.

One while ſhe blam'd herſelfe, another whyle
She him condemn'd as truſtleſſe and untrew;
And then her griefe with errour to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before ſhe had not counted trew:
For houres but dayes; for weekes that paſſed were
She told but moneths, to make them ſeeme more few;
Yet when ſhe reckned them ſtill drawing neare,
Each hour did ſeeme a moneth, and every moneth a yeare.

VI.

But whenas yet ſhe ſaw him not returne,
She thought to ſend ſome one to ſeeke him out;
But none ſhe found ſo fit to ſerve that turne
As her own ſelfe, to eaſe herſelfe of dout.
Now ſhe deviz'd amongſt the warlike rout
Of errant knights to ſeeke her errant knight;
And then againe reſolv'd to hunt him out
Amongſt looſe ladies lapped in delight;
And then both knights envide, and ladies eke did ſpight.

vii.

One day whenas ſhe long had ſought for eaſe
In every place, and every place thought beſt,
Yet found no place that could her liking pleaſe,
She to a window came, that opened weſt,
Towards which coaſt her love his way addreſt;
There looking forth, ſhe in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies working her unreſt.
And ſent her winged thoughts, more ſwift then wind,
To beare unto her love the meſſage of her mind.

viii.

There as ſhe looked long, at laſt ſhe eſpide
One comming towards her with haſty ſpeede;
Well weend ſhe then, ere him ſhe plaine deſcride,
That it was one ſent from her love indeede:
Who when he nigh approacht, ſhe mote arede:
That it was Talus, Artegall his groome;
Whereat her hart was fild with hope and drede:
Ne would ſhe ſtay till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth, to know his tidings ſomme.

ix.

Even in the dore him meeting, ſhe begun;
"And where is he thy lord? and how far hence?
"Declare at once; and hath he loſt or wun?"
The yron man, albe he wanted ſence
And ſorrowes feeling, yet with conſcience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And ſtud ſtill mute as one in great ſuſpence,
As if that by his ſilence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning then himſelfe it ſpake.

x.

Till ſhe againe thus ſayd; "Talus, be bold,
"And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
"That from thy tongue thy heart's intent doth
"hold."
To whom he thus at length; "The tidings ſad,
"That I would hide, will needs I ſee be rad.
"My lord (your love) by hard miſhap doth lie
"In wretched bondage, wofully beſtad."
"Ay me," quoth ſhe, "what wicked deſtinie!
"And is he vanquiſht by his tyrant enemy?"

xi.

"Not by that tyrant, his intended foe,
"But by a tyranneſſe," he then replide,
"That him captived hath in hapleſſe woe."
"Ceaſe thou, bad newes-man; badly doſt thou
"hide
"Thy maiſter's ſhame, in harlots bondage tide;
"The reſt myſelfe too readily can ſpell."
With that in rage ſhe turn'd from him aſide,
Forcing in vaine the reſt to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like ſolitary cell.

xii.

There ſhe began to make her moanefull plaint
Againſt her knight for being ſo untrew,
And him to touch with falſhood's fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did ſhe blame herſelfe, and often rewe
For yeelding to a ſtraunger's love ſo light,
Whoſe life and manners ſtraunge ſhe never knew;
And evermore ſhe did him ſharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

xiii.

And then ſhe in her wrathfull will did caſt
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To ſight with him, and goodly die her laſt;
And then againe ſhe did herſelfe torment,
Inflicting on herſelfe his punihment.
Awhile ſhe walkt and chauft; awhile ſhe threw
Herſelfe upon her bed, and did lament;
Yet did ſhe not lament with lowde alew,
As women wont, but with deepe ſighs and ſingulfs few.

xiv.

Like as a wayward childe, whoſe founder ſleepe
Is broken with ſome fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth ſet himſelfe to weepe,
Ne can be ſtild for all his nurſe's might,
But kicks and ſquals, and ſhrieckes, for fell deſpight;
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe locks miſuſing,
Now ſeeking darkneſſe, and now ſeeking light,
Then craving ſucke, and then the ſucke refuſing
Such was this ladies fit in her love's fond accuſing.

xv.

But when ſhe had with ſuch unquiet fits
Herſelfe there cloſe afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no eaſement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place ſeeking to eaſe her paine,
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cauſe of Artegal's detaine,
And what he did, and in what ſtate he ſtood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd?

xvi.

"Ah! wellaway!" ſayd then the yron man,
"That he is not the while in ſtate to woo,
"But lies in wretched thraldome, weak and wan,
"Nor by ſtrong hand compelled thereunto,
"But his owne doome, that none can now undoo."
"Sayd I not then," quoth ſhe, "ere-while aright,
"That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
"Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
"Since that he was not forſt, nor overcome in
"fight?"

xvii.

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole diſcourſe of his captivance ſad,
In ſort as ye have heard the ſame of late;
All which when ſhe with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, ſhe was right ſore beſtad
With ſodaine ſtounds of wrath and grief attone;
Ne would abide till ſhe had anſwere made;
But ſtreight herſelfe did dight, and armour don,
And mounting to her ſteede, bad Talus guide her on.

xviii.

So forth ſhe rode uppon her ready way
To ſeeke her knight, as Talus her did guide,
Sadly ſhe rode, and never word did ſay,

Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aſide,
But ſtill right downe, and in her thought did hide
The ſelneſſe of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that woman's pride
Which had her lord in her baſe priſon pent,
And ſo great honour with ſo fowle reproch had blent.

XIX.

So as ſhe thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunſt to meete, toward the even-tide,
A knight that ſoftly paced on the plaine,
As if himſelfe to ſolace he were faine:
Well ſhot in yeares he ſeem'd, and rather bent
To peace then needleſſe trouble to conſtraine,
As well by view of that his veſtiment,
As by his modeſt ſemblant, that no evill ment.

XX.

He comming neare gan gently her ſalute
With curteous words, in the moſt comely wize;
Who though deſirous rather to reſt mute,
Than termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then the kindneſſe would deſpize,
She would herſelfe diſpleaſe ſo him requite.
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which ſhe anſwer'd light:

XXI.

For little luſt had ſhe to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare that mote delightfull bee;
Her minde was whole poſſeſſed of one thought,
That gave none other place: which when as hee
By outward ſignes (as well he might) did ſee,
He liſt no lenger to uſe lothfull ſpeach,
But her beſought to take it well in gree,
Sith ſhady dampe had dimd the heaven's reach,
To lodge with him that night, unles good cauſe empeach.

XXII.

The championeſſe, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld unto his good requeſt,
And with him went without gaine-ſaying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by weſt,
His dwelling was, to which he him addreſt;
Where ſoone arriving, they received were
In ſeemely wiſe, as them beſeemed beſt;
For he their hoſt them goodly well did cheare,
And talkt of pleaſant things, the night away to weare.

XXIII.

Thus paſſing th' evening well, till time of reſt
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought,
Where groomes awayted her to have undreſt;
But ſhe ne would undreſſed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much beſought;
For ſhe had vow'd, ſhe ſay'd, not to forgo
Thoſe warlike weedes till ſhe revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong uppon a mortall foe,
Which ſhe would ſure performe, betide her wele or wo.

XXIV.

Which when her hoſt perceiv'd, right diſcontent
In minde he grew, for feare leaſt by that art
He ſhould his purpoſe miſſe, which cloſe he ment;
Yet taking leave of her he did depart:
There all that night remained Britomart,
Reſtleſſe, recomfortleſſe, with heart deepe grieved,
Not ſuffering the leaſt twinckling ſleepe to ſtart
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved;
But if the leaſt appear'd, her eyes ſhe ſtreight reprieved.

XXV.

" Ye guilty eyes," ſaid ſhe, " the which with
" guyle
" My heart at firſt betrayed, will ye betray
" My life now too, for which a little whyle
" Ye will not watch? falſe watches, wellaway!
" I wote when ye did watch both night and day
" Unto your looſe; and now needes will ye ſleepe?
" Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
" Now will ye ſleepe? ah! wake, and rather
" weepe
" To thinke of your night's want, that ſhould yee
" waking keepe."

XXVI.

Thus did ſhe watch, and weare the weary night
In wayfull plaints, that none was to appeaſe;
Now walking ſoft, now ſitting ſtill upright,
As ſundry chaunge her ſeemed beſt to eaſe.
Ne leſſe did Talus ſuffer ſleepe to ſeaze
His eye-lids ſad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great diſeaſe,
Like to a ſpaniel wayting careſully,
Leaſt any ſhould betray his lady treacherouſly.

XXVII.

What time the native belman of the night,
The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
Firſt rings his ſilver bell t'each ſleepy wight,
That ſhould their mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noiſe below the hall;
All ſodainely the bed, where ſhe ſhould lie,
By a falſe trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raiſd againe, that no man could it ſpie.

XXVIII.

With ſight whereof ſhe was diſmayd right ſore,
Perceiving well the treaſon which was ment;
Yet ſtirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would enſue of that event.
It was not long before ſhe heard the ſound
Of armed men, comming with cloſe intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull ſtound
She quickly caught her ſword, and ſhield about her bound.

XXIX.

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two knights all armed ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raſkall rout, with weapons rudely dight;
Whom ſoone as Talus pide by glims of night,
He ſtarted up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his threſher ready keight;

They seeing that let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

xxx.

But soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed knights and eke unarmed rout;
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Wherever in the darke he could them spie;
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay.
Then backe returning where his dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

xxxi.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be averged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst t'abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practice should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in hart.

xxxii.

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight,
A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour, by that warlike kinde
Of life; for he was nothing valorous,
But with slie shiftes and wiles did underminde
All noble knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

xxxiii.

He had three sonnes, all three like father's sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes;
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had deviz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred hate.

xxxiv

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine,
And therefore meant him surely to have slaine;
But by God's grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from that traytrous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eye-lids to oppresse.

xxxv.

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t'avenge that villany
On that vilde man and all his family;
And comming down to seeke them where they wond,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie;
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond;
They all were fled for feare, but whether nether kond.

xxxvi.

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
But tooke her steed, and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addresse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perillous bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight;
Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needes fall o'er the lidge.

xxxvii.

There they did thinke themselves on her to wreake,
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake;
"Then recreant false Traytor! that with lone
"Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet knight art none,
"No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
"Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
"But with thy blood thou shalt appease the spright
"Of Guizor, by thee slaine, and murdred by thy flight."

xxxviii.

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare,
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous bridge she came, and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared;
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glaunsing sparkles through her bever glared,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Like coles, that through a silver censer sparkle bright.

xxxix.

She stay'd not to advise which way to take,
But putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Uppon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the bridge's further end she past,
Where falling downe, his challenge he releast;
The other ever side the bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last.

xl.

As when the flashing levin haps to light
Upon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight,
The engin fiercely flying forth doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth overthrow
Uppon one side, and from his rootes doth reare;
So did the championesse those two there strow,
And to their fire their carcasses left to bestow.

BOOK V. CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis church,
Where she strange visions sees;
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

I.

Nought is on earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define;
For th' heavens themselves, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest Iove, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferior gods, and evermore
Therewith contains his heavenly common-weale;
The skill whereof to princes hearts he doth reveale.

II.

Well therefore did the antique world invent,
That Iustice was a god of soveraine grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place,
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian kings that whylome were,
With fayned colours shading a true case,
For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
The iustest man alive and truest did appeare.

III.

His wife was Isis, whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great powre and soverainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of iustice which is equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently;
Unto whose temple whenas Britomart
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

IV.

There she received was in goodly wize
Of many priests, which duely did attend
Uppon the rites and daily sacrifize,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd,
And on their heads, with long locks comly kemd,
They wore rich mitres, shaped like the moone,
To shew that Isis doth the moone portend,
Likeas Osyris signifies the sunne,
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

V.

The championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the temple led,
Whose goodly building when she did behold
Borne upon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workman's passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red,
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

VI.

Thenceforth unto the idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine;
Uppon her head she wore a crowne of gold,
To shew that she had powre in things divine;
And at her feete a crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

VII.

One foot was ſet uppon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other faſt did ſtand,
So meaning to ſuppreſſe both forged guile
And open force; and in her other hand
She ſtretched forth a long white ſclender wand.
Such was the goddeſſe; whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herſelfe uppon the land
She did proſtrate, and with right humble hart
Unto herſelfe her ſilent prayers did impart.

VIII.

To which the idoll, as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward ſhew her inward ſence deſining;
Who well perceiving how her wand ſhe ſhooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcaſt,
And ioyous light the houſe of love forſooke;
Which when ſhe ſaw, her helmet ſhe unlaſte,
And by the altar's ſide herſelfe to ſlumber plaſte.

IX.

For other beds the prieſts there uſed none,
But on their mother Earth's deare lap did lie,
And bake their ſides uppon the cold hard ſtone,
T'enure themſelves to ſufferaunce thereby,
And proud rebellious fleſh to mortify;
For by the vow of their religion
They tied were to ſtedfaſt chaſtity
And continence of life, that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

X.

Therefore they mote not taſte of fleſhly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine; for wine they ſay is blood,
Even the bloud of gyants, which were ſlaine
By thundring Iove in the Phlegrean plaine;
For which the Earth (as they the ſtory tell)
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her ſonnes which gainſt them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did againſt them ſwell:

XI.

And of their vitall bloud, the which was ſhed
Into her pregnant boſom, forth ſhe brought
The fruitfull vine, whoſe liquor blouddy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them ſtirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre againſt the gods againe:
Such is the powre of that ſame fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof reſtraine,
Ne within Reaſon's rule her maddling mood containe.

XII.

There did the warlike maide herſelfe repoſe,
Under the wings of Iſis all that night,
And with ſweete reſt her heavy eyes did cloſe,
After that long daies toile and weary plight;
Where whiles her earthly parts with ſoft delight
Of ſenceleſſe ſleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly ſpright
A wondrous viſion, which did cloſe implie
The courſe of all her fortune and poſteritie.

XIII.

Her ſeem'd as ſhe was doing ſacrifize
To Iſis, deckt with mitre on her hed,
And linnen ſtole, after thoſe prieſtes guize;
All ſodainely ſhe ſaw transfigured
Her linnen ſtole to robe of ſcarlet red,
And moone-like mitre to a crowne of gold,
That even ſhe herſelfe much wondered
At ſuch a chaunge, and ioyed to behold
Herſelfe adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

XIV.

And in the midſt of her felicity
An hideous tempeſt ſeemed from below
To riſe through all the temple ſodainely,
That from the altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers ſtrow
Uppon the ground, which kindled privily,
Into outragious flames unwares did grow,
That all the temple put in ieopardy
Of flaming, and herſelfe in great perplexity.

XV.

With that the crocodile, which ſleeping lay
Under the idol's feete in feareleſſe bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible diſmay,
As being troubled with that ſtormy ſtowre,
And gaping greedy wide, did ſtreight devoure
Both flames and tempeſt; with which growen great,
And ſwolne with pride of his owne peereleſſe powre,
He gan to threaten her likewiſe to eat;
But that the goddeſſe with her rod him backe did beat.

XVI.

Tho turning all his pride to humbleſſe meeke,
Himſelfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to ſeeke;
Which ſhe accepting, he ſo neare her drew,
That of his game ſhe ſoone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a lion of great might,
That ſhortly did all other beaſts ſubdew:
With that ſhe waked full of feareſull fright,
And doubtfully diſmayd through that ſo uncouth ſight.

XVII.

So thereuppon long while ſhe muſing lay,
With thouſand thoughts feeding her fantaſie,
Untill ſhe ſpide the lampe of lightſome day
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie;
Then up ſhe roſe fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the prieſtes ſhe found full buſily
About their holy things for morrow mas,
Whom ſhe ſaluting faire, faire re-ſaluted was.

XVIII.

But by the change of her unchearefull looke
They might perceive ſhe was not well in plight,
Or that ſome penſiveneſs to heart ſhe tooke;
Therefore thus one of them who ſeem'd in ſight
To be the greateſt and the graveſt wight,
To her beſpake; "Sir Knight, it ſeemes to me
"That thorough evill reſt of this laſt night,
"Or ill apayd or much diſmayd ye be; [ſee."
"That by your change of cheare is eaſie for to

xix.

" Certes," sayd she, " sith ye so well have spide
" The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
" I will not seeke the same from you to hide,
" But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find
" Your aide to guide me out of errour blind."
" Say on," quoth he, " the secret of your hart;
" For by the holy vow which me doth bind,
" I am adiur'd best counsell to impart
" To all that shall require my comfort in their
" smart."

xx.

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourse:
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared
Through great astonishment of that strange sight,
And with long locks up-standing stifly, stared
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright;
So fild with heavenly fury thus he her behight;

xxi.

" Magnificke Virgin! that in queint disguise
" Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
" So to pursew a perillous empryse,
" How couldst thou weene through that disguized
" hood
" To hide thy state from being understood?
" Can from th' immortall gods ought hidden bee?
" They doe thy lineage, and thy lordly brood,
" They doe thy sire lamenting sore for thee,
" They doe thy love forlorne in womens thral-
" dome see.

xxii.

" The end whereof, and all the long event,
" They doe to thee in this same dreame discover;
" For that same crocodile doth represent
" The righteous knight that is thy faithfull lover,
" Like to Osyris in all iust endever;
" For that same crocodile Osyris is,
" That under Isis' feete doth sleepe for ever;
" To shew that clemence oft' in things amis
" Restraines those sterne behests and cruell doomes
" of his.

xxiii.

" That knight shall all the troublous stormes as-
" swage,
" And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
" To hinder thee from the iust heritage
" Of thy sire's crowne, and from thy countrey
" deare;
" Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
" And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme;
" And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
" That lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
" So blesse thee God, and give thee ioyance of thy
" dreame."

xxiv.

All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those priests bestowed rich reward,
And royall gifts, of gold and silver wrought,
She for a present to their goddesse brought:
Then taking leave of them, she forward went
To seeke her love, where he was to be sought,
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

xxv.

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
Not with amaze as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought,
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see;
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them
forth to hold.

xxvi.

So therewithout the gate, as seemed best,
She caused her pavilion be pight,
In which stout Britomart herselfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise they of the towne in fright
Upon their wall good watch and ward did
keepe;
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe:

xxvii.

And caused streight a trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest,
Who long before awoke (for she full ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a iealous guest)
Was to the battell whylome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warrioresse with haughty creast
Did forth issue, all ready for the fight;
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

xxviii.

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tye her sone
To serve her so, as she the rest had bound;
Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
For high disdaine of such indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them sound;
For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

xxix.

The trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot;
Ne either sought the other's strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke use in armes; ne spared not
Their daintie parts, which Nature had created
So faire and tender, without staine or spot,
For other uses then they them translated,
Which they now hackt and hewd, as if such use
they hated.

xxx.

As when a tygre and a lioneſſe
Are met at ſpoyling of ſome hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedineſſe,
But firſt the tygre clawes thereon did lay,
And therefore loth to looſe her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full ſtoutly ſtood;
To which the lion ſtrongly doth gaineſay,

That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond,
And therefore ought it have wherever she it fond.

xxxi.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And then repaide again with double more.
So long they fought that all the grassie flore
Was sild with bloud, which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should grow.

xxxii.

At last proud Radigund, with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus uphrayding said; "This token beare
"Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare,
"And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest."
Which spitefull words she, sore engriev'd to heare,
Thus answer'd; "Lewdly thou my love de-
"pravest,
"Who shortly must repent that now so vainely
"bravest."

xxxiii.

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it bit
Unto the bone, and made a grieslly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarse uphold, yet soone she it requit;
For having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

xxxiv.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to herselfe againe;
But in revenge both of her love's distresse
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft;
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one, of sence bereft,
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left:

xxxv.

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the formost win;
And pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in:
There then a piteous slaughter did begin,
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flale did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach;
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

xxxvi.

And now by this the noble conqueresse
Herselfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though revengefull vow she did professe,
Yet when she saw the heapes which he did make
Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to slake;
For else he sure had left not one alive,
But all in his revenge of spirite would deprive.

xxxvii.

Tho when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd,
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire;
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight
Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly maske in misery misdight.

xxxviii.

At last whenas to her owne love she came,
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame,
She turn'd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so sad,
And then too well believ'd that which tofore
Iealous suspect as true untruly drad;
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
She fought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes sore.

xxxix.

Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chast Penelope possesse,
To see her lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his favours likelynesse,
For many scarres and many hoary heares;
But stood long staring on him mongst uncertaine feares.

xl.

"Ah! my deare Lord! what sight is this?" quoth she,
"What May-game hath Misfortune made of you?
"Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
"Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'
"embrew
"In bloud of kings, and great heastes to subdew?
"Could ought on earth, so wondrous change have
"wrought,
"As to have robde you of that manly hew?
"Could so great courage stouped have to ought?
"Then farewell fleshly force, I see thy pride is
"nought."

xli.

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight,
And in their steede for other rayment fought
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble knight,
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whilest Fortune favoured her successe in fight,
In which whenas she him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and ioyd much in his semblance glad.

XLII.

So there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to refreſh, and her late wounds to heale;
During which ſpace ſhe there as princes rained;
And changing all that forme of common-weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long uſurpt, and them reſtoring
To men's ſubiection, did true iuſtice deale;
That all they as a goddeſſe her adoring,
Her wiſedom did admire, and hearkned to her loring;

XLIII.

For all thoſe knights, which long in captive ſhade
Had ſhrowded bene, ſhe did from thraldome free,
And magiſtrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee;
And that they ſhould for ever faithfull bee,
Made them ſweare fealty to Artegall;
Who when himſelfe now well recur'd did ſee,
He purpoſd to proceed, whatſo befall,
Uppon his firſt adventure, which him forth did call.

XLIV.

Full ſad and ſorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cauſe of griefe;
Yet wiſely moderated her owne ſmart,
Seeing his honor, which ſhe tendred chiefe,
Conſiſted much in that adventure's priefe,
The care whereof, and hope of his ſucceſſe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womaniſh complaints ſhe did repreſſe,
And tempred for the time her preſent heavineſſe.

XLV.

There ſhe continu'd for a certaine ſpace,
Till through his want her woe did more increaſe;
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and ſorrow ſomewhat eaſe,
She parted thence, her anguiſh to appeaſe.
Meane while her noble lord, Sir Artegall,
Went on his way, ne ever howre did ceaſe,
Till he redeemed had that lady thrall;
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare:
They ſlay the Soudan; drive his wife
Adicia to deſpaire.

I.

Nought under heaven ſo ſtrongly doth allure
The fence of man, and all his minde poſſeſſe,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to repreſſe,
And mighty hands forget their manlineſſe;
Drawing with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden treſſe,
That can with melting pleaſaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

II.

So whylome learnd that mighty Iewiſh ſwaine,
Each of whoſe lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his ſpoiles before his leman's traine;
So alſo did that great Oetean knight
For his love's ſake his lion's ſkin undight;
And ſo did waſtlike Antony neglect
The world's whole rule for Cleopatra's ſight:
Such wondrous powre hath womens faire aſpect
To captive men, and make them all the world reiect.

III.

Yet could it not ſterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from ſuite of his avowed queſt,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane,
But left his love (albe her ſtrong requeſt)
Faire Britomart, in languor and unreſt,
And rode himſelfe uppon his firſt intent;
Ne day or night did ever idly reſt,
Ne wight but only Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

IV.

So travelling, he chaunſt far off to heed
A damzell flying on a palfrey faſt
Before two knights that after her did ſpeed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chaſt,
In hope to have her overhent at laſt;
Yet fled ſhe faſt, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghaſt,
With locks all looſe, and rayment all to rent,
And ever as ſhe rode her eye was backeward bent.

V

Soone after this he ſaw another knight,
That after thoſe two former rode apace
With ſpeare in reſt, and prickt with all his might;
So ran they all as they had bene at bace,
They being chaſed that did others chace:
At length he ſaw the hindmoſt overtake
One of thoſe two, and force him turne his face;
However loth he were his way to ſlake
Yet mote he algates now abide, and anſwere make.

VI.

But th' other ſtill purſu'd the fearfull mayd,
Who ſtill from him as faſt away did flie,
Ne once for nought her ſpeede paſſage ſtayd,
Till that at length ſhe did before her ſpie
Sir Artegall, to whom ſhe ſtreight did hie
With gladfull haſt, in hope of him to get
Succour againſt her greedy enimy;
Who ſeeing her approach, gan forward ſet
To ſave her from her fear, and him from force to let.

VII.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd ſtill his courſe, and by the way
Thought with his ſpeare him quight have overwent:
So both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met; but Artegall was ſtronger,
And better ſkild in tilt and turnament,
And bore him quite out of his ſaddle, longer
Then two ſpeares length; ſo miſchiefe overmatcht the wronger:

VIII.

And in his fall misfortune him miſtooke,
For on his head unhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke aſunder broke,
And left there dead: meane while the other knight
Defeated had the other faytor quight,
And all his bowels in his body braſt;
Whom leaving there in that diſpiteous plight,
He ran ſtill on, thinking to follow faſt
His other fellow pagan, which before him paſt.

IX.

Inſtead of whom finding there ready preſt
Sir Artegail, without diſcretion
He at him ran with ready ſpeare in reſt;
Who ſeeing him come ſtill ſo fiercely on,
Againſt him made againe; ſo both anon
Together met, and ſtrongly either ſtrooke,
And broke their ſpeares; yet neither has forgon
His horſe's backe, yet to and fro long ſhooke,
And tottred like two towres which through a tempeſt quooke.

X.

But when again they had recovered ſence,
They drew their ſwords, in mind to make amends
For what their ſpeares had fayld of their pretence;
Which when the damzell, who thoſe deadly ends
Of both her foes had ſeene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
She to them runnes in haſt, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to ſtay,
Untill they both do heare what ſhe to them will ſay.

XI.

They ſtayd their hands, when ſhe thus gan to ſpeake;
" Ah! gentle knights, what meane ye thus unwiſe
" Upon yourſelves another's wrong to wreake?
" I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprize
" Both to redreſſe, and both redreſt likewiſe;
" Witneſſe the paynims both, whom ye may ſee
" There dead on ground: what do ye then deviſe
" Of more revenge? if more, then I am ſhee
" Which was the roote of all; end your revenge on me."

XII.

Whom when they heard ſo ſay, they lookt about,
To weete if it were true as ſhe had told;
Where when they ſaw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eſtſoones they gan their wrathfull hands to hold,
And ventailes reare, each other to behold:
Tho whenas Artegall did Arthure vew,
So faire a creature, and ſo wondrous bold,
He much admired both his hart and hew,
And, touched with intire affection, nigh him drew;

XIII.

Saying, " Sir knight, of pardon I you pray,
" That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus ſore,
" Suffring my hand againſt my hart to ſtray;
" Which if ye pleaſe forgive, I will therefore
" Yeeld for amends myſelfe your's evermore,
" Or whatſo penaunce ſhall be by you red."
To whom the prince; " Certes me needeth more,
" To crave the ſame, whom errour ſo miſled,
" As that I did miſtake the living for the ded:

XIV.

" But ſith ye pleaſe that both our blames ſhall die
" Amends may for the treſpaſſe ſoone be made,
" Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby."
So can they both themſelves full eath perſwade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to ſhade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And ſwearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nouriſh enmity,
But either other's cauſe to maintaine mutually.

XV.

Then Artegall gan of the prince enquire
What were thoſe knights which there on ground were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cauſe they chaſed ſo that mayd?
" Certes I wote not well," the prince then ſayd,
" But by adventure found them faying ſo,
" As by the way unweetingly I ſtrayd,
" And lo the damzell ſelfe, whence all did grow,
" Of whom we may at will the whole occaſion " know."

XVI.

Then they that damzell called to them nie,
And aſked her what were thoſe two her ſone,
From whom ſhe earſt ſo faſt away did flie;
And what was ſhe herſelfe, ſo woe begonne,
And for what cauſe purſu'd of them attone?
To whom ſhe thus; " Then wote ye well that I
" Doe ſerve a queene that not far hence doth wone,
" A princeſſe of great powre and maieſtie,
" Famous through all the world, and honor'd far " and nie:

XVII.

" Her name Mercilla moſt men uſe to call,
" That is a mayden queene of high renowne,
" For her great bounty knowen over all
" And ſoveraine grace, with which her royall " crowne
" She doth ſupport, and ſtrongly beateth downe
" The malice of her foes which her envy,
" And at her happineſſe do fret and frowne;
" Yet ſhe herſelfe the more doth magnify,
" And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

XVIII.

" Mongſt many which maligne her happie ſtate,
" There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
" That with moſt fell deſpight and deadly hate
" Seekes to ſubvert her crowne and dignity,
" And all his powre doth thereunto apply;

" And her good knights (of which ſo brave a band,
" Serves her as any princeſſe under ſky)
" He either ſpoiles, if they againſt him ſtand,
" Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

XIX.

" Ne him ſufficeth all the wrong and ill
" Which he unto her people does each day,
" But that he ſeekes by trayterous traines to ſpill
" Her perſon, and her ſacred ſelfe to ſlay;
" That, O ye Heavens! defend, and turne away
" From her unto the miſcreant himſelfe,
" That neither hath religion nor fay,
" But makes his god of his ungodly pelfe,
" And idoles ſerves; ſo let his idols ſerve the elfe.

XX.

" To all which cruell tyranny, they ſay,
" He is provokt, and ſtird up day and night
" By his bad wife, that hight Adicia,
" Who counſels him, through confidence of might,
" To breake all bonds of law and rules of right;
" For ſhe herſelfe profeſſeth mortall foe
" To luſtice, and againſt her ſtill doth fight,
" Working to all that love her deadly woe,
" And making all her knights and people to doe
" ſo.

XXI.

" Which my liege lady ſeeing, thought it beſt
" With that his wife in friendly wiſe to deale,
" For ſtint of ſtrife and ſtabliſhment of reſt
" Both to herſelfe and to her common-weale,
" And all forepaſt diſpleaſures to repeale;
" So me in meſſage unto her ſhe ſent,
" To treat with her by way of enterdeale
" Of ſinall peace and faire attonement,
" Which might concluded be by mutuall conſent.

XXII.

" All times have wont ſafe paſſage to afford
" To meſſengers that come for cauſes iuſt;
" But this proud dame diſdayning all accord,
" Not onely into bitter termes forth bruſt,
" Reviling me, and rayling as ſhe luſt,
" But, laſtly, to make proofe of utmoſt ſhame,
" Me like a dog ſhe out of dores did thruſt,
" Miſcalling me by many a bitter name,
" That never did her ill, ne once deſerved blame.

XXIII.

" And, laſtly, that no ſhame might wanting be,
" When I was gone, ſoone after me ſhe ſent
" Theſe two falſe knights, whom there ye lying
" ſee,
" To be by them diſhonoured and ſhent;
" But thankt be God, and your good hardiment,
" They have the price of their owne folly payd."
So ſayd this damzell, that hight Samient,
And to thoſe knights for their ſo noble ayd
Herſelfe moſt gratefull ſhewd, and heaped thanks repayd.

XXIV.

But they now having throughly heard and ſeene
All thoſe great wrongs the which that mayd complained
To have bene done againſt her lady queene
By that proud dame, which her ſo much diſdayned,
Were moved much thereat, and twixt them fained,
With all their force to worke avengement ſtrong
Uppon the Souldan ſelfe, which it mayntained,
And on his lady, th' author of that wrong,
And uppon all thoſe knights that did to her belong.

XXV.

But thinking beſt by counterfet diſguiſe
To their deſeigne to make the eaſier way,
They did this complot twixt themſelves deviſe;
Firſt that Sir Artegall ſhould him array
Like one of thoſe two knights which dead there lay,
And then that damzell, the ſad Samient,
Should as his purchaſt prize with him convay
Unto the Souldan's court, her to preſent
Unto his ſcornefull lady, that for her had ſent.

XXVI.

So as they had deviz'd, Sir Artegall
Him clad in th' armour of a pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquiſht thrall,
That damzell, led her to the Souldan's right;
Where ſoone as his proud wife of her had ſight,
Forth of her window as ſhe looking lay,
She weened ſtreight it was her paynim knight,
Which brought that damzell as his purchaſt pray,
And ſent to him a page that mote direct his way:

XXVII.

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his ſervice to diſarme the knight;
But he refuſing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be diſcovered by his ſight,
Kept himſelfe ſtill in his ſtraunge armour dight:
Soone after whom the prince arrived there,
And ſending to the Souldan in diſpight
A bold deſyance, did of him requere
That damſell whom he held as wrongfull priſonere.

XXVIII.

Wherewith the Souldan, all with furie fraught,
Swearing and banning moſt blaſphemiouſly,
Commanded ſtreight his armour to be brought,
And mounting ſtreight uppon a charret hye,
With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell ſteedes which he had fed
With fleſh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He ſlaughtered had, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his beaſtes for provender did ſpred.

XXIX.

So forth he came all in a cote of plate
Burniſht with bloudie ruſt; whiles on the greene
The Briton prince him readie did awayte,
In gliſtering armes right goodly well beſeene,
That ſhone as bright as doth the Heaven ſheene;
And by his ſtirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his page's part, as he had beene
Before directed by his lord, to th' end
He ſhould his flaile to ſinall execution bend.

XXX.

Thus goe they both together to their geare
With like fierce minds, but meanings different;
For the proud Souldan with preſumptuous cheare
And countenance ſublime and inſolent,
Sought onely ſlaughter and avengement;

But the brave prince for honour and for right,
Gainſt tortious powre and lawleſſe regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his cauſe's truth, he truſted then in might.

XXXI.

Like to the Thracian tyrant, who they ſay
Unto his horſes gave his gueſts for meat,
Till he himſelfe was made their greedie pray,
And torn in pieces by Alcides great;
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
Either the prince in peeces to have torne
With his ſharpe wheeles in his firſt rage's heat,
Or under his fierce horſes feet have borne,
And trampled downe in duſt his thoughts diſdained ſcorne.

XXXII.

But the bold child that perill well eſpying,
If he too raſhly to his charret drew,
Gave way unto his horſes ſpeedie flying,
And their reſiſtleſs rigour did eſchew;
Yet as he paſſed by, the pagan threw
A ſhivering dart with ſo impetuous force,
That had he not it ſhun'd with heedfull vew,
It had himſelfe transfixed or his horſe,
Or made them both one maſſe withouten more remorſe.

XXXIII.

Oft drew the prince unto his charret nigh
In hope ſome ſtroke to faſten on him neare,
But he was mounted in his ſeat ſo high,
And his wing-footed courſers him did beare
So faſt away, that ere his readie ſpeare
He could advaunce, he farre was gon and paſt;
Yet ſtill he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewiſe full faſt,
So long as in his ſteedes the flaming breath did laſt.

XXXIV.

Again the pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant ſtore
On every ſide of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons leſſe or more,
Which warlike uſes had deviz'd of yore;
The wicked ſhaft, guyded through th' ayrie wyde
By ſome bad ſpirit that it to miſchiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a grieſly wound in his enriven ſide.

XXXV.

Much was he grieved with that hapleſſe throe,
That opened had the welſpring of his blood,
But much the more that to his hateſull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull mood;
That made him rave, like to a lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntſman's hand,
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughs hath built his ſhady ſtand,
And fenſt himſelfe about with many a flaming brand.

XXXVI.

Still when he ſought t'approch unto him ny,
His charret wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe again as faſt to fly;
And eke his ſteedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him purſew and chace,
That his good ſteed, all were he much renound
For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durſt not endure their ſight, but fled from place to place.

XXXVII.

Thus long they traſt and traverſt to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make ſome breach,
Yet could the prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one ſure ſtroke he might unto him reach,
Where by his ſtrengthes aſſay he might him teach:
At laſt from his victorious ſhield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach,
And comming full before his horſes vew,
As they upon him preſt, it plaine to them did ſhew.

XXXVIII.

Like lightening flaſh that hath the gazer burned,
So did the ſight thereof their ſenſe diſmay,
That backe againe upon themſelves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away;
Ne could the Souldan them from flying ſtay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew;
Nought feared they what he could do or ſay,
But th' onely feare that was before their vew,
From which like mazed deer diſmayfully they flew.

XXXIX.

Faſt did they fly, as them their feete could beare,
High over hilles and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare:
In vaine the pagan bannes, and ſweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The reſty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and ſpeakes, yet nought avayles;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go which way they liſt; their guide they have forlore.

XL.

As when the firie-mouthed ſteedes, which drew
The ſunnes bright wayne to Phaëton's decay,
Soone as they did the monſtrous Scorpion vew,
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull ſight did them ſo ſore affray,
That their well-knowen courſes they forwent,
And leading th' ever burning lampe aſtray,
This lower world nigh all to aſhes brent,
And left their ſcorched path yet in the firmament.

XLI.

Such was the furie of theſe head-ſtrong ſteeds,
Soone as the infant's ſunlike ſhield they ſaw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and ſcorn'd all former law;
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines, they did draw
The yren charet, and the wheeles did teare,
And toſt the paynim without feare or awe;
From ſide to ſide they toſt him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying heare.

XLII.

Yet ſtill the prince purſew'd him cloſe behind,
Oft making offer him to ſmite, but found
No eaſie meanes according to his mind:
At laſt they have all overthrowne to ground
Quite topſide turvey, and the pagan hound
Amongſt the yron hookes and graples keene
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound,
That no whole piece of him was to be ſeene,
But ſcattred all about, and ſtrow'd upon the greene.

XLIII.

Like as the curſed ſonne of Theſeus,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his ſtepdame's love outrageous,
Of his own ſteedes was all to peeces torne,
And his fair limbs left in the woods forlorne,
That for his ſake Diana did lament,
And all the woody nymphes did wayle and mourne;
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his ſhape appear'd no litle moniment.

XLIV.

Onely his ſhield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to bruſd and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongſt whom this ſtorie ſhould be ſpoken,
How worthily by Heaven's high decree
Iuſtice that day of Wrong herſelfe had wroken,
That all men which that ſpectacle did ſee,
By like enſample mote for ever warned bee.

XLV.

So on a tree before the tyrant's dore
He cauſed them be hung in all men's ſight,
To be a moniment for evermore:
Which when his ladie from the caſtle's hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled ſpright;
Yet not as women wont, in dolefull fit,
She was diſmayd, or fainted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftſoones devize to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI.

Streight downe ſhe ranne, like an enraged cow
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With kniſe in hand, and fatally did vow
To wreake her on that mayden meſſengere
Whom ſhe had cauſd be kept as priſonere
By Artegall, miſween'd for her owne knight,
That brought her backe; and coming preſent there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious deſpight.

XLVII.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her huſband's murdered infant out;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke ſtrand
Her brother's bones ſhe ſcattered all about;
Or as that madding mother mongſt the rout
Of Bacchus' prieſts her owne deare fleſh did teare:
Yet neither Ino, nor Medea ſtout,
Nor all the Mænades ſo furious were,
As this bold woman when ſhe ſaw that damzell there.

XLVIII.

But Artegall being thereof aware,
Did ſtay her cruel hand ere ſhe her raught,
And as ſhe did herſelfe to ſtrike prepare,
Out of her fiſt the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enfelon'd or diſtraught,
She forth did rome whether her rage her bore,
With franticke paſſion and with furie fraught,
And breaking forth out at a poſterne dore,
Unto the wilde wood ranne, her dolours to deplore.

XLIX.

As a mad bytch, whenas the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing, doth wreake her wrath
On man and beaſt that commeth in her path:
There they doe ſay that ſhe transformed was
Into a tigre, and that tigris ſcath
In cruelty and outrage ſhe did paſs,
To prove her furname true, that ſhe impoſed has.

L.

Then Artegall himſelfe diſcovering plaine,
Did iſſue forth gainſt all that warlike rout
Of Knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That ladies part, and to the Souldan lout;
All which he did aſſault with courage ſtout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard ſhame,
So that with final force them all he overcame.

LI.

Then cauſed he the gates be opened wide;
And there the prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Preſenting him with all the rich array
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchaſt through lawleſſe powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earſt did ſlay;
So both for reſt there having ſtayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another ſong.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,
Whom Talus doth diſmay;
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
And ſee her rich array.

I.

What tygre or what other ſalvage wight
Is ſo exceeding furious and fell
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd itſelfe with might?
Not fit mongſt men that doe with reaſon mell,
But mongſt wild beaſts and ſalvage woods to dwell;
Where ſtill the ſtronger doth the weake devoure,
And they that moſt in boldneſs doe excell
Are dredded moſt, and feared for their powre;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.

II.

There let her wonne farre from reſort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beaſts may be of her deſpoyled:
And turne we to the noble prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly ſubverted his unrighteous ſtate.

III.

Where having with Sir Artegall a ſpace
Well ſolaſt in that Souldan's late delight,
They both reſolving now to leave the place,
Both it, and all the wealth therein, behight
Unto that damzell in her ladies right,
And ſo would have departed on their way;
But ſhe them woo'd by all the meanes ſhe might,
And earneſtly beſought to wend that day
With her, to ſee her ladie, thence not farre away.

IV.

By whoſe entreatie both they overcommen,
Agree to go with her, and by the way,
As often falles, of ſundry things did commen;
Mongſt which that damzell did to them bewray
A ſtraunge adventure which not far thence lay,
To weete, a wicked villaine bold and ſtout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the country thereabout,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it out.

V.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, ſhe ſayd,
And eke the faſtneſſe of his dwelling place,
Both unaſſaylable, gave him great ayde;
For he ſo crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So ſmooth of tongue, and ſubtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face;
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous over all.

VI.

Through theſe his ſlights he many doth confound;
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous ſtrong, and hewen farre under ground,
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell,
But ſome doe ſay it goeth downe to hell;

And all within it full of wyndings is
And hidden wayes, that ſcarſe an hound by ſmell
Can follow out thoſe falſe foot-ſteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone amis.

VII.

Which when thoſe knights had heard, their hearts gan earne
To underſtand that villein's dwelling place,
And greatly it deſir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it ſhould trace.
" Were not," ſaid ſhe, " that it ſhould let your " pace
" Towards my ladies preſence by you ment,
" I would you guyde directly to the place."
" Then let not that," ſayd they, " ſtay your in- " tent,
" For neither will one foot, till we that carle " have hent."

VIII.

So forth they paſt, till they approched ny
Unto the rocke where was the villain's won;
Which when the damzell neare at hand did ſpy,
She warn'd the knights thereof; who thereupon
Gan to advize what beſt were to be done:
So both agreed to ſend that mayd afore,
Where ſhe might ſit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and rayſing pittifull uprore,
As if ſhe did ſome great calamitie deplore.

IX.

With noyſe whereof whenas the caytive carle
Should iſſue forth, in hope to find ſome ſpoyle,
They in wayt would cloſely him enſnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle;
And ſo would hope him eaſily to foyle.
The damzell ſtraight went, as ſhe was directed,
Unto the rocke, and there upon the ſoyle
Having herſelfe in wretched wize abiected,
Gan weepe and wayle, as if great griefe had her affected.

X.

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave,
Eftſoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her ſome wiſhful boot to have:
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curl'd locks, that downe his ſhoulders ſhagged,
And on his backe an uncouth veſtiment
Made of ſtraunge ſtuffe, but all to worne and ragged,
And underneath his breech was all to torne and iagged.

XI.

And in his hand an huge long ſtaffe he held,
Whoſe top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compaſſe of his clouches tooke,
And ever round about he caſt his looke;
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he ſeldom fiſhed at the brooke,
But uſd to fiſh for fooles on the dry ſhore, [ſtore.
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great

XII.

Him when the damzell ſaw faſt by her ſide,
So ugly creature, ſhe was nigh diſmayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earneſt cride;
But when the villaine ſaw her ſo affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perſwade
To baniſh feare; and with Sardonian ſmyle
Laughing on her, his falſe intent to ſhade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from herſelf unwares he might her ſteale the whyle.

XIII.

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pipe
Charmes to the birds full many a pleaſant lay,
That they the whiles may take leſſe heedie keepe
How he his nets doth for their ruin lay;
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleaſant trickes before her ſhow,
To turne her eyes from his intent away;
For he in ſlights and iuggling feates did flow,
And of legierdemayne the myſteries did know.

XIV.

To which whyleſt ſhe lent her intentive mind,
He ſuddenly his net upon her threw,
That overſpared her like a puffe of wynd;
And ſnatching her ſoone up, ere well ſhe knew,
Ran with her faſt away unto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud; but whenas ny
He came unto his cave, and there did vew
The armed knights ſtopping his paſſage by,
He threw his burden downe, and faſt away did fly.

XV.

But Artegall him after did purſew,
The whiles the prince there kept the entrance ſtill:
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wild goat, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will,
That deadly daunger ſeem'd in all mens ſight
To tempt ſuch ſteps, where footing was ſo ill:
Ne ought avayled for the armed knight
To think to follow him that was ſo ſwift and light.

XVI.

Which when he ſaw, his yron man he ſent
To follow him, for he was ſwift in chace:
He him perſewd wherever that he went,
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place,
Whereſo he fled, he followed him apace,
So that he ſhortly forſt him to forſake
The hight, and downe deſcend unto the baſe:
There he him courſt afreſh, and ſoone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other ſhape to take.

XVII.

Into a foxe himſelfe he firſt did tourne,
But he him hunted like a foxe full faſt;
Then to a buſh himſelfe he did transforme,
But he the buſh did beat, till that at laſt
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him paſt,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand;
But he then ſtones at it ſo long did caſt,
That like a ſtone it fell upon the land;
But he then tooke it up, and held faſt in his hand.

xviii.

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his lord Sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it faſt for feare of ſlights;
Who whileſt in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him ſo that he away it threw;
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew;
But Talus ſoone him overtooke, and backward drew.

xix.

But whenas he would to a ſnake againe
Have turn'd himſelfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drive at him with ſo huge might and maine,
That all his bones as ſmall as ſandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels diſentrayle,
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was paſt;
So did deceipt the ſelfe deceiver fayle:
There they him left a carrion outcaſt,
For beaſts and foules to feede upon for their repaſt.

xx.

Thence forth they paſſed with that gentle mayd
To ſee her ladie, as they did agree;
To which when ſhe approched, thus ſhe ſayd;
" Loe now, right noble Knights, arriv'd ye " bee
" Nigh to the place which ye deſir'd to ſee;
" There ſhall ye ſee my ſoverayne lady queene,
" Moſt ſacred wight, moſt debonayre and free,
" That ever yet upon this earth was ſeene,
" Or that with diademe hath ever crowned " beene."

xxi.

The gentle knights rejoyced much to heare
The prayſes of that prince ſo manifold,
And paſſing litle further, commen were
Where they a ſtately pallace did behold
Of pompous ſhow, much more then ſhe had told,
With many towres and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright gliſtering with gold,
That ſeemed to out-ſhine the dimmed ſkye,
And with their brightneſſe daz'd the ſtraunge beholders eye.

xxii.

There they alighting, by that damzell were
Directed in, and ſhewed all the ſight;
Whoſe porch, that moſt magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night,
Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That ſate thereby, with gyant-like reſemblance,
To keepe out Guyle and Malice, and Deſpight,
That under ſhew oft-times of fayned ſemblance,
Are wont in princes courts to worke great ſcath and hindrance:

xxiii.

His name was Awe; by whom they paſſing in,
Went up the Hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din
And wondrous noyſe, as if that there were ſome
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome;
By whom they paſſing through the thickeſt preaſſe,
The Marſhall of the Hall to them did come,
His name hight Order; who commaunding peace,
Them guyded through the throng, that did their clamors ceaſſe.

xxiv.

They ceaſt their clamours upon them to gaze;
Whom ſeeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to ſee, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray;
For never ſaw they there the like array,
Ne ever was the name of warre there ſpoken,
But ioyous peace and quietneſſe alway,
Dealing iuſt iudgments, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken.

xxv.

There as they entred, at the ſcriene they ſaw
Some one whoſe tongue was for his treſpaſſe vyle
Nayld to a poſt, adiudged ſo by law,
For that therewith he falſely did revyle,
And foule blaſpheme that queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold ſpeaches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compyle;
For the bold title of a poet bad
He on himſelfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had ſprad.

xxvi.

Thus there he ſtood, whyleſt high over his head
There written was the purport of his ſin
In cyphers ſtrange, that few could rightly read,
Bon fons; but *Bon*, that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in;
So now *Mal ſont* was plainely to be red,
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of evill words, and wicked ſclaunders by him ſhed.

xxvii.

They paſſing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the preſence of that gratious queene;
Who ſate on high that ſhe might all men ſee,
And might of all men royally be ſeene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and ſheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endleſſe price,
As either might for wealth have gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workman's rare device,
And all emboſt with lyons and with flourdelice.

xxviii.

All over her a cloth of ſtate was ſpred,
Not of rich tiſſew nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought elſe that may be richeſt red,
But like a cloud, as likeſt may be told,
That her brode-ſpreading wings did wyde unfold;
Whoſe ſkirts were bordred with bright ſunny beames,
Gliſtring like gold amongſt the plights enrold
And here and there ſhooting forth ſilver ſtreames,
Mongſt which crept litle angels through the glittering gleames.

xxix.

Seemed thoſe litle angels did uphold
The cloth of ſtate, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimbleſſe bold;
Beſides a thouſand more of ſuch as ſings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompaſſed the throne on which ſhe ſate;
She angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie conquerors, in royall ſtate,
Whyleſt kings and keſars at her feet did them proſtrate.

xxx.

Thus ſhe did ſit in ſoveraine maieſtie,
Holding a ſcepter in her royall hand,
The ſacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had bleſt her happie land,
Maugre ſo many foes which did withſtand;
But at her feet her ſword was likewiſe layde,
Whoſe long reſt ruſted the bright ſteely brand,
Yet whenas foes enforſt, or friends ſought ayde,
She could it ſternely draw, that all the world diſmayde.

xxxi.

And round about before her feet there ſate
A bevie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly ſeem'd t'adorne her royall ſtate,
All lovely daughters of high Iove, that hight
Iuſtæ, by him begot in love's delight
Upon the righteous Themis; thoſe, they ſay,
Upon Iove's iudgment-ſeat wayt day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the world's decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance ſtay.

xxxii.

They alſo doe by his divine permiſſion
Upon the thrones of mortall princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remiſſion
To ſuppliants, through frayltie which offend:
Thoſe did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
Iuſt Dice, wife Eunomie, myld Eirene;
And them amongſt, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,
And ſacred Reverence, yborne of heavenly ſtrene.

xxxiii.

Thus did ſhe ſit in royall rich eſtate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,
Whyleſt underneath her feete, there as ſhe ſate,
An huge great lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardie courage, like captived thrall,
With a ſtrong yron chaine and collar bound,
That once he could not move nor quick at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious ſound,
And ſoftly royne, when ſalvage choler gan redound.

xxxiv.

So ſitting high in dreaded ſoverayntie,
Thoſe two ſtraunge knights were to her preſence brought,
Who bowing low before her maieſtie,
Did to her myld obeyſance, as they ought,
And meekeſt boone, that they imagine mought:
To whom ſhe eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire ſtoupe of her high-ſoaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with ſome maieſtie imperiall.

xxxv.

As the bright ſunne, what time his fiere teme
Towards the weſterne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightneſſe of his beme,
And fervour of his flames ſomewhat adaw;
So did this mightie ladie, when ſhe ſaw
Thoſe two ſtrange knights ſuch homage to her make,
Bate ſomewhat of that maieſtie and awe
That whylome wont to do ſo many quake,
And with more myld aſpect thoſe two to entertake.

xxxvi.

Now at that inſtant, as occaſion fell,
When theſe two ſtranger knights arriv'd in place,
She was about affaires of common-wele,
Dealing of Iuſtice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and baſe:
Mongſt which, as then, there was for to be heard
The triall of a great and weightie caſe,
Which on both ſides was then debating hard,
But at the ſight of theſe thoſe were awhile debard.

xxxvii.

But after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cauſe in hand
Herſelfe eftſoones ſhe gan convert againe,
Which that thoſe knights likewiſe mote underſtand,
And witneſſe forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up into her ſtately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly ſcand
On either part, ſhe placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other ſide, and neare them none.

xxxviii.

Then was there brought as priſoner to the barre,
A ladie of great countenance and place,
But that ſhe it with foule abuſe did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and baſe,
That all her other honour did obſcure,
And titles of nobilitie deface;
Yet in that wretched ſemblant ſhe did ſure
The peoples great compaſſion unto her allure.

xxxix.

Then up aroſe a perſon of deepe reach,
And rare in-ſight, hard matters to revele,
That well could charme his tongue, and time his ſpeach
To all aſſayes; his name was called Zele:
He gan that lady ſtrongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes by her enured;
And with ſharp reaſons rang her ſuch a pele,
That thoſe whom ſhe to pitie had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her perſon had procured.

xl.

Firſt gan he tell how this that ſeem'd ſo faire
And royally arayd, Dueſſa hight,

That falſe Dueſſa, which had wrought great care
And mickle miſchiefe unto many a knight,
By her beguiled and confounded quight:
But not for thoſe ſhe now in queſtion came,
Though alſo thoſe mote queſtion'd be aright,
But for vyld treaſons and outrageous ſhame,
Which ſhe againſt the dred Mercilla oft did frame.

XLI.

For ſhe whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counſels falſe conſpyred
With faithleſſe Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of ſhadowes vaine inſpyred)
And with them practiz'd how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aſpyred,
That ſhe might it unto herſelfe deryve,
And tryumph in their blood whom ſhe to death did dryve.

XLII.

But through high Heaven's grace, which favour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous deſynes
Gainſt loiall princes, all this curſed plot,
Ere prooſe it tooke, diſcovered was betymes,
And th' actours won the meede meet for their crymes:
Such be the meede of all that by ſuch meane
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes;
But falſe Dueſſa, now entitled queene,
Was brought to her ſad doome, as here was to be ſeene.

XLIII.

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Againſt her brought, to baniſh all remorſe,
And aggravate the horror of her blame;
And with him to make part againſt her came
Many grave perſons that againſt her pled:
Firſt was a ſage old ſyre, that had to name
The kingdomes Care, with a white ſilver hed,
That many high regards and reaſons gainſt her red.

XLIV.

Then gan Authority her to oppoſe
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the Law of Nations gainſt her roſe,
And reaſons brought, that no man could refute;
Next gan Religion gainſt her to impute
High God's beheaſt, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the peoples cry and common ſute
Importune care of their owne publicke cauſe;
And, laſtly, Iuſtice charged her with breach of lawes.

XLV.

But then for her on the contrarie part
Roſe many advocates for her to plead:
Firſt there came Pittie, with full tender hart,
And with her ioyn'd Regard of Womanhead;
And then came Daunger, threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of Birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke ſtowre;
And, laſtly, Griefe did plead, and many teares forth powre.

XLVI.

With the near touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton prince was ſore empaſſionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the ſad terror of ſo dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of ſo high eſtate,
That for great ruth his courage gan relent;
Which whenas Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earneſt fervour to augment,
And many fearefull obiects to them to preſent.

XLVII.

He gan t'efforce the evidence anew,
And new accuſements to produce in place;
He brought forth that old hag of helliſh hew,
The curſed Até, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the caſe:
She, glad of ſpoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more diſgrace
The plot of all her practiſe did diſplay,
And all her traynes and all her treaſons forth did lay.

XLVIII.

Then brought he forth, with grieſly grim aſpect,
Abhorred Murder, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping freſh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudſhed charged ryfe;
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding ſtryfe
In troublous wits and mutinous uprore;
Then brought he forth Incontinence of Lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie, her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accuſed ſore.

XLIX.

All which whenas the prince had heard and ſeene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eſtſoones was drawen cleene;
But Artegall, with conſtant firme intent,
For zeale of iuſtice was againſt her bent;
So was ſhe guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to urge her puniſhment,
And to their queene for iudgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for iuſtice gainſt the thrall.

L.

But ſhe, whoſe princely breaſt was touched neare
With piteous ruth of her ſo wretched plight,
Though plaine ſhe ſaw, by all that ſhe did heare,
That ſhe of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let iuſt vengeance on her light;
But rather let inſtead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which ſhe covering with her purple pall,
Would have the paſſion hid, and up aroſe withall.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belgee for to fight;
Gerioneos seneschall
He slayes in Belge's right.

I.

Some clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie, be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate:
This well I wote that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almightie everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race,
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of grace.

II.

For if that vertue be of so great might,
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserve inviolated right
Oft spilles the principall to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to save the subiect of her skill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart;
As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

III.

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
That herein doest all earthly princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth itselfe enlarged has
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore
Unto the margent of the Molucas?
Those nations farre thy iustice do adore,
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more.

IV.

Much more it praysed was of those two knights,
The noble prince and righteous Artegall,
When they had seene and heard her doome arights
Againſt Duessa, damned by them all,
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce;
And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

V.

During all which those knighs continu'd there
Both doing and receiving curtesies
Of that great ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthie paterns of her clemencies,
Which till this day mongst many living are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

VI.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and of her peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares,
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a strong tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

VII.

Her name was Belge, who in former age
A ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a fruitfull heritage,
Even seventeene goodly sonnes, which who had seene
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke, and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

VIII.

But this fell tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood;
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his idols sacrifice their blood,
Whyleſt he of none was stopped nor withstood:
For foothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one waſt empight,
And th' armes and legs of three to succour him in fight.

IX.

And sooth they say that he was borne and bred
Of gyants race, the sonne of Geryon,
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subiection,
Through his three bodies powre in one combyn'd;
And eke all strangers in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd,
The fayreſt kyne alive, but of the fierceſt kynd:

X.

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by the cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t'attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge, that Orthrus hight,
Orthrus, begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of Night,
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight

XI.

His sonne was this Geryonco hight,
Who after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides' club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land, where he his syre did quell,
And came to this, where Belge then did dwell,
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow, as befell,
After her noble husband's late decesse,
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

XII.

Then this bold tyrant of her widowhed
Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes,
That should their powre against her right oppose;
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion chose,
Which long he usd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her feareleſſe confidence.

XIII.

By meanes whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him soveraine powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit;
Which having got, he gan forth from that bowre
To stirre up strife and many a tragicke stowre,
Giving her deareſt children one by one
Unto a dreadfull monster to devoure,
And setting up an idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.

XIV.

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gratious great Mercilla call
For ayd against that cruell tyrant's theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft;
Therefore these two, her eldeſt sonnes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this ladies gieft;
To whom their sute they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many knights and ladies gent.

XV.

Amongst the which then fortuned to bee
The noble Briton prince with his brave peare,
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprize to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the reſt in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie queene entreat
To grant him that adventure for his former feat.

XVI.

She gladly graunted it; then he straightway
Himselfe unto his iourney gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre,
Yet dropping freſh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

XVII.

Then taking humble leave of that great queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankfull mind beseene,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle youthes, which him did guide,
And all his way before him still prepare;
Ne after him did Artegall abide,
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

XVIII.

It was not long till that the prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that ladie sad,
Whereof that tyrant had her now deprived
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle and citties glad
In which she wont to harbour happily;
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,

That to thoſe fennes for faſtneſſe ſhe did fly,
And there herſelfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

XIX.

There he her found in ſorrow and diſmay,
All ſolitarie without living wight,
For all her other children through affray
Had hid themſelves, or taken further flight;
And eke herſelfe through ſudden ſtrange affright,
When ore in armes ſhe ſaw, began to fly:
But when her owne two ſonnes ſhe had in ſight,
She gan take hart and looke up ioyfully,
For well ſhe wiſt this knight came ſuccour to ſupply:

XX.

And running unto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell ſtraight about their neckes as they did kneele,
And burſting forth in teares, "Ah! my ſweet "Boyes!"
Sayd ſhe, "yet now I gin new life to feele,
"And feeble ſpirits, that gan faint and reele,
"Now riſe againe at this your ioyous ſight:
"Alreadie ſeemes that Fortune's headlong wheele
"Begins to turne, and ſunne to ſhine more bright
"Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble "knight."

XXI.

Then turning unto him; "And you, Sir Knight,"
Said ſhe, "that taken have this toyleſome paine
"For wretched woman, miſerable wight,
"May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
"For ſo great travell as you do ſuſtaine;
"For other meede may hope for none of mee,
"To whom nought elſe but bare life doth re-"maine;
"And that ſo wretched one, as ye do ſee
"Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee."

XXII.

Much was he moved with her piteous plight,
And low diſmounting from his loftie ſteede,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greateſt neede;
So thence he wiſhed her with him to wend
Unto ſome place where they mote reſt and feede,
And ſhe take comfort, which God now did ſend:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

XXIII.

"Ay me!" ſayd ſhe, "and whither ſhall I goe?
"Are not all places full of forraine powres?
"My pallaces poſſeſſed of my foe,
"My cities ſackt, and their ſky-threatning towres
"Raced and made ſmooth fields now full of "flowres?
"Onely theſe mariſhes and myrie bogs,
"In which the fearefull ewftes do build their "bowres,
"Yeeld me an hoſtry mongſt the croking frogs,
"And harbour here in ſafety from thoſe ravenous "dogs."

XXIV.

"Nathleſſe," ſaid he, "deare Ladie! with me "goe,
"Some place ſhall us receive and harbour yield;
"If not, we will it force maugre your foe,
"And purchaſe it to us with ſpeare and ſhield;
"And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
"The earth to all her creatures lodging lends."
With ſuch his chearefull ſpeaches he doth wield
Her mind ſo well, that to his will ſhe bends,
And bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with him wends.

XXV.

They came unto a citie farre up land,
The which whylome that ladies owne had bene,
But now by force extort out of her hand
By her ſtrong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her ſtately towres and buildings ſunny ſheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a caſtle huge had made,
The which did her commaund without needing perſwade.

XXVI.

That caſtle was the ſtrength of all that ſtate,
Untill that ſtate by ſtrength was pulled downe;
And that ſame citie, ſo now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly caſtle, and both goodly towne,
Till that th' offended Heavens liſt to lowre
Upon their bliſſe, and balefull Fortune frowne:
When thoſe gainſt ſtates and kingdomes do conſpire,
Who then can thinke their headlong ruine to recure?

XXVII.

But he had brought it now in ſervile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquiſition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withſtond,
Yet glad at laſt to make moſt haſe ſubmiſſion,
And life enioy for any compoſition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Impos'd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his idole moſt untrew.

XXVIII.

To him he hath before this caſtle-greene
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of coſtly ivory full rich beſeene,
On which that curſed idole, farre proclamed,
He hath ſet up, and him his god hath named,
Offring to him, in ſinfull ſacrifice,
The fleſh of men, to God's owne likeneſſe framed,
And powring forth their blood in brutiſhe wize,
That any yron eyes to ſee it would agrize.

XXIX.

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that curſed idol's altar-ſtone
An hideous monſter doth in darkneſſe lie,
Whoſe dreadfull ſhape was never ſeene of none
That lives on earth, but unto thoſe alone
The which unto him ſacrificed bee;
Thoſe he devours, they ſay, both fleſh and bone;
What elſe they have is all the tyrant's fee,
So that no whit of them remayning one may ſee.

XXX.

There eke he placed a ſtrong garriſone,
And ſet a ſeneſchall of dreaded might,

That by his powre oppreſſed every one,
And vanquiſhed all venturous knights in fight,
To whom he wont ſhew all the ſhame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne;
To which when now they gan approch in ſight,
The ladie counſeld him the place to ſhonne,
Whereas ſo many knights had fouly bene for-donne.

XXXI.

Her fearefull ſpeeches nought he did regard,
But ryding ſtreight under the caſtle-wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward,
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their tyrant's ſeneſchall;
To whom when tydings thereof came, he ſtreight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Eſtſoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addreſſe him to the fight.

XXXII.

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their ſharpe ſpeares doe both together ſmite
Amid their ſhields with ſo huge might and maine,
That ſeem'd their ſoules they would have ryven quight
Out of their breaſts with furious deſpight;
Yet could the ſeneſchal's no entrance find
Into the prince's ſhield where it empight,
So pure the metall was and well refynd,
But ſhivered all about, and ſcattered in the wynd.

XXXIII.

Not ſo the prince's; but with reſtleſſe force
Into his ſhield it readie paſſage found,
Both through his haberion and eke his corſe,
Which tombling downe upon the ſenſeleſſe ground
Gave leave unto his ghoſt, from thraldoms bound,
To wander in the grieſly ſhades of night:
There did the prince him leave in deadly ſwound,
And thence into the caſtle marched right,
To ſee if entrance there as yet obtaine he might:

XXXIV.

But as he nigher drew, three knights he ſpyde,
All arm'd to point, iſſuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their ſpeares attonce on him enchace.
As three great culverings for batterie bent,
And leveld all againſt one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,
That makes the wals to ſtagger with aſtoniſhment.

XXXV.

So all attonce they on the prince did thonder,
Who from his ſaddle ſwarved nought aſyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder,
But like a bulwarke firmely did abyde,
Rebutting him which in the midſt did ryde
With ſo huge rigour, that his mortall ſpeare
Paſt thro' his ſhield, and pierſt through either ſyde,
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

XXXVI.

Whom when his other fellowes ſaw, they fled
As faſt as feete could carry them away;
And after them the prince as ſwiftly ſped,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly play.
There whileſt, they entring, th' one did th' other ſtay,
The hindmoſt in the gate he over-hent,
And, as he preſſed on him there did ſlay;
His carkaſſe tumbling on the threſhold, ſent
His groning ſoule unto her place of puniſhment.

XXXVII.

The other which was entred laboured faſt
To ſperre the gate, but that ſame lumpe of clay,
Whoſe grudging ghoſt was thereout fled and paſt,
Right in the middeſt of the threſhold lay,
That it the poſterne did from cloſing ſtay:
The whiles the prince hard preaſed in betweene,
And entraunce wonne: ſtreight th' other fled away,
And ran into the hall, where he did weene
Himſelfe to ſave; but he there ſlew him at the ſkreene.

XXXVIII.

Then all the reſt which in that caſtle were,
Seeing that ſad enſample them before,
Durſt not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conyayd out at a poſterne dore:
Long ſought the prince; but when he found no more
T' oppoſe againſt his powre, he forth iſſued
Unto that lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what ſhe there had vewed,
And what ſhe had not ſeene within unto her ſhewed:

XXXIX.

Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting,
For ſo great proweſſe as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting.
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honourd him with all that her behoved;
Thenceforth into that caſtle he her led,
With her two ſonnes, right deare of her beloved,
Where all that night themſelves they cheriſhed,
And from her balefull minde all care he baniſhed.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight;
Doth ſlay the monſter, and reſtore
Belge unto her right.

I.

It often falls in courſe of common life,
That Right long time is overborne of Wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or ſtrife,
That weakens her, and makes her party ſtrong;
But Iuſtice, though her dome ſhe doe prolong,
Yet at the laſt ſhe will her owne cauſe right,
As by ſad Belge ſeemes, whoſe wrongs though long
She ſuffred, yet at length ſhe did requight,
And ſent redreſſe thereof by this brave Briton knight.

II.

Whereof when newes was to that tyrant brought,
How that the lady Belge now had found
A champion, that had with his champion fought,
And laid his ſeneſchall low on the ground,
And eke himſelfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and frieſe in feare,
Doubting ſad end of principle unſound;
Yet ſith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did himſelfe encourage and take better cheare.

III.

Natheleſſe himſelfe he armed all in haſt;
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne ſtayed ſtep, till that he came at laſt
Unto the caſtle which they conquer'd had;
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He ſternely marcht before the caſtle-gate,
And with bold vaunts and ydle threatning bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongefull ſtate.

IV.

The prince ſtaid not his aunſwere to devize,
But opening ſtreight the ſparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize,
And aſked him, if that he were the ſame
Who all that wrong unto that wofull dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world ſpake ſhame?
He boldly aunſwerd him, he there did ſtand
That would his doings iuſtifie with his owne hand.

V.

With that ſo furiouſly at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him ſtreight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideouſly uppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight,
That the bold prince was forced foote to give
To his firſt rage, and yeeld to his deſpight,
The whileſt at him ſo dreadfully he drive,
That ſeem'd a marble rocke aſunder could have rive.

VI.

Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thriſe multiplyde,
Beſides the double ſtrength which in them was;
For ſtil when ſit occaſion did betyde,
He could his weapon ſhift from ſide to ſyde,
From hand to hand, and with ſuch nimbleſſe ſly
Could wield about, that ere it were eſpide,
The wicked ſtroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beſide, before, as he it liſt apply.

VII.

Which uncouth uſe whenas the prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Leaſt by ſuch ſlight he were unwares deceived,
And ever ere he ſaw the ſtroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withſtand.
One time when he his weapon fayud to ſhift,
As he was wont, and changed from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-ſtroke ſo ſwift,
That quite ſmit off his arme as he it up did lift.

VIII.

Therewith all fraught with fury and diſdaine,
He brayd aloud for very fell deſpight;
And ſodainly t' avenge himſelfe againe,
Gan into one aſſemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all;
But the ſad ſteele ſeizd not, where it was hight,
Uppon the childe, but ſomewhat ſhort did fall,
And lighting on his horſe's head him quite did mall.

IX.

Downe ſtreight to ground fell his aſtoniſht ſteed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare,
But he himſelfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan himſelfe to fight on foote prepare:
Whereof whenas the gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught ſo loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have ſeene enraung'd diſorderly,
Like to rancke of piles that pitched are awry.

X.

Eftſoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let drive at him ſo dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his ſhield to reare,
Ere that huge ſtroke arrived on him neare,
He had him ſurely cloven quite in twaine;
But th' adamantine ſhield which he did beare
So well was tempred, that for all his maine,
It would no paſſage yeeld unto his purpoſe vaine.

XI.

Yet was the ſtroke ſo forcibly applide,
That made him ſtagger with uncertaine ſway,
As if he would have tottred to one ſide;
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan aſſay
That curt'ſie with like kindneſſe to repay,
And ſmote at him with ſo importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away
Like fruitleſſe braunches, which the hatchet's ſlight
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

XII.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell maſtiffe through enraging heat,
And curſt, and band, and blaſphemies forth threw
Againſt his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto himſelfe, with horrour great:
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he ſtrooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chauſe and ſweat,
And gnaſht his teeth, and his head at him ſhooke,
And ſternely him beheld with grim and ghaſtly looke.

XIII.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To ſave himſelfe from thoſe his furious heats,
And watch advauntage how to worke his care,
The which good fortune to him offred faire;
For as he in his rage him over-ſtrooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His ſide all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortall ſteel quite through the body ſtrooke.

XIV.

Through all three bodies he him ſtrooke attonce,
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,
Elſe ſhould he thriſe have needed for the nonce
Them to have ſtricken, and thriſe to have ſlaine.
So now all three one fenceleſſe lump remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloudy gore,
And byting th' earth for very Death's diſdaine,
Who with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the houſe of Dole, his daies there to deplore.

XV.

Which when the lady from the caſtle ſaw,
Where ſhe with her two ſonnes did looking ſtand,
She towards him in haſt herſelfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand;
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there ſtood gazing from the citties wall
Uppon theſe warriours, greedy t'underſtand
To whether ſhould the victory befall, [all.
Now when they ſaw it falne, they eke him greeted

XVI.

But Belge with her ſonnes, proſtrated low,
Before his feete in all that peoples ſight,
Mongſt ioyes mixing ſome tears, mongſt wele ſome wo,
Him thus beſpake; "O moſt redoubted knight!
"The which haſt me, of all moſt wretched wight,
"That earſt was dead, reſtor'd to life againe,
"And theſe weake impes replanted by thy might,
"What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
"But even that which thou ſavedſt thine ſtill to
"remaine?"

XVII.

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the beſt he niight,
Saying "Deare lady! deedes ought not be ſcand
"By th' author's manhood nor the doer's might,
"But by their trueth and by the cauſe's right:
"That ſame is it which fought for you this day.
"What other meed then need me to requight,
"But that which yeeldeth vertue's meed alway?
"That is the vertue ſelfe, which her reward doth pay."

XVIII.

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further ſayd, "Ah! Sir, but mote ye pleaſe,
"Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore caſe,
"As from my chiefeſt foe me to releaſe,
"That your victorious arme will not yet ceaſe,
"Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
"Of that vilde race, and ſtabliſhed my peace."

" What is there elſe," ſayd he " left of their
" rout?
" Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not ſtand in
" dout.".

xix.

" Then wote you, Sir, that in this church hereby
" There ſtands an idole of great note and name,
" The which this gyaunt reared firſt on hie,
" And of his owne vaine fancies thought did
" frame;
" To whom for endleſſe horrour of his ſhame
" He offred up for daily ſacrifize
" My children and my people, burnt in flame,
" With all the tortures that he could devize,
" The more t'aggrate his god with ſuch his
" blouddy guize.

xx.

" And underneath this idoll there doth lie
" An hideous monſter, that doth it defend,
" And feedes on all the carkaſſes that die
" In ſacrifize unto that curſed feend;
" Whoſe ugly ſhape none ever ſaw nor kend
" That ever ſcap'd; for of a man they ſay
" It has the voice, that ſpeaches forth doth ſend,
" Even blaſphemous words, which ſhe doth bray
" Out of her poyſnous entrails, fraught with dire
" decay."

xxi.

Which when the prince heard tell, his heart gan
earne
For great deſire that monſter to aſſay,
And prayd the place of his abode to learne;
Which being ſhew'd, he gan himſelfe ſtreightway
Thereto addreſſe, and his bright ſhield diſplay:
So to the church he came, where it was told
The monſter underneath the altar lay;
There he that idoll ſaw of maſſy gold
Moſt richly made, but there no monſter did be-
hold.

xxii.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in deſiance, there he ſtrooke
And the third time out of an hidden ſhade
There forth iſſewd from under th' altar's ſmooke
A dreadfull feend, with fowle deformed looke,
That ſtretcht itſelfe as it had long lyen ſtill,
And her long taile and fethers ſtrongly ſhooke,
That all the temple did with terrour fill,
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

xxiii.

An huge great beaſt it was, when it in length
Was ſtretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And ſeem'd to be of infinite great ſtrength,
Horrible, hideous, and of helliſh race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna bace,
Or other like infernall furies kinde;
For of a mayd ſhe had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom ſhe ſo fond did finde.

xxiv.

Thereto the body of a dog ſhe had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedineſſe;
A lion's clawes with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare whatſo ſhe can oppreſſe;
A dragon's taile, whoſe ſting without redreſſe
Full deadly wounds whereſo it is empight;
An eagle's wings for ſcope and ſpeedineſſe,
That nothing may eſcape her reaching might,
Whereto ſhe ever liſt to make her hardy flight.

xxv.

Much like in foulneſſe and deformity
Unto that monſter whom the Theban knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill herſelfe for very heart's deſpight
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever looſe, but ſuffred deadly doole;
So alſo did this monſter uſe like ſlight
To many a one which came unto her ſchoole,
Whom ſhe did put to death, deceived like a foole

xxvi.

She comming forth, whenas ſhe firſt beheld
The armed prince with ſhield ſo blazing bright
Her ready to aſſaile, was greatly queld,
And much diſmayd with that diſmayfull ſight,
That backe ſhe would have turnd for great af-
fright;
But he gan her with courage fierce aſſay,
That forſt her turne againe in her deſpight
To ſave herſelfe, leaſt that he did her ſlay;
And ſure he had her ſlaine, had ſhe not turnd her
way.

xxvii.

Tho when ſhe ſaw that ſhe was forſt to fight,
She flew at him like to an helliſh feend,
And on his ſhield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it ſhe would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend;
Strongly he ſtrove out of her greedie gripe
To looſe his ſhield, and long while did contend;
But when he could not quite it, with one ſtripe
Her lion's clawes he from her feete away did
wipe.

xxviii.

With that aloude ſhe gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blaſphemous ſpeaches forth did caſt,
And bitter curſes, horrible to tell,
That even the temple, wherein ſhe was plaſt,
Did quake to heare, and nigh aſunder braſt;
Tho with her huge long taile ſhe at him ſtrooke,
That made him ſtagger and ſtand halfe aghaſt
With trembling ioynts, as he for terrour ſhooke,
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage
tooke.

xxix.

As when the maſt of ſome well-timbred hulke
Is with the blaſt of ſome outragious ſtorme
Blowne downe, it ſhakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne,
Whileſt ſtill ſhe ſtands aſtoniſht and forlorne;
So was he ſtound with ſtroke of her huge taile;
But ere that it ſhe backe againe had borne,
He with his ſword it ſtrooke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the ſwinging of her
flaile.

xxx.

Then gan ſhe cry much louder then afore,
That all the people, there without, it heard,
And Belge' ſelfe was therewith ſtonied ſore,

As if the onely ſound thereof ſhe feard ;
But then the feend herſelfe more fiercely reard
Uppon her wide great winges, and ſtrongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not forefeene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his ſhield atween, ſhe had him done to rew :

XXXI.

But as ſhe preſt on him with heavy ſway,
Under her wombe his fatall ſword he thruſt,
And for her entrailes made an open way
To iſſue forth ; the which, once being bruſt,
Like to a great mill-damb forth fiercely guſht,
And powred out of her infernall ſinke
Moſt ugly filth, and poyſon therewith ruſht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly ſtinke ;
Such loathly matter were ſmall luſt to ſpeake or thinke.

XXXII.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed maſſe,
Breathing out clouds of ſulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loath'd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make ;
Whom when he ſaw on ground he was full glad,
And ſtreight went forth his gladneſſe to partake
With Belge, who watcht all this while full ſad,
Wayting what end would be of that ſame daunger drad.

XXXIII.

Whom when ſhe ſaw ſo ioyouſly come forth,
She gan reioyce, and ſhew triumphant chere,
Lauding and praying his renowmed worth
By all the names that honourable were :
Then in he brought her, and her ſhewed there
The preſent of his paines, that monſter's ſpoyle,
And eke that idoll deem'd ſo coſtly dere,
Whom he did all to peeces breake, and ſoyle
In filthy durt, and left ſo in the loathely ſoyle.

XXXIV.

Then all the people which beheld that day
Gan ſhout aloud, that unto Heaven it rong ;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carrols ſong :
So him they led through all their ſtreetes along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies ;
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To ſee the man, whoſe everlaſting praiſe
They all were bound to all poſterities to raiſe.

XXXV.

There he with Belge did awhile remaine,
Making great feaſt and ioyous merriment,
Untill he had her ſettled in her raine
With ſafe aſſurance and eſtabliſhment ;
Then to his firſt emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belge and to all the reſt,
Of whom yet taking leave, thenceforth he went,
And to his former iourney him addreſt ;
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did reſt.

XXXVI.

But turne we now to noble Artegall,
Who having left Mercilla, ſtreightway went,
On his firſt queſt, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke Irenaes franchiſement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy puniſhment :
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent ;
Through many perills, and much way did paſs,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has.

XXXVII.

There as he traveld, by the way he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long ſince aſide had ſet
The uſe of armes, and battell quite forgone ;
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When firſt to Faery Court he ſaw her wend,
Unto his ſoveraine queene her ſuite for to commend.

XXXVIII.

Whom by his name ſaluting, thus he gan ;
" Haile, good Sir Sergis! trueſt knight alive,
" Well tride in all thy troubles than
" When her that tyrant did of crowne deprive ;
" What new occaſion doth thee hither drive,
" Whiles ſhe alone is left, and thou here found ?
" Or is ſhe thrall, or doth ſhe not ſurvive."
To whom he thus ; " She liveth ſure and ſound,
" But by that tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound :

XXXIX.

" For ſhe, preſuming on th' appointed tyde,
" In which ye promiſt, as ye were a knight,
" To meete her at the Salvage Iland's ſyde,
" And then and there for triall of her right
" With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
" Did thither come, were ſhe, afrayd of nought,
" By guileſull treaſon and by ſubtill ſlight
" Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
" Who her impriſoned hath, and her life often ſought.

XL.

" And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
" By which if that no champion doe appeare,
" Which will her cauſe in battailous array
" Againſt him iuſtifie, and prove her cleare
" Of all thoſe crimes that he gainſt her doth reare,
" She death ſhall ſure aby." Thoſe tidings ſad
Did much abaſh Sir Artegall to heare,
And grieved ſore that through his fault ſhe had
Fallen into that tyrant's hand and uſage bad.

XLI.

Then thus replide ; " Now ſure, and by my life,
" Too much am I to blame for that faire maide,
" That have her drawne to all this troublous ſtrife,
" Through promiſe to afford her timely aide,
" Which by default I have not yet defraide ;
" But witneſſe unto me, ye Heavens! that know
" How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide ;
" For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
" And kept from compliſhing the faith which I did owe.

XLII.

" But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long ſpace
" Hath he her lent a champion to provide."
" Ten daies," quoth he, " he graunted hath of
" grace,
" For that he weeneth well before that tide
" None can have tidings to aſſiſt her ſide;
" For all the ſhores, which to the ſea accoſte,
" He day and night doth ward both farre and
" wide,
" That none can there arrive without an hoſte;
" So her he deemes already but a damned ghoſte."

XLIII.

" Now turne againe," Sir Artegall then ſayd,
" For if I live till thoſe ten daies have end,
" Aſſure yourſelfe, Sir knight, ſhe ſhall have ayd,
" Though I this deareſt life for her do ſpend."
So backeward he attone with him did wend:
Tho as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confuſde array,
As if that there were ſome tumultuous affray.

XLIV.

To which as they approcht, the cauſe to know,
They ſaw a knight in daungerous diſtreſſe
Of a rude rout him chaſing to and fro,
That fought with lawleſſe powre him to oppreſſe,
And bring in bondage of their brutiſhneſſe;
And farre away, amid their rakehell hands,
They ſpide a lady left all ſuccourleſſe,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage
with-ſtands.

XLV.

Yet ſtill he ſtrives, ne any perill ſpares
To reſkue her from their rude violence,
And like a lion wood amongſt them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large diſpence,
Gainſt which the pallid death findes no defence:
But all in vaine; their numbers are ſo great
That naught may boot to baniſhe them from
thence;
For ſoone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afreſh, and oft renew their former
threat.

XLVI.

And now they doe ſo ſharply him aſſay,
That they his ſhield in peeces battred have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro daungers dread his doubtfull life to ſave,
Albe that it moſt ſafety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name;
For from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongſt all knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant knight with endleſſe
ſhame.

XLVII.

Whom when they thus diſtreſſed did behold,
They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
Them alſo gan aſſaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, however ſtrong and ſtout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule, untill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about,
From whoſe ſterne preſence they diſſuſed ran,
Like ſcattered chaffe, the which the wind away
doth fan.

XLVIII.

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thankes for their ſo goodly deed,
In ſaving him from daungerous deſpaire
Of thoſe which fought his life for to empaire;
Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquere
The whole occaſion of his late miſfare,
And who he was, and what thoſe villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him purſu'd ſo
nere?

XLIX.

To whom he thus; " My name is Burbon hight
" Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
" Untill late miſchiefe did uppon me light,
" That all my former praiſe hath blemiſht ſore;
" And that faire lady, which in that uprore
" Ye with thoſe caytives ſaw, Flourdelis hight,
" Is mine own love, through me ſhe have for-
" lore;
" Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
" Or with her owne good will, I cannot read
" aright.

L.

" But ſure to me her faith ſhe firſt did plight
" To be my love, and take me for her lord;
" Till that a tyrant, which Grantorto hight,
" With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
" Entyced her to him for to accord.
" O who may not with gifts and words be
" tempted!
" Sith which ſhe hath me ever ſince abhord,
" And to my foe hath guilefully conſented.
" Ay me! that ever guyle in women was invented!

LI.

" And now he hath this troupe of villains ſent
" By open force to fetch her quite away,
" Gainſt whom myſelfe I long in vaine have bent
" To reſcue her, and daily meanes aſſay,
" Yet reſcue her thence by no meanes I may;
" For they doe me with multitude oppreſſe,
" And with unequall might doe over-lay,
" That oft I driven am to great diſtreſſe,
" And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedileſſe."

LII.

" But why have ye," ſaid Artegall, " forborne
" Your owne good ſhield in dangerous diſmay?
" That is the greateſt ſhame and fouleſt ſcorne
" Which unto any knight behappen may,
" To looſe the badge that ſhould his deedes diſ-
" play."
To whom Sir Burbon, bluſhing halfe for ſhame,
" That ſhall I unto you," quoth he," bewray,
" Leaſt ye therefore mote happily me blame,
" And deeme it doen of will, that through in-
" forcement came.

LIII.

" True is that I at firſt was dubbed knight
" By a good knight, the knight of the Red-croſſe,
" Who when he gave me armes in field to fight,
" Gave me a ſhield, in which he did endoſſe

" His deare Redeemer's badge upon the boſſe :
" The ſame long while I bore, and therewithall
" Fought many battels without wound or loſſe;
" Therewith Grandtorto ſelfe I did appall,
" And made him oftentimes in field before me
" fall.

LIV.

" But for that many did that ſhield envie,
" And cruell enemies increaſed more,
" To ſtint all ſtrife and troublous enmitie,
" That bloudie ſcutchin being battred ſore,
" I layde aſide, and have of late forbore,
" Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned :
" Yet can I not my love have nathemore ;
" For ſhe by force is ſtill fro me detayned,
" And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth miſ-
" trayned."

LV.

To whom thus Artegall; " Certes, Sir knight,
" Hard is the caſe the which ye doe complaine,
" Yet not ſo hard (for nought ſo hard may light
" That it to ſuch a ſtreight mote you conſtraine)
" As to abandon that which doth containe
" Your honour's ſtile, that is your warlike ſhield;
" All perill ought be leſſe, and leſſe all paine,
" Then loſſe of fame in diſaventrous field :
" Dye rather then doe ought that mote diſhonour
" yeeld."

LVI.

" Not ſo," quoth he; " for yet when time doth
" ſerve.
" My former ſhield I may reſume againe :
" To temporize is not from truth to ſwerve.
" Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
" Whenas neceſſitie doth it conſtraine."
" Fie on ſuch forgerie," ſaid Artegall,
" Under one hood to ſhadow faces twaine;
" Knights ought be true, and truth is one and
" all;
" Of all things to diſſemble foully may befall."

LVII.

" Yet let me you of courteſie requeſt,"
Said Burbon, " to aſſiſt me now now at need
" Againſt theſe peſants which have me oppreſt,
" And forced me to ſo infamous deed,
" That yet my love may from their hands be
" freed."
Sir Artegall, albe he erſt did wyte
His wavring mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him effoones unto the fight,
Did ſet upon thoſe troupes with all his powre and
might.

LVIII.

Who flocking round about them, as a ſwarme
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluſter,
Did them aſſault with terible allarme,
And over all the fields themſelves did muſter,
With bils and glayves making a dreadfull luſter,
That forſt at firſt thoſe knights backe to retyre ;
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluſter,
Nought may abide the tempeſt of his yre,
Both man and beaſt doe flie, and ſuccour doe in-
quyre.

LIX.

But whenas everblowne was that brunt,
Thoſe knights began afreſh them to aſſayle,
And all about the fields like ſquirrels hunt ;
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainſt which no flight nor refcue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baſer crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale :
The raſkall manie ſoone they overthrew ;
But the two knights themſelves their captains did
ſubdew.

LX.

At laſt they came whereas that ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forſaken quight,
To ſave themſelves, and ſcattered were abrode ;
Her halfe diſmayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor ſorie for their ſight ;
Yet wondrous faire ſhe was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many iewels dight ;
But that thoſe villens through their uſage had
Them fouly rent, and ſhamefully defaced had.

LXI.

But Burbon ſtreight, diſmounting from his ſteed,
Unto her ran with greedie great deſyre,
And catching her faſt by her ragged weed,
Would have embraced her with hart entyre ;
But ſhe back-ſtarting, with diſdainefull yre
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be for prayer nor for meed :
Whom when thoſe knights ſo froward and for-
lore
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded ſore.

LXII.

Sayd Artegall, " What foule diſgrace is this
" To ſo faire ladie, as ye ſeeme in ſight,
" To blot your beautie, that unblemiſht is,
" With ſo foule blame as breach of faith once
" plight,
" Or change of love for any world's delight ?
" Is ought on earth ſo pretious or deare
" As prayſe and honour ? or is ought ſo bright
" And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
" Whoſe goodly light then Phœbus' lamp doth
" ſhine more cleare ?

LXIII.

" Why then will ye, fond Dame ! attempted bee
" Unto a ſtranger's love, ſo lightly placed,
" For guiftes of gold, or any worldly glee,
" To leave the love that ye before embraced,
" And let your fame with falſhood be defaced ?
" Fie on the pelfe for which good name is ſold,
" And honour with indignitie debaſed ;
" Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold ;
" But dearer then them both your faith once
" plighted hold."

LXIV.

Much was the ladie in her gentle mind
Abaſht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to anſwere thereunto did find ;
But hanging down her head with heavie cheare
Stood long amaz'd, as ſhe amated weare ;
Which Burbon ſeeing, her againe aſſayd,
And claſping twixt his armes, her up did reare

Upon his ſteede, whiles ſhe no whit gaine-ſayd;
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.

LXV.

Nathleſſe the yron man did ſtill purſew
That raſkall many with unpittied ſpoyle;
Ne ceaſed not, till all their ſcattred crew
Into the ſea he drove quite from that ſoyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle;
But Artegall, ſeeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from ſlaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,
For that the terme approching faſt required ſpeed.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing ſhield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And ſlaith him in field.

I.

O SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent deſire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beaſtes reſtraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine:
No faith ſo firme, no truſt can be ſo ſtrong,
No love ſo laſting then, that may enduren long.

II.

Witneſſe may Burbon be; whom all the bands
Which may a knight aſſure, had ſurely bound,
Untill the love of lordſhip and of lands
Made him become moſt faithleſs and unſound:
And witneſſe be Geryoneo found,
Who for like cauſe faire Belge did oppreſſe,
And right and wrong moſt cruelly confound:
And ſo be now Grantorto, who no leſſe
Then all the reſt burſt out to all outragiouſneſſe.

III.

Gainſt whom Sir Artegall, long having ſince
Taken in hand th' exploit, being theretoo
Appointed by that mightie Faerie prince,
Great Gloriane, that tyrant to fordoo,
Through other great adventures hethertoo
Had it forſlackt; but now time drawing ny
To him aſſynd her high beheaſt to doo;
To the ſea-ſhore he gan his way apply,
To weete if ſhipping readie he mote there deſcry.

IV.

Tho when they came to the ſea-coaſt, they found
A ſhip all readie, as good fortune fell,
To put to ſea, with whom they did compound
To paſſe them over where them liſt to tell:
The winde and weather ſerved them ſo well,
That in one day they with the coaſt did fall,
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,
Great hoſtes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forſtall.

V.

But nathemore would they from land refraine,
But whenas nigh unto the ſhore they drew,
That foot of man might found the bottome plaine,
Talus into the ſea did forth iſſew,
Through darts from ſhore, and ſtones, they at him threw;
And wading through the waves with ſtedfaſt ſway,
Maugre the might of all thoſe troupes in vew,
Did win the ſhore; whence he them chaſt away,
And made to fly like doves, whom th' eagle doth affray.

VI.

The whyles Sir Artegall, with that old knight,
Did forth deſcend, their being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in ſight:
By this came tydings to the tyrant's eare,
By thoſe which earſt did fly away for feare,
Of their arrivall; wherewith troubled ſore,

He all his forces ſtreight to him did reare,
And forth iſſuing with his ſcouts afore,
Meant them to have incountred ere they left the ſhore:

VII.

But ere he marched farre he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But Talus ſternely did upon them ſet,
And bruſht and battred them without remorſe,
That on the ground he left full many a corſe;
Ne any able was him to withſtand,
But he them overthrew both man and horſe,
That they lay ſcattred over all the land,
As thicke as doth the ſeede after the ſower's hand:

VIII.

Till Artegall him ſeeing ſo to rage,
Willd him to ſtay, and ſigne of truce did make;
To which all hearkning, did awhile aſwage
Their forces furie, and their terror ſlake;
Till he an herauld cald, and to him ſpake,
Willing him wend unto the tyrant ſtreight,
And tell him that not for ſuch ſlaughter's ſake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenaes cauſe with him in ſingle fight:

IX.

And willed him for to reclayme with ſpeed
His ſcattred people, ere they all were ſlaine;
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine:
Which meſſage when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the ſlaughter ſo to ſtay,
And pointed for the combat, twixt them twayne,
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day;
So ſounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

X.

That night Sir Artegall did cauſe his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine,
For he had given ſtreight commaundement
That none ſhould dare him once to entertaine;
Which none durſt breake, though many would right faine
For faire Irena, whom they loved deare;
But yet old Sergis did ſo well him paine,
That from cloſe friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purvay which for them needful weare.

XI.

The morrow next, that was the diſmall day
Appointed for Irena's death before,
So ſoone as it did to the world diſplay
His chearefull face, and light to men reſtore,
The heavy mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegall's arrival her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full ſad, and hart full ſore,
Weening her life's laſt howre then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh ſhe did nor heare nor ſee.

XII.

Then up ſhe roſe, and on herſelfe did dight
Moſt ſqualid garments, fit for ſuch a day,
And with dull countenaunce and with doleful ſpright
She forth was brought in ſorrowfull diſmay,
For to receive the doom of her decay;
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midſt of deadly feare.

XIII.

Like as a tender roſe in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, ſoone as few drops of raine
Thereon diſtill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to look up, and with freſh wonted grace
Diſpreds the glorie of her leaves gay;
Such was Irena's countenance, ſuch her caſe,
When Artegall ſhe ſaw in that array,
There wayting for the tyrant till it was farre day:

XIV.

Who came at length with proud preſumpteous gate
Into the field, as if he feareleſſe were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate,
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a ſteele-cap he did weare
Of colour ruſtie-browne, but ſure and ſtrong;
And in his hand an huge polaxe did beare,
Whoſe ſteale was yron-ſtudded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to iuſtifie his wrong:

XV.

Of ſtature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a giant for his monſtrous hight,
And did in ſtrength moſt ſorts of men ſurpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great ſkill in ſingle fight:
His face was ugly, and his countenance ſterne,
That could have frayd one with the very ſight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne,
That whether man or monſter one could ſcarſe diſcerne.

XVI.

Soone as he did within the liſtes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare,
And grinning grieſly, did againſt him weld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held;
But th' Elfin ſwayne, that oft had ſeene like fight,
Was with his ghaſtly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him ſtreight to buckle to the fight,
And caſt his ſhield about to be in readie plight.

XVII.

The trompets ſound, and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent,
And their huge ſtrokes full daungerouſly beſtow,
To doe moſt dammage whereas moſt they ment;
But with ſuch force and furie violent
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes ſo faſt,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they paſt,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or braſt.

XVIII.

Which cruell outrage, whenas Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
He ſhund his ſtrokes where-ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their graceleſſe ſpeed;
As when a ſkilfull marriner doth reed

A ſtorme approching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of ſuch dread,
But ſtrikes his ſayles, and vereth his main-ſheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.

XIX.

So did the Faerie knight himſelfe abeare,
And ſtooped oft his head from ſhame to ſhield;
No ſhame to ſtoupe one's head, more high to reare,
And much to gain a litle for to yield;
So ſtouteſt knights doen oftentimes in field:
But ſtill the tyrant ſternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe ſo nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his fleſh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him ſore did overlade.

XX.

Yet whenas fit advantage he did ſpy,
The whiles the curſed felon high did reare,
His cruell hand to ſmite him mortally,
Under his ſtroke he to him ſtepping neare,
Right in the flanke him ſtrooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud thence guſhing grievouſly,
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye;
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

XXI.

Yet the huge ſtroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his courſe, as he did it direct;
And with ſuch monſtrous poiſe adowne deſcended,
That ſeemed nought could him from death protect;
But he it well did ward with wiſe reſpect,
And twixt him and the blow his ſhield did caſt,
Which thereon ſeizing tooke no great effect;
But byting deepe therein did ſticke ſo faſt,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wraſt.

XXII.

Long while he tug'd and ſtrove to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about;
Nathleſſe for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his ſhield undoe:
Which Artegall perceiving, ſtrooke no more,
But looſing ſoone his ſhield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was therewith ſo ſore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore.

XXIII.

So well he him purſew'd, that at the laſt
He ſtroke him with Chryſaor on the hed,
That with the ſouſe thereof full ſore aghaſt,
He ſtaggered to and fro in doubtfull ſted:
Againe whiles he him ſaw ſo ill beſted,
He did him ſmite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother Earth he fed;
Whom when he ſaw proſtrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head, to eaſe him of his paine.

XXIV.

Which when the people round about him ſaw,
They ſhouted all for ioy of his ſucceſſe,
Glad to be quit from that proud tyrant's awe,
Which with ſtrong powre did them long time oppreſſe,
And running all with greedie ioyfulneſſe
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humbleneſſe,
As their true liege and princeſſe naturall,
And eke her champions glorie ſounded over all;

XXV.

Who ſtreight her leading with meete maieſtie
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein eſtabliſh peaceable,
And to her kingdomes ſeat reſtore agayne;
And all ſuch perſons, as did late maintayne
That tyrant's part with cloſe or open ayde,
He ſorely puniſhed with heavie payne,
That in ſhort ſpace, whiles there with her he ſtayd,
Not one was left that durſt her once have diſobayd.

XXVI.

During which time that he did there remayne,
His ſtudie was true iuſtice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his buſie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-wele:
And that ſame yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he ſent
To ſearch out thoſe that uſd to rob and ſteale,
Or did rebell againſt lawfull government,
On whom he did inflict moſt grievous puniſhment.

XXVII.

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occaſion called was away
To Facrie Court, that of neceſſity
His courſe of iuſtice he was forſt to ſtay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way
In which he was that realme for to redreſſe;
But Envies cloud ſtill dimmeth Vertue's ray:
So having freed Irena from diſtreſſe,
He tooke his leave of her, there left in heavineſſe.

XXVIII.

Tho as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he ſet,
He had not paſſed farre upon the ſtrand,
Whenas two old ill-favour'd hags he met
By the way-ſide, being together ſet,
Two grieſly creatures; and to that their faces
Moſt foule and filthie were, their garments yet
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their diſgraces
Did much the more augment, and made moſt ugly caſes.

XXIX.

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did ſeeme to looke aſkew,
That her miſ-ſhape much helpt, and her foule heare
Hung looſe and loathſomely; thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones, might through her cheekes be red;
Her lips were like raw lether, pale and blew;
And as ſhe ſpake, therewith ſhe ſlavered;
Yet ſpake ſhe ſeldom, but thought more the leſſe ſhe ſed;

xxx.

Her hands were foule and dirtie, never waſht
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught
Like puttocks clawes; with th' one of which ſhe ſcratcht
Her curſed head, although it itched naught:
The other held a ſnake, with venime fraught,
On which ſhe fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long ſhe had not eaten ought,
That round about her iawes one might deſcry
The bloudie gore and poyſon dropping loth-ſomely.

xxxi.

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby,
Whoſe nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever ſhe ſees doen prays-worthily,
Whoſe ſight to her is greateſt croſſe may fall,
And vexeth ſo, that makes her eate her gall;
For when ſhe wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne ſoule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for ſuch a monſter's monſterous dyeat:

xxxii.

And if ſhe hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would ſhe inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her fleſh for felneſſe, which ſhe inward hid;
But if ſhe heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would ſhe make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's loſſe great pleaſure take,
As ſhe had got thereby, and gayned a great ſtake.

xxxiii.

The other nothing better was then ſhee,
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did diſagree;
For whatſo Envie good or bad did fynd,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, whatever evill ſhe conceived,
Did ſpred abroad and throw in th' open wynd;
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all ſhe ſought was mens good name to have bereaved.

xxxiv.

For whatſoever good by any ſayd
Or doen ſhe heard, ſhe would ſtreightwayes invent
How to deprave or ſlanderouſly upbrayd,
Or to miſconſtrue of a man's intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment;
Therefore ſhe uſed often to reſort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the ſame with blame, or wreſt in wicked ſort;

xxxv.

And if that any ill ſhe heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worſe by telling,
And take great ioy to publiſh it to many,
That every matter worſe was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envie ſelfe excelling
In miſchiefe; for herſelfe ſhe onely vext,
But this ſame both herſelfe and others eke perplext.

xxxvi.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth diſtort,
Foming with poyſon round about her gils,
In which her curſed tongue, full ſharpe and ſhort,
Appear'd like aſpis ſting, that cloſely kils,
Or cruelly does wound whomſo ſhe wils:
Her diſtaffe in her other hand ſhe had,
Upon the which ſhe litle ſpinnes, but ſpils,
And faynes to weave falſe tales and leaſings bad,
To throw amongſt the good which others had diſprad.

xxxvii.

Theſe two now had themſelves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainſt Sir Artegall,
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone.
How they might make him into miſchiefe fall,
For freeing from their ſnares Irena thrall:
Beſides unto themſelves they gotten had
A monſter, which the Blatant Beaſt men call,
A dreadfull feend, of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by ſlights allur'd, and to their purpoſe lad.

xxxviii.

Such were theſe hags, and ſo unhandſome dreſt;
Who when they nigh approaching had eſpyde
Sir Artegall return'd from his late queſt,
They both aroſe, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two ſhepheards curres had ſcryde
A ravenous wolfe amongſt the ſcattered flockes;
And Envie firſt, as ſhe that firſt him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares, does beat her breſt, and forhead knockes.

xxxix.

Then from her mouth the gobbet ſhe does take,
The which whyleare ſhe was ſo greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen ſnake,
And at him throws it moſt deſpightfully:
The curſed ſerpent, though ſhe hungrily
Earſt chawd thereon, yet was not all ſo dead,
But that ſome life remained ſecretly;
And as he paſt afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

xl.

Then th' other comming neare, gan him revile,
And fouly rayle with all ſhe could invent;
Saying, that he had with unmanly guile
And foule abuſion both his honour blent,
And that bright ſword, the ſword of Iuſtice lent,
Had ſtayned with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltleſſe blood of many an innocent;
As for Grantorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having ſurpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

xli.

Thereto the Blatant Beaſt, by them ſet on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with diſmay,
And all the aire rebellowed againe;

So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
And evermore those hags themselves did paine
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did straine:

XLII.

And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
To her that so false slaunders at him threw; [deepe,
And more to make them pierce and wound more
She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe;
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

XLIII.

But Talus hearing her so lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chastiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heast observed:
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast, yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI.

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR OF COURTESIE.

I.

The waies through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightfull Land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby,
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and cheares my dulled spright.

II.

Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred Imps that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of Learning's threasures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies where never foote did use,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse:

III.

Revele to me the sacred nourserv
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly,
From view of men and wicked world's disdaine;
Since it at first was by the gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at furst
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

IV.

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre
Then is the bloosme of comely Courtesie,
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And spreds itselfe through all civilitie;
Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned shewes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eies misdeeme:

V.

But in the triall of true curtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to pleate the eies of them that pas,
Which see not perfect things, but in a glas:
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd
The wisest sight to thinke gold that is bras;
But vertue's seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows but inward thoughts defynd.

VI.

But where shall I in all antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of princely curtesie,
As in yourselfe, O soveraine Lady Queene!
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
It shewes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,
But meriteth indeede an higher fame;
Yet so from low to high uplifted is your name.

VII.

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soveraine!
That from yourselfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to yourself doe it returne againe:
So from the ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their king;
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire lords and ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your court, where courtesies excell.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort
A damzell used vylde;
Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

I.

Of court it seemes men courteſie doe call,
For that it there moſt uſeth to abound;
And well beſeemeth that in princes hall
That vertue ſhould be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill converſation:
Right ſo in Faery Court it did redound,
Where curteous knights and ladies moſt did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchleſſe paragon:

II.

But mongſt them all was none more courteous knight
Then Calidore, beloved over all,
In whom it ſeemes that gentleneſſe of ſpright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious ſpeach, did ſteale mens hearts away:
Nathleſſe thereto he was full ſtout and tall,
And well approv'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame diſplay.

III.

Ne was there knight, ne was there lady found,
In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace
For his faire uſage and conditions found,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greateſt purchaſt greateſt grace,
Which he could wiſely uſe and well apply,
To pleaſe the beſt, and th' evill to embaſe;
For he loathd leaſing and baſe flattery,
And loved ſimple truth and ſtedfaſt honeſty.

IV.

And now he was on travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure ſore beſtad,
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
With Artegall, returning yet halfe ſad
From his late conqueſt which he gotten had;
Who whenas each of other had a ſight,
They knew themſelves, and both their perſons rad;
When Calidore thus firſt; "Haile, nobleſt Knight
" Of all this day on ground that breathen living ſpright!

V.

" Now tell, if pleaſe you, of the good ſucceſſe
" Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
To whom Sir Artegall gan to expreſſe
His whole exploite and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
" Now happy man," ſaid then Sir Calidore,
" Which have ſo goodly as ye can devize,
" Atchiev'd ſo hard a queſt as few before,
" That ſhall you moſt renowmed make for ever-more.

VI.

" But where ye ended have, now I begin
" To tread an endleſſe trace, withouten guyde
" Or good direction how to enter in,
" Or how to iſſue forth, in wales untryde,
" In perils ſtrange, in labours long and wide,
" In which although good fortune me befall,
" Yet ſhall it not by none be teſtifyde."
" What is that queſt," quoth then Sir Artegall,
" That you into ſuch perils preſently doth call?"

VII.

" The Blattant Beaſt," quoth he, " I doe purſew,
" And through the world inceſſantly doe chaſe,
" Till I him overtake or elſe ſubdew;
" Yet know I not or how or in what place
" To find him out, yet ſtill I forward trace."
" What is that Blattant Beaſt?" then he replide:
" It is a monſter bred of helliſhe race,"
Then anſwered he, " which often hath annoyd
" Good knights and ladies true, and many elſe
deſtroyd.

VIII.

" Of Cerberus whilome he was begot,
" And fell Chimæra in her darkeſome den,
" Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot,
" Where he was foſtred long in Stygian fen,
" Till he to perfect ripeneſſe grew, and then
" Into this wicked world he forth was ſent
" To be the plague and ſcourge of wretched men,
" Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
" He ſore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly tor-
" ment."

IX.

" Then ſince the Salvagé Iſland I did leave,"
Sayd Artegáll, " I ſuch a beaſt did ſee,
" The which did ſeeme a thouſand tongues to
" have,
" That all in ſpight and malice did agree;
" With which he bayde and loudly barkt at mee,
" As if that he attonce would me devoure;
" But I, that knew myſelfe from perill free,
" Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
" But he the more his wicked poyſon forth did
" poure."

X.

" That ſurely is that beaſt," ſaide Calidore,
" Which I purſue, of whom I am right glad
" To heare theſe tidings, which of none afore
" Through all my weary travell I have had,
" Yet now ſome hope your words unto me add."
" Now God you ſpeed," quoth then Sir Artegall,
" And keepe your body from the daunger drad;
" For ye have much adoe to deale withall."
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted ſeverall.

XI.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
Whenas by chaunce a comely ſquire he found,
That thorough ſome more mighty enemies wrong
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
Who ſeeing him from farre, with piteous ſound
Of his ſhrill cries him called to his aide;
To whom approching in that painefull ſtound,
When he him ſaw, for no demaunds he ſtaide,
But firſt him loſde, and afterwards thus to him
ſaide;

XII.

" Unhappy Squire! what hard miſhap thee
" brought
" Into this bay of perill and diſgrace?
" What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome
" wrought,
" And thee captived in this ſhamefull place?"
To whom he anſwered thus; " My hapleſſe caſe
" Is not occaſioned through my miſ-deſert,
" But through misfortune, which did me abaſe
" Unto this ſhame, and my young hope ſubvert,
" Ere that I in her guileſull traines was well ex-
" pert.

XIII.

" Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
" Hard by a ſtreight there ſtands a caſtle ſtrong,
" Which doth obſerve a cuſtome lewd and ill,
" And it hath long mayntaind with mighty
" wrong;
" For may no knight nor lady paſſe along
" That way, (and yet they needs muſt paſſe that
" way,
" By reaſon of the ſtreight and rocks among)
" But they that ladies lockes doe ſhave away,
" And that knights herd for toll, which they for
" paſſage pay."

XIV.

" A ſhamefull uſe as ever I did heare,"
Sayd Calidore, " and to be overthrowne;
" But by what means did they at firſt it reare,
" And for what cauſe? tell if thou have it
" knowne."
Sayd then that ſquire; " The lady which doth
" owne
" This caſtle, is by name Briana hight,
" Then which a prouder lady liveth none;
" She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty
" knight,
" And ſought to win his love by all the meanes
" ſhe might.

XV.

" His name is Crudor, who through high diſ-
" daine
" And proud deſpight of his ſelf-pleaſing mynd,
" Refuſed hath to yeeld her love againe,
" Untill a mantle ſhe for him doe fynd
" With beards of knights and locks of ladies lynd;
" Which to provide ſhe hath this caſtle dight,
" And therein hath a ſeneſchall aſſynd,
" Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
" Who executes her wicked will with worſe
" deſpight.

XVI.

" He this ſame day, as I that way did come
" With a faire damzell, my beloved deare,
" In execution of her lawleſſe doome,
" Did ſet uppon us flying both for feare,
" For little bootes againſt him hand to reare:
" Me firſt he tooke unhable to withſtond,
" And whiles he her purſued every where,
" Till his returne into this tree he bond,
" Ne wote I ſurely whether her he yet haye
" fond."

XVII.

Thus whiles they ſpake they heard a rueſull
ſhrieke
Of one loud crying, which they ſtreightway gheſt
That it was ſhe the which for helpe did ſeeke;
Tho looking up unto the cry to leſt,
They ſaw that carle from farre, with hand un-
bleſt,
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her ſnowy breſt,

And from her head her lockes, he nigh did teare,
Ne would he ſpare for pitty, nor refraine for feare,

XVIII.

Which haynous ſight when Calidore beheld,
Eftſoones he looſd that ſquire, and ſo him left,
With heart's diſmay and inward dolour queld,
For to purſue that villaine which had reft
That piteous ſpoile by ſo iniurious theft;
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde,
" Leave, Faytor! quickely that miſgotten weft
" To him that hath it better iuſtifyde,
" And turne thee ſoone to him of whom thou art
" defyde."

XIX.

Who hearkning to that voice himſelfe upreard,
And ſeeing him ſo fiercely towardes make,
Againſt him ſtoutly ran, as nought affeard,
But rather more enrag'd for thoſe words ſake,
And with ſterne count'nance thus unto him
ſpake;
" Art thou the caytive that defyeſt me,
" And for this mayd, whoſe party thou doeſt take,
" Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
" Yet ſhall it not her lockes for raunſome fro me
" free."

XX.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous ſtrokes with moſt importune might,
That oft' he made him ſtagger as unſtayd,
And oft recuile to ſhunne his ſharpe deſpight;
But Calidore, that was well ſkill'd in fight,
Him long forbore, and ſtill his ſpirite ſpar'd,
Lying in waite how him he damadge might;
But when he felt him ſhrinke and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more
hard.

XXI.

Like as a water-ſtreame, whoſe ſwelling ſourſe
Shall drive a mill, within ſtrong bancks is pent,
And long reſtrayned of his readie courſe,
So ſoone as paſſage is unto him lent
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent;
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore;
When once he felt his foe-man to relent,
He fiercely him purſu'd and preſſed ſore,
Who as he ſtill decayd, ſo he encreaſed more.

XXII.

The heavy burden of whoſe dreadfull might,
Whenas the carle no longer could ſuſtaine,
His heart gan faint, and ſtreight he tooke his
flight
Toward the caſtle, where if need conſtraine
His hope of refuge uſed to remaine;
Whom Calidore perceiving faſt to flie,
He him purſu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Unto the ward to open to him haſtilie.

XXIII.

They from the wall him ſeeing ſo aghaſt,
The gate ſoone opened to receive him in,
But Calidore did follow him ſo faſt,
That even in the porch he him did win,
And cleft his head aſunder to his chin;
The carkaſſe tumbling downe within the dore
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of ſin,
That it could not be ſhut, whileſt Calidore
Did enter in, and ſlew the porter on the flore.

XXIV.

With that the reſt the which the caſtle kept
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay,
But he them all from him full lightly ſwept,
As doth a ſteare, in heat of ſommers' day,
With his long taile the bryzes bruſh away:
Thence paſſing forth, into the hall he came,
Where of the lady ſelfe in ſad diſmay
He was ymett, who with uncomely ſhame
Gan him ſalute, and ſowle upbrayd with faulty
blame.

XXV.

" Falſe traytor knight," ſayd ſhe, " no knight at
" all,
" But ſcorne of armes, that haſt with guilty
" hand
" Murdred my men, and ſlaine my ſeneſchall;
" Now comeſt thou to rob my houſe unmand,
" And ſpoile myſelfe, that cannot thee withſtand?
" Yet doubt thou not but that ſome better knight
" Then thou, that ſhall thy treaſon underſtand,
" Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right;
" And if none do, yet ſhame ſhall thee with ſhame
" requight."

XXVI.

Much was the knight abaſhed at that word,
Yet anſwer'd thus; " Not unto me the ſhame,
" But to the ſhamefull doer it afford:
" Bloud is no blemiſh; for it is no blame
" To puniſh thoſe that do deſerve the ſame;
" But they that breake bands of civilitie,
" And wicked cuſtomes make, thoſe doe defame
" Both noble armes and gentle curteſie:
" No greater ſhame to man then inhumanitie.

XXVII.

" Then doe yourſelfe for dread of ſhame forgoe
" This evill manner, which ye here maintaine,
" And do inſtead thereof mild curt'ſie ſhowe
" To all that paſſe; that ſhall you glory gaine
" More then his love, which thus ye ſeeke
" t'obtaine."
Wherewith all full of wrath ſhe thus replyde;
" Vile Recreant! know that I do much diſdaine
" Thy courteous lore, that doeſt my love deride,
" Who ſcornes thy ydle ſcoffe, and bids thee be
" defyde."

XXVIII.

" To take defiaunce at a ladies word,"
Quoth he, " I hold it no indignity;
" But were he here, that would it with his ſword
" Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby."
" Cowherd," quoth ſhe, " were not that thou
" wouldſt fly
" Ere he doe come, he ſhould be ſoone in place."
" If I doe ſo," ſayd he, " then liberty
" I leave to you for aye me to diſgrace
" With all thoſe ſhames, that erſt ye ſpake me to
" deface."

XXIX.

With that a dwarfe ſhe cald to her in haſt,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,

(A privy token which betweene them paſt)
Bad him to ſiie with all the ſpeed he could
To Crudor, and deſire him that he would
Vouchſafe to reskue her againſt a knight
Who, through ſtrong powre, had now herſelfe in hould,
Having late ſlaine her ſeneschall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might.

xxx.

The dwarfe his way did haſt, and went all night;
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The comming of that ſo much threatned knight;
Where that diſcourteous dame with ſcornfull pryde
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could ſuſtaine;
Yet he that could his wrath full wiſely guyde,
Did well endure her womaniſh diſdaine,
And did himſelfe from fraile impatience refraine.

xxxi.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
The dwarf which bore that meſſage to her knight
Brought anſwere backe, that ere he taſted bread
He would her ſuccour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand;
Therefore bid her diſmount away all dread,
And that of him ſhe mote aſſured ſtand,
He ſent to her his baſenet as a faithfull hand.

xxxii.

Thereof full blyth the lady ſtreight became,
And gan t'augment her bitterneſſe much more;
Yet no whit more appalled for the fame,
Ne ought diſmayed was Sir Calidore,
But rather did more chearefull ſeeme therefore;
And having doone his armes about him dight,
Did iſſue forth to meet his foe afore;
Where long he ſtayed not, whenas a knight
He eſpide come pricking on with all his powre and might.

xxxiii.

Well weend he ſtreight that he ſhould be the ſame
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine.
Ne ſtayd to aſke if it were he by name,
But cou'ht his ſpeare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in middeſt of the plaine
With ſo fell fury and diſpiteous force,
That neither could the other's ſtroke ſuſtaine,
But rudely rowld to ground both man and horſe,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorſe.

xxxiv.

But Calidore uproſe againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay faſt in ſwoondeſſe ſound;
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
For ſhame he weend a ſleeping wight to wound.
But when Briana ſaw that drery ſtound,
There where ſhe ſtood uppon the caſtle-wall,
She deem'd him ſure to have bene dead on ground,
And made ſuch piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements ſhe readie ſeem'd to fall.

xxxv.

Nathleſſe at length himſelfe he did upreare
In luſtleſſe wiſe, as if againſt his will,
Ere he had ſlept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to ſtretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he reſted ſtill;
But when he ſaw his foe before in vew,
He ſhooke of leſkiſhneſſe, and courage chill
Kindling afreſh, gan battell to renew,
To prove if better foote then horſebacke would enſew.

xxxvi.

There then began a feareſull cruell fray
Betwixt them two for maſtery of might;
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And paſſing well expert in ſingle fight,
And both inflam'd with furious deſpight;
Which as it ſtill increaſt, ſo ſtill increaſt
Their cruell ſtrokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releaſt,
Ne once to breath a while their anger's tempeſt ceaſt.

xxxvii.

Thus long they trac'd and traverſt to and fro,
And tryde all waies how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe;
They hew'd their helmes, and plates aſunder brake,
As they had pot-ſhares bene; for nought mote ſtake
Their greedy vengeaunces but goary blood;
That at the laſt like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them ſtood,
Which from their riven ſides forth guſhed like a flood.

xxxviii.

At length it chaunſt that both their hands on hie
At once did heave with all their powre and might,
Thinking the utmoſt of their force to trie,
And prove the finall fortune of the fight;
But Calidore, that was more quicke of ſight,
And nimbler-handed then his enemie,
Prevented him before his ſtroke could light,
And on the helmet ſmote him formerlie,
That made him ſtoupe to ground with meeke humilitie:

xxxix.

And ere he could recover foote againe,
He ſ llowing that faire advantage faſt,
His ſtroke redoubled with ſuch might and maine,
That him upon the ground he groveling caſt,
And leaping to him light, would have unlaſt
His helme, to make unto his vengeance way;
Who ſeeing in what daunger he was plaſt,
Cryde out "Ah! mercie, Sir, doe me not ſlay,
"But ſave my life, which lot before your foot "doth lay."

xl.

With that his mortall hand awhile he ſtayd,
And having ſomewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him ſayd:
"And is the beaſt of that proud ladies threat,
"That menaced me from the field to beat,

" Now brought to this? by this now may ye
" learne
" Strangers no more so rudely to entreat;
" But put away proud looke and usage sterne,
" The which shall nought to you but foule dishо-
" nour yearne:

XLI.

" For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
" That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,
" However strong and fortunate in fight,
" Then the reproch of pride and cruelnesse:
" In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
" Who hath not learnd himselfe first to sub-
" dew:
" All flesh is frayle, and full of fickleneſſe,
" Subiect to Fortune's chance, still chaunging
" new:
" What haps to day to me, to-morrow may to
" you.

XLII.

" Who will not mercie unto others shew,
" How can he mercy ever hope to have?
" To pay each with his owne is right and dew:
" Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
" I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
" With these conditions which I will propound;
" First, that ye better shall yourselfe behave
" Unto all errant knights, wherso on ground;
" Next, that ye ladies ayde in every stead and
" stound."

XLIII.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere:
So suffring him to rise, he made him sweare
By his own sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or composition,
But to release his former foule condition.

XLIV.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himselfe most firmely to obay,
He up arose, however liefe or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye:
Then forth he cald, from sorrowfull dismay,
The sad Briana, which all this beheld,
Who comming forth, yet full of late affray,
Sir Calidore up-cheard and to her teld
All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld.

XLV.

Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet herselfe she did project,
And him adoring as her live's deare lord,
With all due thankes and dutifull respect
Herselfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love restord.

XLVI.

So all returning to the castle glad,
Most ioyfully she them did entertaine,
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine;
And after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that castle for his paine,
And herselfe bound to him for evermore; [afore.
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was

XLVII.

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine,
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them streight unto that squire againe,
Whom from her seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and strong,
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO II.

Calidore ſees young Triſtram ſlay
A proud diſcourteous knight;
He makes him ſquire, and of him learnes
His ſtate and preſent plight.

I.

What vertue is ſo fitting for a knight,
Or for a ladie whom a knight ſhould love,
As curteſie, to beare themſelves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good, that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudeneſſe, for not yeelding what they owe;
Great ſkill it is ſuch duties timely to beſtow.

II.

Thereto great helpe Dame Nature ſelfe doth lend;
For ſome ſo goodly gratious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others that have greater ſkill in mind,
Though they enforce themſelves, cannot attaine;
For everie thing to which one is inclin'd
Doth beſt become and greateſt grace doth gaine;
Yet praiſe likewiſe deſerves good thewes enforſt with paine.

III.

That well in courteous Calidore appeares,
Whoſe every deed and word that he did ſay
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes
And both the eares did ſteale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his firſt queſt, whenas he ſpyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him deſcryde,
Againſt an armed knight that did on horſebacke ryde.

IV.

And them beſide a ladie faire he ſaw
Standing alone on foot in foule array;
To whom himſelfe he haſtily did draw,
To weet the cauſe of ſo uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if ſo be he may:
But ere he came in place that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he ſaw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fild.

V.

Him ſtedfaſtly he markt, and ſaw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a ſlender ſlip, that ſcarſe did ſee
Yet ſeventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That ſure he deem'd him borne of noble race:
All in a woodman's iacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with ſilver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets ſprad,
And by his ſide his hunter's horne he hanging had.

VI.

Buſkins he wore of coſtlieſt cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle ſwayne;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whoſe fellow he before had ſent apart;
And in his left he held a ſharpe bore-ſpeare,
With which he wont to launch the ſalvage hart
Of many a lyon and of many a beare,
That firſt unto his hand in chaſe did happen neare.

VII.

Whom Calidore awhile well having vewed,
At length beſpake; " What meanes this, gentle
" Swaine!
" Why hath thy hand too bold itſelfe embrewed
" In blood of knight, the which by thee is ſlaine,
" By thee, no knight, which armes impugneth
" plaine?"
" Certes," ſaid he, " loth were I to have broken
" The law of armes; yet breake it ſhould againe,
" Rather then let myſelfe of wight be ſtroken,
" So long as theſe two armes were able to be
" wroken.

VIII.

" For not I him, as this his ladie here
" May witneſſe well, did offer firſt to wrong,
" Ne ſurely thus unarm'd I likely were:
" But he me firſt through pride and puiſſance
" ſtrong
" Aſſayld, not knowing what to armes doth
" long."
" Perdie great blame," then ſaid Sir Calidore,
" For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong:
" But then aread, thou gentle Chyld! wherefore
" Betwixt you two began this ſtrife and ſterne
" uprore?"

IX.

" That ſhall I ſooth," ſaid he, " to you declare;
" I whoſe unryper yeares are yet unfit
" For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
" Doe ſpend my dayes, and bend my careleſſe
" wit,
" To ſalvage chace, where I thereon may hit
" In all this forreſt and wild woodie raine;
" Where, as this day I was enrauging it,
" I chaunſt to meet this knight who there lyes
" ſlaine,
" Together with this ladie, paſſing on the plaine.

X.

" The knight, as ye did ſee, on horſbacke was,
" And this his ladie, that him ill became,
" On her faire feet by his horſe-ſide did pas
" Thro' thicke and thin, unfit for any dame;
" Yet not content, more to increaſe his ſhame,
" Whenſo ſhe lagged, as ſhe needs mote ſo,
" He with his ſpeare (that was to him great
" blame)
" Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to
" goe,
" Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous
" woe.

XI.

" Which when I ſaw, as they me paſſed by,
" Much was I moved in indignant mind,
" And gan to blame him for ſuch cruelty
" Towards a ladie, whom with uſage kind
" He rather ſhould have taken up behind;
" Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud diſ-
" daine,
" Tooke in foule ſcorne that I ſuch fault did
" find,
" And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,
" Threatning to chaſtize me, as doth t' a chyld
" pertaine.

XII.

" Which I no leſſe diſdayning, backe returned
" His ſcornfull taunts unto his teeth againe,
" That he ſtreightway with haughtie cholar
" burned,
" And with his ſpeare ſtrooke me one ſtroke or
" twaine;
" Which I, enforſt to beare though to my paine,
" Caſt to requite; and with a ſlender dart,
" Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
" Strooke him, as ſeemeth, underneath the hart,
" That through the wound his ſpirit ſhortly did
" depart."

XIII.

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his ſpeach,
Tempred ſo well, but more admyr'd the ſtroke
That through the mayles had made ſo ſtrong a
breach
Into his hart, and had ſo ſternely wroke
His wrath on him that firſt occaſion broke;
Yet reſted not, but further gan inquire
Of that ſame ladie, whether what he ſpoke
Were ſoothly ſo, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due
hire?

XIV.

Of all which whenas ſhe could nought deny,
But cleard that ſtripling of th' imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore, " Neither will I
" Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite
" elame;
" For what he ſpake, for you he ſpake it, Dame;
" And what he did, he did himſelfe to ſave:
" Againſt both which that knight wrought knight-
" leſſe ſhame;
" For knights and all men this by nature have,
" Towards all women-kind them kindly to be-
" have.

XV.

" But ſith that he is gone irrevocable,
" Pleaſe it you, Ladie, to us to aread
" What cauſe could make him ſo diſhonourable
" To drive you ſo on foot, unfit to tread,
" And lackey by him, gainſt all womanhead."
" Certes, Sir knight," ſayd ſhe, " full loth I were
" To rayſe a lying blame againſt the dead;
" But ſince it me concernes myſelfe to cleare,
" I will the truth diſcover as it chaunſt whylere.

XVI.

" This day, as he and I together roade
" Upon our way to which we weren bent,
" We chaunſt to come foreby a covert glade
" Within a wood, whereas a ladie gent
" Sate with a knight in ioyous iolliment
" Of their franke loves, free from all gealous
" ſpyes;
" Faire was the ladie ſure, that mote content
" An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
" And unto him did ſhew all lovely courteſyes.

XVII.

" Whom when my knight did ſee ſo lovely faire,
" He inly gan her lover to envy,
" And with that he part of his ſpoyle might
" ſhare;

" Whereto whenas my preſence he did ſpy
" To be a let, he bad me by and by
" For to alight; but when as I was loth
" My loves own part to leave ſo ſuddenly,
" He with ſtrong hand down from his ſteed me throw'th,
" And with preſumpteous powre againſt that " knight ſtreight go'th.

xviii.

" Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more " meete
" For ladies ſervice and for love's delight,
" Then fearing any foeman there to meete;
" Whereof he taking oddes, ſtreight bids him " dight
" Himſelfe to yeeld his love, or elſe to fight:
" Whereat the other ſtarting up diſmayd,
" Yet boldly anſwer'd, as he rightly might,
" To leave his love he ſhould be ill apayd,
" In which he had good right gaynſt all that it " gainesayd;

xix.

" Yet ſince he was not preſently in plight
" Her to defend, or his to iuſtifie,
" He him requeſted, as he was a knight,
" To lend him day his better right to trie,
" Or ſtay till he his armes, which were thereby,
" Might lightly fetch; but he was fierce and " whot,
" Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
" But at him flew, and with his ſpeare him ſmot,
" From which to think to ſave himſelfe it booted " not,

xx.

" Meanewhile his ladie, which this outrage ſaw,
" Whileſt they together for the quarrey ſtrove,
" Into the covert did herſelfe withdraw,
" And cloſely hid herſelfe within the grove.
" My knight her's ſoone, as ſeemes, to daunger " drove,
" And left ſore wounded, but when her he miſt,
" He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan " rove
" And range through all the wood, whereſo he " wiſt
" She hidden was, and ſought her ſo long as him " liſt.

xxi.

" But whenas her he by no meanes could find,
" After long ſearch and chauff he turned backe
" Unto the place where me he left behind;
" There gan he me to curſe and ban, for lacke
" Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke,
" To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong;
" Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe,
" Strove to appeaſe him, and perſwaded long,
" But ſtill his paſſion grew more violent and " ſtrong,

xxii.

" Then as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,
" When forward we ſhould fare, he flat refuſed
" To take me up (as this young man did ſee)
" Upon his ſteed, for no iuſt cauſe accuſed,
" But forſt to trot on foot, and foule miſuſed,
" Pounching me with the butt-end of his ſpeare,
" In vaine complayning to be ſo abuſed;
" For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
" But more enforſt my paine, the more my plaints " to heare.

xxiii.

" So paſſed we, till this young man us met;
" And being moov'd with pittie of my plight,
" Spake, as was meet, for eaſe of my regret:
" Whereof befell what now is in your ſight."
" Now ſure," then ſaid Sir Calidore, " and right
" Me ſeemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
" Whoever thinkes through confidence of might,
" Or through ſupport of count'nance proud and " hault,
" To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne " aſſault."

xxiv.

Then turning backe unto thát gentle boy,
Which had himſelfe ſo ſtoutly well acquit,
Seeing his face ſo lovely ſterne and coy,
And hearing th' anſweres of his pregnant wit,
He prayſd it much, and much admyred it,
That ſure he weend him born of noble blood,
With whom thoſe graces did ſo goodly fit;
And when he long had him beholding ſtood,
He burſt into theſe wordes, as to him ſeemed good;

xxv.

" Faire gentle Swayne! and yet as ſtout as fayre!
" That in theſe woods amongſt the nymphs doſt " wonne,
" Which daily may to thy ſweete lookes repayre,
" As they are wont unto Latonaes ſonne
" After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne,
" Well may I, certes, ſuch an one thee read,
" As by thy worth thou worthily haſt wonne,
" Or ſurely borne of ſome heroicke ſead;
" That in thy face appeares and gratious goodly " head.

xxvi.

" But ſhould it not diſpleaſe thee it to tell,
" (Unleſſe thou in theſe woods thyſelfe conceale
" For love amongſt the woodie gods to dwell)
" I would thy ſelfe require thee to revele,
" For deare affection and unfayned zeale
" Which to thy noble perſonage I beare,
" And wiſh thee grow in worſhip and great " weale;
" For ſince the day that armes I firſt did reare,
" I never ſaw in any greater hope appeare."

xxvii.

To whom then thus the noble youth; " May be,
" Sir knight, that by diſcovering my eſtate,
" Harme may ariſe unweeting unto me;
" Natheleſſe, ſith ye ſo courteous ſeemed late,
" To you I will not feare it to relate.
" Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
" Sonne of a king, however thorough fate
" Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
" And loſt the crowne which ſhould my head by " right adorne:

xxviii.

" And Triſtram is my name, the onely heire
" Of good king Meliogras, which did rayne
" In Cornewale till that he through lives deſpeire
" Untimely dyde before I did attaine
" Ripe yeares of reaſon, my right to maintaine;
" After whoſe death, his brother ſeeing me
" An infant, weake a kingdome to ſuſtaine,
" Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
" And ſent me, where him liſt, inſtructed for to
" bee.

xxix.

" The widow queene, my mother, whichthen hight
" Faire Emeline, conceiving then great feare
" Of my fraile ſafetie, reſting in the might
" Of him that did the kingly ſcepter beare,
" Whoſe gealous dread induring not a peare,
" Is wont to cut off all that doubt my breed,
" Thought beſt away me to remove ſomewhere
" Into ſome forrein land, whereas no need
" Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor
" feed.

xxx.

" So taking counſell of a wiſe man red,
" She was by him adviz'd to ſend me quight
" Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
" The which the fertile Lioneſſe is hight,
" Into the Land of Faerie, where no wight
" Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong;
" To whoſe wiſe read ſhe hearkning, ſent me
" ſtreight
" Into this land, where I have wond thus long
" Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to ſta-
" ture ſtrong.

xxxi.

" All which my daies I have not lewdly ſpent,
" Nor ſpilt the bloſſome of my tender yeares
" In ydleſſe; but as was convenient,
" Have trayned bene with many noble feres
" In gentle thewes and ſuch like ſeemly leres;
" Mongſt which my moſt delight hath alwaies been
" To hunt the ſalvage chace amongſt my peres,
" Of all that raungeth in the forreſt greene,
" Of which none is to me unknown that ev'r was
" ſeene.

xxxii.

" Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on
" pearch,
" Whether high towring or accoaſting low,
" But I the meaſure of her flight doe ſearch,
" And all her pray and all her diet know;
" Such be our ioyes which in theſe forreſts grow.
" Onely the uſe of armes, which moſt I ioy,
" And fitteth moſt for noble ſwayne to know,
" I have not taſted yet, yet paſt a boy,
" And being now high time theſe ſtrong ioynts to
" imploy.

xxxiii.

" Therefore, good Sir! ſith now occaſion ſit
" Doth fall, whoſe like hereafter ſeldome may,
" Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
" That ye will make me ſquire without delay,
" That from henceforth in batteilous array
" I may beare armes, and learn to uſe them right;
" The rather ſince that Fortune hath this day
" Given to me the ſpoile of this dead knight,
" Theſe goodly gilden armes, which I have won
" in fight."

xxxiv.

All which, when well Sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now then earſt he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; " Faire Chyld! the high deſire
" To love of armes which in you doth aſpire,
" I may not, certes, without blame denie,
" But rather wiſh that ſome more noble hire
" (Though none more noble then is chevalrie)
" I had you to reward with greater dignitie."

xxxv.

There him he cauſd to kneele, and made to
ſweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his ſquire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young Triſtram grew;
Like as a flowre, whoſe ſilken leaves ſmall,
Long ſhut up in the bud from heaven's vew,
At length breaks forth, and brode diſplayes his
ſmyling hew.

xxxvi.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Triſtram prayd that he with him might
goe
On his adventure, vowing not to ſtart,
But wayt on him in every place and part;
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his ſo noble hart,
In hope he ſure would prove a doughtie knight;
Yet for the time this anſwere he to him behight:

xxxvii.

" Glad would I ſurely be, thou courteous ſquire!
" To have thy preſence in my preſent queſt,
" That mote thy kindled courage ſet on fire,
" And flame forth honour in thy noble breſt;
" But I am bound by vow, which I profeſt
" To my dread ſoveraine, when I it aſſayd,
" That in atchievement of her high beheſt
" I ſhould no creature ioyne unto mine ayde;
" Forthy I may not graunt that ye ſo greatly
" prayde.

xxxviii.

" But ſince this ladie is all deſolate,
" And needeth ſafegard now upon her way,
" Ye may doe well, in this her needfull ſtate,
" To ſuccour her from daunger of diſmay,
" That thankfull guerdon may to you repay."
The noble ympe, of ſuch new ſervice fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did ſay;
So taking courteous leave, they parted twayne,
And Calidore forth paſſed to his former payne.

xxxix.

But Triſtram then deſpoyling that dead knight
Of all thoſe goodly implements of prayſe,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire ſight
Of the bright mettall ſhyning like ſunne rayes,
Handling and turning them a thouſand wayes;

And after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her own late dead knight,
So with her marched forth as she did him behight.

XL.

There to their fortune leave we them a while,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore,
Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore
Another knight in his despiteous pryde;
There he that knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill dyde:

XLI.

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments, that most unlucky stound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constraining
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning;
Which sorie sight, when Calidore did vew,
With heavie eyne from teares uneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull case gan rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew:

XLII.

Then speaking to the ladie, thus he sayd;
"Ye dolefull dame! let not your griefe empeach
"To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
"This knight unarm'd with so unknightly breach
"Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
"I may avenge him of so foule despight."
The ladie hearing his so courteous speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her sory hart few heavie words forth sigh't:

XLIII.

In which she shew'd how that discourteous knight,
Whom Tristram slew, them in that shadow found
Ioyning together in unblam'd delight,
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
From him, to whom she was for ever bound;
Yet when she fled into that covert greave,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

XLIV.

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
Well understood, he gan of her demand
What manner wight he was, and now yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand?
She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus described, to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A ladie on rough waves, row'd in a sommer barge.

XLV.

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse streightway,
By many signes which she described had,
That this was he whom Tristram earst did slay,
And to her said; "Dame, be no longer sad,
"For he that hath your knight so ill bestad,
"Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight;
"These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
"The meede of his desert for that despight,
"Which to yourselfe he wrought and to your loved knight.

XLVI.

"Therefore, faire lady! lay aside this griefe,
"Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
"For that displeasure, and thinke what reliefe
"Were best devise for this your lover's smart;
"And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
"Convay to be recur'd." She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to herselfe in that sad dreare.

XLVII.

Yet could she not devise by any wit
How thence she might convay him to some place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case,
And him to beare she thought it thing too base:
Which whenas he perceiv'd he thus bespake:
"Faire lady! let it not you seeme disgrace
"To beare this burden on your dainty backe,
"Myselfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe."

XLVIII.

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare,
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne;
Thence they him carried to a castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient knight did wonne:
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be begonne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priſcilla home;
Purſues the Blatant Beaſt;
Saves Serena, whileſt Calepine
By Turpine is oppreſt.

I.

TRUE is, that whilome that good poet ſayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;
For a man by nothing is ſo well bewrayd
As by his manners, in which plaine is ſhowne
Of what degree and what race he is growne;
For ſeldome ſeene a trotting ſtalion get
An ambling colt, that is his proper owne;
So ſeldome ſeene that one in baſeneſſe ſet,
Doth noble courage ſhew with curteous manners met.

II.

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed,
As well may be in Calidore deſcryde,
By late enſample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the caſtle where they had decreed;
There of the knight, the which that caſtle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was beſought.

III.

He was to weete a man of full rype yeares,
That in his youth had bene of mickle might,
And borne great ſway in armes amonſt his peares;
But now weake age had dimd his candle light:
Yet was he courteous ſtill to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline,
And was the father of that wounded knight
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine,
And Aldus was his name, and his ſonnes Aladine.

IV.

Who when he ſaw his ſonne ſo ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare,
By a faire lady and a ſtraunger knight,
Was inly touched with compaſſion deare,
And deare affection of ſo dolefull dreare,
That he theſe words burſt forth; "Ah, ſory boy!
"Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
"Thou brings? Aie me! is this the untimely ioy
"Which I expected long, now turnd to ſad annoy

V.

"Such is the weakeneſſe of all mortall hope,
"So tickle is the ſtate of earthly things,
"That ere they come unto their aymed ſcope,
"They fall too ſhort of our fraile reckonings,
"And bring us bale and bitter ſorrowings
"Inſtead of comfort, which we ſhould embrace;
"This is the ſtate of keaſars and of kings:
"Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place,
"Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky caſe."

VI.

So well and wiſely did that good old knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his gueſts whom he had ſtayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare,
That to Sir Calidore was eaſie geare;
But that faire lady would be cheared for nought,
But ſigh'd and ſorrow'd for her lover deare;
And inly did afflict her penſive thought
With thinking to what caſe her name ſhould now be brought:

VII.

For she was daughter to a noble lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young knight who dwelt her ny,
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne,
And of lesse livelood and hability;
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th' other's riches scorne.

VIII.

So having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that luckless glade,
Where that proud knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade;
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t'advize
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devize
How she the blame might salve with coloured disguize.

IX.

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Faind her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old knight by all meanes did assay
To make them both as merry as he may:
So they the evening past till time of rest;
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his quest.

X.

But faire Priscilla (so that lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe:
So well she washt them, and so well she wacht him,
That of the deadly swound in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And drove away the stound which mortally attacht him.

XI.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke;
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deepely sigh'd and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood;
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought herselfe, and blam'd her noble blood;
For first, next after life, he tendred her good.

XII.

Which she perceiving, did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares;
So both conspiring, gan to intimate
Each other's griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast
How to save whole her hazarded estate,
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore; all other helpes were past.

XIII.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
A courteous knight, and full of faithfull trust,
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.
Earely, so soone as Titan's beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds in which they steeped lay,
All night in darkenesse duld with yron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day,
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way:

XIV.

But first him seemed fit that wounded knight
To visite after this night's perillous passe,
And to salute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that lady, his faire lovely lasse.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moved speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to over-passe:
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked sourse.

XV.

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadventures to unfold;
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her father's house he had her brought.

XVI.

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
It to performe; so after little stay,
That she herselfe had to the iourney dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did say;
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite;
So as they past together on their way,
He gan devize this countercast of slight,
To give faire colour to that ladies cause in sight.

XVII.

Streight to the carkasse of that knight he went,
The cause of all this evill, who was slaine
The day before by iust avengement
Of noble Tristram, where it did remaine;
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame;
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that laidies father's house he came;
Most pensive man, through feare what of his childe became.

XVIII.

There he arriving, boldly did present
The fearefull lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure and guiltlesse innocent

Of blame, as he did on his knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous knight, who her had reft,
And by outragious force away did beare;
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

XIX.

Most ioyfull man her sire was her to see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thankes to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliverance
Did yeeld; ne lesse the lady did advaunce.
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploite he did himselfe apply.

XX.

So as he was pursuing of his queft,
He chaunst to come whereas a iolly knight
In covert shade himselfe did safely rest,
To solace with his lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight,
For that himselfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him spight;
And eke the lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

XXI.

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more himselfe thereby,
That he so rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himselfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so fresh default,
That he gainst courtesie so sowly did default.

XXII.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that knight's conceiv'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at leasure,
And of adventures which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

XXIII.

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
The faire Serena (so his lady hight)
Allur'd with mylдneſſe of the gentle wether,
And plesaunce of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill, or daunger's hidden dred.

XXIV.

All sodainely out of the forrest nere
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware,
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare,
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfare
Unto the knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her hapleſſe care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

XXV.

The beast with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her: when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in middest of his race,
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake himselfe to fearefull flight,
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

XXVI.

Who natheleſſe when he the lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the monster in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath nor gather spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

XXVII.

And now by this Sir Calepine, so hight,
Came to the place where he his lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore blood there tumbled on the ground,
Having both sides through grypt with grielly wound:
His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in drery swound,
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

XXVIII.

So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint spright he did revoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality;
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steede, her did sustaine
With carefull hands, soft footing her beside,
Till to some place of rest they mote attain,
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

XXIX.

Now whenas Phœbus with his fiery waine
Unto his inne began to draw apace,
Tho wexing weary of that toyleſome paine
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a river's syde
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he ment his weary steps to guyde,
In hope there for his love some succour to provyde:

XXX.

But comming to the river's side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was,
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas:
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde

An armed knight approaching to the place,
With a faire lady lincked by his syde,
The which themselves prepard thorough the foord
to ride.

XXXI.

Whom Calepine saluting, as became,
Besought of courtesie in that his neede
(For safe conducting of his sickely dame
Through that same perillous foord with better
heede)
To take him up behinde upon his steed;
To whom that other did this taunt returne:
" Perdy, thou peasant knight mightst rightly reed
" Me then to be full base and evill borne,
" If I would beare behinde a burden of such
" scorne:

XXXII.

" But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
" So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
" And let thy lady likewise doe the same,
" Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
" And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne."
With which rude speach his lady much displeased
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne palfrey him have eased
For pitty of his dame, whom she saw so diseased.

XXXIII.

Sir Calepine her thanckt, yet inly wroth
Against her knight, her gentleneese refused,
And carelesly into the river goth,
As in despight to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for knight;
And strongly wading through the waves unused,
With speare in th' one hand, stayd himselfe upright,
With th' other staide his lady up with steddy
might.

XXXIV.

And all the while that same discourteous knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him;
At whose calamity, for more despight,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim;
But whenas Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same carle with count'nance
grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe and
fell:

XXXV.

" Unknightly knight, the blemish of that name,
" And blot of all that armes uppon them take,
" That is the badge of honour and of fame,
" Lo I defie thee, and here challenge make,
" That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
" And be for ever held a recreant knight,
" Unleese thou dare, for thy deare ladies sake,
" And for thine owne defence, on foote alight,
" To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight."

XXXVI.

The dastard, that did heare himselfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall,
Or had no courage, or else had no gall:
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

XXXVII.

But he nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his lady to the castle rid
Where was his won; ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
And myld entreaty, lodging for her did besecke.

XXXVIII.

But the rude porter, that no manners had,
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad;
Natheleese the knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night;
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant knight,
Unleese that with his lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX.

" Full loth am I," quoth he, " as now at earst,
" When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
" And that this lady, both whose sides are pearst
" With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
" Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
" That should to me such curtesie afford,
" Unleese that I were thereunto enforst;
" But yet aread to me, how hight thy lord,
" That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the
" Ford."

XL.

" His name," quoth he, " if that thou list to
" learne,
" Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
" And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
" In all assaies to every errant knight,
" Because of one that wrought him fowle des-
" pight."
" Ill seemes," sayd he, " if he so valiaunt be,
" That he should be so sterne to stranger wight;
" For seldome yet did living creature see
" That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

XLI.

" But go thy waies to him, and from me say
" That here is at his gate an errant knight,
" That house-rome craves, yet would be loth
" t'assay
" The proofe of battell now in doubtfull night,
" Or curtesie with rudeneese to requite;
" Yet if he needes will fight, crave leave till
" morne;
" And tell withall the lamentable plight
" In which this lady languisheth forlorne,
" That pitty craves, as he of woman was yborne."

XLII.

The groome went streight way in, and to his lord
Declar'd the message which that knight did move;

Who sitting with his lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his love;
Albe his lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated that they might
Find favour to be lodged there for that same night.

XLIII.

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
Ne from his curriſh will awhit reclame:
Which answer when the groome returning brought
To Calepine, his hart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee;
But most for pitty of his dearest dame,
Who now in deadly daunger he did see;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

XLIV.

But all in vaine; for why? no remedy
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that night's fortune would for him addresse:
So downe he tooke his lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse;
Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wayre watch about her for her safegard keepe.

XLV.

The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day
Did shew itselfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena, full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living light,
Uprear'd her head to see that cherefull sight;
Then Calepine' however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney goth.

XLVI.

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaying still herselfe uppon her steede,
Being unhable else alone to ride,
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede;
Till that at length, in his extremest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed knight to spy,
Pursuing him apace with greedy speed;
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery.

XLVII.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde;
Tho whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
To be the man that with such scornfull pryde
Had him abusde and shamde yesterday;
Therefore misdoubting least he should misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

XLVIII.

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand, t'abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeaunce, or to make avoure
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would devoure
His life attonce; who nought could do but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

XLIX.

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
Flying the fury of his bloudy will;
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behinde his ladies backe, who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to lady was affyde,
To spare her knight, and rest with reason pacifyde:

L.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd;
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vaine, and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd
In great aboundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

LI.

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaste him still for all his ladies cry,
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously;
The which was certes in great ieopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And saved from his cruell villany:
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought;
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO IV.

Calepine by a ſalvage man
From Turpine reſkewed is;
And whyleſt an infant from a beare
He ſaves, his love doth miſſe.

I.

LIKE as a ſhip with dreadfull ſtorm long toſt,
Having ſpent all her maſtes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be loſt,
At laſt ſome fiſher-barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold;
Such was the ſtate of this moſt courteous knight,
Being oppreſſed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in moſt perilous plight,
And his ſad ladie left in pitifull affright;

II.

Till that by fortune, paſſing all foreſight,
A ſalvage man, which in thoſe woods did wonne,
Drawne with that ladies loud and pitcous ſhright,
Toward the ſame inceſſantly did ronne,
To underſtand what there was to be donne;
There he this moſt diſcourteous craven found;
As fiercely yet as when he firſt begonne,
Chaſing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne ſparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

III.

The ſalvage man, that never till this houre
Did taſte of pittie, neither gentleſſe knew,
Seeing his ſharpe aſſault and cruell ſtoure,
Was much emmoved at his peril's vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compaſſion of his evill plight,
Againſt his foe that did him ſo purſew;
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that ſo villenous deſpight.

IV.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the uſe of warlike inſtruments,
Save ſuch as ſudden rage him lent to ſmite:
But naked, without needfull veſtiments
To clad his corpſe with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of ſword or ſpeere,
No more then for the ſtroke of ſtrawes or bents;
For from his mother's wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by magicke leare.

V.

He ſtayed not t'advize which way were beſt
His foe t'aſſayle, or how himſelfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force inſeſt
Upon him ran; who being well prepard,
His firſt aſſault full warily did ward,
And with the puſh of his ſharp-pointed ſpeare
Full on the breaſt him ſtrooke ſo ſtrong and hard,
That forſt him backe recoyle and reele areare;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

VI.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a tyger that hath miſt his pray,
And with mad mood againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither ſpeare that smote him ſtay,
Nor his fierce ſteed that mote him much diſmay:
The ſalvage nation doth all dread deſpize:
Tho on his ſhield he griple hold did lay,
And held the ſame ſo hard, that by no wize
He could him force to looſe, or leave his enterprize.

VII.

Long did he wreſt and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine;
For he would not his greedie gripe forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his ſteed him nigh he drew againe;
Who having now no uſe of his long ſpeare
So nigh at hand, nor force his ſhield to ſtraine,
Both ſpeare and ſhield, as things that needleſſe were,
He quite forſooke, and fled himſelfe away for feare.

VIII.

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him purſewed with importune ſpeed,
For he was ſwift as any bucke in chace;
And had he not in his extreameſt need
Bene helped through the ſwiftneſſe of his ſteed,
He had him overtaken in his flight;
Who, ever as he ſaw him nigh ſucceed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And ſhrieked out; a thing uncomely for a knight.

IX.

But when the ſalvage ſaw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled ſo faſt,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With ſpeede unto the place whereas he laſt
Had left that couple neare their utmoſt caſt;
There he that knight full ſorely bleeding found,
And eke the lady fearefully aghaſt,
Both for the perill of the preſent ſtound,
And alſo for the ſharpneſſe of her rankling wound.

X.

For though ſhe ware right glad ſo rid to bee
From that vile lozell which her late offended,
Yet now no leſſe encombrance ſhe did ſee
And perill, by this ſalvage man pretended;
Gainſt whom ſhe ſaw no means to be defended,
By reaſon that her knight was wounded ſore;
Therefore herſelfe ſhe wholly recommended
To God's ſole grace, whom ſhe did oft implore
To ſend her ſuccour, being of all hope forlore.

XI.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by the rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compaſſion of her dolefull ſtound,
Kiſſing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor ſpeach,
But a ſoft murmure and confuſed ſound
Of ſenſeleſſe words, which Nature did him teach
T'expreſſe his paſſions, which his reaſon did empeach.

XII.

And comming likewiſe to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the ſtreames of purple blood
Yet flowing freſh, as moved with the ſight,
He made great mone after his ſalvage mood;
And running ſtreight into the thickeſt wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whoſe vertue he by uſe well underſtood,
The iuyce whereof unto his wound he wrought,
And ſtopt the bleeding ſtraight, ere he it ſtaunched thought.

XIII.

Then taking up that recreant's ſhield and ſpeare,
Which earſt he left, he ſignes unto them made
With him to wend unto his wonning neare;
To which he eaſily did them perſwade.
Farre in the foreſt, by a hollow glade,
Covered with moſſie ſhrubs, which ſpredding brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy ſhade,
Where foote of living creature never trode,
Ne ſcarſe wyld beaſts durſt come, there was this wight's abode.

XIV.

Thether he brought theſe unacquainted gueſts,
To whom ſaire ſemblance, as he could, he ſhewed
By ſignes, by lookes, and all his other geſts;
But the bare ground with hoarie moſſe beſtrowed
Muſt be their bed; their pillow was unſowed;
And the fruites of the forreſt was their feaſt:
For their bad ſtuard neither plough'd nor ſowed,
Ne fed on fleſh, ne ever of wyld beaſt
Did taſte the bloud, obaying Nature's firſt beheaſt.

XV.

Yet howſoever baſe and meane it were,
They took it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And ſav'd from being to that caytive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themſelves awhile to reſt,
Glad of that eaſement, though it were but ſmall;
That having there their wounds awhile redreſt,
They mote the abler be to paſſe unto the reſt.

XVI.

During which time that wyld man did apply
His beſt endevour and his daily paine
In ſeeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dreſſe their wounds; ſtill feeming faine
When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe;
But that ſame ladies hurts no herbe he found
Which could redreſſe, for it was inwardly unſound.

XVII.

Now whenas Calepine was woxen ſtrong,
Upon a day he caſt abrode to wend
To take the ayre, and heare the thruſhes ſong,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without ſword his perſon to defend;
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his blood ieiawes beſprinckled all with gore.

xviii.

The litle babe did loudly ſcrike and ſquall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane ſor helpe to call
To Calepine, whoſe eares thoſe ſhrieches ſhrill
Percing, his hart with pities point did thrill,
That after him he ran with zealous haſte
To reſcue th' infant, ere he did him kill;
Whom though he ſaw now ſomewhat over-paſt,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and purſewed faſt

xix.

Well then him chaunſt his heavy armes to want,
Whoſe burden mote empeach his needfull ſpeed,
And hinder him from liberty to pant;
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on ſoot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himſelfe ſo light,
That like an hauke, which feeling herſelfe freed
From bels and ieſſes, which did let her flight,
Him ſeem'd his feet did fly, and in ther ſpeed delight.

xx.

So well he ſpread him, that the wearie beare
Ere long he overtooke and forſt to ſtay;
And without weapon him aſſayling neare,
Compeld him ſoone the ſpoyle adowne to lay;
Wherewith the beaſt enrag'd to looſe his pray,
Upon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie to be croſſed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorſe
To be aveng'd on him, and to devoure his corſe.

xxi.

But the bold knight no whit thereat diſmayd,
But catching up in hand a ragged ſtone,
Which lay thereby (ſo Fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thurſt it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaſpe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digeſt that bone;
Ne could it upward come, nor downward paſſe,
Ne could he brooke the coldneſſe of the ſtony maſſe.

xxii.

Whom whenas he thus combred did behold,
Stryving in vaine, that nigh his bowels braſt,
He with him cloſd, and laying mightie hold
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge ſo faſt,
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he caſt,
And then oppreſſing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforſt to breath his utmoſt blaſt,
Gnaſhing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his ſharpe clawes, now wanting powre to ſtraine.

xxiii.

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
The litle babe, ſweet relickes of his pray,
Whom pitying to heare ſo ſore complaine,
From his ſoft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray;
And every litle limbe he ſearcht around,
And every part that under ſweath-bands lay,
Leaſt that the beaſt's ſharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender fleſh; but whole them all he found.

xxiv.

So having all his bandes againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to return againe;
But when he lookt about on every ſyde,
To weet which way were beſt to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot deſcry,
Ne by enquirie learne, nor gheſſe by ayme,
For nought but woods and forreſts far and nye,
That all about did cloſe the compaſſe of his eye.

xxv.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now weſt he went awhile,
Then north, then neither, but as fortune fell:
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With wearie travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourney's end;
And evermore his lovely litle ſpoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend;
So all that day in waudring vainely he did ſpend.

xxvi.

At laſt, about the ſetting of the ſunne,
Himſelfe out of the forreſt he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne;
Where looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of ſuccour to content his mynd,
At length he heard, under the forreſt's ſyde,
A voice that ſeemed of ſome woman-kynd,
Which to herſelfe lamenting, loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of Fate, and Fortune oft deſyde.

xxvii.

To whom approaching, whenas ſhe perceived
A ſtranger knight in place, her playnt ſhe ſtayd,
As if ſhe doubted to have bene deceived,
Or loth to let her ſorrowes be bewrayed;
Whom whenas Calepine ſaw ſo diſmayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandiſhment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her ſayd;
" What be you, woſull Dame! which thus la-
" ment?
" And for what cauſe declare, ſo mote ye not
" repent."

xxviii.

To whom ſhe thus; " What need me, Sir, to tell
" That which yourſelf have earſt ared ſo right?
" A woſull dame ye have me termed well;
" So much more woſull, as my woſull plight
" Cannot redreſſed be by living wight."
" Nathleſſe," quoth he, " if need do not you
" bynd,

" Doe it diſcloſe, to eaſe your grieved ſpright;
" Oftimes it haps that ſorrowes of the mynd
" Find remedie unſought, which ſeeking cannot
" fynd."

xxxix.

Then thus began the lamentable dame;
" Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I
" hoord,
" I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
" The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is lord
" Of all this land, late conquer'd by his ſword
" From a great gyant, called Cormoraunt,
" Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord,
" And in three battailes did ſo deadly daunt,
" That he dare not returne for all his daily
" vaunt.

xxx.

" So is my lord now ſeiz'd of all the land,
" As in his fee, with peaceable eſtate,
" And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
" Ne any dares with him for it debate;
" But to theſe happie fortunes cruell Fate
" Hath ioyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
" All theſe our ioyes, and all our bliſſe abate,
" And like in time to further ill to grow,
" And all this land with endleſſe loſſe to over-
" flow.

xxxi.

For th' Heavens, envying our proſperitie,
Have not vouchſaft to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull bleſſing of poſteritie,
Which we might ſee after ourſelves remaine
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine;
So that for want of heirs it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who daily doth attend
To leape into the ſame after our lives end.

xxxii.

But moſt my lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does
" thinke
That all this land unto his foe ſhall fall,
For which he long in vaine did ſweat and
" ſwinke,
That now the ſame he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it ſayd there ſhould to him a ſonne
Be gotten, not begotten, which ſhould drinke
And dry up all the water which doth ronne
In the next brooke, by whom that feend ſhould
" be fordonne.

xxxiii.

Well hop't he then, when this was propheſide,
That from his ſide ſome noble chyld ſhould
" rize,
The which through fame ſhould farre be mag-
" nifide,
And this proud gyant ſhould with brave em-
" prize
Quite overthrow, who now ginnes to deſ-
" pize
The good Sir Bruin, growing farre in yeares,
Who thinkes from me his ſorrow all doth
" rize.

" Lo this my cauſe of griefe to you appeares,
" For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth
" ceaſeleſſe teares."

xxxiv.

Which when he heard he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe;
And when he had deviſed of her caſe,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if pleaſe her make the prieſe;
And having cheared her, thus ſaid; " Faire
" Dame!
" In evills counſell is the comfort chiefe,
" Which though I be not wiſe enough to frame,
" Yet as I well it meane, vouchſafe it without
" blame.

xxxv.

" If that the cauſe of this your languiſhment
" Be lacke of children to ſupply your place,
" Lo how good Fortune doth to you preſent
" This little babe of ſweet and lovely face,
" And ſpotleſſe ſpirit, in which ye may enchace
" Whatever formes ye liſt thereto apply,
" Being now ſoft and fit them to embrace;
" Whether ye liſt him traine in chevalry,
" Or nourſle up in lore of learn'd philoſophy.

xxxvi.

" And certes it hath oftentimes bene ſeene
" That of the like, whoſe linage was unknowne,
" More brave and noble knights have rayſed
" beene,
" (As their victorious deedes have often ſhowen,
" Being with fame through many nations blowen)
" Then thoſe which have bene dandled in the
" lap;
" Therefore ſome thought that thoſe brave imps
" were ſowen
" Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly
" ſap,
" That made them grow ſo high t' all honourable
" hap."

xxxvii.

The ladie hearkning to his ſenſefull ſpeach,
Found nothing that he ſaid unmeet nor geaſon,
Having oft ſeene it tryde as he did teach;
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reaſon,
Agreeing well both with the place and ſeaſon,
She gladly did of that ſame babe accept,
As of her owne by liverey and ſeiſin,
And having over it a little wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it
kept.

xxxviii.

Right glad was Calepine to be ſo rid
Of his young charge, whereof he ſkilled nought;
Ne ſhe leſſe glad; for ſhe ſo wiſely did,
And with her huſband under hand ſo wrought,
That when that infant unto him ſhe brought,
She made him thinke it ſurely was his owne;
And it in goodly thewes ſo well up-brought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne,
And did righe noble deedes, the which elſewhere
are ſhowne.

xxxix.

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greene-wood's side in sorie plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heaven's spight,
Albe that dame by all the meanes she might
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes, and whatso else, to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thankt her as a frend;

xl.

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his love so luckless now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost,
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO V.

The ſalvage ſerves Serena well
Till ſhe Prince Arthure fynd;
Who her, together with his ſquyre,
With th' hermit leaves behind.

I.

O WHAT an eaſie thing is to deſcry
The gentle, bloud, however it be wrapt
In ſad misfortune's foule deformity,
And wretched ſorrowes, which have often hapt?
For howſoever it may grow mis-ſhapt,
Like this wyld man, being undiſciplynd,
That to all vertue it may ſeeme unapt,
Yet will it ſhew ſome ſparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the laſt breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

II.

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were ſtill in this deſert wood
Mongſt ſalvage beaſts both rudely born and bred,
Ne ever ſaw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet ſhewd ſome token of his gentle blood
By gentle uſage of that wretched dame;
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hether came,
As ye may know, when time ſhall be to tell the ſame.

III.

Who whenas now long time he lacked had
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was ſtrayd,
Did wexe exceeding ſorrowfull and ſad,
As he of ſome misfortune were afrayd;
And leaving there this ladie all diſmayd,
Went forth ſtreightway into the forreſt wyde
To ſeeke if he perchance aſleep were layd,
Or whatſo elſe were unto him betyde;
He ſought him farre and neare, yet him no where he ſpyde.

IV.

Tho backe returning to that ſorie dame,
He ſhewed ſemblant of exceeding mone
By ſpeaking ſignes, as he them beſt could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a ſtone,
That ruth it was to ſee him ſo lament;
By which ſhe well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breaſt, and pitcouſly herſelſe torment.

V.

Upon the ground herſelſe ſhe fiercely threw,
Regardleſſe of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breaſt, new launcht with murdrous knife,
Would ſtreight diſlodge the wretched wearie life:
There ſhe long groveling and deepe groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at ſtrife
With ſtronger death, and feared their decay;
Such were this ladies pangs and dolorous aſſay.

VI.

Whom when the ſalvage ſaw ſo ſore diſtreſt,
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And ſought by all the meanes that he could beſt,
Her to recure out of that ſtony ſwound,
And ſtaunch the bleeding of her dreary wound;
Yet nould ſhe be recomforted for nought,
Ne ceaſe her ſorrow and impatient ſtound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

VII.

At length, whenas no hope of his retourne
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
And abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that sorie case.
His steede, now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could she got, and did bedight,
And being thereon mounted, forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppressor's might.

VIII.

Whom when her host saw readie to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which Calepine whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about himself unfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare,
But without sword upon his thigh to sit;
Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

IX.

So forth they traveld an uneven payre,
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight,
A salvage man matcht with a ladie fayre,
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoyle, then purchased aright;
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night,
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

X.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident,
Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
Of this her groome, which he by signes did reede,
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to assay
T'amend what was amisse, and put in right aray:

XI.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
Lo where a knight, together with his squire,
All arm'd to point, came ryding thetherward,
Which seemed by their portance and attire
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures where they mote them get;
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be set.

XII.

After that Timias had againe recured
The favour of Belphebe, as ye heard,
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with uniust detraction him did beard;
Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her soveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

XIII.

But of them all which did his ruine seeke,
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely fought by open might
To overthrow, but to supplant by slight:
The first of them by name was cald Despetto,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second not so strong, but wise, Decetto;
The third not strong nor wise, but spightfulleft, Defetto.

XIV.

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
And severall deceipts, but all in vaine;
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treason's subtill traine;
Therefore conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound;
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine:
The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found
To work his utter shame, and throughly him confound.

XV.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite
When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
To draw him from his deare beloved dame
Unwares into the daunger of defame;
For well they wist that squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forrest wylde or tame
Met him in chace, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the prey oftimes out of their greedy hould.

XVI.

The hardy boy, as they devised had,
Seeing the ugly monster passing by,
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the uncouth leopardy,
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly;
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

XVII.

Securely he did after him pursew,
Thinking by speed to overtake his slight,
Who thro' thicke woods, and brakes, and briers,
To weary him the more, and waste his spight,
him drew,
So that he now has almost spent his spright,
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose cover stopt his further sight;
There his three foes, shrowded in guilefull shade,
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

XVIII.

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might

Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite;
Yet he them all ſo warily did ward,
That none of them in his ſoft fleſh did bite,
And all the while his backe for beſt ſafegard
He lent againſt a tree, that backeward onſet bard.

XIX.

Like a wylde bull, that being at a bay,
Is bayted of a maſtiffe, and a hound,
And a curre-dog, that doe him ſharp aſſay
On every ſide, and beat about him round,
But moſt that curre, barking with bitter ſownd,
And creeping ſtill behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder;
So did that ſquire his foes diſperſe and drive aſonder.

XX.

Him well behoved ſo, for his three foes
Sought to encompaſſe him on every ſide,
And dangerouſly did round about encloſe;
But moſt of all Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him ſtill to have deſtroyde;
So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
But ſtout Deſpetto, in his greater pryde,
Did front him face to face, againſt him bent;
Yet he them all withſtood, and often made relent.

XXI.

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to ſhrinke, and ſomewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have eſcaped hard;
Whenas unwares he in the forreſt heard
A trampling ſteede, that with his neighing faſt
Did warne his rider be uppon his gard;
With noiſe whereof the ſquite now nigh aghaſt,
Revived was, and ſad deſpaire away did caſt.

XXII.

Eſtſoones he ſpide a knight approching nye,
Who ſeeing one in ſo great daunger ſet
Mongſt many foes, himſelfe did faſter hye
To reſkue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty ſo to ſee him overſet;
Whom ſoone as his three enimies did vew,
They fled, and faſt into the wood did get;
Him booted not to thinke them to purſew,
The covert was ſo thicke that did no paſſage ſhew.

XXIII.

Then turning to that ſwaine, him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true ſquire;
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus beſpake: "My Lieſe! my Life's
"deſire!
"Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
"Tell me what world's deſpight, or Heaven's
"yre,
"Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
"Where have ye all this while bin wandring,
"where bene weft?"

XXIV.

With that he ſighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the ſquire nought anſwered againe,
But ſhedding few ſoft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with ſilence did reſtraine,
And ſhut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile ſome gracious ſpeeches ſpent,
As to them ſeemed fit, time to entertaine;
After all which up to their ſteedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

XXV.

So now they be arrived both in ſight
Of this wyld man, whom they full buſie found
About the ſad Serena things to dight,
With thoſe brave armours lying on the ground,
That ſeem'd the ſpoile of ſome right well renownd;
Which when that ſquire beheld, he to them ſtept,
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound;
But he it ſeeing lightly to him lept,
And ſternely with ſtrong hand it from his handling kept.

XXVI.

Gnaſhing his grinded teeth with grieſly looke,
And ſparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fiſt unwares on th' head he ſtrooke,
That made him downe unto the earth incline;
Whence ſoone upſtarting, much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have ſlaine;
Who it perceiving, hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his avengement ſtayd.

XXVII.

With that aloud the faire Serena cryde
Unto the knight, them to diſpart in twaine;
Who to them ſtepping, did them ſoone divide,
And did from further violence reſtraine,
Albe the wyld man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the prince of her for to demand
What and from whence ſhe was, and by what traine
She fell into that ſalvage villaines hand,
And whether free with him ſhe now were, or in band?

XXVIII.

To whom ſhe thus; "I am, as now ye ſee,
"The wretchedſt dame that live this day on
"ground,
"Who both in minde, the which moſt grieveth
"me,
"And body, have receiv'd a mortall wound,
"That hath me driven to this drery ſtound.
"I was erewhile the love of Calepine,
"Who whether he alive be to be found,
"Or by ſome deadly chaunce be done to pine,
"Since I him lately loſt, uneath is to deſine.

xxix.

" In ſalvage forreſt I him left of late,
" Where I had ſurely long ere this bene dead,
" Or elſe remained in moſt wretched ſtate,
" Had not this wylde man, in that woful ſtead,
" Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
" In ſuch a ſalvage wight, of brutiſh kynd,
" Amongſt wilde beaſtes in deſert forreſts bred,
" It is moſt ſtraunge and wonderful to fynd
" So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

xxx.

" Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
" That ye will not your wrath upon him
" wreake,
" Sith he cannot expreſſe his ſimple minde,
" Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens ſpeake:
" Small praiſe to prove your powre on wight ſo
" weake."
With ſuch faire words ſhe did their heat aſſwage,
And the ſtrong courſe of their diſpleaſure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each fought to ſupply the office of her page.

xxxi.

So having all things well about her dight,
She on her way caſt forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede,
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
And eke this ſquire, who likewiſe wounded was
Of that fame monſter late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feebleneſſe, which all his limbes opreſſed has.

xxxii.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
To ſeeke ſome place the which mote yeeld ſome eaſe
To theſe ſicke twaine that now began to droupe;
And all the way the prince ſought to appeaſe
The bitter anguiſh of their ſharpe diſeaſe
By all the courteous meanes he could invent;
Somewhile with merry purpoſe, fit to pleaſe,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

xxxiii.

Mongſt which Serena did to him relate
The foule diſcourt'ſies and unknightly parts
Which Turpine had unto her ſhewed late,
Without compaſſion of her cruell ſmarts;
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwiſe perſwade all that ſhe might;
Yet he of malice, without her deſarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But alſo trayterouſly did wound her weary knight.

xxxiv.

Wherewith the prince ſore moved, there avoud
That ſoone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuſes of that proud
And ſhamefull knight, of whom ſhe did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine
To paſſe the tedious travell of the way,
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

xxxv.

And nigh thereto a little chappel ſtoode,
Which being all with yvy overſpred,
Deckt all the roofe, and ſhadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over hed:
Therein the hermite, which his life here led,
In ſtreight obſervaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewiſe was praying now,
Whenas theſe knights arriv'd, they wiſt not where nor how.

xxxvi.

They ſtayd not there, but ſtreightway in did pas;
Whom when the hermite preſent ſaw in place,
From his devotion ſtreight he troubled was;
Which breaking off, he toward them did pace
With ſtayed ſteps and grave-beſeeming grace:
For well it ſeem'd that whilome he had beene
Some goodly perſon, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all; and well did weene
How each to entertaine with curt'ſie well beſeene;

xxxvii.

And ſoothly it was ſayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had beene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe;
But being aged now, and weary too
Of warres delight and world's contentious toyle,
The name of Knighthood he did diſavow,
And hanging up his armes and warlike ſpoyle,
From all this world's incombrance did himſelfe aſſoyle.

xxxviii.

He thence them led into his hermitage,
Letting their ſteedes to graze upon the greene:
Small was his houſe, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neat and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay beſeene:
Therein he them full faire did entertaine,
Not with ſuch forged ſhowes as fitter beene
For courting fooles, that carteſies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

xxxix.

Yet was their fare but homely, ſuch as hee
Did uſe his feeble body to ſuſtaine,
The which full gladly they did take in glee,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well ſuffiz'd them reſted faine:
But faire Serena all night could take no reſt,
Ne yet that gentle ſquire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beaſt
Had given them, whoſe griefe through ſuffrance ſore increaſt.

XL.

So all that night they paſt in great diſeaſe,
Till that the morning, bringing early light
To guide mens labours, brought them alſo eaſe,
And ſome aſſwagement of their painefull plight,
Then up they roſe, and gan themſelves to dight,
Unto their iourney; but that ſquire and dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foot to frame:
Their hearts were ſicke, their ſides were ſore, their feete were lame.

XLI.

Therefore the prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit to make there longer ſtay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd,
In that good hermit's charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well: ſo forth he went his way,
And with him eke the ſalvage (that whyleare
Seeing his royall uſage and array,
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere)
Would needes depart, as ſhall declared be elſewhere.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO VI.

The hermite heales both ſquire and dame
Of their ſore maladies;
He Turpine doth defeat and ſhame
For his late villanies.

I.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of ſword, ſo ſore doth light,
As doth the poyſnous ſting which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For by no art nor any leaches might
It ever can recured be againe:
Ne all the ſkill which that immortall ſpright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy ſuch hurts; ſuch hurts are helliſh paine.

II.

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beaſt
Made in the bodies of that ſquire and dame,
And being ſuch, were now much more increaſt
For want of taking heede unto the ſame,
That now corrupt and cureleſſe they became;
Howbe that carefull hermite did his beſt,
With many kindes of medicines, meete to tame
The poyſnous humour, which did moſt infeſt
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely dreſt:

III.

For he right well in leaches craft was ſeene,
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes toſſed beene,
And paſt through many perillous aſſayes,
He knew the diverſe went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great inſight;
Which with ſage counſell, when they went aſtray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the paſſions heale which wound the weaker ſpright:

IV.

For whylome he had bene a doughty knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight;
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies;
But being now attacht with timely age,
And wearie of this world's unquiet waies,
He took himſelfe unto this hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like careleſſe bird in cage.

V.

One day as he was ſearching of their wounds,
He found that they had feſtred privily,
And ranckling inward with unruly ſtounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they ſeem'd paſt help of ſurgery,
And rather needed to be diſciplinde
With holeſome reed of ſad ſobriety,
To rule the ſtubborne rage of paſſion blinde:
Give ſalves to every ſore, but counſell to the minde.

VI.

So taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit ſpeaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as ſay the ſame;
And thus he to them ſayd; "Faire Daughter
"dame!
"And you, faire Sonne! which here thus long
"now lie
"In pitcous langour ſince ye hither came,
"In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
"And I likewiſe in vaine doe ſalves to you applie:

VII.

" For in yourſelfe your onely helpe doth lie
" To heale yourſelves, and muſt proceed alone
" From your owne will to cure your maladie:
" Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
" If therefore health ye ſeeke, obſerve this one;
" Firſt learne your outward ſenſes to refraine
" From things that ſtirre up fraile affection;
" Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk, your talk,
" reſtraine
" From that they moſt affect, and in due termes
" containe.

VIII.

" For from thoſe outward ſenſes, ill affected,
" The ſeede of all this evill firſt doth ſpring,
" Which at the firſt, before it had infected,
" Mote eaſie be ſuppreſt with little thing;
" But being growen ſtrong, it forth doth bring
" Sorrow, and anguiſh, and impatient paine
" In th' inner parts, and laſtly, ſcattering
" Contagious poyſon cloſe through every vaine,
" It never reſts till it have wrought his finall
" bane.

IX.

" For that beaſtes teeth, which wounded you
" tofore,
" Are ſo exceeding venemous and keene,
" Made all of ruſty yron, ranckling ſore,
" That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
" With ſalve, or antidote, or other mene,
" It ever to amend: ne marvaile ought,
" For that ſame beaſt was bred of helliſh ſtrene,
" And long in darkſome Stygian den upbrought,
" Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

X.

" Echidna is a monſter direfull dred,
" Whom gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to ſee;
" So hideous is her ſhape, ſo huge her hed,
" That even the helliſh fiends affrighted bee
" At ſight thereof, and from her preſence flee;
" Yet did her face and former parts profeſſe
" A faire young mayden, full of comely glee,
" But all her hinder parts did plaine expreſſe
" A monſtrous dragon, full of fearfull uglineſſe.

XI.

" To her the gods, for her ſo dreadfull face,
" In fearefull darkneſſe, furtheſt from the ſkie
" And from the earth, appointed have her place
" Mongſt rocks and caves, where ſhe enrold doth
" lie
" In hideous horrour and obſcurity
" Waſting the ſtrength of her immortall age:
" There did Typhaon with her company;
" Cruell Typhaon! whoſe tempeſtuous rage
" Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him with
" vowes aſſwage.

XII.

" Of that commixtion they did then beget
" This helliſh dog, that hight the Blatant Beaſt,
" A wicked monſter, that his tongue doth whet
" Gainſt all, both good and bad, both moſt and
" leaſt,
" And pours his poyſnous gall forth to infeſt
" The nobleſt wights with notable defame;
" Ne ever knight that bore ſo lofty creaſt,
" Ne ever lady of ſo honeſt name,
" But he them ſpotted with reproach or ſecrete
" ſhame.

XIII.

" In vaine therefore it were with medicine
" To goe about to ſalve ſuch kind of ſore,
" That rather needes wiſe read and diſcipline
" Then outward ſalves, that may augment it
" more."
" Aye me!" ſaid then Serena, ſighing ſore,
" What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
" If that no ſalves may us to health reſtore?"
" But ſith we need good counſell," ſaith the
" ſwaine,
" Aread, good Sire! ſome counſell that may us
" ſuſtaine."

XIV.

" The beſt," ſayd he, " that I can you advize,
" Is to avoide th' occaſion of the ill;
" For when the cauſe whence evill doth arize
" Removed is, th' effect ſurceaſeth ſtill.
" Abſtaine from pleaſure, and reſtraine your will,
" Subdue deſire, and bridle looſe delight,
" Uſe ſcanted diet, and forbeare your fill,
" Shun ſecreſie, and talke in open ſight;
" So ſhall you ſoone repaire your preſent evill
" plight."

XV.

Thus having ſayd, his ſickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave beheaſt,
And kept ſo well his wiſe commaundements,
That in ſhort ſpace their malady was ceaſt,
And eke the biting of that harmefull beaſt
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceave
Their wounds recur'd and forces reincreaſt,
Of that good hermite both they took their leave,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave:

XVI.

But each th' other vow'd t' accompany;
The lady, for that ſhe was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The ſquire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need:
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy iade unmeetely ſet,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

XVII.

But by what meanes that ſhame to her befell,
And how thereof herſelfe ſhe did acquite,
I muſt awhile forbeare to you to tell,
Till that, as comes by courſe, I doe recite
What fortune to the Britou prince did lite,
Purſuing that proud knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine ſo foule deſpight,
And eke his lady, though ſhe ſickly were,
So lewdly had abuſde as ye did lately heare.

XVIII.

The prince, according to the former token,
Which faire Serena to him delivered had,

Purſu'd him ſtreight, in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and uſage bad
With which he had thoſe two ſo ill beſtad;
Ne wight with him on that adventure went
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being ſhent,
Would he reſtrayned be from his attendement.

XIX.

Arriving there as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne ſtayd till that he came into the hall;
Where ſoft diſmounting like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there muſt make abode;
The whiles the ſalvage man did take his ſteede,
And in ſome ſtable neare did ſet him up to feede.

XX.

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wiſe him aſked what he was?
That durſt ſo boldly, without let or ſhame,
Into his lord's forbidden hall to paſſe:
To whom the prince, him fayning to embaſe,
Mylde anſwer made, he was an errant knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble caſe
Through many wounds which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

XXI.

But he the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickely thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for why? his lord of old
Did hate all errant knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not ſparing him with bitter words to taunt,
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thruſt him out of dore, doing his worſt aſſay.

XXII.

Which when the ſalvage coming now in place
Beheld, eftſoones he all enraged grew,
And running ſtreight upon that villaine baſe,
Like a fell lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes in preſent vew
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore;
So miſerably him all helpeleſſe ſlew,
That with the noiſe, whileſt he did loudly rore,
The people of the houſe roſe forth in great uprore.

XXIII.

Who when on ground they ſaw their fellow ſlaine,
And that ſame knight and ſalvage ſtanding by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd ſo huge and horribly,
As if they would have ſlain them preſently;
But the bold prince defended him ſo well,
And their aſſault withſtood ſo mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repel,
And beat them back, whilſt many underneath him fell.

XXIV.

Yet he them ſtill ſo ſharpely did purſew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled
Thoſe evill tidings to their lord to ſhew;
Who hearing how his people badly ſped,
Came forth in haſt; where whenas with the dead
He ſaw the ground all ſtrow'd, and that ſame knight
And ſalvage with their bloud freſh-ſteeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell deſpight,
And with reproachfull words him thus beſpake on hight;

XXV.

"Art thou he, Traytor! that with treaſon vile
"Haſt ſlaine my men in this unmanly maner,
"And now triumpheſt in the piteous ſpoile
"Of theſe poore folk, whoſe ſoules with black diſhonor
"And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
"The meede whereof ſhall ſhortly be thy ſhame,
"And wretched end, which ſtill attendeth on her."
With that himſelfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

XXVI.

With dreadfull force they all did him aſſaile,
And round about with boyſtrous ſtrokes oppreſſe,
That on his ſhield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempeſt, that in ſuch diſtreſſe
He wiſt not to which ſide him to addreſſe;
And evermore that craven cowherd knight
Was at his backe with heartleſſe heedineſſe,
Waiting if he unwares him murther might;
For cowardize doth ſtill in villany delight.

XXVII.

Whereof whenas the prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him againſt his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce bull, that being buſie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling ſome curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement;
So likewiſe turnde the prince upon the knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

XXVIII.

Who, when he once his dreadfull ſtrokes had taſted,
Durſt not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him haſted
Through the thick preaſe, there thinking him to hyde;
But when the prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him ſuffer once to ſhrinke aſyde,
But ioyning cloſe, huge lode at him did lay,
Who flying ſtill did ward, and warding fly away.

XXIX.

But when his foe he ſtill ſo eager ſaw,
Unto his heeles himſelfe he did betake,
Hoping unto ſome refuge to withdraw;
Ne would the prince him ever foot forſake
Whereſo he went, but after him did make.
He ſledd from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whyleſt every ioynt for dread of death did quake,

Still looking after him that did him chace,
That made him evermore increaſe his ſpeedie pace.

xxx.

At laſt he up into the chamber came,
Whereas his love was ſitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became;
There did the prince him overtake anone,
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone,
And with his ſword him on the head did ſmyte,
That to the ground he fell in ſenſeleſſe ſwone
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred ſteele did not into his brayne-pan byte.

xxxi.

Which when the lady ſaw, with great affright
She ſtarting up, began to ſhrieke aloud,
And with her garment covering him from ſight,
Seem'd under her protection him to ſhroud;
And falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him beſought, and prayd, and vow'd,
That with the ruth of her ſo wretched caſe,
He ſtayd his ſecond ſtrooke, and did his hand abaſe.

xxxii.

Her weed ſhe then withdrawing did him diſcover,
Who now come to himſelfe, yet would not rize,
But ſtill did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the prince his baſeneſſe did deſpize,
And eke his dame him ſeeing in ſuch guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare;
Who riſing up at laſt in ghaſtly wize,
Like troubled ghoſt did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

xxxiii.

Whom when the prince ſo deadly ſaw diſmayd,
He for ſuch baſeneſſe ſhamefully him ſhent,
And with ſharpe words did bitterly upbrayd;
" Vile cowheard Dogge! now doe I much repent
" That ever I this life unto thee lent,
" Whereof thou, Caytive! ſo unworthie art,
" That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
" And eke thyſelfe, for want of manly hart,
" And eke all knights haſt ſhamed with this " knightleſſe part

xxxiv.

" Yet further haſt thou heaped ſhame to ſhame,
" And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard " feare;
" For firſt, it was to thee reprochful blame
" T'erect this wicked cuſtome, which I heare
" Gainſt errant knights and ladies thou doſt " reare;
" Whom when thou mayſt thou doſt of arms " deſpoile,
" Or of their upper garment which they weare;
" Yet doeſt thou not with manhood, but with " guile,
" Maintaine this evil uſe, thy foes thereby to " foile.

xxxv.

" And, laſtly, in approvance of thy wrong,
" To ſhew ſuch faintneſſe and foule cowardize
" Is greateſt ſhame; for oft it falles, that ſtrong
" And valiant knights doe raſhly enterprize
" Either for fame or elſe for exercize,
" A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight,
" Yet have through proweſſe and their brave " emprize
" Gotten great worſhip in this worldes ſight;
" For greater force there needs to maintaine " wrong then right.

xxxvi.

" Yet ſince thy life unto this lady fayre
" I given have, live in reproch and ſcorne,
" Ne ever armes, ne ever knighthood, dare
" Hence to profeſſe: for ſhame is to adorne
" With ſo brave badges one ſo ſafely borne,
" But onely breath, ſith that I did forgive."
So having from his craven bodie torne
Thoſe goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely ſuffred him this wretched life to live.

xxxvii.

There whileſt he thus was ſetling things above,
Atweene that ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that ſalvage wight
Amongſt ſo many foes, whom ſure he thought
By this quite ſlaine in ſo unequall fight:
Therefore deſcending backe in haſte, he ſought
If yet he were alive, or to deſtruction brought.

xxxviii.

There he him found environed about
With ſlaughtred bodies, which his hand had ſlaine.
And laying yet afreſh with courage ſtout
Upon the reſt that did alive remaine,
Whom he likewiſe right forcely did conſtraine,
Like ſcattred ſheepe, to ſeeke for ſafetie,
After he gotten had, with buſie paine,
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them faſt to flie.

xxxix.

Whom when the prince ſo felly ſaw to rage,
Approaching to him neare, his hand he ſtayd,
And ſought, by making ſignes, him to aſſwage;
Who him perceiving, ſtreight to him obayd,
As to his lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heaſts bene trayned:
Thence he him brought away, and up convayd
Into the chamber where that dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

xl.

Whom when the ſalvage ſaw from daunger free,
Sitting beſide his ladie there at eaſe,
He well remembred that the ſame was hee
Which lately fought his lord for to diſpleaſe;
Tho all in rage he on him ſtreight did ſeize,
As if he would in peeces him have rent;
And were not that the prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent; [ment.
But ſtreight he held his hand at his commande-

XLI.

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The prince himſelfe there all that night did reſt,
Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
With all the courteous glee and goodly feaſt
The which for him ſhe could imagine beſt;
For well ſhe knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight that were not too infeſt,
And how to pleaſe the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous ſkill.

XLII.

Yet were her words and lookes but falſe and fayned,
To ſome hid end to make more eaſie way,
Or to allure ſuch fondlings whom ſhe trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay;
Thereto, when needed, ſhe could weep and pray,
And when her liſted ſhe could fawne and flatter;
Now ſmyling ſmoothly, like to ſommer's day,
Now glooming ſadly, ſo to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares but water.

XLIII.

Whether ſuch grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde,
Or learn'd the art to pleaſe, I doe not fynd;
This well I wote, that ſhe ſo well applyde
Her pleaſing tongue, that ſoone ſhe pacifyde
The wrathfull prince, and wrought her huſband's peace;
Who natheleſſe not therewith ſatisfyde,
His rancorous deſpight did not releaſſe,
Ne ſecretly from thought of fell revenge ſurceaſſe:

XLIV.

For all that night, that whyles the prince did reſt
In careleſſe couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in cloſe awayt with weapons preſt,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him that had ſo ſhamefully him ſhent;
Yet durſt he not for very cowardize
Effect the ſame, whyleſt all the night was ſpent.
The morrow next the prince did early rize,
And paſſed forth to follow his firſt enterprize.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two knights
Doe gaine their treaſons meed:
Fayre Mirabellaes puniſhment
For love's diſdaine decreed.

I.

Like as the gentle hart itſelfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even ſo the baſer mind itſelfe diſplayes
In cancred malice and revengefull ſpight;
For to maligne, t'envie, t'uſe ſhifting ſlight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treaſon wayes doth find,
By ſuch diſcourteous deeds diſcovering his baſe kind.

II.

That well appears in this diſcourteous knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat,
Who notwithſtanding that in former fight
He of the prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind, malitious and ingrate,
He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
For all that ſhame which kindled inward hate;
Therefore ſo ſoone as he was out of vew
Himſelfe in haſt he arm'd, and did him faſt purſew.

III.

Well did he tract his ſteps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daunger's eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be deſcryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote eſpy,
Where he mote worke him ſcath and villeny:
At laſt he met two knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd whatever chaunce were blowne
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his owne.

IV.

To whom falſe Turpine comming courteouſly,
To cloke the miſchiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great diſcourteſie
Which a ſtraunge knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare ladie ſhent;
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They ſhould accompliſh both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

V.

The knights beleev'd that all he ſayd was trew,
And being freſh and full of youthly ſpright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke deſirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them, "Where is that wight,
"The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull "deed,
"That we may it avenge, and puniſh him with "ſpeed?

VI.

"He rides," ſaid Turpine, "there not farre afore,
"With a wyld man ſoft footing by his ſyde,

" That if he liſt to haſte a litle more,
" Ye may him over-take in timely tyde."
Eftſoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle prince not farre away they ſpyde,
Ryding a ſoftly pace with portance ſad,
Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad.

VII.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe; " Falſe traytour
" knight!
" Foule woman-wronger"--for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall ſpight
Did bend their ſpeares, and both with equall might
Againſt him ran; but th' one did miſſe his marke,
And being carried with his force forth-right,
Glaunſt ſwiftly by, like to that heavenly ſparke
Which glyding through the ayre, lights all the heavens darke.

VIII.

But th' other ayming better, did him ſmite
Full in the ſhield with ſo impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces ſhivered quite,
And ſcattered all about fell on the flowre;
But the ſtout prince, with much more ſteddy ſtowre;
Full on his bever did him ſtrike ſo ſore,
That the cold ſteele through piercing did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where ſtill he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

IX.

As when a caſt of faulcons make their flight
At an herneſhaw that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they ſtrike at him with heedleſſe might,
The warie ſoule his bill doth backward wring,
On which the firſt, whoſe force her firſt doth bring,
Herſelfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like ſenſeleſſe thing,
But th' other not ſo ſwift as ſhe before,
Fayles of her ſouſe, and paſſing by doth hurt no more.

X.

By this the other, which was paſſed by,
Himſelfe recovering, was return'd to fight,
Where when he ſaw his fellow lifeleſſe ly,
He much was daunted with ſo diſmall ſight,
Yet nought abating of his former ſpight,
Let drive at him with ſo malitious mynd,
As if he would have paſſed through him quight;
But the ſteele-head no ſtedfaſt hold could fynd,
But glauncing by, deceiv'd him of that he deſynd.

XI.

Not ſo the prince, for his well-learned ſpeare
Tooke ſurer hould, and from his horſe's backe
Above a launce's length him forth did beare,
And gainſt the cold hard earth ſo ſore him ſtrake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake;
Where ſeeing him ſo lie, he left his ſteed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him for all his former follies meed,
With flaming ſword in hand, his terrour more to breed.

XII.

The fearefull ſwaine beholding death ſo nie,
Cryde out aloud for mercy him to ſave,
In lieu whereof he would to him deſcrie
Great treaſon to him meant, his life to reave:
The prince ſoone hearkned, and his life ſorgave;
Then thus ſaid he, " There is a ſtraunger knight,
" The which for promiſe of great meed us
" drave
" To this attempt, to wreake his hid deſpight,
" For that himſelfe thereto did want ſufficient
" might."

XIII.

The prince much muſed at ſuch villenie,
And ſayd, " Now ſure ye well have earn'd your meed,
" For th' one is dead, and th' other ſoone ſhall
" die,
" Unleſſe to me thou hither bring with ſpeed
" The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked
" deed."
He, glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this miſchiefe breed,
Swore by his ſword, that neither day nor weeke
He would ſurceaſſe, but him whereſo he were would ſeeke.

XIV.

So up he roſe, and forth ſtreightway he went
Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore;
There he him found in great aſtoniſhment
To ſee him ſo bedight with bloodie gore
And grieſly wounds, that him appalled ſore.
Yet thus at length he ſayd, " How now, Sir
" Knight!
" What meaneth this which here I ſee before?
" How fortuneth this ſoule uncomely plight,
" So different from that which earſt ye ſeem'd in
" fight?"

XV.

" Perdie," ſaid he, " in evill houre it fell,
" That ever I for meed did undertake
" So hard a taſke as life for hyre to fell,
" The which I earſt adventur'd for your ſake,
" Witneſſe the wounds, and this wide bloudie
" lake,
" Which ye may ſee yet all about me ſteeme;
" Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promiſe make,
" My due reward, the which right well I
" deeme
" I yearned have, that life ſo dearely did re-
" deeme."

XVI.

" But where then is," quoth he, halfe wroth-
" fully,
" Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
" That curſed caytive, my ſtrong enemy,

" That recreant knight, whose hated life I
" fought?
" And where is eke your friend which halse it
" ought?"
" He lyes," said he, " upon the cold bare
" ground,
" Slayne of that errant knight with whom he
" fought,
" Whom afterwards myselfe with many a wound,
" Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the
" stound."

XVII.

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,
And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine,
For elfe his feare could not be satisfyde:
So as they rode he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud, which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came, whereas in evill tyde
That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of Death, rewing his wretched bale.

XVIII.

Much did the craven seeme to mone his case,
That for his sake his deare life had forgone,
And him bewayling with affection base,
Did counterfeit kynd pittie where was none,
For where's no courage there's no ruth nor mone;
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found
Whereas the prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,
Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in swound.

XIX.

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
Having his armes and warlike things undight,
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
The whyles his salvage page, that wont be prest,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing that seemed to him best;
The whyles his lord in silver slomber lay,
Like to the evening starre adorn'd with deawy ray.

XX.

Whom whenas Turpin saw so loosely layd,
He weened well that he indeed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had sayd;
But when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine signs in him of life and livelihead:
Whereat much griev'd against the straunger knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would have backe retyred from that sight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight:

XXI.

But that same knight would not once let him start;
But plainely gan to him declare the case

Of all his mischiefe and late luckelesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished and put to foule disgrace;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace
And follow through the world whereso he went,
Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

XXII.

He therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine,
And softly whispering him, entyrely prayd
T' advize him better then by such a traine
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine;
Yet rather counseld him contrary wize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To ioyne with him, and vengeance to devize,
Whyleft time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

XXIII.

Natheleffe for all his speech the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd.
Thus whyleft they were debating diverslie,
The salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place whereas his lord he sleeping vew'd.

XXIV.

There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee,
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet great store of forreft frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree)
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken-plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root, which he so sternly shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

XXV.

Whereat the prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour Turpin, with that other knight,
He started up, and snatching near his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd;
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
But holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

XXVI.

But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine;
Then letting him arise like abiect thrall,
He gan to him abiect his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly, to despoyle of knightly bannerall:

xxvii.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld ſo, that all which paſſed by
The picture of his puniſhment might ſee,
And by the like enſample warned bee;
However they through treaſon doe treſpaſſe,
But turne we now backe to that ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an aſſe,
Led by a carle and ſoole, which by her ſide did paſſe.

xxviii.

She was a ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honourable place,
Famous through all the Land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred baſe,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of Nature's grace,
That all men did her perſon much admire,
And praiſe the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a knight and many a gentle ſquire:

xxix.

But ſhe thereof grew proud and inſolent,
That none ſhe worthie thought to be her fere,
But ſcorned them all that love unto her ment;
Yet was ſhe lov'd of many a worthy pere,
Unworthy ſhe to be belov'd ſo dere,
That could not weigh of worthineſſe aright;
For beautie is more glorious, bright, and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And nobleſt ſhe that ſerved is of nobleſt knight.

xxx.

But this coy damzell thought contrariwize,
That ſuch proud looks would make her prayſed more;
And that the more ſhe did all love deſpize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared ſhe who ſighed for her ſore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that liſt their luckleſſe lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And ſo would ever live, and love her owne delight.

xxxi.

Through ſuch her ſtubborne ſtiſneſſe and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languiſh long in life-conſuming ſmart,
And at the laſt through dreary dolour die;
Whyleſt ſhe, the ladie of her libertie,
Did beaſt her beautie had ſuch ſoveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or ſave or ſpill whom ſhe would hight;
What could the gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

xxxii.

But loe the gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this mayden's pride,
And nought regarding her ſo goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whileſt ſhe did weepe, of no man mercifide;
For on a day when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe reſort,
That of their loves ſucceſſe they there may make report;

xxxiii.

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all Love's ſolke were fyled,
That many there were miſſing which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by ſome other violence deſpoyled;
Which whenas Cupid heard, he wexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might ſee his men, and muſter them by oth.

xxxiv.

Then found he many miſſing of his crew,
Which wont doe ſute and ſervice to his might,
Of whom what was becomen no man knew;
Therefore a iurie was impaneld ſtreight
T' enquire of them, whether by force or fleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away convayd;
To whom foule Infamie and fell Deſpight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd,
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious mayd:

xxxv.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all thoſe crymes ſhe there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great diſpleaſure wild Capias
Should iſſue forth t'attach that ſcornfull laſſe:
The warrant ſtreight was made, and therewithall
A baylieffe errant forth in poſt did paſſe,
Whom they by name their Portamore did call;
He which doth ſummon lovers to love's iudgement hall.

xxxvi.

The damzell was attacht, and ſhortly brought
Unto the barre whereas ſhe was arrayned;
But ſhe thereto nould plead, nor anſwere ought,
Even for ſtubborne pride, which her reſtrayned;
So iudgement paſt, as is by law ordayned
In caſes like; which when at laſt ſhe ſaw,
Her ſtubborne hart, which love before diſdayned,
Gan ſtoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde Mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

xxxvii.

The ſonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd,
But where he is provokt with peeviſhneſſe,
Unto her prayers pitcouſly enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome repreſſe;
Yet not ſo freely, but that natheleſſe
He unto her penance did impoſe,
Which was, that through this world's wyde wildernes
She wander ſhould in companie of thoſe,
Till ſhe had ſav'd ſo many loves as ſhe did loſe.

XXXVIII.

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world in this uncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heavy teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace;
Yet had she not in all those two yeares space
Saved but two; yet in two yeares before
Thro' her despiteous pride, whilest love lackt place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me, how could her love make half amends therefore!

XXXIX.

And now she was uppon the weary way,
Whenas the gentle squire with faire Serene
Met her in such misseeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the evil termes and cruell meane
That he could make, and eeke that angry foole,
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

XL.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th' other better her to use,
For both so wilfull were and obstinate,
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse;
But most the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuse;
Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead:

XLI.

For he was sterne and terrible by nature,
And eke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of man's stature,
And rather like a gyant monstruous;
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old gyants which did warres darraine
Against the heaven in order battailous,
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthure, whenas Una's knight he did maintaine.

XLII.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
Like two great beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his over-weening pryde,
And stalking stately like a crane did stryde
At every step uppon the tiptoes hie;
And all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about and stared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

XLIII.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight,
But in a iacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight;
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

XLIV.

This was Disdaine, who led that ladies horse
Thro' thick and thin, thro' mountains and thro' plains,
Compelling her where she would not by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines;
But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
Was Scorne, who having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks, and still when she complaines
The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
To see her so lament, and bite her tender lip.

XLV.

Whose cruell handling when that squire beheld,
And saw those villaines her so vildely use,
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
And could no lenger beare so great abuse,
As such a lady so to beate and bruse;
But to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
And maugre all his might backe to relent;
Else had he surely there bene slaine or fowly shent.

XLVI.

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered himselfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton which he bore
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rather then once his burden to sustaine;
For booteleese thing him seemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his pride.

XLVII.

Like as a mastiffe having at a bay
A salvage bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate daunger if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get,
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore;
So did the squire, the whiles the carle did fret
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
And ostentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

XLVIII.

Natheleese so sharpely still he him pursewd,
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rewd)
And with his yron club to ground him strooke,
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heavy hand the carle upon him layd,
And bound him fast; tho when he up did looke,
And saw himselfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

XLIX.

Then up he made him riſe, and forward fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd,
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him ſpare,
But with his whip him following behynd,
Him often ſcourg'd, and forſt his ſeete to ſynd;
And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him ſcorne, that to his gentle mynd,
Was much more grievous than the other's blowes:
Words ſharpely wound, but greateſt griefe of ſcorning growes.

L.

The faire Serena, when ſhe ſaw him fall
Under that villaines club, then ſurely thought
That ſlaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the ſpeede ſhe mought
To ſeeke for ſafety, which long time ſhe ſought,
And paſt through many perils by the way,
Ere ſhe againe to Calepine was brought;
The which diſcourſe as now I muſt delay,
Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further ſay.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Diſdaine;
Quites Mirabell from Dreed:
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

I.

Ye gentle Ladies! in whoſe ſoveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
An th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift,
Be well aware how ye the ſame doe uſe,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift,
Leaſt if men you of cruelty accuſe, [abuſe.
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe

II.

And as ye ſoft and tender are by kynde,
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye ſoft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardneſſe from you chace,
That all your other praiſes will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate;
Enſample take of Mirabellaes caſe,
Who from the high degree of happy ſtate
Fell into wretched woes, which ſhe repented late.

III.

Who after thraldome of the gentle ſquire,
Which ſhe beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compaſſion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her ſake fell into miſery;
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threat
To hope for to releaſe or mollify,
For aye the more that ſhe did them entreat,
The more they him miſuſt, and cruelly did beat.

IV.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him ſtill reviling and afflicting ſore,
They met Prince Arthure, with Sir Enias,
(That was that courteous knight, whom he before
Having ſubdew'd, yet did to life reſtore)
To whom as they approcht they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to puniſh more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement,
As if it them ſhould grieve to ſee his puniſhment.

V.

The ſquire himſelfe, whenas he ſaw his lord
The witneſſe of his wretchedneſſe in place,
Was much aſham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive caſe,
And did his head for baſhfulneſſe abaſe,
As loth to ſee or to be ſeene at all;
Shame would be hid: but whenas Enias
Beheld two ſuch, of two ſuch villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall;

VI.

And to the prince thus ſayd, "See you, Sir knight,
"The greateſt ſhame that ever eye yet ſaw,
"Yond lady and her ſquire, with foule deſpight,
"Abuſde, againſt all reaſons and all law,
"Without regard of pitty or of awe:
"See how they doe that ſquire beat and revile;
"See how they doe the lady hale and draw:

" But if ye pleaſe to lend me leave awhile,
" I will them ſoone acquite, and both of blame
" aſſoile."

VII.

The prince aſſented; and then he ſtreightway
Diſmounting light, his ſhield about him threw,
With which approaching thus he gan to ſay;
" Abide, ye caytive Treachetours untrew,
" That have with treaſon thralled unto you
" Theſe two, unworthy of your wretched bands,
" And now your crime with cruelty purſew:
" Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands,
" Or elſe abide the death that hard before you
" ſtands."

VIII.

The villaine ſtayd not anſwer to invent,
But with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes ſad meſſage backe unto him ſent,
The which deſcended with ſuch dreadfull ſway,
That ſeemed nought the courſe thereof could ſtay,
No more then lightening from the lofty ſky;
Ne liſt the knight the powre thereof aſſay,
Whoſe doome was death; but lightly flipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended deſtiny:

IX.

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his ſharpe ſword he fiercely at him flew,
And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the carle with paine
Saved himſelfe, but that he there him ſlew;
Yet ſav'd not ſo, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory;
Who therewith fleſht, upon him ſet anew,
And with the ſecond ſtroke thought certainely
To have ſupplyde the firſt, and paide the uſury:

X.

But Fortune anſwerd not unto his call;
For as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brond-yron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe upon himſelfe againe
He driven was to ground in ſelfe deſpight,
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had ſet his foote with fell diſdaine.

XI.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in, and whilſt on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him, and held ſo ſtrayte,
That downe he kept him with his ſcornefull ſway,
So as he could not weld him any way;
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound, and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their courage ſtout.

XII.

As when a ſturdy ploughman with his hynde
By ſtrength have overthrowne a ſtubborne ſteare,
They downe him hold, and faſt with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare;
So did theſe two this knight oft tug and teare:
Which when the prince beheld there ſtanding by,
He left his lofty ſteede to aide him neare,
And buckling ſoone himſelfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that carle, to ſave his friend from icopardy.

XIII.

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he liſt,
Himſelfe addreſt unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about ſo bliſt,
That he which way to turne him ſcarcely wiſt:
Sometimes aloft he layd, ſometimes alow;
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he miſt;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

XIV.

But yet the prince ſo well enured was
With ſuch huge ſtrokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to paſs,
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light:
At laſt the caytive, after long diſcourſe,
When all his ſtrokes he ſaw avoided quite,
Reſolved in one t'aſſemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorſe.

XV.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull inſtrument of yre
Thought ſure have pownded him to powder ſoft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre,
But Fortune did not with his will conſpire;
For ere his ſtroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe, preventing his deſire,
Under his club with wary boldneſſe went,
And ſmote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

XVI.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the ſtroke ſo ſtrong and puiſſant were,
That ſeem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare;
So as it was unable to ſupport
So huge a burden on ſuch broken geare,
But fell to ground like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he aſſayed to riſe, but could not for his hurt.

XVII.

Eftſoones the prince to him full nimbly ſtept,
And leaſt he ſhould recover foote againe,
His head meant from his ſhoulders to have ſwept;
Which when the lady ſaw, ſhe cryde amaine,
" Stay, ſtay, Sir Knight, for love of God abſtaine
" From that unwares ye weetleſſe doe intend;
" Slay not that carle, though worthy to be ſlaine,

" For more on him doth then himſelfe depend ;
" My life will by his death have lamentable
" end."

XVIII.

He ſtaide his hand according her deſire,
Yet nathemore him ſuffred to arize,
But ſtill ſuppreſſing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote thoſe uncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her ſafety lies;
That were no might in man, nor heart in knights,
Which durſt her dreaded reſkue enterprize,
Yet heavens themſelves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for itſelfe redreſſe, and puniſh ſuch deſpights.

XIX.

Then burſting forth in teares, which guſhed faſt
Like many water ſtreames, awhile ſhe ſtayd,
Till the ſharp paſſion being overpaſt,
Her tongue to her reſtor'd, then thus ſhe ſayd ;
" Nor heavens nor men can me moſt wretched
" mayd!
" Deliver from the doome of my deſart,
" The which the god of Love hath on me layd,
" And damned to endure this direfull ſmart,
" For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious
" hart.

XX.

" In prime of youthly yeares, when firſt the
" flowre
" Of beauty gan to bud, and bloſſme delight,
" And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
" Of all her gifts that pleaſde each living ſight,
" I was belov'd of many a gentle knight,
" And ſude and ſought with all the ſervice dew ;
" Full many a one for me deepe ground and
" ſight,
" And to the dore of death for ſorrow drew,
" Complayning out on me that would not on
" them rew.

XXI.

" But let them love that liſt, or love or die,
" Me liſt not die for any lover's doole ;
" Ne liſt me leave my loved libertie
" To pitty him that liſt to play the foole ;
" To love myſelf I learned had in ſchoole.
" Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
" And ſitting careleſſe on the ſcorner's ſtoole,
" Did laugh at thoſe that did lament and plaine ;
" But all is now repayd with intereſt againe.

XXII.

" For loe the winged god that woundeth harts,
" Cauſde me be called to accompt therefore,
" And for revengement of thoſe wrongfull
" ſmarts
" Which I to others did inflict afore,
" Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce ſore,
" That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
" With theſe two lewd companions, and no
" more,
" Diſdaine and Scorne, I through the world ſhould
" ſtray,
" Till I have ſav'd ſo many as I earſt did ſlay."

XXIII.

" Certes," ſayd then the prince, " the god is
" juſt,
" That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples ſpoile ;
" For were no law in love, but all that luſt
" Might them oppreſſe, and painefully turmoile,
" His kingdome would continue but awhile,
" But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
" This bottle thus before you with ſuch toile,
" And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
" That for theſe carles to carry much more come-
" ly were?"

XXIV.

" Here in this bottle," ſayd the ſory mayd
" I put the tears of my contrition,
" Till to the brim I have it full defrayd ;
" And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
" I put repentaunce for things paſt and gon :
" Yet is the bottle leake, and bag ſo torne,
" That all which I put in falls out anon,
" And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
" Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the
" more I mourn."

XXV.

The infant hearkned wiſely to her tale,
And wondred much at Cupid's iudg'ment wiſe,
That could ſo meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreake himſelfe on them that him deſpiſe :
Then ſuffred he Diſdaine up to ariſe,
Who was not able up himſelfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late luckleſſe priſe,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his fooliſh feare
Was holpen up, who him ſupported ſtanding neare.

XXVI.

But being up, he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall,
And with ſterne eye-brows ſtared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall ;
And ſtanding on his tiptoes, to ſeeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if ſuch pride the other could appall,
Who was ſo far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes deſpiſed, and his boaſt diſpraized.

XXVII

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while ſtood there beſide them bound,
Unwilling to be knowne or ſeene at all,
He from thoſe bands weend him to have unwound ;
But when approaching neare he plainely found
It was his owne true groome, the gentle ſquire ;
He thereat wext exceedingly aſtound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with ſeeing ſatisfie his great deſire.

XXVIII.

Meane while the ſalvage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppreſſing th' other knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy knight
Unto ſome carrion offered to his ſight,

And downe him plucking, with his nailes and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and ſcratch, and bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So ſore him ſcourgeth that the bloud downe followeth.

xxix.

And ſure I weene had not the ladies cry
Procur'd the prince his cruell hand to ſtay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye;
But being checkt, he did abſtaine ſtreightway,
And let him riſe: then thus the prince gan ſay;
" Now, lady, ſith your fortunes thus diſpoſe,
" That if ye liſt have liberty, ye may,
" Unto yourſelfe I freely leave to choſe,
" Whether I ſhall you leave, or from theſe villaines
" loſe."

xxx.

" Ah! nay, Sir knight," ſaid ſhe, " it may not
" be,
" But that I needes muſt by all meanes fulfill
" This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,
" Leaſt unto me betide a greater ill;
" Yet no leſſe thankes to you for your good
" will."
So humbly taking leave ſhe turn'd aſide;
But Arthure with the reſt went onward ſtill
On his firſt queſt, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them devide.

xxxi.

But firſt it falleth me by courſe to tell
Of faire Serena, who as earſt you heard,
When firſt the gentle ſquire at variaunce fell
With thoſe two carles, fled faſt away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd;
So freſh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, an two ſhe foure did read,

xxxii.

Thro' hils and dales, through buſhes and through breres,
Long thus ſhe fled, till that at laſt ſhe thought
Herſelfe now paſt the perill of her feares;
Then looking round about, and ſeeing nought,
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
And ſitting downe herſelfe, a while bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine,
And often did of love, and oft of lucke, complaine.

xxxiii.

And evermore ſhe blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true knight,
As th' only author of her wofull tine,
For being of his love to her ſo light,
As her to leave in ſuch a piteous plight;
Yet never turtle truer to his make
Then he w ſtride unto his lady bright,
Who all this while endured for her ſake
Great perill of his life, and reſtleſſe paines did take.

xxxiv.

Tho whenas all her plaints ſhe had diſplayd,
And well diſburdened her engrieved breſt,
Upon the graſſe herſelfe adowne ſhe layd,
Where being tyrde with travell, and oppreſt
With ſorrow, ſhe betooke herſelfe to reſt;
There whileſt in Morpheus' boſome ſafe ſhe lay,
Feareleſſe of ought that mote her peace moleſt,
Falſe Fortune did her ſafety betray
Unto a ſtraunge miſchaunce, that menac'd her decay.

xxxv.

In theſe wylde deſerts, where ſhe now abode,
There dwelt a ſalvage nation, which did live
Of ſtealth and ſpoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders, ne did give
Themſelves to any trade (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive)
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And ſerve their owne neceſſities with others need.

xxxvi.

Thereto they uſde one moſt accurſed order,
To eate the fleſh of men whom they mote fynde,
And ſtraungers to devoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde;
A monſtrous cruelty gainſt courſe of kynde!
They towards evening wandering every way
To ſeeke for booty, came by Fortune blynde,
Whereas this lady, like a ſheepe aſtray,
Now drowned in the depth of ſleepe all feareleſſe lay.

xxxvii.

Soone as they ſpide her, Lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongſt themſelves! but when her face
Like the faire yvory ſhining they did ſee,
Each gan his fellow ſolace and embrace,
For ioy of ſuch good hap by heavenly grace:
Then gan they to devize what courſe to take,
Whether to ſlay her there upon the place,
Or ſuffer her out of her ſleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

xxxviii.

The beſt advizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment,
For ſleepe, they ſayd, would make her battill better;
Then when ſhe wakt, they all gave one conſent,
That ſince by grace of God ſhe there was ſent,
Unto their god they would her ſacrifize,
Whoſe ſhare her guiltleſſe bloud they would preſent;
But of her dainty fleſh they did devize
To make a common feaſt, and feed with gurmandize.

xxxix.

So round about her they themſelves did place
Upon the graſſe, and diverſely diſpoſe,
As each thought beſt to ſpend the lingring ſpace;

Some with their eyes the dainteſt morſels choſe,
Some praiſe her paps, ſome praiſe her lips and noſe,
Some whet their knives, and ſtrip their elboes bare;
The prieſt himſelfe a garland doth compoſe
Of fineſt flowres, and with full buſie care
His bloudy veſſels waſh, and holy fire prepare.

XL.

The damzell wakes; then all attonce upſtart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brazen ſkies:
Which when ſhe ſees with ghaſtly grieffull eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes; then out aloud ſhe cries
Where none is nigh to heare that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and ſnowy breſts embrew.

XLI.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay,
And firſt they ſpoile her of her iewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array,
The which amongſt them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare:
Now being naked to their ſordid eyes
The goodly threaſures of nature appeare,
Which as they view with luſtfull fantaſyes,
Each wiſheth to himſelfe, and to the reſt envyes.

XLII.

Her yvorie neck, her alabaſter breſt,
Her paps, which like white ſilken pillowes were
For Love in ſoft delight thereon to reſt;
Her tender ſides, her bellie white and clere,
Which like an altar did itſelfe uprere
To offer ſacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighs, whoſe glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon,
The ſpoiles of princes hang'd, which wire in battel won.

XLIII.

Thoſe daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Thoſe villeins vew'd with looſe laſcivious ſight,
And cloſely tempted with their craftie ſpyes;
And ſome of them gan mongſt themſelves devize
Thereof by force to take their beaſtly pleaſure;
But them the prieſt rebuking, did advize
To dare not to pollute ſo ſacred threaſure
Vow'd to the go ds: religion held even theeves in meaſure

XLIV.

So being ſtayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre aſyde,
In which an altar ſhortly they erected,
To ſlay her on: and now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens wyde
By this diſpred, that was the tyme ordayned
For ſuch a diſmall deed, their guilt to hyde;
Of few greene turfes an altar ſoone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh hand obtayned.

XLV.

Tho whenas all things readie were aright,
The damzell was before the altar ſet,
Being alreadie dead with fearfull fright;
To whom the prieſt with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter cloſe a certaine ſecret charme,
With other diveliſh ceremonies met;
Which doen, he gan aloft t'advance his arme,
Whereat they ſhouted all, and made a loud alarme.

XLVI.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to ſhrill
And ſhrieke aloud, that with the peoples voyce
Confuſed, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce;
The whyles ſhe wayld, the more they did reioyce.
Now mote you underſtand that to this grove
Sir Calepine by chaunce, more then by choyce,
The ſelfe ſame evening Fortune hither drove,
As he to ſeeke Serena through the woods did rove.

XLVII.

Long had he ſought her, and through many a ſoyle
Had traveld ſtill on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endleſſe toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes;
And now all weetleſſe of the wretched ſtormes
In which his love was loſt, he ſlept full faſt,
Till being waked with theſe loud alarmes,
He lightly ſtarted up like one aghaſt,
And catching up his armes, ſtreight to the noiſe forth paſt.

XLVIII.

There by th' uncertaine glims of ſtarry night,
And by the twinckling of their ſacred fire,
He mote perceive a little dawning ſight
Of all which there was doing in that quire;
Mongſt whom a woman ſpoyld of all attire
He ſpyde, lamenting her unluckie ſtrife,
And groning ſore from grieved hart entire;
Eftſoones he ſaw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her breſt, and let out loved life.

XLIX.

With that he thruſts into the thickeſt throng,
And even as his right hand adowne deſcends,
As him preventing, lays on earth along,
And ſacrifizeth to th' infernall feends;
Then to the reſt his wrathfull hand he bends,
Of whom he makes ſuch havocke and ſuch hew,
That ſwarmes of damned ſoules to hell he ſends;
The reſt that ſcape his ſword and death eſchew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a faulcon's vew.

L.

From them returning to that ladie backe,
Whom by the altar he doth ſitting find,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what ſhe ought by kind,

He firſt her bands beginneth to unbind,
And then to queſtion of her preſent woe,
And afterwards to cheare with ſpeaches kind;
But ſhe, for nought that he could ſay or doe,
One word durſt ſpeake, or anſwere him a whit thereto.

LI.

So inward ſhame of her uncomely caſe
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did cover her diſgrace,
Yet ſhe in ſo unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the ſtate in which ſhe ſtood,
So all that night to him unknown ſhe paſt;
But day, that doth diſcover bad and good,
Enſewing, made her knowen to him at laſt,
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another caſt.

5

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO IX.

Calidore hoſtes with Melibee,
And loves fayre Paſtorell;
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill rewards him well.

I.

Now turne againe my teme, thou iolly ſwayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow one or twayne
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft,
Yet ſeem'd the ſoyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it paſt; that were too great a ſhame
That ſo rich fruite ſhould be from us bereft;
Beſides the great diſhonour and defame
Which ſhould befall to Calidore's immortall name.

II.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, ſith I left him laſt
Sewing the Blatant Beaſt, which I forbore
To finiſh then, for other preſent haſt:
Full many pathes and perils he hath paſt,
Thro' hils, thro' dales, thro' forreſts, and thro' plaines,
In that ſame queſt which Fortune on him caſt,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his reſtleſſe paines.

III.

So ſharply he the monſter did purſew,
That day nor night he ſuffered him to reſt,
Ne reſted he himſelfe, (but Nature's dew)
For dread of daunger not to be redreſt,
If he for ſlouth forſlackt ſo famous queſt.
Him firſt from court he to the cities courſed,
And from the cities to the townes him preſt,
And from the townes into the countrie forſed,
And from the country back to private farmes he ſcorſed.

IV.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the heardes were keeping of their neat,
And ſhepheards ſinging to their flockes that fed,
Layes of ſweet love and youths delightfull heat;
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed faſt, and chaſed him ſo nie,
That to the folds, where ſheepe at night doe ſeat,
And to the litle cots, where ſhepheards lie
In winter's wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

V.

There on a day as he purſew'd the chace,
He chaunſt to ſpy a ſort of ſhepheard groomes,
Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beaſts there in the budded broomes
Beſide them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes,
For other worldly wealth they cared nought;
To whom Sir Calidore, yet ſweating, comes,
And them to tell him courteouſly beſought,
If ſuch a beaſt they ſaw, which he had thether brought.

VI.

They anſwer'd him, that no ſuch beaſt they ſaw,
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw;
But if that ſuch there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to ſend.
Then one of them him ſeeing ſo to ſweat,
After his ruſticke wiſe, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to quench his thirſtie heat,
And if he hungry were him offred eke to eat.

VII.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer; ſo adowne
They prayd him ſit, and gave him offer for to feed
Such homely what as ſerves the ſimple clowne,
That doth deſpiſe the dainties of the towne:
Tho having fed his fill, he there beſyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of ſundry flowres with ſilken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her own hands had dyde.

VIII.

Upon a litle hillocke ſhe was placed
Higher then all the reſt, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely laſſes; and them all without
The luſtie ſhepheard ſwaynes ſate in a rout,
The which did pype and ſing her prayſes dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder ſhout,
As if ſome miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them deſcended in that earthly vew.

IX.

And ſoothly ſure ſhe was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well ſhapt in every lim,
Which ſhe did more augment with modeſt grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the reſt like leſſer lamps did dim;
Who her admiring as ſome heavenly wight,
Did for their ſoveraine goddeſſe her eſteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fayreſt Paſtorella her by name did hight.

X.

Ne was there heard, ne was there ſhepheard's ſwayne
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with ſweet pleaſing payne
Full many a night for her did ſigh and grone;
But moſt of all the Shepheard Coridon
For her did languiſh, and his deare life ſpend;
Yet neither ſhe for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend;
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind aſcend.

XI.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him ſeemed
So farre the meane of ſhepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a prince's paragone eſteemed,
He was unwares ſurprif'd in ſubtile bands
Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any ſkill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird which gazing ſtill on others ſtands.

XII.

So ſtood he ſtill long gazing thereuppon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his queſt were farre afore him gon;
But after he had fed, yet did he ſtay,
And ſate there ſtill, untill the flying day
Was farre forth ſpent, diſcourſing diverſly
Of ſundry things, as fell, to worke delay,
And evermore his ſpeach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzel's fantaſy.

XIII.

By this the moyſtie Night approaching faſt
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to ſhed,
That warn'd the ſhepheards to their homes to haſt
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed;
Then came to them a good old aged ſyre,
Whoſe ſilver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With ſhepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wil'd the damzell rize; the day did now expyre.

XIV.

He was to weet by common voice eſteemed
The father of the fayreſt Paſtorell,
And of herſelfe in very deede ſo deemed,
Yet was not ſo, but as old ſtories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an infant left alone,
And taking up brought home, and nourſed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none;
That ſhe in tract of time accompted was his owne.

XV.

She at his bidding meekely did ariſe,
And ſtreight unto her litle flocke did fare;
Then all the reſt about her roſe likewiſe,
And each his ſundrie ſheepe with ſeverall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare;
Whileſt everie one with helping hands did ſtrive
Amongſt themſelves, and did their labours ſhare,
To helpe faire Paſtorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon moſt helpe did give.

XVI.

But Melibee (ſo hight that good old man)
Now ſeeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his ſimple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better ſo
To lodge then in the ſalvage fields to rome;
The knight full gladly ſoone agreed thereto,
Being his hart's owne wiſh, and home with him did go.

XVII.

There he was welcom'd of that honeſt ſyre,
And of his aged beldame homely well,
Who him beſought himſelfe to diſattyre,
And reſt himſelfe, till ſupper time befell;
By which home came the fayreſt Paſtorell,
After her flocke ſhe in their fold had tyde;
And ſupper readie dight, they to it fell
With ſmall adoe, and nature ſatisfyde;
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

XVIII.

Tho when they had their hunger ſlaked well,
And the fayre mayd the tables ta'en away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courteſie, and well could doe and ſay,
For ſo great kindneſſe as he found that day,
Gan greatly thanke his hoſt and his good wife,
And drawing thence his ſpeach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happy life,
Which ſhepheards lead without debate or bitter ſtrife

XIX.

" How much," ſaid he, " more happy is the " ſtate
" In which ye, Father, here doe dwell at eaſe,
" Leading a life ſo free and fortunate
" From all the tempeſts of theſe worldly ſeas,
" Which toſſe the reſt in dangerous diſeaſe;
" Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked en- " mitie
" Doe them afflict, which no man can appeaſe?
" That certes I your happineſſe envie,
" And wiſh my lot were plaſt in ſuch felicitie."

XX.

" Surely, my Sonne," then anſwer'd he againe,
" If happie, then it is in this intent,
" That having ſmall, yet doe I not complaine
" Of want, ne wiſh for more it to augment,
" But doe myſelfe with that I have content;
" So taught of Nature, which doth litle need
" Of forreine helpes to life's due nouriſhment;
" The fields my food, my flocke my rayment " breed;
" No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

XXI.

" Therefore I doe not any one envy,
" Nor am envyde of any one therefore;
" They that have much, feare much to looſe " thereby,
" And ſtore of cares doth follow riches ſtore:
" The little that I have grows dayly more
" Without my care, but onely to attend it;
" My lambes doe every yeare increaſe their ſcore,
" And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
" What have I but to praiſe th' Almighty that " doth ſend it?

XXII.

" To them that liſt the world's gay ſhowes I " leave,
" And to great ones ſuch follies doe forgive,
" Which oft through pride doe their owne perill " weave,
" And through ambition downe themſelves doe " drive
" To ſad decay, that might contented live:
" Me no ſuch cares nor combrous thoughts of- " fend,
" Ne once my mind's unmoved quiet grieve,
" But all the night in ſilver ſleepe I ſpend,
" And all the day to what I liſt I doe attend.

XXIII.

" Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
" Unto my lambes, and him diſlodge away;
" Sometime the fawne I practiſe from the doe,
" Or from the goat her kidde how to convay;
" Another while I baytes and nets diſplay,
" The birds to catch, or fiſhes to beguyle:
" And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
" My limbes in every ſhade, to reſt from toyle,
" And drinke of every brooke, when thirſt my " throte doth boyle.

XXIV.

" The time was once, in my firſt prime of yeares,
" When pride of youth forth pricked my deſire,
" That I diſdain'd amongſt mine equal peares
" To follow ſheepe and ſhepheards baſe attire;
" For further fortune then I would inquire,
" And leaving home, to roiall court I ſought,
" Where I did ſell myſelfe for yearely hire,
" And in the princes gardin daily wrought;
" There I beheld ſuch vaineneſſe as I never " thought.

XXV.

" With ſight whereof ſoone cloyd, and long de- " luded
" With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
" After I had ten yeares myſelfe excluded
" From native home, and ſpent my youth in " vaine,
" I gan my follies to myſelfe to plaine,
" And this ſweet peace, whoſe lacke did then ap- " peare;
" Tho backe returning to my ſheepe againe,
" I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more " deare
" This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

XXVI.

Whyleſt thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth attent,
Whoſe ſenſefull words empierſt his hart ſo neare,
That he was wrapt with double raviſhment,
Both of his ſpeach, that wrought him with con- tent,
And alſo of the obiect of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was always bent,
That twixt his pleaſing tongue and her faire hew,
He loſt himſelfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.

XXVII.

Yet to occaſion meanes to worke his mind,
And to inſinuate his hart's deſire,
He thus replyde; " Now ſurely, Syre, I find
" That all this world's gay ſhowes, which we ad- " mire,
" Be but vaine ſhadowes to this ſafe retyre
" Of life, which here in lowlineſſe ye lead,
" Feareleſſe of foes, or Fortune's wrackfull yre,
" Which toſſeth ſtates, and under foot doth tread
" The mightie ones, affrayd of every chaunge's " dread.

XXVIII.

" That even I, which daily doe behold
" The glorie of the great, mongſt whom I won,
" And now have prov'd what happineſſe ye hold
" In this ſmall plot of your dominion,
" Now loath great lordſhip and ambition,
" And wiſh th' heavens ſo much had graced mee,

" As graunt me live in like condition,
" Or that my fortunes might tranſpoſed bee
" From pitch of higher place unto this low de-
" gree."

XXIX.

" In vaine," ſaid then old Melibee, " doe men,
" The heavens of their fortune's fault accuſe,
" Sith they know beſt what is the beſt for them;
" For they to each ſuch fortune doe diffuſe,
" As they doe know each can moſt aptly uſe:
" For not that which men covet moſt is beſt,
" Nor that thing worſt which men do moſt re-
" fuſe,
" But fitteſt is that all contented reſt
" With that they hold: each hath his fortune in
" his breſt.

XXX.

" It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
" That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;
" For ſome, that hath abundance at his will,
" Hath not enough, but wants in greateſt ſtore;
" And other, that hath litle, aſks no more,
" But in that litle is both rich and wiſe;
" For wiſdome is moſt riches; fooles therefore
" They are which fortunes doe by vowes de-
" vize,
" Sith each unto himſelfe his life may fortunize."

XXXI.

" Since then in each man's ſelf," ſaid Calidore,
" It is to faſhion his owne life's eſtate,
" Give leave awhile, good Father, in this ſhore
" To reſte my barke, which hath bene beaten
" late
" With ſtormes of fortune and tempeſtuous fate,
" In ſeas of troubles and of royleſome paine,
" That whether quite from them for to retrate
" I ſhall reſolve, or backe to turne againe,
" I may here with yourſelfe ſome ſmall repoſe ob-
" taine.

XXXII.

" Not that the burden of ſo bold a gueſt
" Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all,
" For your meane food ſhall be my daily feaſt,
" And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
" Beſides, for recompence hereof, I ſhall
" You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
" That may perhaps you better much withall,
" And in this quiet make you ſafer live."
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

XXXIII.

But the good man, nought tempted with the of-
fer
Of his rich mould, did thruſt it farre away,
And thus beſpake; " Sir Knight, your bounteous
" proffer
" Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill diſplay
" That mucky maſſe, the cauſe of men's decay,
" That mote empaire my peace with daungers
" dread;
" But if ye algates covet to aſſay
" This ſimple ſort of life that ſhepheards lead,
" Be it your owne; our rudeneſſe to yourſelfe
" aread."

XXXIV.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whileſt him liſt remaine,
Dayly beholding the fayre Paſtorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courteſies he could invent,
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field ſhe went, he with her went;
So for to quench his fire he did it more aug-
ment.

XXXV.

But ſhe, that never had acquainted beene
With ſuch quient uſage, fit for queens and kings,
Ne ever had ſuch knightly ſervice ſeene,
But being bred under baſe ſhepheards wings
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for Colin's carolings
Then all that he could doe or ev'r devize:
His layes, his loves, his lookes, ſhe did them all
deſpize.

XXXVI.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it beſt
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke,
And doffing his bright armes, himſelfe addreſt
In ſhepheard's weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Inſtead of ſteele-head ſpeare, a ſhepheard's hooke;
That who had ſeene him then, would have be-
thought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
When he the love of fayre Œnone ſought,
What time the golden apple was unto him
brought.

XXXVII.

So being clad, unto the fields he went
With the faire Paſtorella every day,
And keept her ſheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
The whyleſt at pleaſure ſhe mote ſport and play,
And every evening helping them to fold;
And otherwhiles for need he did aſſay
In his ſtrong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to preſſe the milke; love ſo
much could.

XXXVIII.

Which ſeeing, Coridon, who her likewiſe
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that ſtraunger's guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reape the harveſt ere it ripened were,
That made him ſcoule, and pout, and oft com-
plaine
Of Paſtorell to all the ſhepheards there,
That ſhe did love a ſtraunger ſwayne then him
more dere.

XXXIX.

And ever when he came in companie,
Where Calidore was preſent, he would loure,
And byte his lip, and even for gealouſie
Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure;
Who on the other ſide did ſeeme ſo farre

From malicing or grudging his good houre,
That all he could he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

XL.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or little sparrowes stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrils in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best;
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest;
This new-come shepheard had his market mard:
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

XLI.

One day whenas the shepheard swaynes together
Were met, to make their sports and merry glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshyne weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee,
They fell to daunce; then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit,
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit;
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

XLII.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon, and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace;
And whenas Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridon's instead;
Then Coridon woxe frollicke, that earst seemed dead.

XLIII.

Another time, whenas they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their iudge did Pastorella chose,
A garland was the meed of victory;
There Coridon forth stepping, openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game,
For he through long and perfect industry
Therein well practised was, and in the same
Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his foe great shame.

XLIV.

But Calidore he greatly did mistake;
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his neck he almost brake,
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His deerest ioynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

XLV.

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour, so it surely wrought
With this fayre mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time dearely bought.

XLVI.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time,
To win the love of the faire Pastorell,
Which having got, he used without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
That he of all the rest which there did dwell
Was favoured, and to her grace commended;
But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO X.

Calidore ſees the Graces daunce
To Colin's melody;
The whiles his Paſtorell is led
Into captivity.

I.

Who now does follow the foule Blatant Beaſt,
Whileſt Calidore does follow that faire mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow and high beheſt,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he ſhould never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it atchiev'd?
But now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whoſe love his heart hath ſore engrieved:

II.

That from henceforth he meanes no more to ſew
His former queſt, ſo full of toile and paine;
Another queſt, another game, in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine,
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And ſet his reſt amongſt the ruſticke ſort,
Rather than hunt ſtill after ſhadowes vaine
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blaſte, and ſayling alwaies in the port.

III.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From ſo high ſtep to ſtoupe unto ſo low,
For who had taſted once, as oft did he,
The happy peace which there did overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleaſures which doe grow
Amongſt poore hyndes, in hills, in woods, in dales,
Would never more delight in painted ſhow
Of ſuch falſe bliſſe as there is ſet for ſtales
T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternal bales.

IV.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one ſight which Calidore did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That never more they ſhould endure the ſhew
Of that ſunne-ſhine that makes them looke aſkew;
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare,
The which, as commeth now by courſe, I will declare.

V.

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whileſt his faire Paſtorella was elſewhere,
He chaunſt to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place whoſe pleaſaunce did appere
To paſſe all others on the earth which were;
For all that ever was by Nature's ſkill
Deviz'd to worke delight was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne ſhe all the reſt did pill.

VI.

It was an hill plaſte in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchleſſe hight, that ſeem'd th' earth to diſ-daine,
In which all trees of honour ſtately ſtood
And did all winter as in ſummer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches ſung aloud,
And in their tops the ſoaring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in maieſty and powre:

vii.

And at the foote thereof, a gentle flud,
His filver waves did foftly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged moffe or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beaftes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approch, ne filth mote therein drowne;
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did fit
In the wood's fhade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noyfome things away from it,
And to the waters fall turning their accents fit;

viii.

And on the top thereof a fpacious plaine
Did fpred itfelfe, to ferve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or elfe to courfe about their bafes light;
Ne ought there wanted which for pleafure might
Deftred be, or thence to banifh bale;
So pleafauntly the hill with equall hight
Did feeme to overlooke the lowly vale,
Therefore it rightly cleped was Mount Acidale.

ix.

They fay that Venus, when fhe did difpofe
Herfelfe to pleafaunce, ufed to refort
Unto this place, and therein to repofe
And reft herfelfe as in a gladfome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and fport,
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She ufed moft to keepe her royall court,
And in her foveraine maiefty to fit,
She in regard hereof refufde, and thought unfit.

x.

Unto this place, whenas the Elfin knight,
Approcht, him feemed that the merry found
Of a fhrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete faft thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their echo did rebound:
He nigher drew, to weete that mote it be;
There he a troupe of ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midft a fhepheard piping he did fee.

xi.

He durft not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be defcryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were feene,
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unefpyde:
There he did fee that pleafed much his fight,
That even he himfelfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

xii.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midft of them
Three other ladies did both daunce and fing,
The whyleft the reft them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compaffe ftemme;
And in the middeft of thofe fame three was placed
Another damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidft a ring moft richly well enchaced [graced.
That with her goodly prefence all the reft much

xiii.

Looke how the crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her yvory forehead, that fame day
That Thefeus her unto his bridale bore;
When the bold Centaures made that bloudy fray
With the fierce Lapithes, which did them difmay,
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beames difplay,
And is unto the ftarres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

xiv.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whofe fundry parts were here too long to tell,
But fhe that in the midft of them did ftand
Seem'd all the reft in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rofie girlond, that right well
Did her befeeme; and ever as the crew
About her daunft, fweet flowres that far did fmell,
And fragrant odours, they uppon her threw,
But moft of all thofe three did her with gifts endew.

xv.

Thofe were the Graces, daughters of Delight,
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Uppon this hill and daunce there day and night;
Thofe three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all and Venus in herfelfe doth vaunt
Is borrowed of them; but that faire one
That in the middft was placed paravaunt,
Was fhe to whom that fhepheard pypt alone,
That made him pipe fo merrily as never none.

xvi.

She was to weete that iolly fhepheard's laffe
Which piped there unto that merr rout;
That iolly fhepheard which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout (who knowes not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whileft they him daunft about.
Pype, iolly Shepheard! pype thou now apace
Unto thy love, that made thee low to lout;
Thy love is preſent there with thee in place,
Thy love is there advaunft to be another Grace.

xvii.

Much wondred Calidore at this ſtraunge ſight,
Whofe like before his eye had never ſeene,
And ſtanding long aſtoniſhed in ſpright,
And rapt with pleaſaunce, wiſt not what to weene,
Whether it were the train of Beauties queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted ſhow,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene;
Therefore reſolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he roſe, and toward them did go:

xviii.

But ſoone as he appeared to their view,
They vaniſht all away out of his ſight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew,
All ſave the ſhepherd, who, for fell deſpight
Of that diſpleaſure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne;
But Calidore, though no leſſe ſory wight
For that miſhap, yet ſeeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

xix.

And firſt him greeting, thus unto him ſpake;
" Haile, iolly Shepheard! which thy ioyous dayes
" Here leadeſt in this goodly merry-make,
" Frequented of theſe gentle nymphes alwayes,
" Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes;
" Tell me what mote theſe daintie damzels be,
" Which here with thee doe make their pleaſant
" playes?
" Right happy thou, that mayeſt them freely ſee,
" But why when I them ſaw fled they away from
" me?"

xx.

" Not I ſo happy," anſwered then that ſwaine,
" As thou unhappy, which them thence didſt
" chace,
" Whom by no meanes thou canſt recall againe,
" For being gone, none can them bring in place,
" But whom they of themſelves liſt ſo to grace."
" Right ſorry I," ſaid then Sir Calidore,
" That my ill fortune did them hence diſplace;
" But ſince things paſſed none may now reſtore,
" Tell me what were they all whoſe lacke thee
" grieves ſo ſore?"

xxi.

Tho gan that ſhepheard thus for to dilate;
" Then wote thou ſhepherd, whatſoever thou bee,
" That all thoſe ladies which thou ſaweſt late
" Are Venus' damzell, all within her fee,
" But differing in honour and degree:
" They all are Graces, which on her depend,
" Beſides a thouſand more, which ready bee
" Her to adorne, whenſo ſhe forth doth wend;
" But thoſe three in the midſt doe chiefe on her
" attend:

xxii.

" They are the daughters of ſky-ruling Iove,
" By him begot of faire Eurynome,
" The Ocean's daughter, in this pleaſant grove,
" As he this way coming from feaſtfull glee
" Of Thetis' wedding with Aecidee,
" In ſommer's ſhade himſelfe here reſted weary;
" The firſt of them hight mylde Euphroſyne,
" Next faire Aglaia, laſt Thalia merry;
" Sweete goddeſſes all three, which me in mirth
" do cherry.

xxiii.

" Theſe three on men all gracious gifts beſtow,
" Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
" To make them lovely or well-favoured ſhow,
" As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
" Sweete ſemblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
" And all the complements of curteſie:
" They teach us how to each degree and kynde
" We ſhould ourſelves demeane, to low, to hie,
" To friends, to foes; which ſkill men call Ci-
" vility.

xxiv.

" Therefore they alwaies ſmoothly ſeeme to ſmile,
" That we likewiſe ſhould mylde and gentle be;
" And alſo naked are, that without guile
" Or falſe diſſemblaunce all them plaine may ſee
" Simple and true, from covert malice free;
" And eeke themſelves ſo in their daunce they
" bore;
" But two of them ſtill froward ſeem'd to bee,
" But one ſtill toward ſhew'd herſelfe afore,
" That good ſhould from us goe, then come in
" greater ſtore.

xxv.

" Such were thoſe goddeſſes which ye did ſee;
" But that fourth mayd, which there amidſt them
" traced,
Who can areed what creature mote ſhe bee?
" Whether a creature or a goddeſſe graced
" With heavenly gifts from heaven firſt en-
" raced?
" But whatſo ſure ſhe was, ſhe worthy was
" To be the fourth with thoſe three other placed;
" Yet was ſhe certes but a country laſſe,
" Yet ſhe all other country laſſes farre did paſſe;

xxvi.

" So farre as doth the daughter of the Day
" All other leſſer lights in light excell;
" So farre doth ſhe in beautifull array
" Above all other laſſes beare the bell;
" Ne leſſe in vertue that beſeemes her well
" Doth ſhe exceede the reſt of all her race;
" For which the Graces that here wont to dwell
" Have for more honour brought her to this
" place,
" And graced her ſo much to be another Grace.

xxvi.

" Another Grace ſhe well deſerves to be,
" In whom ſo many graces gathered are,
" Excelling much the meane of her degree;
" Divine reſemblaunce, beauty ſoveraine rare,
" Firme chaſtity, that ſpight ne blemiſh dare;
" All which ſhe with ſuch courteſie doth grace,
" That all her peres cannot with her compare,
" But quite are dimmed when ſhe is in place;
" She made me often pipe, and now to pipe a-
" pace.

xxviii.

" Sunne of the world, great glory of the ſky,
" That all the earth doeſt lighten with thy rayes,
" Great Gloriana! greateſt maieſty,
" Pardon thy ſhepheard, mongſt ſo many layes
" As he hath ſung of thee in all his dayes,
" To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
" And underneath thy feete to place her prayſe,
" That when thy glory ſhall be farre diſplayd
" To future age, of her this mention may be
" made."

xxix.

When thus that ſhepheard ended had his ſpeach,
Said Calidore, " Now ſure it yrketh mee,
" That to thy bliſſe I made this luckleſſe breach,
" As now the author of thy bale to be,
" Thus to bereave thy love's deare ſight from
" thee;
" But, gentle Shepheard! pardon thou my ſhame,
" Who raſhly ſought that which I mote not ſee."
Thus did the courteous knight excuſe his blame,
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did
frame.

xxx.

In ſuch diſcourſes they together ſpent
Long time, as fit occaſion forth them led,
With which the knight himſelfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reaſon red,
And alſo of the place, whoſe pleaſures rare
With ſuch regard his ſences raviſhed,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wiſht that with that ſhepheard he mote dwelling ſhare.

xxxi.

But that envenim'd ſting, the which of yore
His poyſnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afreſh to rancle ſore,
And to renue the vigour of his ſmart,
Which to recure, no ſkill of leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wound's worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his breſt had bred his reſtleſſe paine,
Like as the wounded whale to ſhore flies from the maine.

xxxii.

So taking leave of that ſame gentle ſwaine,
He backe returned to his ruſticke wonne,
Where his faire Paſtorella did remaine;
To whom in ſorte, as he at firſt begonne,
He daily did apply himſelfe to donne
All dewfull ſervice, voide of thoughts impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he ſhonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure:

xxxiii.

And evermore the ſhepheard Coridon,
Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did ſtrive to match with ſtrong contention,
And all his paines did cloſely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they ſate
Keeping their ſheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to preſent her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunſt to arize
To him, the ſhepheard ſtraight with icalouſie did frize.

xxxiv.

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather ſtrawberries,
There chaunſt to them a dangerous accident;
A tigre forth out of the wood did riſe,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide-gaping like hell-gate,
Did runne at Paſtorell her to ſurprize,
Whom ſhe beholding, now all deſolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

xxxv.

Which Coridon firſt hearing, ran in haſt
To reſkue her; but when he ſaw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as faſt,
Ne durſt abide the daunger of the end;
His life he ſteemed dearer than his frend:
But Calidore ſoone coming to her ayde,
When he the beaſt ſaw readie now to rend [prayde,
His love's deare ſpoile, in which his heart was
He ran at him enraged, inſtead of being frayde.

xxxvi.

He had no weapon but his ſhepheard's hooke
To ſerve the vengeance of his wrathfull will,
With which ſo ſternely he the monſter ſtrooke,
That to the ground aſtoniſhed he fell;
Whence ere he could recou're, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it preſented
Before the feete of the faire Paſtorell,
Who, ſcarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thouſand times him thankt that had her death prevented.

xxxvii.

From that day forth ſhe gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowherdiz reiect,
Fit to keepe ſheepe, unfit for love's content;
The gentle heart ſcornes baſe diſparagement:
Yet Calidore did not deſpiſe him quight,
But uſde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowſhip he colour might
Both his eſtate and love from ſkill of any wight.

xxxviii.

So well he wood her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With humble ſervice, and with daily ſute,
That at the laſt unto his will he brought her,
Which he ſo wiſely well did proſecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And joyed long in cloſe felicity;
Till Fortune, ſtraught with malice blinde and brute,
That envies lovers long proſperity,
Blew up a bitter ſtorme of foule adverſity.

xxxix.

It fortuned one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
A lawleſſe people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never uſde to live by plough or ſpade,
But fed on ſpoile and booty which they made
Upon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of theſe ſhepheards did invade,
And ſpoyld their houſes, and themſelves did murder,
And drove away their flocks, with other much diſorder.

xl.

Amongſt the reſt the which they then did pray,
They ſpoyld old Melibee of all he had,
And all his people captive led away,
Mongſt which this luckleſſe mayd away was lad,
Faire Paſtorella! ſorrowful and ſad,
Moſt ſorrowful, moſt ſad, that ever ſight,
Now made the ſpoile of theeves and Brigants bad,
Which was the conqueſt of the gentleſt knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

xli.

With them alſo was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by thoſe theeves away,
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them deſcry, nor reſkue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them cloſe convay:
Their dwelling in a little iſland was,
Covered with ſhrubby woods, in which no way

Appeared for people in or out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrowen gras:

XLII.

For underneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow caves, that no man mote diſcover
For the thicke ſhrubs, which did them alwaies ſhade
From view of living wight, and covered over;
But darkneſſe dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts wherein they dwelt,
Ne lighted was with window, nor with lover,
But with continual candle-light, which delt
A doubtfull ſenſe of things, not ſo well ſeene as felt.

XLIII.

Hither thoſe Brigants brought their preſent pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward,
Meaning ſo ſoone as they convenient may
For ſlaves to ſell them for no ſmall reward
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or ſold againe. Now, when faire Paſtorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of grieſly theeves, ſhe thought herſelfe in hell,
Wherewith ſuch damned fiends ſhe ſhould in darkneſſe dwell.

XLIV.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there ſhe made,
(Where day and night ſhe nought did but lament
Her wretched life, ſhut up in deadly ſhade,
And waſte her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of ſunne,
Which may her feeble leaves her comfort glade)
And what befelle her in that theeviſh wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO XI.

The theeves fall out for Paſtorell,
Whileſt Melibee is ſlain;
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I.

The ioyes of love, if they ſhould ever laſt
Without affliction or diſquietneſſe,
That worldly chaunces doe amongſt them caſt,
Would be on earth too great a bleſſedneſſe,
Liker to Heaven then mortall wretchedneſſe;
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on earth is no ſure happineſſe,
A thouſand ſowres hath tempted with one ſweet,
To make it ſeeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

II.

Like as is now befalne to this faire mayd,
Faire Paſtorell! of whom is now my ſong,
Who being now in dreadfull darkneſſe layd
Amongſt thoſe theeves, which her in bondage ſtrong
Detaynd, yet Fortune not with all this wrong
Contented, greater miſchiefe on her threw,
And ſorrowes heapt on her in greater throng,
That whoſo heares her heavineſſe, would rew
And pitty her ſad plight, ſo chang'd from pleaſaunt hew.

III.

Whyleſt thus ſhe in theſe helliſh dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and heart's unreſt,
It ſo befell, as Fortune had ordayned,
That he which was their capitaine profeſt,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the reſt,
One day as he did all his priſoners vew,
With luſtfull eyes beheld that lovely gueſt,
Faire Paſtorella, whoſe ſad mournefull hew,
Like the faire morning clad in miſty fog did ſhew.

IV.

At ſight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames moſt raging whot,
That her alone he for his part deſired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himſelfe allot;
From that day forth he kyndneſſe to her ſhowed,
And ſought her love by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts, he oft her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

V.

But all that ever he could doe or ſay,
Her conſtant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love;
Yet ceaſt he not to ſew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accompliſh his requeſt,
Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he ſuffred her to reſt,
But her all night did watch, and all the day moleſt.

VI.

At laſt, when him ſhe ſo importune ſaw,
Fearing leaſt he at length the raines would lend
Unto his luſt, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre ſhe was to foe or friend,
She thought it beſt for ſhadow to pretend

Some ſhew of favour, by him gracing ſmall,
That ſhe therehy mote either freely wend,
Or at more eaſe continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

VII.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearmes ſhe did him entertaine,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perſwade
That he in time her ioyaunce ſhould obtaine;
But when ſhe ſaw, through that ſmall favour's gaine,
That further then ſhe willing was he preſt,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to ſaine
A ſodaine ſickneſſe, which her ſore oppreſt,
And made unfit to ſerve his lawleſſe mindes beheſt.

VIII.

By meanes whereof ſhe would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privity,
But onely mongſt the reſt by her to ſit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And ſeeking all things meete for remedy;
But ſhe reſolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to ſhew in miſery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde;
Her ſickneſſe was not of the body, but the mynde.

IX.

During which ſpace that ſhe thus ſicke did lie,
It chaunſt a ſort of merchants, which were wount
To ſkim thoſe coaſtes for bondmen there to buy,
And by ſuch trafficke he after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this iſle, though bare and blunt,
T' inquire for ſlaves; where being readie met
By ſome of theſe ſame theeves, at th' inſtant brunt
Where brought unto their captaine, who was ſet
By his faire patient's ſide with ſorrowfull regret:

X.

To whom they ſhewed how thoſe marchants were
Arriv'd in place their bondſlaves for to buy;
And therefore prayd that thoſe ſame captives there
Mote to them for their moſt commodity
Be ſold, and mongſt them ſhared equally.
This their requeſt the captaine much appalled,
Yet could he not their iuſt demaund deny,
And willed ſtreight the ſlaves ſhould forth be called,
And ſold for moſt advantage not to be forſtalled.

XI.

Then forth the good old Melibee was brought,
And Coridon, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverſe ſpoyles had caught,
All which he to the merchants ſale did ſhowe;
Till ſome, which did the ſundry priſoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire ſhepherdeſſe,
Which with the reſt they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expreſſe,
The more t'augment her price through praiſe of comlineſſe.

XII.

To whom the captaine in full angry wize
Made anſwere, that the mayd of whom they ſpake
Was his owne purchaſe and his onely prize,
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himſelfe, which did that conqueſt make;
Litle for him to have one ſilly laſſe;
Beſides through ſickneſſe now ſo wan and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandize to paſſe:
So ſhew'd them her, to prove how pale and weak ſhe was.

XIII.

The ſight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly ſeene by candle-light,
Yet like a diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull ſhadow of the darkſome night
With ſtarrie beames about her ſhining bright,
Theſe merchants fixed eyes did ſo amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

XIV.

At laſt when all the reſt them offred were,
And priſes to them placed at their pleaſure,
They all refuſed in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, however priſd with meaſure,
Withouten her, whoſe worth above all threaſure
They did eſteeme, and offred ſtore of gold:
But then the captaine, fraught with more diſpleaſure,
Bad them be ſtill, his love ſhould not be ſold;
The reſt take if they would, he her to him would hold.

XV.

Therewith ſome other of the chiefeſt theeves
Boldly him bad ſuch iniurie forbeare,
For that ſame mayd, however it him greeves,
Should with the reſt be ſold before him theare,
To make the priſes of the reſt more deare:
That with great rage he ſtoutly doth denay,
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth ſweare
That whoſo hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely ſhall aby, and death for handſell pay.

XVI.

Thus as they words amongſt them multiply,
They fall to ſtrokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad ſteele about doth fiercely fly,
Not ſparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for Death at large to walke;
Who in the horror of the grieſly night
In thouſand dreadful ſhapes doth mongſt them ſtalke,
And makes huge havocke; whiles the candle-light
Out-quenched leaves no ſkill nor difference of wight.

XVII.

Like as a ſort of hungry dogs, ymet
About ſome carcaſe by the common way,

Do fall together, ſtryving each to get
The greateſt portion of the greedie pray;
All on confuſed heapes themſelves aſſay,
And ſnatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and teare,
That who them ſees would wonder at their fray,
And who ſees not would be affrayd to heare;
Such was the conflict of thoſe cruell Brigants there.

XVIII.

But firſt of all their captives they do kill,
Leaſt they ſhould ioyne againſt the weaker ſide,
Or riſe againſt the remnant at their will;
Old Melibee is ſlaine, and him beſide
His aged wife, with many others wide;
But Coridon, eſcaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilſt darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as faſt as he can hye,
Ne ſtayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

XIX.

But Paſtorella, wofull wretched elfe,
Was by the captaine all this while defended,
Who minding more her ſafety then himſelfe,
His target always over her pretended,
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was ſlaine and layd on ground,
Yet holding faſt, twixt both his armes extended,
Fayre Paſtorell, who with the ſelfe ſame wound
Launcht thro' the arme, fell downe with him in drerie ſwound.

XX.

There lay ſhe covered with confuſed preaſſe
Of carcaſes, which dying on her fell:
Tho whenas he was dead the fray gan ceaſſe,
And each to other calling, did compell
To ſtay their cruell hands from ſlaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cauſe of all were gone:
Thereto they attonce agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan ſearch anone,
How many of their friends were ſlaine, how many fone.

XXI.

Their captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a ſweet angell twixt two clouds up-hild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd,
With cloud of death upon her eyes diſplayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darkneſſe layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright
To ſparke out litle beames, like ſtarres in ſoggie night.

XXII.

But when they mov'd the carcaſes aſide,
They found that life did yet in her remaine;
Then all their helpes they buſily applyde
To call the ſoule backe to her home againe,
And wrought ſo well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at laſt;
Who ſighing ſore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene, and all her hart-ſtrings braſt,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghaſt.

XXIII.

There ſhe beheld that ſore her griev'd to ſee,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Herſelfe ſole left, a ſecond ſpoyle to bee
Of thoſe that having ſaved her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared ſhe her wound in teares to ſteepe,
Albe with all their might thoſe Brigants her did keepe.

XXIV.

But when they ſaw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her ſo, in charge of one, the beſt
Of many worſt who with unkind diſdaine
And cruell rigour her did much moleſt,
Scarſe yeelding her due food or timely reſt,
And ſcarſely ſuffring her infeſtred wound,
That ſore her payn'd, by any to be dreſt.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to Calidore where we him found.

XXV.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And ſaw his ſhepheard's cottage ſpoyled quight
And his love reft away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull ſight,
That even his hart for very fell deſpight,
And his owne fleſh he readie was to teare:
He chauſt, he griev'd, he fretted, and he ſight,
And fared like a furious wyld beare,
Whoſe whelpes are ſtolne away, ſhe being other where.

XXVI.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increaſt the anguiſh of his paine:
He ſought the woods, but no man could ſee there;
He ſought the plaines, but could no tydings heare;
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waſte and emptie did appeare;
Where wont the ſhepheards oft their pypes reſound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

XXVII.

At laſt as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunſt one coming towards him to ſpy,
That ſeem'd to be ſome ſorie ſimple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upſtarting hye,
As if he did from ſome late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd;
Who as he unto him approached nye,
He mote perceive, by ſignes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the ſilly ſhepheard's hynd.

XXVIII.

Tho to him running faſt, he did not ſtay
To greet him firſt, but aſk where were the reſt?

Where Paſtorell? who full of freſh diſmay,
And guſhing forth in teares, was ſo oppreſt,
That he no word could ſpeake, but ſmit his breſt,
And up to heaven his eyes faſt ſtreaming threw;
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not reſt,
But aſkt againe what ment that rufull hew?
Where was his Paſtorell? where all the other crew?

xxix.

"Ah! well away," ſaid he then ſighing ſore,
"That ever I did live this day to ſee,
"This diſmall day, and was not dead before,
"Before I ſaw faire Paſtorella dye."
"Die! out alas!" Then Calidore did cry,
"How could the death dare ever her to quell;
"But read, thou Shepheard, read what deſtiny,
"Or other direfull hap from heaven or hell
"Hath wrought this wicked deed? doe feare away, and tell."

xxx.

Tho when the ſhepheard breathed had awhyle,
He thus began; "Where ſhall I then commence
"This wofull tale? or how thoſe Brigants vyle,
"With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,
"Spoyld all our cots, and caried us from hence?
"Or how faire Paſtorell ſhould have bene ſold
"To marchants, but was ſav'd with ſtrong defence?
"Or how thoſe theeves, whileſt one fought her to hold
"Fell all to ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold?

xxxi.

"In that ſame conflict (woe is me!) befell
"This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
"Whoſe heavy tidings now I have to tell
"Firſt, all the captives, which they here had hent,
"Were by them ſlaine by generall conſent;
"Old Melibee and his good wife withall
"Theſe eyes ſaw die, and dearely did lament;
"But when the lot to Paſtorell did fall,
"Their captaine long withſtood, and did her death forſtall.

xxxii.

"But what could he gainſt all them doe alone?
"It could not boot; needs mote ſhe die at laſt:
"I onely ſcapt through great confuſione
"Of cryes and clamors, which amongſt them paſt,
"In dreadfull darkneſſe, dreadfully aghaſt,
"That better were with them to have bene dead,
"Then here to ſee all deſolate and waſt,
"Deſpoyled of thoſe ioyes and iollyhead
"Which with theſe gentle ſhepheards here I wont to lead."

xxxiii.

When Calidore theſe ruefull newes had raught,
His heart quite dreaded was with anguiſh great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh diſtraught;
That he his face, his head, his breaſt, did beat,
And death itſelfe unto himſelfe did threat,
Oft' curſing th'Heavens, that ſo cruell were
To her, whoſe name he often did repeat,
And wiſhing oft that he were preſent there
When ſhe was ſlaine, or had bene to her ſuccour nere.

xxxiv.

But after grieſe awhile had had his courſe,
And ſpent itſelfe in mourning, he at laſt
Began to mitigate his ſwelling ſourſe,
And in his mind with better reaſon caſt
How he might ſave her life, if life did laſt;
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwiſe he could not mend thing paſt;
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his life's threed to breake.

xxxv.

Tho Coridon he prayd, ſith he well knew
The readie way unto that theeviſh wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew,
Unto the place, to ſee what ſhould be donne;
But he, whoſe hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did ſhonne;
Yet Calidore ſo well him wrought with meed,
And faire beſpoke with words, that he at laſt agreed.

xxxvi.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in ſhepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with ſhepheards hookes; but Calidore
Had underneath him armed privily:
Tho to the place when they approached nye
They chaunſt, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of ſheepe and ſhepheards to eſpy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope their newes to learne, how they mote beſt aſſay.

xxxvii.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The ſelf-ſame flocks the which thoſe theeves had reft
From Melibee and from themſelves whyleare,
And certaine of the theeves were by them left,
The which for want of heards themſelves then kept;
Right well knew Coridon his owne late ſheepe,
And ſeeing them, for tender pittie wept;
But when he ſaw the theeves which did them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he ſaw them all aſleepe.

xxxviii.

But Calidore recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare, for nought may feare diſwade,
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay ſleeping ſoundly in the buſhes ſhade,
Whom Coridon him counſeld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the ſpoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had cloſely made

A further purpoſe, would not ſo them ſlay,
But gently waking them, gave them the time of day.

XXXIX.

Tho ſitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of ſundrie things he purpoſe gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Paſtorell, were ſhe alive or ſlaine;
Mongſt which the theeves them queſtioned againe,
What miſter men, and eke from whence they were?
To whom they anſwer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heard-groomes, the which whylere
Had from their maiſters fled, and now ſought hyre elſewhere,

XL.

Whereof right glad they ſeem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe,
For they themſelves were evill groomes, they ſayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or paſture ſheepe,
But to forray the land, or ſcoure the deepe:
Thereto they ſoone agreed, and earneſt tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe,
For they for better hyre did ſhortly looke;
So there all day they bode, till light the ſky forſooke.

XLI.

Tho whenas towards darkſome night it drew,
Unto their helliſh dens thoſe theeves them brought,
Where ſhortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the ſecrets of their entrayles ſought:
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Paſtorell yet liv'd; but all the reſt
Were dead, right ſo as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did reſt,
But chiefly Calidore, whom griefe had moſt poſſeſt

XLII.

At length, when they occaſion fitteſt found,
In dead of night, when all the theeves did reſt
After a late forray, and ſlept full ſound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd as he thought beſt,
Having of late, by diligent inqueſt,
Provided him a ſword of meaneſt ſort,
With which he ſtreight went to the captaines neſt;
But Coridon durſt not with him conſort,
Ne durſt abide behind, for dread of worſe effort.

XLIII.

When to the cave they came they found it faſt;
But Calidore, with huge reſiſtleſſe might,
The dores aſſayled, and the locks upbraſt;
With noyſe whereof the theefe awaking, light
Unto the entrance ran, where the bold knight
Encountring him, with ſmall reſiſtence ſlew;
The whiles faire Paſtorell through great affright
Was almoſt dead, miſdoubting leaſt of new
Some uprore were like that which lately ſhe did vew.

XLIV.

But whenas Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Paſtorell to call,
Knowing his voice, although, not heard long ſin,
She ſudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous ioy felt in her ſpirits thrall;
Like him that being long in tempeſt toſt,
Looking each houre into Deaths mouth to fall,
At length eſpyes at hand the happie coſt
On which he ſafety hopes, that earſt feard to be loſt.

XLV.

Her gentle hart, that now long ſeaſon paſt
Had never ioyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began ſome ſmacke of comfort new to taſt,
Like lyfeful heat to nummed ſenſes brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had ſought;
Ne leſſe in hart reioyced Calidore,
When he her found; but like to one diſtraught
And robd of reaſon, towards her him bore
A thouſand times embraſt, and kiſt a thouſand more.

XLVI.

But now by this, with noyſe of late uprore,
The hue and crye was raiſed all about,
And all the Brigants flocking in great ſtore,
Unto the cave gan preaſſe, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout;
But Calidore in th' entry cloſe did ſtand,
And entertayning them with courage ſtout,
Still ſlew the formoſt that came firſt to hand,
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

XLVII.

Tho when no more could nigh to him approach,
He breath'd his ſword, and reſted him till day,
Which when he ſpyde upon the earth t'encroch,
Through the dead carcaſes he made his way,
Mongſt which he found a ſword of better ſay,
With which he forth went into th' open light
Where all the reſt for him did readie ſtay,
And fierce aſſayling him, with all their might,
Gan all upon him lay; there gan a dreadfull fight.

XLIII.

How many flyes in whotteſt ſummer's day
Do ſeize upon ſome beaſt, whoſe fleſh is bare,
That all the place with ſwarmes do over-lay,
And with their litle ſtings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him ſwarming are,
All which do him aſſayle on every ſide,
And ſore oppreſſe, ne any him doth ſpare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickeſt troups, and round about him ſcatreth wide.

XLIX.

Like as a lion mongſt an herd of dere,
Diſperſeth them to catch his choyſeſt pray,
So did he fly amongſt them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and ſlay,
Till he had ſtrowd with bodies all the way,
That none his daunger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themſelves convay
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

L.

Then backe returning to his deareſt deare,
He her gan to recomfort all he might,
With gladfull ſpeaches and with lovely cheare,
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
Whereof ſhe long had lackt the wiſhfull ſight;
Deviz'd all goodly means from her to drive
The ſad remembrance of her wretched plight;
So her uneath at laſt he did revive,
That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

LI.

This doen, into thoſe theeviſh dens he went,
And thence did all the ſpoyles and threaſures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent;
But Fortune now the victor's meed did make,
Of which the beſt he did his love betake;
And alſo all thoſe flockes, which they before
Had reſt from Melibee and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon reſtore,
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO XII.

Fayre Paſtorella by great hap
Her parents underſtands:
Calidore doth the Blatant Beaſt
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

I.

Like as a ſhip that through the ocean wyde
Directs her courſe unto one certaine coſt,
Is met of many a counter-winde and tyde,
With which her winged ſpeed is let and croſt,
And ſhe herſelfe in ſtormie ſurges toſt;
Yet making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compaſſe loſt;
Right ſo it fares with me in this long way,
Whoſe courſe is often ſtayd, yet never is aſtray.

II.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight from ſewing his firſt queſt
Though out of courſe, yet hath not bene mis-ſayd,
To ſhew the courteſie by him profeſt,
Even unto the loweſt and the leaſt:
But now I come into my courſe againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beaſt,
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilſt none was him to ſtop, nor none him to reſtraine.

III.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Paſtorella from thoſe Brigants powre,
Unto the Caſtle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was lord the good Sir Bellamoure;
Who whylome was in his youthes freſheſt flowre
A luſty knight as ever wielded ſpeare,
And had endured many a dreadfull ſtoure
In bloudy batteil for a ladie deare,
The fayreſt ladie then of all that living were:

IV.

Her name was Claribell, whoſe father hight
The Lord of many Ilands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might;
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the Prince of Pictland, bordering nere;
But ſhe, whoſe ſides before with ſecret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes ſhund to match with any forreign fere:

V.

And Bellamour againe ſo well her pleaſed
With dayly ſervice and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrely ſeized,
And cloſely did her wed, but knowne to few;
Which when her father underſtood, he grew
In ſo great rage, that them in dungeon deepe,
Without compaſſion, cruelly he threw;
Yet did ſo ſtreightly them aſunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

VI

Natheleſſe Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or ſecret guifts, ſo with his keepers wrought,
That to his love ſometimes he came in place,
Whereof her womb unwiſt to wight was fraught,
And in due time a mayden child fourth brought;
Which ſhe ſtreightway (for dread leaſt if her fyre
Should know thereof to ſlay her would have ſought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She ſhould it cauſe be foſtred under ſtraunge attyre.

VII.

The truſtie damſell bearing it abrode
Into the empty fields where living wight
Mote not bewray the ſecret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a ſight;
Whom whyleſt ſhe did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle breſt, like chriſtall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a roſe her ſilken leaves did faire unfold.

VIII.

Well ſhe it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched caſe,
But cloſing it again, like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place;
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle ſpace
Behind the buſhes, where ſhe her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or Heaven's grace,
Would for the wretched infant's helpe provyde;
For which it loudly cald and pityfully cryde.

IX.

At length a ſhepheard, which thereby did keepe
His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,
Led with the infant's cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place, where when he wrapped found
Th' abandond ſpoyle, he ſoftly it unbound,
And ſeeing there that did him pittie ſore,
He tooke it up, and in his mantle wound;
So home unto his honeſt wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurſt, and named evermore.

X.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands, till that her fyre
Departed life, and left unto them all;
Then all the ſtormes of Fortune's former yre
Where turnd, and they to freedome did retyre:
Thenceforth they ioy'd in happineſſe together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without diſquiet or diſlike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Paſtorella thether.

XI.

Both whom thy goodly well did entertaine
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his proweſſe, ſith they twaine
Long ſince had fought in field; als Claribell
Ne leſſe did tender the faire Paſtorell,
Seeing her weake and wan through durance long:
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Untill the damzell gan to wex more ſound and ſtrong.

XII.

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize
Of his firſt queſt, which he had long forlore,
Aſham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Facry Queene had long afore
Beqneath'd to him, forſlacked had ſo fore,
That much he feared leaſt reprochfull blame,
With foule diſhonour, him mote blot therefore,
Beſides the loſſe of ſo much prayſe and fame,
As through the world thereby ſhould glorifie his name.

XIII.

Therefore reſolving to returne in haſt
Unto ſo great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now perill being paſt,
With Claribell, whyleſt he that monſter ſought
Throughout the world, and to deſtruction brought;
So taking leave of his faire Paſtorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his queſt, and did that him befell.

XIV.

But firſt, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Paſtorell,
During his abſence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning and nightly miſfare;
Yet did that auncient matrone all ſhe might,
To cheriſh her with all things choice and rare,
And her own handmayd, that Meliſſa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XV.

Who in a morning, when this maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her ſnowy breſt
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comeley treſſes dewly dreſt,
Chaunſt to eſpy upon her yvory cheſt
The roſie marke, which ſhe remembred well
That litle infant had, which forth ſhe keſt,
The daughter of her lady Claribell,
The which ſhe bore the whiles in priſon ſhe did dwell.

XVI.

Which well avizing, ſtreight ſhe gan to caſt
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire mayd
Was that ſame infant which ſo long ſith paſt
She in the open fields had looſely layd
To Fortune's ſpoile, unable it to ayd:
So full of ioy ſtreight forth ſhe ran in haſt
Unto her miſtreſſe, being halfe diſmayd,
To tell her how the Heavens had her graſte
To ſave her chylde, which in Misfortune's mouth was plaſte.

XVII.

The ſober mother ſeeing ſuch her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that ſodaine thro,
Aſkt her how mote her words be underſtood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her ſo?
"My Lieſe," ſaid ſhe, "ye know that long ygo,
"Whileſt ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
"A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
"The ſame againe if now ye liſt to have,
"The ſame is yonder lady, whom high God did "ſave."

XVIII.

Much was the lady troubled at that ſpeach,
And gan to queſtion ſtreight how ſhe it knew.
"Moſt certaine markes, "ſayd ſhe, "do me it "teach;
"For on her breaſt I with theſe eyes did vew
"The litle purple roſe which thereon grew,
"Whereof her name ye then to her did give:

"Beſides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
"Matched with equall yeares, do ſurely prive
"That yond ſame is your daughter ſure, which
" yet doth live."

xix.

The matrone ſtayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in haſt ran to the ſtraunger mayd,
Whom catching greedily for great deſire,
Rent up her breſt, and boſome open layd,
In which that roſe ſhe plainely ſaw diſplayd;
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaines,
She long ſo held, and ſoftly weeping ſayd,
" And liveſt thou, my daughter! now againe?
" And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did
" fayne?"

xx.

Tho further aſking her of ſundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at laſt, by very certaine ſignes,
And ſpeaking markes of paſſed monuments,
That this young mayd, whom chance to her preſents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare;
Tho wondring long at thoſe ſo ſtraunge events,
A thouſand times ſhe her embraced nere,
With many a ioyfull kiſſe and many a melting teare.

xxi.

Whoever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead ſhe fyndes alive,
Let her by proofe of that which ſhe hath fylde
In her own breaſt, this mother's ioy deſcrive;
For other none ſuch paſſion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good lady felt,
When ſhe ſo faire a daughter ſaw ſurvive,
As Paſtorella was, that nigh ſhe ſwelt
For paſſing ioy, which did all into pity melt.

xxii.

Thence running forth unto her loved lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell;
Who ioyning ioy with her in one acord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Paſtorell.
There leave we them in ioy, and let us tell
Of Calidore, who ſeeking all this while
That monſtrous Beaſt by finall force to quell,
Through every place, with reſtleſſe paine and toile,
Him follow'd by the tract of his outragious ſpoile.

xxiii.

Through all eſtates he found that he had paſt,
In which he many maſſacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at laſt
In which ſuch ſpoile, ſuch havocke and ſuch theft,
He wrought, that thence all goodneſſe he bereft,
That endleſſe were to tell. The Elfin knight,
Who now no place beſides unfought had left,
At length into a monaſtere did light,
Where he him found deſpoyling all with maine and might.

xxiv.

Into their cloyſters now he broken had,
Thro' which the monckes he chaced here and there,
And them perſu'd into their dortours ſad,
And ſearched all their cels and ſecrets neare,
In which what filth and ordure did appeare
Were yrkeſome to report; yet that foule Beaſt
Nought ſparing them, the more did toſſe and teare,
And ranſacke all their dennes from moſt to leaſt,
Regarding nought religion nor their holy heaſt.

xxv.

From thence into the ſacred church he broke,
And robd the chancell, and the deſkes downe threw,
And altars fouled, and blaſphemy ſpoke,
And the images, for all their goodly hew,
Did caſt to ground, whileſt none was them to rew,
So all confounded and diſordered there;
But ſeeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him faſt purſuing, ſoone approached neare.

xxvi.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce aſſailing forſt him turne againe;
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him ſtrooke
With his ſharpe ſteele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that ſeemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmoſt brim,
All ſet with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus grieſly grim.

xxvii.

And therein were a thouſand tongs empight
Of ſundry kindes and ſundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And ſome of cats, that wrawling ſtill did cry,
And ſome of beares, that groynd continually,
And ſome of tygres, that did ſeeme to gren,
And ſnar at all that ever paſſed by;
But moſt of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which ſpake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

xxviii.

And them amongſt were mingled here and there
The tongues of ſerpents with three-forked ſtings,
That ſpat out poyſon and gore, bloudy gere,
At all that came within his ravenings,
And ſpake licentious words and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne keſars ſpared he a whit nor kings,
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

xxix.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with ſo impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he ſtayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And ſpitting forth the poyſon of his ſpight,
That fomed all about his bloody iawes;
Tho rearing up his former feete on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes.

xxx.

But he right well aware his rage to ward,
Did caſt his ſhield atweene, and therewithall
Putting his puiſſaunce forth, purſu'd ſo hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall,
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His ſhield he on him threw, and faſt downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy ſtall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe till he be throughly queld.

xxxi.

Full cruelly the Beaſt did rage and rore,
To be downe held and mayſtred ſo with might,
That he gan fret and ſome out bloudy gore,
Striving in vaine to rere himſelfe upright;
For ſtill the more he ſtrove, the more the knight
Did him ſuppreſſe, and forcibly ſubdew,
That made him almoſt mad for fell deſpight:
He grind, he bit, he ſcratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew:

xxxii.

Or like the hell-borne hydra, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thouſand heads, the which ſtill new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew:
Such was the fury of this helliſh Beaſt,
Whileſt Calidore him under him downe threw,
Who nathemore his heavy load releaſt,
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increaſt.

xxxiii.

Tho when the Beaſt ſaw he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And ſharpely at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of ſhameſull infamy,
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whoſe like he never once did ſpeake nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing ſo unworthily;
Yet did he nought for all that him forbeare,
But ſtrained him ſo ſtreightly that he chokt him neare.

xxxiv.

At laſt, whenas he found his force to ſhrincke,
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzle ſtrong,
Of ſureſt yron made with many a lincke,
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein ſhut up his blaſphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle knight,
Or unto lovely lady doing wrong;
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth even in his own deſpight.

xxxv.

Like as whylome that ſtrong Tirynthian ſwaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Againſt his will faſt bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly, did him compell
To ſee the hateſull ſunne, that he might tell
To grieſly Pluto what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghoſts, which dwell
For aye in darkeneſſe, which day light doth ſhonne;
So led this knight his captyve, with like conqueſt wonne.

xxxvi.

Yet greatly did the Beaſt repine at thoſe
Straunge bands, whoſe like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durſt till then impoſe,
And chauffed inly, ſeeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore;
Yet durſt he not draw backe, nor once withſtand
The proved powre of noble Calidore;
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

xxxvii.

Him through all Faery Land he follow'd ſo,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, whereſo he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To ſee him leade that Beaſt in bondage ſtrong,
And ſeeing it, much wondred at the ſight;
And all ſuch perſons, as he earſt did wrong,
Reioyced much to ſee his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beaſt, but more admyr'd the knight.

xxxviii.

Thus was this monſter by the mayſtring might
Of doughty Calidore ſuppreſt and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many cauſeleſſe cauſed to be blamed;
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that, whether wicked Fate ſo framed,
Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

xxxix.

Thenceforth more miſchiefe and more ſcathe he wrought
To mortall men than he had done before,
Ne ever could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne mayſtred any more;
Albe that long time after Calidore
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine Land,
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

xl.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth fore in each degree and ſtate,
Ne any is that may him now reſtraine,
He growen is ſo great and ſtrong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime;
Ne ſpareth he moſt gentle wits to rate,
Ne ſpareth he the gentle poets rime,
But rends without regard of perſon or of time.

xli.

Ne may this homely verſe, of many meaneſt,
Hope to eſcape his venemous deſpite,
More then my former writs; all were they cleareſt
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which ſome wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty peres diſpleaſure,
That never ſo deſerved to indite;
Therefore do you, my Rimes, keep better meaſure,
And ſeeke to pleaſe, that now is counted wiſe mens threaſure.

TWO CANTOS

OF MUTABILITIE;

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER,

Appear to be parcell of ſome following Book of

THE FAERY QUEENE,

UNDER THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleaſd in mortall things
Beneath the moone to raigne)
Pretends as well of gods as men
To be the ſoveraine.

I.

WHAT man that ſees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth ſway,
But that thereby doth find and plainly feele
How mutability in them doth play
Her cruell ſports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearſe that whilome I heard ſay,
How ſhe at firſt herſelfe began to reare
Gainſt all the gods, and th' empire ſought from them to beare.

II.

But firſt here falleth, fitteſt to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it regiſtred of old
In Faery land, mongſt records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by deſcent
Of thoſe old Titans that did whylome ſtrive
With Saturnes ſonne for heaven's regiment,
Whom though high Iove of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their ſtemme long after did ſurvive;

III.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Iove, and high authority;
As Hecate, in whoſe almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her diſpoſed diverſly
To gods and men as ſhe them liſt divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth ſound on hie
Warres and allarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.

IV.

So likewiſe did this Titaneſſe aſpire,
Rule and dominion to herſelfe to gaine,
That as a goddeſſe men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine;
And firſt on earth ſhe ſought it to obtaine,
Where ſhe ſuch proofe and ſad examples ſhewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom ſhe ſoone ſubdewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad doings rewed.

V.

For ſhe the face of earthly things ſo changed,
That all which Nature had eſtabliſht firſt
In good eſtate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their ſtatutes burſt:
And all the world's faire frame (which none yet durſt
Of gods or men to alter or miſguide)
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurſt
That God had bleſt, and did at firſt provide
In that ſtill happy ſtate for ever to abide.

VI.

Ne ſhee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of iuſtice and of policie,
And wrong of right, and bad of good, did make,
And death for life exchanged fooliſhlie;
Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worſe.
O pitteous worke of Mutabilitie!
By which we all are ſubiect to that curſe,
And death, inſtead of life, have ſucked from our nurſe.

VII.

And now, when all the earth ſhe thus had brought
To her beheſt, and thralled to her might,
She gan to caſt in her ambitious thought
T' attempt th' empire of the heav'n's hight,
And love himſelfe to ſhoulder from his right;
And firſt ſhe paſt the region of the ayre,
And of the fire, whoſe ſubſtance thin and ſlight
Made no reſiſtance, ne could her contraire,
But ready paſſage to her pleaſure did prepare;

VIII.

Thence to the circle of the moone ſhe clame,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlaſting glory,
To whoſe bright ſhining palace ſtraight ſhe came,
All fairly deckt with heaven's goodly ſtory;
Whoſe ſilver gates (by which there ſate an hory
Old aged ſire with hower-glaſſe in hand,
Hight Tyme) ſhe entred, were he liefe or ſorry,
Ne ſtaide till ſhe the higheſt ſtage had ſcand,
Where Cynthia did ſit, that never ſtill did ſtand.

IX.

Her ſitting on an ivory throne ſhe found,
Drawne of two ſteeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thouſand ſtarres around,
That duly her attended day and night,
And by her ſide there ran her page, that hight,
Veſper, whom we the evening-ſtarre intend;
That with his torche, ſtill twinkling like twy-light,
Her lightened all the way where ſhe ſhould wend,
And ioy to weary wandring travailers did lend.

X.

Tho when the hardy Titaneſſe beheld
The goodly building of her palace bright,
Made of the heaven's ſubſtance, and up-held
With thouſand cryſtall pillors of huge hight,
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious ſpright,
And t' envie her that in ſuch glorie raigned;
Eftſoones ſhe caſt by force and tortious might
Her to diſplace, and to herſelfe t' have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

XI.

Boldly ſhe bid the goddeſſe downe deſcend,
And let herſelfe into that ivory throne,
For ſhe herſelfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men, whoſe fall ſhe did bemone,
Or unto gods, whoſe ſtate ſhe did maligne,
Or to th' infernall powres her neede give lone
Of her faire light, and bounty moſt benigne,
Herſelfe of all that rule ſhe deemed moſt condigne.

XII.

But ſhee that had to her that ſoveraigne ſeat
By higheſt love aſſign'd, therein to beare
Night's burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare,
But with ſterne countenance and diſdainfull cheare
Bending her horned browes, did put her back,
And boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bad her attonce from heaven's coaſt to pack,
Or at her perill hide the wrathfull thunder's wrack.

XIII.

Yet nathemore the gianteſſe forbare;
But boldly preacing on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And therewith lifting up her golden wand,
Threatened to ſtrike her if ſhe did withſtand;
Whereat the ſtarres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the moones bright waggon ſtill did ſtand,
All being with ſo bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and ſterne looke ſtill gazed.

XIV.

Meane while the lower world, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid, and woondred at that ſight,
Fearing leaſt Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chiefly Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haſte unto the king of gods to plaine.

XV.

All ran together with a great out-cry,
To love's faire palace fixt in heaven's hight,
And beating at his gates full earneſtly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that ſuddaine lacke of light.
The father of the gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their ſo ſtrange affright,

Doubting leaſt Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him ſorely fear'd.

xvi.

Eftſoones the ſonne of Maia forth he ſent
Downe to the circle of the moone, to knowe
The cauſe of this ſo ſtrange aſtoniſhment,
And why ſhe did her wonted courſe forſlowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or magick her moleſt,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe;
But if from heaven it were, then to arreſt
The author, and him bring before his preſence preſt.

xvii.

The wingd-foot god ſo faſt his plumes did beat,
That ſoone he came whenas the Titaneſſe
Was ſtriving with faire Cynthia for her ſeat:
At whoſe ſtrange ſight and haughty hardineſſe
He wondred much, and feared her no leſſe;
Yet laying feare aſide to doe his charge,
At laſt he bade her with bold ſtedfaſtneſſe
Ceaſe to moleſt the moone to walk at large,
Or come before high Iove her dooings to diſcharge.

xviii.

And therewithall he on her ſhoulder laid
His ſnaky-wreathed mace, whoſe awfull powre
Doth make both gods and helliſh fiends afraid:
Whereat the Titaneſſe did ſternely lower,
And ſtoutly anſwer'd, that in evill hower
He from his Iove ſuch meſſage to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthia's ſilver bower,
Sith ſhe his Iove and him eſteemed nought,
No more than Cynthia's ſelfe, but all their kingdoms ſought.

xix.

The heaven's herald ſtaid not to reply,
But paſt away his doings to relate
Unto his lord, who now in th' higheſt ſky
Was placed in his principall eſtate,
With all the gods about him congregate;
To whom, when Hermes had his meſſage told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save Iove; who changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did unto them at length theſe ſpeeches wiſe unfold;

xx.

" Hearken to mee awhile, ye heavenly Powers;
" Ye may remember ſince th' earth's curſed ſeed
" Sought to aſſaile the heavens eternall towers,
" And to us all exceeding feare did breed;
" But how we then defeated all their deed
" Yee all do knowe, and them deſtroyed quite;
" Yet not ſo quite, but that there did ſucceed
" An offſpring of their bloud, which did alite
" Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet deſpite.

xxi.

" Of that bad ſeed is this bold woman bred;
" That now with bold preſumption doth aſpire
" To thruſt faire Phœbe from her ſilver bed,
" And eke ourſelves from heaven's high empire,
" If that her might were matcht to her deſire;
" Wherefore it now behoves us to adviſe
" What way is beſt to drive her to retire,
" Whether by open force or counſell wiſe,
" Areed, ye Sonnes of God! as beſt ye can devize."

xxii.

So having ſaid, he ceaſt, and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whoſe doomfull dreade beck
Is wont to wield the world into his vow,
And even the higheſt powers of heaven to check)
Made ſigne to them in their degrees to ſpeake;
Who ſtraight gan caſt their counſell grave and wiſe:
Meanewhile th' earth's daughter, though ſhe nought did reck
Of Hermes' meſſage, yet gan now adviſe
What courſe were beſt to take in this hot bold emprife.

xxiii.

Eftſoones ſhe thus reſolv'd, that whilſt the gods
(After returne of Hermes' embaſſie)
Were troubled, and amongſt themſelves at ods,
Before they could new counſels reallie,
To ſet upon them in that extaſie,
And take what fortune, time, and place, would lend:
So forth ſhe roſe, and through the pureſt ſky
To Iove's high palace ſtreight caſt to aſcend,
To proſecute her plot: good onſet boads good end.

xxiv.

She there ariving, boldly in did paſs,
Where all the gods ſhe found in counſell cloſe,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was;
At ſight of her they ſudden all aroſe
In great amaze, ne wiſt what way to choſe:
But Iove, all fearleſſe, forc't them to aby,
And in his ſoveraine throne gan ſtraight diſpoſe
Himſelfe more full of grace and maieſtie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie,

xxv.

That when the haughty Titaneſſe beheld,
All were ſhe fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the ſight thereof was almoſt queld,
And inly quaking, ſeem'd as reft of ſenſe
And voyd of ſpeech in that drad audience,
Untill that Iove himſelf herſelfe beſpake:
" Speake thou, fraile Woman, ſpeake with confidence,
" Whence art thou? and what doeſt thou here now make?
" What idle errand haſt thou earth's manſion to forſake?"

xxvi.

Shee, halfe confuſed with his great commaund,
Yet gathering ſpirit of her nature's pride,
Him boldly anſwer'd thus to his demaund;
" I am a daughter, by the mother's ſide,
" Of her that is grand-mother magnifide
" Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos' child;
" But by the father's, be it not envide,
" I greater am in bloud, whereon I build,
" Then all the gods, though wrongfully from heaven exil'd.

xxvii.

" For Titan, as ye all acknowledge muſt,
" Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,
" Both ſonnes of Uranus; but by uniuſt
" And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes
" ſlight,
" The younger thruſt the elder from his right;
" Since which thou, Iove, iniuriouſly haſt held
" The heaven's rule from Titan's ſonnes by
" might,
" And them to helliſh dungeons downe haſt feld;
" Witneſſe, ye Heavens! the truth of all that I
" have teld."

xxvii.

Whilſt ſhe thus ſpake, the gods, that gave good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Being of ſtature tall as any there
Of all the gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the goddeſſes in place,
Stood all aſtonied; like a ſort of ſteeres,
Mongſt whom ſome beaſt of ſtrange and forraine race
Unwares is chaunc't, far ſtraying from his peeres;
So did their ghaſtly gaze bewray their hidden feares:

xxix.

Till having pauz'd awhile, Iove thus beſpake;
" Will never mortall thoughts ceaſe to aſpire
" In this bold ſort, to heaven claime to make,
" And touch celeſtiall ſeates with earthly mire?
" I would have thought that bold Procuſtus' hire,
" Or Typhon's fall, or proud Ixion's paine,
" Or great Promethеus taſting of our ire,
" Would have ſuffiz'd the reſt for to reſtraine,
" And warn'd all men by their example to re-
" fraine:

xxx.

" But now, this off-ſcum of that curſed fry
" Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
" And chalenge th' heritage of this our ſkie,
" Whom what ſhould hinder but that we likewiſe
" Should handle as the reſt of her allies,
" And thunder-drive to hell?" with that he ſhooke
His nectar-deawed locks, with which the ſkyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

xxxi.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare,
That could the greateſt wrath ſoone turne to grace,
(Such ſway doth beauty even in heaven beare)
He ſtaide his hand, and having chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wiſe began;
" But ah! if gods ſhould ſtrive with fleſh yfere,
" Then ſhortly ſhould the progeny of man
" Be rooted out, if Iove ſhould doe ſtill what he
" can:

xxxii.

" But thee, faire Titan's Child! I rather weene
" Through ſome vaine errour or inducement light
" To ſee that mortall eyes have never ſeene.
" Or through enſample of thy ſiſter's might,
" Bellona, whoſe great glory thou doeſt ſpight,
" Since thou haſt ſeene her dreadfull power be-
" lowe
" Mongſt wretched men, diſmaide with her af-
" fright,
" To bandie crownes, and kingdomes to beſtowe,
" And ſure thy worth no leſſe than her's doth ſeem
" to ſhowe.

xxxiii.

" But wote thou this, thou hardy Titaneſſe,
" That not the worth of any living wight
" May chalenge ought in heaven's intereſſe,
" Much leſſe the title of old Titan's right;
" For we, by conqueſt of our ſoveraine might,
" And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
" Have wonne the empire of the heavens
" bright,
" Which to ourſelves we hold, and to whom wee
" Shall worthy deeme partakers of our bliſſe to bee.

xxxiv.

" Then ceaſe thy idly claime, thou fooliſh Gerle!
" And ſeeke by grace and goodneſſe to obtaine
" That place from which by folly Titan fell;
" Thereto thou maiſt perhaps, if ſo thou faine,
" Have Iove thy gracious lord and ſoveraine."
So having ſaid, ſhe thus to him replyde;
" Ceaſe, Saturnes Sonne! to ſeeke by proffers
" vaine
" Of idle hopes t' allure mee to thy ſide
" For to betray my right before I have it tride.

xxxv.

" But thee, O Iove! no equall iudge I deeme
" Of my deſert, or of my dewfull right,
" That in thine owne behalfe maiſt partiall ſeeme,
" But to the higheſt Him, that is behight
" Father of gods and men by equall might,
" To weet the God of Nature, I appeale."
Therat Iove wexed wroth, and in his ſpright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale,
And bade Dan Phœbus ſcribe her appellation ſeale.

xxxvi.

Eſtſoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly powers and earthy wights,
Before great Nature's preſence ſhould appeare,
For triall of their titles and beſt rights;
That was, to weet, upon the highiſt hights
Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
That is the higheſt head in all men's ſights
Of my old Father Mole, who ſhepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rural ſkill.

xxxvii.

And were it not ill fitting for this file
To ſing of hills and woods mongſt warres and knights,
I would abate the ſterneneſſe of my ſtile,
Mongſt theſe ſterne ſtounds to mingle ſoft delights,
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes ſpights,
(Being of old the beſt and faireſt hill
That was in all his holy iſland's hights)
Was made the moſt unpleaſant and moſt ill:
Meanwhile, O Clio! lend Calliope thy quill.

XXXVIII.

Whylome when Ireland flouriſhed in fame
Of wealth and goodneſſe far above the reſt
Of all that beare the Britiſh Iſland's name,
The gods then us'd, for pleaſure and for reſt,
Oft to reſort thereto when ſeem'd them beſt;
But none of all therein more pleaſure found
Then Cynthia, that is ſoveraine queene profeſt
Of woods and foreſts, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholſom waters more then moſt on ground:

XXXIX.

But mongſt them all, as fitteſt for her game,
Either for chace of beaſts with hound or bowe,
Or for to ſhroude in ſhade from Phœbus' flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freſhly flowe,
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
She choſe this Arlo; where ſhee did reſort
With all her nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody gods did oft conſort,
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play and ſport.

XL.

Amongſt the which there was a nymph that hight
Molanna, daughter of old Father Mole,
And ſiſter unto Mulla, faire and bright,
Unto whoſe bed falſe Bregog whylome ſtole,
That ſhepheard Colin dearely did condole,
And made her luckleſſe loves well knowne to be;
But this Molanna, were ſhe not ſo ſhole,
Were no leſſe faire, and beautifull then ſhee,
Yet as ſhe is, a fairer flood may no man ſee.

XLI.

For firſt ſhe ſprings out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oakes high mounted growes,
That as a girlond ſeems to deck the locks
Of ſome faire bride, brought forth with pompous ſhowes
Out of her bowre, that many flowres ſtrowes;
So through the flowry dales ſhe tumbling downe,
Through many woods and ſhady coverts flowes,
That on each ſide her ſilver channel crowne,
Till to the plaine ſhe come, whoſe vallcyes ſhee drowne.

XLII.

In her ſweet ſtreames Diana uſed oft,
After her ſweetie chace, and toileſome play,
To bathe herſelfe; and after, on the ſoft
And downy graſſe her dainty limbes to lay,
In covert ſhade, where none behold her may,
For much ſhe hated ſight of living eye;
Fooliſh god Faunus, though full many a day
He ſaw her clad, yet longed fooliſhly
To ſee her naked mongſt her nymphes in privity.

XLIII.

No way he found to compaſſe his deſire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to diſcover for ſome ſecret hire,
So her with flattering words he firſt aſſaid,
And after, pleaſing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betraid
To tell what time he might her lady ſee [bee.
When ſhe herſelfe did bathe, that he might ſecret

XLIV.

Thereto he promiſt, if ſhe would him pleaſure
With this ſmall bonne, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that whenas ſhee had out of meaſure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who hy nought did ſet her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his love, and of him liked well;
Beſides all which he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes than he would tell,
The leaſt of which this little pleaſure ſhould excell.

XLV.

The ſimple maid did yield to him anone,
And eſt him placed where he cloſe might view
That never any ſaw, ſave onely one,
Who for his hire to ſo foole-hardy dew
Was of his hounds devour'd in hunter's hew;
Tho' as her manner was on ſunny day,
Diana with her nymphes about her drew
To this ſweet ſpring, where doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for love a likely pray.

XLVI.

There Faunus ſaw that pleaſed much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his breſt,
That for great ioy of ſomewhat he did ſpy,
He could him not containe in ſilent reſt,
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profeſt
His fooliſh thought; a fooliſh Faune indeed,
That couldſt not hold thyſelfe ſo hidden bleſt,
But wouldeſt needs thine owne conceit aread:
Babblers unworthy beene of ſo divine a meed.

XLVII.

The goddeſſe, all abaſhed with that noiſe,
In haſte forth ſtarted from the guilty brooke,
And running ſtraight whereas ſhe heard his voice,
Enclos'd the buſh about, and there him tooke,
Like darred larke, not daring up to looke
On her whoſe ſight before ſo much he fought:
Thenceforth they drew him by the hornes, and ſhooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

XLVIII.

Like as an huſwife, that with buſie care
Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding whereas ſome wicked beaſt unware
That breakes into her dayr'houſe, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and fruſtrate all her paine,
Hath in ſome ſnare or gin ſet cloſe behind
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what puniſhments, were beſt aſſign'd,
And thouſand deathes deviſeth in her vengeful mind.

XLIX.

So did Diana and her maydens all
Uſe ſilly Faunus, now within their baile;
They mocke and ſcorne him, and him foule miſcall;

Some by the noſe him pluckt, ſome by the taile,
And by his goatiſh beard ſome did him haile:
Yet he (poore ſoule!) with patience all did beare,
For nought againſt their wils might countervaile;
Ne ought he ſaid whatever he did heare,
But hanging downe his head did like a mome appeare.

L.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to caſt what penaunce him to give:
Some would have gelt him, but that ſame would ſpill
The wood-gods breed, which muſt for ever live;
Others would through the river him have drive,
And ducked deepe, but that ſeem'd penaunce light;
But moſt agreed, and did this ſentence give,
Him in deares ſkin to clad, and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, himſelfe ſave how hee might.

LI.

But Cynthia's ſelfe, more angry than the reſt,
Thought not enough to puniſh him in ſport,
And of her ſhame to make a gameſome ieſt,
But gan examine him in ſtraighter ſort,
Which of her nymphes, or other cloſe conſort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid!
He much affeard, to her confeſſed ſhort
That 'twas Molanna which her ſo bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

LII.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a deares-ſkin they covered, and then chaſt
With all their hounds, that after him did ſpeed;
But he more ſpeedy, from them fled more faſt
Then any deere; ſo ſore him dread aghaſt:
They after follow'd all with ſhrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have braſt,
That all the woods and dales where he did flie
Did ring againe, and loud re-echo to the ſkie.

LIII.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When back returning to Molann' againe,
They by command'ment of Diana there
Her whelm'd with ſtones; yet Faunus for her paine,
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed;
So now her waves paſſe through a pleaſant plaine,
Till with the Fanchin ſhe herſelfe doe wed,
And, both combin'd, themſelves in one faire river ſpred.

LIV.

Nath'leſſe Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandon'd her delicious brooke,
In whoſe ſweet ſtreame, before that bad occaſion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes ſhe took;
Ne onely her, but alſo quite forſooke
All thoſe faire forreſts about Arlo hid,
And all that mountaine which doth over-looke
The richeſt champian that may elſe be rid,
And the faire Shure, in which are thouſand ſalmons bred.

LV.

Then all, and all that ſhe ſo deare did way,
Thenceforth ſhe left, and parting from the place,
Thereon an heavy hapleſſe curſe did lay,
To weet, that wolves, where ſhe was wont to ſpace,
Shou'd harbour'd be, and all thoſe woods deface,
And thieves ſhould rob and ſpoile that coaſt around:
Since which, thoſe woods, and all that goodly chaſe
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound,
Which too too true that land's indwellers ſince have found.

CANTO VII.

Pealing from Iove to Nature's bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large evidence; but Nature ſoone
Her righteous doome areads.

I.

Ah! whither doeſt thou now, thou greater Muſe,
Me from theſe woods and pleaſing forreſts bring,
And my fraile ſpirit, that doth oft refuſe
This too high flight, unfit for her weake wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of heaven's King
(Thy ſoveraigne fire) his fortunate ſucceſſe,
And victory in bigger noates to ſing,
Which he obtain'd againſt that Titaneſſe,
That him of heaven's empire ſought to diſpoſſeſſe?

II.

Yet ſith I needs muſt follow thy beheſt,
Doe thou my weaker wit with ſkill inſpire,
Fit for this turne, and in my feeble breſt
Kindle freſh ſparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with deſire
Of heavenly things; for who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly fire,
Can tell things doen in heaven ſo long ygone,
So farre paſt memory of man that may be knowne?

III.

Now at the time that was before agreed,
The gods aſſembled all on Arlo-hill,
As well thoſe that are ſprung of heavenly ſeed,
As thoſe that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both ſea and land unto their will;
Onely th' infernall powers might not appeare,
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Proſerpina were preſent there.

IV.

And thither alſo came all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their ſundry kinds of features,
That Arlo ſcarſly could them all containe,
So full they filled every hill and plaine;
And had not Nature's ſergeant (that is Order)
Them well diſpoſed by his buſie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border
They would have cauſed much confuſion and diſorder.

V.

Then forth iſſewed (great goddeſſe) great Dame Nature,
With goodly port and gracious maieſty,
Being far greater and more tall of ſtature
Then any of the gods or powers on hie;
Yet certes, by her face and phyſnomy,
Whether ſhe man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well deſcry;
For with a veile that whimpled every where
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appeare.

VI.

That ſome doe ſay was ſo by ſkill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that ſhould be ſore agrized,
For that her face did like a lion ſhew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it ſo beauteous was,
And round about ſuch beames of ſplendor threw,
That it the ſunne a thouſand times did paſs,
Ne could be ſeene, but like an image in a glaſs.

VII.

That well may seemen true; for well I weene
That this same day, when she on Arlo sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devise to what
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that;
As those three sacred saints, though else most wise,
Yet on Mount Thabar quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their eyes.

VIII.

In a fayre plain upon an equall hill
She placed was in a pavilion,
Not such as craftesmen, by their idle skill,
Are wont for princes states to fashion;
But th' earth herself, of her owne motion
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
Most dainty trees, that shooting up anon
Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe,
For homage unto her, and like a throne to shew.

IX.

So hard it is for any living wight
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old Dan Geffrey, in whose gentle spright
The pure well-head of poesie did dwell)
In his Foules Parley durst not with it mell,
But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
Had in his Plaint of Kindes describ'd it well;
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seeke he out that Alane where he may be sought.

X.

And all the Earth far underneath her feete
Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view,
The which the nymphes from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, which they at her foot-stoole threw,
That richer seem'd than any tapestry
That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

XI.

And mole himselfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire,
And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the love of some new nymph late seene
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene:
Ah, gentle Mole! such ioyance hath thee well befeene.

XII.

Was never so great ioyance since the day
That all the gods whylome assembled were
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridal cheare
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there,
Where Phœbus' self, that God of Poets hight,
They say did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were ravisht with delight
Of his celestiall song, and musick's wondrous might.

XIII.

This great grandmother of all creatures bred
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld,
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted,
Unseene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne as I have teld,
Before her came Dame Mutabilitie,
And being lowe before her presence seld,
With meek obaysance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif plea with words to amplifie.

XIV.

" To thee, O greatest Goddesse! onely great,
" An humble suppliant, loe, I lowely fly,
" Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat,
" Who right to all dost deale indifferently,
" Damning all wrong and tortious iniurie
" Which any of thy creatures doe to other,
" Oppressing them with power unequally,
" Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
" And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother:

XV.

" To thee, therefore, of this same Ioye I plaine,
" And of his fellow-gods that faine to be,
" That chalenge to themselves the whole world's raign,
" Of which the greatest part is due to me,
" And heaven itselfe by heritage in fee;
" For heaven and earth I both alike doe deeme,
" Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee,
" And gods no more than men thou doest esteeme;
" For even the gods to thee as men to gods do seeme.

XVI.

" Then weigh, O soveraigne Goddesse! by what right
" These gods do claime the world's whole sovraignty,
" And that is onely dew unto thy might
" Arrogate to themselves ambitiously.
" As for the gods owne principality,
" Which Ioye usurps uniustly, that to be
" My heritage, Ioye's selfe cannot deny,
" From my great grandsire Titan unto mee
" Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well known to thee.

XVII.

" Yet maugre Ioye, and all his gods beside,
" I doe possesse the world's most regiment,
" As if ye please it into parts divide,
" And every part's inholders to convent,
" Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent:
" And first to Earth (great mother of us all)
" That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
" And unto Mutability not thrall,
" Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall:

xviii.

" For all that from her ſprings and is ybredde,
" However fayre it flouriſh for a time,
" Yet ſee we ſoone decay, and being dead
" To turne againe unto their earthly ſlime;
" Yet out of their decay and mortall crime
" We daily ſee new creatures to arize,
" And of their winter ſpring another prime,
" Unlike in forme, and chang'd by ſtrange diſ-
" guiſe;
" So turne they ſtill about, and change in reſt-
" leſſe wiſe.

xix.

" As for her tenants, that is man and beaſts,
" The beaſts we daily ſee maſſacred dy,
" As thralls and vaſſals unto mens beheaſts,
" And men themſelves doe change continually
" From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
" From good to bad, from bad to worſt of all;
" Ne does their bodies only ſlit and fly,
" But eeke their minds (which they immortall
" call)
" Still change and vary thoughts as new occaſions
" fall.

xx.

" Ne is the water in more conſtant caſe,
" Whether thoſe ſame on high or theſe belowe:
" For th' ocean moveth ſtill from place to place,
" And every river ſtill doth ebbe and flowe;
" Ne any lake, that ſeems moſt ſtill and flowe;
" Ne poole ſo ſmall, that can his ſmoothneſſe
" holde,
" When any winde doth under heaven blowe,
" With which the clouds are alſo toſt and roll'd,
" Now like great hills, and ſtraight like fluces,
" them unfold.

xxi.

" So likewiſe are all watry living wights
" Still toſt and turned with continuall change,
" Never abyding in their ſtedfaſt plights;
" The fiſh, ſtill floting, do at random range,
" And never reſt, but evermore exchange
" Their dwelling places as the ſtreames them
" carrie;
" Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
" Wherein to reſt, ne in one ſtead to tarry,
" But flitting ſtill doe flie, and ſtill their places
" vary.

xxii.

" Next is the ayre, which thou feelſt not by ſenſe
" (For of all ſenſe it is the middle meane)
" To flit ſtill, and with ſubtill influence
" Of his thin ſpirit all creatures to maintaine
" In ſtate of life: O weake life! that does leane
" On thing ſo tickle as th' unſteady ayre,
" Which every howre is chang'd, and altred
" cleane
" With every blaſt that bloweth fowle or faire:
" The faire doth prolong, the fowle doth it im-
" paire.

xxiii.

" Therein the changes infinite beholde,
" Which to her creatures every minute chaunce,
" Now boyling hot, ſtreight friezing deadly cold;
" Now faire ſun-ſhine, that makes all ſkip and
" daunce
" Streight bitter ſtorms and balefull countenance,
" That makes them all to ſhiver and to ſhake:
" Rayne, hayle, and ſnow, do pay them ſad pe-
" nance,
" And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them
" quake)
" With flames and flaſhing lights that thouſand
" changes make.

xxiv.

" Laſt is the fire; which though it live for ever,
" Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day
" We ſee his parts, ſo ſoone as they do ſever,
" To loſe their heat, and ſhortly to decay,
" So makes himſelf his owne conſuming pray;
" Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
" But all that others bredd doth ſlay,
" And with their death his cruell life dooth feed,
" Nought leaving but their barren aſhes without
" ſeed.

xxv.

" Thus all theſe four (the which the ground-
" work bee
" Of all the world and of all living wights)
" To thouſand ſorts of change we ſubiect ſee,
" Yet are they chang'd by other wondrous ſlights
" Into themſelves, and loſe their native mights;
" The fire to aire, and th' ayre to water ſheere,
" And water into earth; yet water fights
" With fire, and aire with earth approaching
" neere,
" Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

xxvi.

" So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
" However theſe, that gods themſelves doe call,
" Of them doe claime the rule and ſovereignty;
" As Veſta of the fire ethereall,
" Vulcan of this with us ſo uſuall,
" Ops of the earth, and Iuno of the ayre,
" Neptune of ſeas, and Nymphes of rivers all;
" For all thoſe rivers to me ſubiect are, [ſhare.
" And all the reſt which they uſurp be all my

xxvii.

" Which to approven true, as I have told,
" Vouchſafe, O Goddeſſe! to thy preſence call
" The reſt which doe the world in being hold,
" As Times and Seaſons of the year that fall;
" Of all the which demand in generall,
" Or iudge thyſelfe by verdit of thine eye,
" Whether to me they are not ſubiect all."
Nature did yield thereto, and by and by
Bade Order call them all before her Maieſty.

xxviii.

So forth iſſew'd the Seaſons of the year;
Firſt luſty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
That freſhly budded, and new bloſſmes did beare,
In which a thouſand birds had built their bowres,
That ſweetly ſung to call forth paramoures;
And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike ſtoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare,
That as ſome did him love, ſo others did him
feare.

xxix.

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin ſilken caſſock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light,
And on his head a girlond well beſeene
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
The ſweat did drop, and in his hand he bore.
A boawe and ſhaftes, as he in foreſt greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated ſore.

xxx.

Then came the Autumne, all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plenteous ſtore,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had baniſht Hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched ſore;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every ſort, he bore,
And in his hand a ſickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

xxxi.

Laſtly came Winter, cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whilſt on his hoary beard his breath did freeſe,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown diſtill;
In his right hand a tipped ſtaffe he held,
With which his feeble ſteps he ſtayed ſtill,
For he was faint with cold and weak with eld,
That ſcarſe his looſed limbes he hable was to weld.

xxxii.

Theſe, marching ſoftly, thus in order went,
And after them the Monthes all riding came;
Firſt ſturdy March, with brows full ſternly bent,
And armed ſtrongly, rode upon a ram,
The ſame which over Helleſpontus ſwam;
Yet in his hand a ſpade he alſo hent,
And in a bag all ſorts of ſeeds yſame,
Which on the earth he ſtrowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nouriſhment.

xxxiii.

Next came freſh Aprill, full of luſtyhed,
And wanton as a kid whoſe horne new buds;
Upon a Bull he rode, the ſame which led
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds;
His hornes were gilden all with golden ſtuds,
And garniſhed with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the faireſt flowres and freſheſt buds
Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he ſeem'd in ſight
With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight.

xxxiv.

Then came faire May, the fayreſt mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her ſeaſon's pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around;
Upon two brethrens ſhoulders ſhe did ride,
The Twinnes of Leda, which on eyther ſide
Supported her like to their ſoveraine queene:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they ſpide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had raviſht beene!
And Cupid ſelfe about her fluttred all in greene.

xxxv.

And after her came iolly Iune, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a player were,
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare;
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling ſteps an uncouth pace,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare,
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which faines demureſt grace.

xxxvi.

Then came hot Iuly, boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had caſt away;
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay;
It was the beaſt that whilome did forray
The Nemæan forreſt, till th' Amphytrionide
Him ſlew, and with his hide did him array;
Behinde his backe a ſithe, and by his ſide,
Under his belt, he bore a ſickle circling wide.

xxxvii.

The ſixt was Auguſt, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crownd
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound,
But after wrong was lov'd and iuſtice ſolde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven extold.

xxxviii.

Next him September marched eeke on foote;
Yet was he heavy laden with the ſpoyle
Of harveſt's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the ſoyle;
In his one hand, as fit for harveſt's toyle,
He held a knife-hook, and in th' other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did aſſoyle
Both more and leſſe, where it in doubt did ſtand,
And equall gave to each, as iuſtice duly ſcann'd.

xxxix.

Then came October, full of merry glee,
For yet his noule was totty of the muſt,
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's ſee,
And of the ioyous eyl, whoſe gentle guſt
Made him ſo frolick and ſo full of luſt;
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The ſame which by Dianaes doom iniuſt
Slew great Orion; and eeke by his ſide
He had his ploughing-ſhare and coulter ready tyde.

xl.

Next was November; he full groſſe and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might ſeeme,

For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting eeke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not easy was to deeme,
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

XLI.

And after him came next the chill December,
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember,
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad;
Upon a shaggy, bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Iove in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' Iæan mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

XLII.

Then came old Ianuary, wrapped well
In many weeds, to keep the cold away,
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may,
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray;
Upon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane flood.

XLIII.

And lastly came old February, sitting
In an old Waggon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two Fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harneste fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting prime did make them burgein round;
So past the Twelve Months forth, and their dew places found.

XLIV.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall pace;
Th' one on a palfrey blacke, the other white;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And sleepe and darkneste round about did trace;
But Day did beare upon his scepter's hight
The goodly sun, encompast all with beames bright.

XLV.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Iove
And timely Night, the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed,
That might forstal the charge to them foreshewed
By mighty Iove, who did them porters make
Of heaven's gate, (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did dayly watch and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

XLVI.

And after all came Life, and lastly Death;
Death with most grim and grieslie visage seene;
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene;
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively ioy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

XLVII.

When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse;
" Lo, mighty Mother! now be iudge, and say
" Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
" Change doth not raign, and beare the greatest
" sway,
" For who sees not that Time on all doth pray?
" But times do change and move continually,
" So nothing here long standeth in one stay;
" Wherefore this lower world who can deny
" But to be subiect still to Mutabilitie?"

XLVIII.

Then thus gan Iove; " Right true it is that
" these,
" And all things else that under heaven dwell,
" Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all des-
" seise
" Of being; but who is it (to me tell)
" That time himselfe doth move and still com-
" pell
" To keepe his course? is not that namely wee,
" Which poure that vertue from our heavenly
" cell
" That moves them all, and makes them changed
" be?
" So them we gods do rule, and in them also
" thee"

XLIX.

To whom thus Mutability; The Things
" Which we see not how they are mov'd and
" swayd,
" Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
" And say they by your secret power are made,
" But what we see not, who shall us perswade?
" But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
" Mov'd by your might, and order'd by your
" ayde,
" Yet what if I can prove that even yee
" Yourselves are likewise changed, and subiect
" unto me?

L.

" And first, concerning her that is the first,
" Even you, faire Cynthia! whom so much ye
" make
" Iove's dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
" On Cynthus' hill, whence she her name did
" take;
" Then is she mortall borne, howso ye crake;
" Besides, her face and countenance every day
" We changed see, and sundry forms partake;

" Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown
" and gray;
" So that as changefull as the moone men uſe to
" ſay.

LI.

" Next Mercury, who though he leſſe appeare
" To change his hew, and alwayes ſeeme as one,
" Yet he his courſe doth alter every yeare,
" And is of late far out of order gone;
" So Venus eke, that goodly paragone,
" Though faire all night yet is ſhe darke all day;
" And Phœbus' ſelf, who lightſome is alone,
" Yet is he oft eclipſed by the way,
" And fills the darkned world with terror and
" diſmay.

LII.

" Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed moſt,
" For he ſometimes ſo far runs out of ſquare,
" That he his way doth ſeem quite to have loſt,
" And cleane without his uſuall ſphére to fare,
" That even theſe ſtar-gazers ſtoniſht are
" At ſight thereof, and damne their lying bookes;
" So likewiſe grim Sir Saturne oft doth ſpare
" His ſterne aſpect, and calm his crabbed lookes;
" So many turning cranks theſe have, ſo many
" crookes.

LIII.

" But you, Dan Iove, that only conſtant are,
" And king of all the reſt, as ye do clame,
" Are you not ſubject eeke to this misfare?
" Then let me aſke you this withouten blame,
" Where were ye borne? Some ſay in Crete by
" name,
" Others in Thebes, and others otherwhere;
" But whereſoever they comment the ſame,
" They all conſent that ye begotten were,
" And borne here in this world, ne other can
" appeare.

LIV.

" Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
" Unleſſe the kingdome of the ſky yee make
" Immortall and unchangeable to be;
" Beſides that power and vertue which ye ſpake,
" That ye here worke doth many changes take,
" And your own natures change; for each of you
" That vertue have or this or that to make,
" Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
" By others oppoſition or obliquid view.

LV.

" Beſides, the ſundry motions of your ſpheares,
" So ſundry waies and faſhions as clerkes faine,
" Some in ſhort ſpace, and ſome in longer yeares,
" What is the ſame but alteration plaine?
" Onely the ſtarrie ſkie doth ſtill remaine;
" Yet do the ſtarres and figures therein ſtill move,
" And even itſelf is mov'd, as wizards faine:
" But all that moveth doth mutation love,
" Therefore both you and them to me I ſubiect
" prove.

LVI.

" Then ſince within this wide great univerſe
" Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
" But all things toſt and turned by tranſverſe,
" What then ſhould let but I aloft ſhould reare
" My trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
" Now iudge then, O thou greateſt Goddeſſe
" trew!
" According as thyſelfe doeſt ſee and heare,
" And unto me addoom that is my dew,
" That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you."

LVII.

So having ended, ſilence long enſewed,
Ne Nature to or fro ſpake for a ſpace,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground ſtill viewed;
Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this ſo doubtfull caſe,
Did hang in long ſuſpence what would enſew,
To whether ſide ſhould fall the ſoveraigne place;
At length ſhe looking up with chearefull view
The ſilence brake, and gave her doome in ſpeeches
few.

LVIII.

" I well conſider all that ye have ſayd,
" And find that all things ſtedfaſtnes doe hate,
" And changed be; yet being rightly wayd,
" They are not changed from their firſt eſtate,
" But by their change their being doe dilate,
" And turning to themſelves at length againe
" Doe worke there owne perfection ſo by fate;
" Then over them Change doth not rule and
" raigne,
" But they raigne over Change, and doe their
" ſtates maintaine.

LIX.

" Ceaſe, therefore, Daughter, further to aſpire,
" And thee content thus to be rul'd by me;
" For thy decay thou ſeekſt by thy deſire,
" But time ſhall come that all ſhall changed bee,
" And from thenceforth none no more change
" ſhall ſee."
So was the Titaneſs put downe and whiſt,
And Iove confirm'd in his imperiall ſee:
Then was that whole aſſembly quite diſmiſt,
And Nature's ſelfe did vaniſh, whether no man
wiſt.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

CANTO VIII. *Unperfite.*

I.

When I bethinke me of that ſpeech whyleare
Of Mutability, and well it may;
Me ſeems that though ſhe all unworthy were
Of the heav'n's rule yet very ſooth to ſay,
In all things elſe ſhe bears the greateſt ſway,
Which makes me loath this ſtate of life ſo tickle,
And love of things ſo vaine to caſt away,
Whoſe flowring pride, ſo fading and ſo fickle,
Short Time ſhall ſoon cut down with his conſuming ſickle.

II.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature ſayd,
Of that ſame time when no more change ſhall be,
But ſtedfaſt reſt of all things, firmely ſtayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
For all that moveth doth in change delight;
But thenceforth all ſhall reſt eternally
With him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight;
O that great Sabbaoth's God graunt me that Sabbaoth's ſight!

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* * * * * * * * * *

COLIN CLOUT's COME HOME AGAIN.

To the Right Worthy and Noble Knight

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

Captain of her Majeſty's Guard, Lord Warden of the Stanneries, and Lieutenant of the County of Cornwall.

SIR,

THAT you may ſee that I am not always idle, as ye think, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutiful, though not preciſely officious, I make you preſent of this ſimple Paſtoral, unworthy of your higher conceipt for the meanneſs of the ſtile, but agreeing with the truth in circumſtance and matter; the which I humbly beſeech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge myſelf bounden unto you (for your ſingular favours and ſundry good turns ſhewed to me at my late being in England), and with your good countenance protect againſt the malice of evil mouths, which are always wide open to carp at and miſconſtrue my ſimple meaning. I pray continually for your happineſs.

Yours ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENSER.

From my houſe at Kilcolman, Dec. 27. 1591.

THE ſhepherd's boy (beſt knowen by that name)
That after Tityrus firſt ſung his lay,
Lays of ſweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his cuſtom was) upon a day
Charming his oaten pipe upon his peers;
The ſhepherd ſwains, that did about him play,
Who all the while with greedy liſtful ears,
Did ſtand aſtoniſh'd at his curious ſkill,
Like heartleſs deere, diſmay'd with thunder's ſound;
At laſt, whenas he piped had his fill,
He reſted him, and ſitting then around,
One of thoſe grooms (a iolly groom was he,
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this ſhepherd deareſt in degree,
Hight Hobbinol) 'gan thus to him areed:
Colin, my Life! my Life! how great a loſs
Had all the ſhepherds' nation by thy lack?
And I, poor ſwain! of many greateſt croſs,
That ſith thy Muſe firſt ſince thy turning back
Was heard to ſound, as ſhe was wont on high,
Haſt made us all ſo bleſſed and ſo blythe.
Whilſt thou waſt hence, all dead in dole did lie,
The woods were heard to wail full many a ſythe,

And all their birds with silence to complain;
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourn,
And all their flocks from feeding to refrain;
The running waters wept for thy return,
And all their fish with langour did lament;
But now both woods, and fields, and floods revive,
Sith thou art come, their cause of merriment,
That us late dead hast made again alive.
But were it not too painful to repeat
The passed fortunes which to thee befel
In thy late voyage, we would thee intreat,
Now at thy leisure, them to us to tell.

To whom the shepherd gently answer'd thus;
"Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet,
For of good passed newly to discuss,
By double usury doth twise renew it:
And since I saw that angel's blessed eye,
Her world's bright sun, her heaven's fairest light,
My mind, full of my thought's satiety,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glory bright,
My life's sole bliss, my heart's eternal treasure.
Wake, then, my Pipe! my sleepy Muse! awake,
Till I have told her praises lasting long;
Hobbin desires thou mayst it not forsake;
Hark, then, ye jolly shepherd's! to my song."

With that they all 'gan throng about him neare,
With hungry ears to hear his harmony,
The whiles their flocks, devoid of danger's fear,
Did round about them feed at liberty.

"One day (quoth he) I sate (as was my trade)
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore,
Keeping my sheep amongst the cooly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore;
There a strange shepherd chaunc'd to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right;
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight? himself he did ycleep
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deep.
He sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to play some pleasant fit;
And when he heard the musick which I made,
He found himself full greatly pleas'd at it;
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he took in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid thereon, (for well that skill he cond)
Himself as skilful in that art as any.
He pip'd, I sung; and when he sung I piped,
By change of turns each making other merry,
Neither envying other, nor envied;
So piped we until we both were weary."

There interrupting him, a bonny swain,
That Cuddy hight, him thus atween bespake;
"And should it not thy ready course restrain,
I would requeste thee, Colin, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing when he did play;
For well I ween it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymn or moral lay,
Or carol made to praise thy loved lass?"

Nor of my love, nor of my lass," quoth he,
"I then did sing, as then occasion fell;
For love had me forlorn, forlorn of me,
That made me in that desart choose to dwell;
But of my river Bregog's love I song,
Which to the shiny Mulla he did bear,
And yet doth bear, and ever will, so long
As water doth within his banks appear."

"Of fellowship," said then that bonny boy,
"Record to us that lovely lay again.
The stay whereof shall nought these ears annoy,
Who all that Colin makes do covet fain."

"Hear then," quoth he, "the tenor of my tale,
In sort as I it to that shepherd told;
No leasing new, nor grandame's fable stale,
But antient truth, confirm'd with credence old.

"Old Father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain gray
That walls the north-side of Armulla dale)
He had a daughter fresh as flower of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale;
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The nymph, which of that water-course has charge,
That springing out of Mole doth run down right
To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at large,
It giveth name unto that antient city
Which Kilnemullah cleeped is of old,
Whose cragged ruines breed great ruth and pity
To travellers which it from far behold.
Full fain she lov'd, and was belov'd full fain
Of her own brother river, Bregog hight,
So hight because of this deceitful train
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight;
But her old sire, more careful of her good,
And meaning her much better to prefer,
Did think to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which Alla hight, Broad-water called far,
And wrought so well with his continual pain,
That he that river for his daughter won;
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plain,
The place appointed where it should be done.
Nath'less the nymph her former liking held,
For Love will not be drawn, but must be led,
And Bregog did so well her fancy weld,
That her good-will he got her first to wed;
But for her father, sitting still on high,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far observ'd with jealous eye
Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent,
Him to deceive for all his watchful ward,
The wily lover did devise this slight;
First into many parts his stream he shar'd,
That whilst the one was watch, the other might
Pass unespy'd to meet her by the way;
And then besides those little streams, so broken,
He under ground so closely did convey,
That of their passage doth appear no token,
Till they into the Mulla's water slide:
So secretly did he his love enjoy,
Yet not so secret but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepherd's boy;

Who, wondrous wroth for that so foul despight,
In great avenge did roll down from his hill
Huge mighty stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill;
So of a river, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scatter'd all to nought,
And, lost among those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so dear his love he bought."
Which having said, him Thestylis bespake."
Now by my life this was a merry lay,
Worthy of Colin's self, that did it make;
But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
What ditty did that other shepherd sing;
For I do covet most the same to hear,
As men use most to covet foreign thing."
" That shall I eke," quoth he, " to you declare.
His song was a lamentable lay
Of great unkindness, and of usage hard
Of Cynthia, the lady of the sea,
Which from her presence faultless him debarr'd;
And ever and anon, with singults rife,
He cried out, to make his undersong,
" Ah! my loves queen, and goddess of my life,
Who shall me pity when thou dost me wrong?"
Then 'gan a gentle bonny lass to speak,
That Martine hight. " Right well he sure did 'plain,
That could great Cynthia's sore displeasure break,
And move to take him to her grace again.
But tell on further, Colin, as befel
'Twixt him and thee, what thee did hence dissuade?"
" When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,"
Quoth he, " and each an end of singing made,
He 'gan to cast great liking to my lore,
And great disliking to my luckless lot,
That banish'd had myself like wight forelore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot;
The which to leave thenceforth he counsel'd me,
Unmeet for man in whom was ought regardful,
And wend with him, his Cynthia to see,
Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardful,
Besides her peerless skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankind did far excell,
Such as the world admir'd and praised it:
So that with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me persuaded forth with him to fare:
Nought took I with me but mine oaten quill,
Small needments else need shepherds to prepare:
So to the sea we came; the sea, that is,
A world of waters heaped up on high,
Rolling like mountains in wild wilderness,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry."
" And is the sea," quoth Coridon, " so fearful?"
" Fearful much more," quoth he, " than heart can fear;
Thousand wild beasts, with deep mouths gaping direful,
Therein still wait, poor passengers to tear.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold
Before he die, already dead with fear,
And yet would live with heart half stony cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see if there:
And yet as ghastly dreadful as it seems,
Bold men, presuming life for gain to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring streams
Seek ways unknown, ways leading down to hell:
For as we stood there waiting on the strond,
Behold, an huge great vessel to us came,
Dancing upon the waters back to lond,
As if it scorn'd the danger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame, and frail,
Glewed together with some subtile matter;
Yet had it arms, and wings, and head and tail,
And life to move itself upon the water.
Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster was!
That neither car'd for wind, nor hail, nor rain,
Nor swelling waves, but through them did pass
So proudly, that she made them rore again.
The same aboord us gently did receave,
And without harm us far away did bear,
So far, that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and heaven to us appear.
Then heartless quite, and full of inward fear,
That shepherd I besought to me to tell
Under what sky, or in what world, we were,
In which I saw no living people dwell;
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the regiment
Of a great shepherdess that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his lady, and his life's regent.
If then, quoth I, a shepherdess she be,
Where be the flocks and herds which she doth keep?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheep?
These be the hills, quoth he, the surges high,
On which fair Cynthia her herds doth feed;
Her herds be thousand fishes with their fry,
Which in the bosom of the billows breed:
Of them the shepherd which has charge in chief
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horn,
At sound whereof they all for their relief
Wend to and fro at evening and at morn.
And Proteus, eke with him does drive his heard
Of stinking seales and porcpisces together,
With hoary head and dewy dropping beard
Compelling them which way he list, and whither;
And I, among the rest of many least,
Have in the ocean charge to me assign'd,
Where I will live or die at her behest,
And serve and honour her with faithful mind.
Besides, an hundred nymphs, all heavenly born,
And of immortal race, do still attend
To wash fair Cynthia's sheep when they be shorn,
And fold them up when they have made an end.

Thoſe be the ſhepherds which my Cynthia ſerve
At ſea, beſides a thouſand more at land;
For land and ſea my Cynthia doth deſerve
To have in her commandement at hand.
Thereat I wonder much, till wondering more
And more, at length we land far off deſcryde
Which ſight much gladed me; for much afore
I feard leſt land we never ſhould have eyde:
Thereto our ſhip her courſe directly bent,
As if the way ſhe perfectly had known.
We Lynday paſs, by that ſame name is ment
An iſland which the firſt to weſt was ſhown;
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floating amid the ſea in jeopardy,
And round about with mighty white rocks hend,
Againſt the ſea's encroaching cruelty:
Thoſe ſame, the ſhepherd told me, were the fields
In which Dame Cynthia her land-herds fed,
Fair goodly fields, than which Armulla yields
None fairer, nor more fruitful to be red:
The firſt of which we nigh approached was
An high head-land, thruſt far into the ſea,
Like to an horn, whereof the name it has,
Yet ſeem'd to be a goodly pleaſant lea:
There did a lofty mount at firſt us greet,
Which did a ſtately heap of ſtones uprear,
That ſeem'd amid the ſurges for to fleet,
Much greater than that frame which us did bear;
There did our ſhip her fruitful womb unlade,
And put us all aſhore on Cynthia's land."
" What land is that thou meanſt?" then Cuddy ſaid;
" And is there other than whereon we ſtand?"
" Ah! Cuddy," then quoth Colin, " thou's a fon,
That haſt not ſeen leaſt part of Nature's work:
Much more there is unken'd than thou dooſt kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurk:
For that ſame land much larger is than this,
And other men, and beaſts, and birds, doth feed:
Their fruitful corn, fair trees, freſh herbage, is,
And all things elſe that living creatures need.
Beſides, moſt goodly rivers there appear,
No wit inferior to thy Fanchins praiſe,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla clear;
Nought haſt thou, fooliſh Boy! ſeen in thy days."
" But if that land be there," quoth he, " as here,
And is their heaven likewiſe there all one?
And if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this ſame world where we do wonne?"
" Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more,"
Quoth he, " abound in that ſame land than this;
For there all happy peace and plenteous ſtore
Conſpire in one to make contented bliſs;
No wailing there, nor wretchedneſs, is heard,
No bloody iſſues, nor no leproſies,
No grieſly famine, nor no raging ſweard,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries:
The ſhepherds there abroad may ſafely lie
On hills and downs, withouten dread or danger;
No ravenous wolves the goodman's hope deſtroy,
Nor outlaws fell affray the foreſt-ranger:
There learned arts do flouriſh in great honour,
And poet' wits are had in peerleſs price;
Religion hath lay-powre to reſt upon her,
Advancing vertue and ſuppreſſing vice.
For end, all good, all grace, there freely grows,
Had people grace it gratefully to uſe;
For God his gifts there plenteouſly beſtows,
But graceleſs men them greatly do abuſe."
" But ſay on further, then," ſaid Corylas,
" The reſt of thine adventures that betided."
" Forth on our voyage we by lend did paſs,"
Quoth he, " as that ſame ſhepherd ſtill us guided,
Until that we to Cynthia's preſence came,
Whoſe glory, greater than my ſimple thought,
I found much greater than the former fame;
Such greatneſs I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her liking to a crown of lillies
Upon a virgin bride's adorned head,
With roſes dight, and goolds, and daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow be;
Or like fair Phœbe's girlond ſhining new,
In which all pure perfection one may ſee.
But vain it is to think by paragon
Of earthly things to judge of things divine:
Her power, her mercy, and her wiſdom, none
Can deem, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I, baſe ſhepherd! bold and blind,
Preſume the things ſo ſacred to profane?
More fit it is t'adore with humble mind
The image of the heavens in ſhape humane."
With that Alexis broke his tale aſunder,
Saying, " By wondring at thy Cynthia's praiſe,
Colin, thyſelf thou mak'ſt us more to wonder,
And her upraiſing dooſt thyſelf upraiſe,
But let us hear what grace ſhe ſhewed thee,
And how that ſhepherd ſtrange thy cauſe advanc'd."
" The Shepherd of the Ocean (quoth he)
Unto that goddes' grace me firſt enhanc'd,
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her ear,
That ſhe thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it deſir'd at timely hours to hear,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight;
For not by meaſure of her own great mind,
And wondrous worth, ſhe mott my ſimple ſong,
But joy'd that country ſhepherd ought could find
Worth hearkening to emongſt that learned throng."
" Why," ſaid Alexis, " then, what needeth ſhe,
That is ſo great a ſhepherdeſs herſelf,
And hath ſo many ſhepherds in her ſee,
To hear thee ſing, a ſimple ſilly elf?
Or be the ſhepherds which do ſerve her laiſie,
That they liſt not their merry pipes apply?
Or be their pipes untuneable and craſie,
That they cannot her honour worthily?"

" Ah! nay, ſaid Colin, neither ſo nor ſo;
For better ſhepherds be not under ſkie,
Nor better able, when they liſt to blow
Their pipes aloud her name to glorifie.
There is good Harpalus, now woxen aged
In faithful ſervice of fair Cynthia,
And there is Corydon, but weanly waged,
Yet a bleſt wit of moſt I know this day:
And there is ſad Alcyon, bent to mourn,
Thou fit to frame an everlaſting dittie,
Whoſe gentle ſpright for Daphne's death doth
tourn
Sweet lays of love to endleſs plaints of pittie.
Ah! penſive Boy! purſue that brave conceit,
In thy ſweet eglantine of meriſlure;
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted hight,
That may thy Muſe and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is Pallin, worthy of great praiſe,
Albe he envy at my ruſtick quill,
And there is pleaſing Alcon, could he raiſe
His tunes from layes to matter of more ſkill.
And there is old Palemon, free from ſpight,
Whoſe careſull pipe may make the hearer
rew,
Yet he himſelf may rewed be more right,
That ſung ſo long until quite hoarſe he grew.
And there is Alabaſter, throughly taught
In all his ſkill, though knowen yet to few,
Yet were he known to Cynthia as he ought,
His Eſſeis would be read anew:
Who lives that can match that heroick ſong
Which he hath of that mighty princeſs made?
O deareſt Dread! do not thyſelf that wrong,
To let thy fame lie ſo in hidden ſhade,
But call it forth; O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glory, which he hath begun,
That when he finiſht hath as it ſhould be,
No braver poem can be under ſon:
Nor Po nor Tyber's ſwans ſo much renown'd,
Nor all the brood of Greece ſo highly praiſ'd,
Can match that Muſe, when it with bayes is
crown'd,
And to the pitch of her preſection raiſ'd.
And there is a new ſhepherd late up ſprong,
The which doth all afore him far ſurpaſs,
Appearing well in that well-tuned ſong,
Which late he ſung unto a ſcornful laſs:
Yet doth his trembling Muſe but lowly flie,
As daring not too raſhly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In love's ſoft layes, and looſer thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniel,
And to what courſe thou pleaſe thyſelf advance,
But moſt, me ſeems, thy accent will excel
In tragic plaints and paſſionate miſchance.
And there that Shepherd of the Ocean is
That ſpends his wit in love's conſuming ſmart;
Full ſweetly tempred is that muſe of his,
That can impierce a prince's mighty heart.
There alſo is (ah! no, he is not now!)
But ſince I ſaid he is he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone, and lies full low,
Having his Amarillis left to mone!
Help, O ye Shepherds! help ye all in this,
Help Amarillis this her loſs to mourn;
Her loſs is yours, your loſs Amyntas is,
Amyntas! flower of ſhepherds pride forlorn:
He, whilſt he lived, was the nobleſt ſwain
That ever piped on an oaten quill;
Both did he other which could pipe maintain,
And eke could pipe himſelf with paſſing ſkill.
And there, though laſt, not leaſt is Aetion,
A gentler ſhepherd may no where be found,
Whoſe Muſe full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himſelf heroically ſound.
All theſe, and many others more remain,
Now after Aſtrofell is dead and gone;
But while as Aſtrofell did live and raign,
Amongſt all theſe was none his paragon.
All theſe do flouriſh in their ſundry kind,
And do their Cynthia immortal make,
Yet found I liking in her royal mind,
Not for my ſkill, but for that ſhepherd's ſake."
Then ſpake a lovely laſs hight Lucida;
" Shepherd, enough of ſhepherds thou haſt told,
Which favour thee and honour Cynthia;
But of ſo many nymphs which ſhe doth hold
In her retinew, thou haſt nothing ſaid
That ſeems with none of them thou favour found-
eſt,
Or art ingrateful to each gentle maid,
That none of all their due deſerts reſoundeſt."
" Ah! far be it," quoth Colin Clout, " fro me,
That I of gentle maids ſhould ill deſerve,
For that myſelf I do profeſs to be
Vaſſal to one whom all my days I ſerve;
The beam of beauty ſparkled from above,
The flowre of virtue and pure chaſtitie;
The bloſſom of ſweet joy and perfect love,
The pearl of peerleſs grace and modeſty;
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize;
To her my love I lowly do proſtrate,
To her my life I wholly ſacrifice;
My thought, my heart, my love, my life, is ſhe,
And I her's ever only, ever one;
One ever I, all vowed her's to be,
One ever I, and other's never none.
Then thus Meliſſa ſaid, " Thrice happy maid,
Whom thou dooſt ſo enforce to deify;
That woods, and hills, and valleys, thou haſt
made
Her name to echo unto heaven high:
But ſay who elſe vouchſafed thee of grace?"
" They all," quoth he, " me graced goodly
well,
That all I praiſe; but in the higheſt place
Urania, ſiſter unto Aſtrofell.
In whoſe brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are,
More rich than pearls of Inde, or gold of Opher,
And in her ſex more wonderful and rare.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy I Theana read,
Whoſe goodly beams though they be over-dight
With mourning ſtole of careful widowhead,
Yet through that darkſom veil do gliſter bright;

She is the well of bounty and brave mind,
Excelling moſt in glory and great light;
She is the ornament of woman-kind,
And Court's chief girlond, with all vertues dight;
Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefeſt grace
Doth hold, and next unto herſelf advance;
Well worthy ſhe ſo honourable place,
For her great worth and noble governance.
Ne leſs praiſe-worthy is her ſiſter dear,
Fair Marian, the Muſes' only dearling,
Whoſe beauty ſhineth as the morning clear,
With ſilver dew upon the roſes pearling.
Ne leſs praiſe-worthy is Manſilia,
Beſt known by bearing up great Cynthia's train;
That fame is ſhe to whom Daphnaida
Upon her neece's death I did complain:
She is the pattern of true womanhead,
And only mirror of feminity,
Worthy next after Cynthia to tredd,
As ſhe is next her in nobility.
Ne leſs praiſe-worthy Galathea ſeems
Than beſt of all that honourable crew;
Fair Galathea! with bright ſhining beams,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view:
She there then waited upon Cynthia,
Yet there is not her wonne; but here with us
About the borders of our rich Coſma,
Now made of Maa, the nymph delicious.
Ne leſs praiſe-worthy fair Neæra is;
Neæra! ours, not theirs, though there ſhe be;
For of the famous Shure the nymph ſhe is,
For high deſert advaunſt to that degree:
She is the bloom of grace and curteſie,
Adorned with all honourable parts;
She is the branch of true nobility,
Belov'd of high and low with faithful hearts.
Ne leſs praiſe-worthy Stella do I read;
Though nought my praiſes of her needed are,
Whom verſe of nobleſt ſhepherd, lately dead,
Hath prais'd, and rais'd above each other ſtarre.
Ne leſs praiſe-worthy are the ſiſters three,
The honour of the noble familie
Of which I meaneſt boaſt myſelf to be,
And moſt that unto them I am ſo nie,
Phillis, Charillis, and ſweet Amarillis.
Phillis, the fair, is eldeſt of the three;
The next to her is bountiful Charillis;
But th' youngeſt is the higheſt in degree.
Phillis, the flow'r of rare perfection,
Fair, ſpreading forth her leaves with freſh delight,
That with their beauty's amorous reflection
Bereave of ſenſe each raſh beholder's ſight;
But ſweet Charillis is the paragone
Of peerleſs price and ornament of praiſe,
Admir'd of all, yet envy'd of none,
Through the mild temperance of her goodly [raies.
Thrice happy do I hold thee, noble ſwain,
The which art of ſo rich a ſpoil poſſeſt,
And it embracing dear without diſdain,
Haſt ſole poſſeſſion in ſo chaſte a breaſt!
Of all the ſhepherd's daughters which there be,
(And yet there be the faireſt under ſky,
Or that elſewhere I ever yet did ſee)
A fairer nymph yet never ſaw mine eye;
She is pride and primroſe of the reſt,
Made by the Maker ſelf to be admired;
And like a goodly beacon high addreſt,
That is with ſparks of heavenly beauty fired.
But Amarillis, whether fortunate
Or elſe unfortunate may I aread,
That freed is from Cupid's yoke by Fate,
Since which he doth new bands' adventures dread.
Shepherd, whatever thou haſt heard to be
In this or that prais'd diverſly apart,
In her thou mayſt them all aſſembled ſee,
And ſeal'd up in the treaſure of her heart.
Ne thee leſs worthy, gentle Flavia!
For thy chaſte life and vertue I eſteem.
Ne thee leſs worthy, courteous Candida!
For thy true love and loyalty I deem.
Beſides yet many mo that Cynthia ſerve,
Right noble nymphs, and high to be commended;
But if I all ſhould praiſe as they deſerve,
This ſun would fail me ere I half had ended;
Therefore in cloſure of a thankful mind,
I deem it beſt to hold eternally
Their bounteous deeds and noble favours ſhrin'd,
Than by diſcourſe them to indignify."

So having ſaid, Aglaura him beſpake;
"Colin, well worthy were thoſe goodly favours
Beſtow'd on thee, that ſo of them dooſt make,
And them requiteſt with thy thankful labours;
But of great Cynthia's goodneſs and high grace
Finiſh the ſtory which thou haſt begun."

"More eath, quoth he, it is in ſuch a caſe
How to begin, than know how to have done;
For every gift, and every goodly meed
Which ſhe on me beſtow'd demands a day,
And every day in which ſhe did a deed
Demands a year it duly to diſplay.
Her words were like a ſtream of hony fleeting,
The which doth ſoftly trickle from the hive,
Able to melt the hearer's heart unweeting,
And eke to make the dead again alive.
Her deeds were like great cluſters of ripe grapes
Which load the bunches of the fruitful vine,
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the ſame with ſtore of timely wine.
Her looks were like beams of the morning ſun,
Forth-looking through the window of the Eaſt,
When firſt the fleecie cattle have begun
Upon the perled graſs to make their feaſt.
Her thoughts are like the fume of frankincenſe,
Which from a golden cenſer forth doth riſe,
And throwing forth ſweet odours, mounts fro
In rolling globes up to the vaulted ſkies: [thence
There ſhe beholds, with high aſpiring thought,
The cradle of her own creation,
Emongſt the ſeats of angels heavenly wrought,
Much like an angel in all form and faſhion."

"Colin," ſaid Cuddy, "then thou haſt forgot
Thy ſelf, me ſeems, too much, to mount ſo hie;
Such lofty flight baſe ſhepherd ſeemeth not,
From flocks and fields to angels and to ſky."

"True," anſwer'd he; "but her great excellence
Lifts me above the meaſure of my might,
That being fill'd with furious inſolence,
I feel my ſelf like one yrapt in ſpright;

For when I think of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speak it fitly forth;
And when I speak of her what I have thought,
I cannot think according to her worth:
Yet will I think of her, yet will I speak,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
And when as death these vital bands shall break,
Her name recorded I will leave for ever:
Her name in every tree I will endose,
That as the trees do grow her name may grow,
And in the ground each where will it engrose,
And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
The speaking woods and murmuring waters-fall
Her name I'le teach in knowen terms to frame;
And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,
I'le teach to call for Cynthia by name:
And long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongst the shepherds daughters dauncing round,
My lays made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowry girlonds crown'd.
And ye, whoso ye be, that shall survive,
When as ye hear her memory renew'd,
Be witness of her bounty here alive,
Which she to Colin her poor shepherd shew'd."

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
Mov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake,
And stood awhile astonish'd at his words,
Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
Saying, "Why, Colin, since thou found'st such grace
With Cynthia, and all her noble crew,
Why didst thou ever leave that happy place,
In which such wealth might unto thee accrew,
And back returnedst to this barren soil,
Where Cold, and Care, and Penury, do dwell,
Here to keep sheep with hunger and with toil?
Most wretched he that is and cannot tell."

"Happy indeed," said Colin, "I him hold,
That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
Of Fortune and of Envy uncontroul'd,
Which still are wont most happy states t'annoy;
But I, by that which little while I prov'd,
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in Court continually hoov'd,
And follow'd those which happy seem'd to bee;
Therefore I, silly Man! whose former days
Had in rude fields been altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknowen ways,
Nor trust the guile of Fortune's blandishment,
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourn,
Whose utmost hardness I before had try'd,
Than having learn'd repentance late, to mourn
Amongst those wretches which I there descry'd."

"Shepherd," said Thestylis, "it seems of spight
Thou speakest thus 'gainst their felicity,
Which thou envyest, rather then of right
That ought in them blame-worthy thou doost spy."

"Cause have I none," quoth he, "of cancred will
To quit them ill that me demean'd so well,
But self-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell
And eke to warn young shepherds wandring wit,
Which through report of that life's painted bliss
Abandon quiet home to seeke for it,
And leave their lambs to loss, misled amiss;
For sooth to say, it is no sort of life
For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seekes with malice and with strife
To thrust down other into foul disgrace,
Himself to raise; and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitful wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by slandring his well-deemed name,
Through leasings leud and feigned forgery,
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecy;
To which him needes a guilefull hollow heart,
Masked with fair dissembling curtesy,
A filed tongue, furnish'd with terms of art,
No art of school, but courtiers' schoolery:
For arts of school have there small countenance,
Counted but toys to busy idle brains,
And there professors find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gains:
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unless to please itself it can apply,
But shouldred is, or out of door quite shit,
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melody:
For each man's worth is measur'd by his weed,
As harts by horns, or asses by their ears;
Yet asses be not all whose ears exceed,
Nor yet all harts that horns the highest bears:
For highest looks have not the highest mind,
Nor haughty words most full of highest thought;
But are like bladders blowen up with wind,
That being prick'd do vanish into nought.
Even such is all their vaunted vanity
Nought else but smoke that fumeth soon away;
Such is their glory that in simple eye
Seem greatest when their garments are most gay:
So they themselves for praise of fools do sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall,
With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
And purchase highest rooms in bower and hall,
Whiles single Truth and simple Honesty
Do wander up and down despis'd of all:
Their plain attire such glorious gallantry
Disdains so much, that none them in doth call."

"Ah! Colin," then said Hobbinol, "the blame
Which thou imputest is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name,
Nor honest mind might there be found at all:
For well I wot, sith I myself was there
To wait on Lobbin (Lobbin well thou knewest)
Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
As ever else in prince's court thou viewest;
Of which among you many yet remain,
Whose names I cannot readily now gues;
Those that poor suters papers do retain,
And those that skill of medicine profes,
And those that do to Cynthia expound
The ledden of strange languages in charge;
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,
And gives to their professors stipends large;

Therefore unjuſtly thou doeſt wite them all
For that which thou miſlikeſt in a few."
" Blame is," quoth he, " more blameleſs general,
Than that which private errors doth purſue;
For well I wote that there amongſt them be
Full many perſons of right worthy parts,
Both for report of ſpotleſs honeſty,
And for profeſſion of all learned arts,
Whoſe praiſe hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on thoſe that faulty be;
For all the reſt do moſt what fare amiſs,
And yet their own misfaring will not ſee;
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envy, that their galls do ſwell;
Or they their days to idleneſs divide,
Or drowned lie in pleaſure's waſtfull well,
In which, like moldwarps, nouſling ſtill they lurk,
Unmindful of chief parts of manlineſs,
And do themſelves, for want of other work,
Vain votaries of lazy Love profeſs,
Whoſe ſervice high ſo baſely they enſue,
That Cupid's ſelf of them aſhamed is,
And muſtring all his men in Venus' view,
Denies them quite for ſervitors of his."
" And is Love, then," ſaid Corilas, " once known
In Court, and his ſweet lore profeſſed there?
I weened ſure he was our god alone,
And only woon'd in fields and foreſts here."
" Not ſo," quoth he, " love moſt aboundeth there;
For all the walls and windows there are writ
All full of love, and love, and love, my Dear,
And all their talk and ſtudy is of it;
Nor any there doth brave or valiant ſeem,
Unleſs that ſome gay miſtreſs' badge he bears;
Ne any one himſelf doth ought eſteem,
Unleſs he ſwim in love up to the ears:
But they of Love, and of his ſacred lere,
(As it ſhould be) all otherwiſe deviſe,
Than we poor ſhepherds are accuſtom'd here,
And him do ſue and ſerve all otherwiſe:
For with leud ſpeeches and licentious deeds
His mighty myſteries they do profane,
And uſe his idle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vain:
So him they do not ſerve as they profeſs,
But make him ſerve to them for fordid uſes.
Ah! my dread Lord, that doſt liege hearts poſſeſs,
Avenge thy ſelf on them for their abuſes.
But we, poor ſhepherds, whether rightly ſo,
Or through our rudeneſs into error led,
Do make religion how we raſhly go,
To ſerve that God that is ſo greatly dread;
For him the greateſt of the gods we deem,
Born without ſire or couples of one kind,
For Venus' ſelf doth ſolely couples ſeem,
Both male and female, through commixture join'd:
So pure and ſpotleſs Cupid forth ſhe brought,
And in the Gardens of Adonis nurs'd,
Where growing, he his own perfection wrought,
And ſhortly was of all the gods the firſt:
Then got he bow and ſhafts of gold and lead,
In which ſo fell and puiſſant he grew,
That Jove himſelf his power began to dread,
And taking up to heaven, him godded new:
From thence he ſhoots his arrows every where
Into the world, at random, as he will,
On us frail men, his wretched vaſſals here,
Like as himſelf us pleaſeth ſave or ſpill:
So we him worſhip, ſo we him adore,
With humble hearts to heaven up-lifted hie,
That to true loves he may us evermore
Prefer, and of their grace us dignify:
Ne is there ſhepherd, ne yet ſhepherd's ſwain,
Whatever feeds in foreſt or in field,
That dare with evill deed or leaſing vain
Blaſpheme his power, or terms unworthy yield."
" Shepherd, it ſeems that ſome celeſtial rage
Of love," quoth Cuddy, " is breath'd into thy breaſt,
That poureth forth theſe oracles ſo ſage;
Of that high power wherewith thou art poſſeſt;
But never wiſt I till this preſent day,
Albe of Love I always humbly deem'd,
That he was ſuch an one as thou doeſt ſay,
And ſo religiouſly to be eſteem'd:
Well may it ſeem by this thy deep inſight,
That of that god the prieſt thou ſhouldeſt be;
So well thou won'ſt the myſtery of his might,
As if his godhead thou didſt preſent ſee."
" Of Love's perfection perfectly to ſpeak,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed," ſaith Colin, " paſſeth reaſon's reach,
And needs his prieſt t'expreſs his power divine;
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus' boſom dear;
For by his power the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appear;
For how ſhould elſe things ſo far from attone,
And ſo great enemies as of them be,
Be ever drawn together into one,
And taught in ſuch accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water fire, the light to mount on hie,
And th' heavie down to poize, the hungry t'eat.
And voidneſs to ſeek full ſatiety:
So being former foes, they wexed friends,
And 'gan by little learn to love each other;
So being knit, they brought forth other kinds
Out of the fruitful womb of their great mother:
Then firſt 'gan Heaven out of darkneſs dread
For to appear, and brought forth cheerfull Day;
Next 'gan the Earth to ſhew her naked head
Out of deep waters, which her drown'd alway;
And ſhortly after every living wight
Crept forth, like worms out of their ſlimy Nature,
Soon as on them the ſun's life-giving light
Had poured kindly heat and formal feature:
Thenceforth they 'gan each one his like to love,
And like himſelf deſire for to beget:
The lion choſe his mate, the turtle-dove
Her dear, the dolphin his own dolphinet;

But man, that had the ſpark of reaſon's might
More than the reſt, to rule his paſſion,
Choſe for his love the faireſt in his ſight,
Like as himſelf was faireſt by creation:
For beauty is the bait which with delight
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind;
Beauty, the burning lamp of heaven's light,
Darting her beams into each feeble mind,
Againſt whoſe power nor God nor man can find
Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound;
But being hurt, ſeek to be medicin'd
Of her that firſt did ſtir that mortal ſtownd.
Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
With prayers loud importuning the ſky,
Whence he them hears, and when he liſt ſhew grace,
Does grant them grace, that otherwiſe would die.
So love is lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerful ſaw,
All being made the vaſſals of his might
Through ſecret ſenſe, which thereto doth them draw.
Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deem,
And with chaſte heart to honour him alway:
But whoſo elſe doth otherwiſe eſteem
Are out-laws, and his lore do diſobey;
For their deſire is baſe, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of diſloyal luſt;
Ne 'mongſt true lovers they ſhall place inherit,
But as exuls out of his court be thruſt."
So having ſaid, Meliſſa ſpake at will;
"Colin, thou now full deeply haſt divin'd
Of love and beauty, and with wondrous ſkill
Haſt Cupid's ſelf depainted in his kind:
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
That dooſt their cauſe ſo mightily defend;
But moſt all women are thy debtors found,
That dooſt their bounty ſtill ſo much commend."
"That ill," ſaid Hobbinol, "they him requite;
For having loved ever one moſt dear,
He is repaid with ſcorn and foul deſpite,
That yrks each gentle heart which it doth hear."
"Indeed," ſaid Lucid, "I have often heard
Fair Roſalinde of divers fouly blamed
For being to that Swain too cruell hard,
That her bright glory elſe hath much defamed:
But who can tell what cauſe had that fair maid
To uſe him ſo that loved her ſo well?
Or who with blame can juſtly her upbraid
For loving not? for who can love compel;
And ſooth to ſay, it is full hardy thing
Raſhly to witen creatures ſo divine;
For demi-gods they be, and firſt did ſpring
From heaven, though graft in frailneſs feminine.
And well I wote that oft I heard it ſpoken,
How one that faireſt Helene did revile,
Through iudgment of the gods, to been ywroken,
Loſt both his eyes, and ſo remain'd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praiſe:
Beware, therefore, ye Grooms, I read betimes,
How raſhly blame of Roſalinde ye raiſe."
"Ah! Shepherds," then ſaid Colin, "ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make ſo bold a doom with words unmeet,
Of things celeſtial, which ye never ſaw;
For ſhe is not like as the other crew
Of ſhepherds' daughters which amongſt you be,
But of divine regard and heavenly hue,
Excelling all that ever ye did ſee.
Not then to her that ſcorned thing ſo baſe,
But to my ſelf the blame, that lookt ſo hie;
So high her thoughts as ſhe her ſelf have place,
And loath each lowly thing with lofty eye:
Yet ſo much grace let her vouchſafe to grant
To ſimple ſwain, ſith her I may not love,
Yet that I may her honour peravaunt,
And praiſe her worth, though far my wit above;
Such grace ſhall be ſome guerdon for the grief
And long affliction which I have endured;
Such grace ſometimes ſhall give me ſome relief
And eaſe of pain, which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow-Shepherds, which do ſee
And hear the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witneſs be
That her's I die, nought to the world denying
This ſimple trophy of her great conqueſt."
So having ended, he from ground did riſe,
And after him uproſe eke all the reſt;
All loth to part, but that the glooming ſkies
Warn'd them to draw their bleating flocks to reſt.

VIRGIL's GNAT,

To the moſt noble and excellent Lord,

THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

Wrong'd, yet not daring to expreſs my pain,
To you (great Lord) the cauſer of my care,
In cloudy tears my caſe I thus complain
Unto your ſelf, that only privy are;
But if that any Oedipus, unware,
Shall chance, through power of ſome divining ſpright,
To read the ſecret of this riddle rare,
And know the purport of my evil plight,
Let him be pleaſed with his own inſight,
Ne further ſeek to gloſe upon the text;
For grief enough it is to grieved wight
To feel this fault, and not be further vext:
But what ſo by my ſelf may not be ſhown,
May by this Gnat's complaint be eaſily known:

I.

We now have plaid (Auguſtus) wantonly,
Tuning our ſong unto a tender Muſe,
And like a cobweb weaving ſlenderly,
Have only playd; let thus much then excuſe
This Gnat's ſmall Poem, that the whole hiſtory
Is but a jeſt, tho envy it abuſe;
But who ſuch ſports and ſweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter ſeem than this Gnat's idle name.

II.

Hereafter, when as ſeaſon more ſecure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muſe ſhall ſpeake to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy ſenſe allure,
And for thy worth frame ſome fit poeſy;
The golden offspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Jove's progeny,
Phœbus ſhall be the author of my ſong,
Playing on ivory harp with ſilver ſtrong.

III.

He ſhall inſpire my verſe with gentle mood
Of poet's prince, whether he woone beſide
Fair Xanthus ſprinkled with Chimæras blood,
Or in the woods of Aſtery abide.
Or whereas Mount Parnaſſe, the Muſes' brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two horns divide,
And the ſweet waves of ſounding Caſtaly,
With liquid foot doth ſlide down eaſily.

IV.

Wherefore ye Siſters, which the glory be
Of the Pierian ſtreams, fair Naiades,
Go to, and dancing all in company,
Adorn that god. And thou, holy Pales!
To whom the honeſt care of huſbandry
Returneth by continuall ſucceſs,
Have care for to purſue his footing light,
Through the wide woods and groves, with green leaves dight.

v.

Profeſſing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the foreſt wide and ſtarry ſky;
And thou, moſt drad Octavius, which oft
To learned wits giv'ſt courage worthily,
O come, (thou ſacred Child!) come ſliding ſoft,
And favour my beginnings graciouſly;
For not theſe leaves do ſing that dreadful ſtound,
When giants' blood did ſtain Phlegræan ground.

vi.

Nor how th' half-horſie people, Centaures hight,
Fought with the bloodie Lapithaes at bord;
Nor how the Eaſt, with tyrannous deſpight,
Burnt th' Attick towers, and people ſlew with ſword;
Nor how Mount Athos, through exceeding might,
Was digged down; nor yron bands abord
The Pontick Sea by their huge navy caſt,
My volume ſhall renown, ſo long ſince paſt.

vii.

Nor Helleſpont, trampled with horſes' feet,
When flocking Perſians did the Greeks affray;
But my ſoft Muſe, as for her power more meet,
Delights (with Phœbus' friendly leave) to play
An eaſie running verſe with tender feet.
And thou, (drad ſacred Child!) to thee alway
Let everlaſting lightſom glory ſtrive
Through the world's endleſs ages to ſurvive.

viii.

And let an happy room remain for thee
Mongſt heavenly ranks, where bleſſed ſouls do reſt;
And let long laſting life with joyous glee,
As thy due meed that thou deſerveſt beſt,
Hereafter many years remembred be
Amongſt good men, of whom thou oft art bleſt.
Live thou for ever in all happineſs.
But let us turn to our firſt buſineſs.

ix.

The fiery ſun was mounted now on hight
Up to the heavenly towers, and ſhot each where
Out of his golden charet gliſtering light,
And fair Aurora with her roſie hair,
That hateful darkneſs now had put to flight,
When as the ſhepherd ſeeing day appear,
His little goats 'gan drive out of their ſtalls,
To feed abroad where paſture beſt befalls.

x.

To an high mountains top he with them went,
Where thickeſt graſs did cloath the open hills;
They now amongſt the woods and thickets ment,
Now in the valleys wandring at their wills,
Spread themſelves far abroad through each deſcent;
Some on the ſoft green graſs feeding their fills,
Some clambring through the hollow cliffs on hie,
Nibble the buſhy ſhrubs which grow thereby.

xi.

Others the utmoſt boughs of trees do crop.
And brouze the woodbine twigs that freſhly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmoſt top
Of ſome ſoft willow or new growen ſtud;
This with ſharp teeth the bramble-leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her cud,
The whiles another high doth over-look
Her own like image in a cryſtal brook.

xii.

O the great happineſs which ſhepherds have
Who-ſo loaths not too much the poor eſtate,
With mind that ill uſe doth before deprave,
Ne meaſures all things by the coſtly rate
Of riotiſe, and ſemblants outward brave!
No ſuch ſad cares as wont to macerate
And rend the greedy minds of covetous men,
Do ever creep into the ſhepherd's den.

xiii

Ne cares he if the fleece which him arrays
Be not twice ſteeped in Aſſyrian dye,
Ne gliſtering of gold, which underlays
The ſummer beams, do blind his gazing eye;
Ne pictures beauty, nor the glancing rays
Of precious ſtones, whence no good cometh by;
Ne yet his cup emboſt with imagery
Of Bœtus, or of Alcon's vanity.

xiv.

Ne ought the whelky pearls eſteemeth he,
Which are from Indian ſeas brought far away,
But with pure breaſt, from careful ſorrow free,
On the ſoft graſs his limbs doth oft diſplay
In ſweet ſpring-time, when flowers' variety
With ſundry colours paints the ſprinkled lay:
There lying all at eaſe from guile or ſpright,
With pipe of fenny reeds doth him delight.

xv.

There he, lord of himſelf, with palm bedight,
His looſer locks doth wrap in wreath of vine;
There his milk-dropping goats be his delight,
And fruitfull Pales, and the foreſt green,
And darkſom caves in pleaſant vallies pight,
Whereas continuall ſhade is to be ſeen,
And where freſh ſpringing wells, as cryſtal neat,
Doe always flow to quench his thirſty heat.

xvi.

O! who can lead then a more happy life
Than he, that with clean mind, and heart ſincere,
No greedy riches knows, nor bloody ſtrife,
No deadly fight of warlike fleet doth fear,
Ne runs in peril of foes cruell knife,
That in the ſacred temples he may rear
A trophee of his glittering ſpoils and treaſure,
Or may abound with riches above meaſure?

xvii.

Of him his God is worſhipt with his ſyth,
And not with ſkill of craftman poliſhed;
He joys in groves, and makes himſelf full blyth
With ſundry flowers in wild fields gathered:
Ne frankincence he from Panchæa buyth;
Sweet Quiet harbours in his harmleſs head,
And perfect Pleaſure builds her joyous bowre,
Free from ſad cares, that rich men's hearts devowre.

xviii.

This all his care, this all his whole endeavour,
To this his mind and ſenſes he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiet's matchleſs treaſour,
Content with any food that God doth ſend;
And how his limbs, reſolv'd through idle leiſour,
Unto ſweet ſleep he may ſecurely lend
In ſome cool ſhadow from the ſcorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eat,

XIX.

O Flocks! O Fauns! and, O ye pleasure Springs
Of Tempe! where the country nymphs are rife,
Through whose not costly care each shepherd sings
As merry notes upon his rustick fife
As that Astræan bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as joyful life,
Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyl,
In which fond men do all their days turmoyl.

XX.

In such delights, whilst thus his careless time
This shepherd drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reeds chaunting his rustick rime,
Hyperion throwing forth his beams full hott,
Into the highest top of heaven 'gan clime,
And the world parting by an equal lott,
Did shade his whirling flames on either side,
As the great Ocean doth himself divide.

XXI.

Then gan the shepherd gather into one
His straggling goats, and drave them to a foord,
Whose cærule stream, rombling in pibble-stone,
Crept under mos as green as any goord.
Now had the sun half heaven overgone,
When he his herd back from that water foord
Drave from the force of Phœbus' boyling ray
Into thick shadows, there themselves to lay.

XXII.

Soon as he them plac't in thy sacred wood,
(O Delian Goddess!) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus' brood,
Cruell Agave, flying vengeance sore
Of King Nictileus, for the guilty blood
Which she with curst hands had shed before;
There she half frantick, having slain her son,
Did shroud herself, like punishment to shun.

XXIII.

Here also playing on the grassie green,
Wood-gods, and Satires, and swift Dryades,
With many Fairies, oft were dancing seen.
Not so much did Dan Orpheus repres
The streams of Hebrus with his songs, I ween,
As that fair troop of woody goddesses
Stay'd thee (O Peneus!) pouring forth to thee,
From chearfull looks, great mirth and gladsome glee.

XXIV.

The very nature of the place resounding:
With gentle murmur of the breathing air,
A pleasing bowre, with all delight abounding,
In this fresh shadow did for them prepare,
To rest their limbs with weariness redounding:
For first the high palm-trees, with branches fair,
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
And high shoot up their heads into the skyes.

XXV.

And them amongst the wicked lotos grew,
Wicked for holding guilefully away
Ulysses' men, whom rapt with sweetness new
Taking to host it quite from him did stay;
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hue
The sun's sad daughters wail'd the rash decay
Of Phæton, whose limbs, with lightning rent,
They gathering up with sweet tears did lament.

XXVI.

And that same tree, in which Demophoon
By his disloyalty lamented sore,
Eternal hurt left unto many one,
Whom als accompanied the oak of yore,
Through fatal charms transform'd to such an one;
The oak, whose acorns were our food before
That Ceres' seed of mortal men was known,
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be sown.

XXVII.

Here also grew the rougher rinded pine,
The great Argoan ships brave ornament,
Whom Golden Fleece did make an heavenly sign,
Which coveting, with his high top's extent
To make the mountains touch the stars divine,
Decks all the forest with embellishment,
And the black holm, that loves the watry vale,
And the sweet cypress, sign of deadly bale.

XXVIII.

Emongst the rest the clambring yvie grew,
Knitting his wanton arms with grasping hold,
Lest that the poplar happily should rew
Her brother's strokes, whose boughs she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top survew,
And point with pallid greene her buds of gold;
Next did the myrtle tree to her approach,
Nor yet unmindfull of her old reproach.

XXIX.

But the small birds, in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their sundry tunes with sweet consent,
And under them a silver spring forth pouring
His trickling streams, a gentle murmure sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their jarring voyces bent,
And shrill grashoppers chirped them around,
All which the airy eccho did resound,

XXX.

In this so pleasant place this shepherd's flock
Lay every where, their weary limbs to rest
On every bush and every hollow rock,
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best;
The whiles the shepherd self tending his flock,
Sate by the fountain side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him,
Display'd on ground, and seized every lim.

XXXI.

Of treachery or trains nought took he keep,
But, loosly on the grassy green dispred,
His deares life did trust to careless sleep,
Which weighing down his drouping drowsie hed,
In quiet rest his molten heart did sleep,
Devoid of care, and fear of all falshed,
Had not inconstant Fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischance his quietness to spill.

XXXII.

For at his wonted time in that same place,
An huge great serpent, all with speckles pide,
To drench himself in morish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heat himself to hide;
He passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandish tongue the empty air did gride,

And wrapt his scaly boughts with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

XXXIII.

Now more and more having himself enroll'd,
His glittering breft he lifteth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;
His creft above, spotted with purple dye,
On every side did shine like scaly gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Did seem to flame out flakes of flashing fire,
And with ftern looks to threaten kindled yre.

XXXIV.

Thus wise long time he did himself dispace
There round about, when as at laft he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flock's grand captain and moft truftty guide;
Eftsoones more fierce in visage and in pace,
Throwing his fiery eyes on every side,
He cometh on, and all things in his way
Full ftrnly fends, that might his paffage ftay.

XXXV.

Much he disdains that any one should dare
To come unto his haunt, for which intent
He inly burns, and gins ftraight to prepare
The weapons which to him nature had lent;
Felly he hiffeth, and doth fiercely ftare,
And hath his jaws with angry spirits rent,
That all his track with bloodie drops is ftain'd
And all his folds are now in length out-ftrain'd.

XXXVI.

Whom thus at point prepared to prevent,
A little nourfling of the humid air,
A Gnat unto the fleepy fhepherd went,
And marking where his eye-lids, twinkling rare,
Shew'd the two pearls which light unto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing fair,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warn'd him awake, from death himself to keep.

XXXVII.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upftart,
And with his hand him rafhly bruising flew,
As in avengement of his heedleis fmart,
That ftraight the spirit out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart;
When suddenly casting aside his view,
He spide his foe with felonous intent
And fervent eyes to his deftruction bent.

XXXVIII.

All suddenly dismay'd, and heartleis quight,
He fled aback, and catching hafty hold
Of a young alder, hard beside him pight,
It rent; and ftreight about him 'gan behold,
What God or Fortune would affiift his might:
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
It's hard to read; yet hardly will be had
To overcome, that made him leis adrad.

XXXIX.

The fcalie back of that moft hideous fnake,
Enwrapped round, ofe fairing to retire,
And oft him to affail, he fiercely ftrake,
Whereas his temples did his creaft-ifent tyre;
And for he was but flow, did floth off fhake,
And gazing ghaftly on (for fear and ire
Had blent so much his sense that leis he fear'd)
Yet when he saw him slain himself he chear'd.

XL.

By this the night forth from the darkfome bowre
Of Herebus her teemed fteeds 'gan call,
And lazie Vesper in his timely howre,
From golden Oeta 'gan proceed withall;
Whenas the fhepherd, after this fharp ftowre,
Seeing the doubled fhadows low to fall,
Gathering his ftraying flock, does homeward fare,
And unto reft his weary joynts prepare.

XLI.

Into whose sense so soon as lighter fleep
Was entred, and now loosing every lim,
Sweet flumbring dew in careleffneis did fleep,
The image of that Gnat appear'd to him,
And in sad terms 'gan sorrowfully weep,
With grifly countenance and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In fteed of good, haftning his cruel fate.

XLII.

Said he, "What have I, Wretch! deserv'd that thus
Into this bitter bale I am out-caft,
Whilft that thy life more dear and precious
Was then mine own, so long as it did laft?
I now, in lieu of pains so gracious,
Am toft in th' air with every windy blaft;
Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
Thy careleis limbs in looie fleep dooft disfplay.

XLIII.

So liveft thou; but my poor wretched ghoft
Is forc'd to ferry over Lethe's river,
And, spoil'd of Charon, to and fro am toft.
Seeft thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on every poft?
Tifiphone each where doth fhake and fhiver
Her flaming fire-brond encountering me,
Whose locks uncombed cruel adders be.

XLIV.

And Cerberus, whose many mouths do bay
And bark out flames, as if on fire he fed,
Adown whose neck, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
Do hang in heaps, that horribly affray,
And bloody eyes do glifter fiery red,
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten
With painful torments to be sorely beaten.

XLV.

Ay me; that thanks so much should fail of meed,
For that I thee reftor'd to life again,
Even from the door of death and deadly dreed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my pain?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of pity vaniih'd is in vain,
And th' antique faith of juftice long agone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

XLVI.

I saw another's fate approaching faft,
And left mine own his safety to tender;
Into the same misfhap I now am caft,
And fhun'd deftruction doth deftruction render:
Not unto him that never hath treipaft,
But punifhment is due to the offender:

Yet let deſtruction be the puniſhment,
So long as thankful will may it relent.

XLVII.

I carried am into waſte wilderneſs,
Waſte wilderneſs, amongſt Cymmerian ſhades,
Where endleſs pains and hideous heavineſs
Is round about me heapt in darkſome glades;
For there huge Othos ſits in ſad diſtreſs,
Faſt bound with ſerpents that him oft invades,
Far off beholding Ephialtes' tide,
Which once aſſail'd to burn this world ſo wide.

XLVIII.

And there is mournfull Tityus, mindful yet
Of thy diſpleaſure, O Latona fair!
Diſpleaſure too implacable was it
That made him meat for wild fowls of the air;
Much do I fear among ſuch fiends to ſit,
Much do I fear back to them to repair,
To the black ſhadows of the Stygian ſhore,
Where wretched ghoſts ſit wailing evermore.

XLIX.

There next the utmoſt brink doth he abide,
That did the banquets of the gods bewray,
Whoſe throat through thirſt to nought nigh being dride,
His ſenſe to ſeek for eaſe turns every way:
And he that in avengement of his pride,
For ſcorning to the ſacred gods to pray,
Againſt a mountain rolls a mighty ſtone,
Calling in vain for reſt, and can have none.

L.

Go ye with them, go, curſed Damoſells?
Whoſe bridal torches foul Erynnis tynd,
And Hymen at your ſpouſals ſad fortells
Tydings of death and maſſacre unkind;
With them that cruel Colchid mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her avengeful mind
With bitter wounds her own dear babes to ſlay,
And murdred troups upon great heaps to lay.

LI.

There alſo thoſe two Pandionian maids
Calling on Itis, Itis evermore,
Whom (wretched boy!) they ſlew with guilty blades,
For whom the Thracian king lamenting ſore,
Turn'd to a lapwing, foulie them upbraids,
And fluttering round about them ſtill does ſoare;
There now they all eternally complain,
Of others wrong, and ſuffer endleſs pain.

LII.

But the two brethren, born of Cadmus' blood,
Whilſt each does for the ſoveraignty contend,
Blind through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each does againſt the other's body bend
His curſed ſteel, of neither well withſtood,
And with wide wounds their carcaſſes doth rend,
That yet they both do mortall foes remain,
Sith each with other's bloodie hand was ſlain.

LIII.

Ah! (weladay) there is no end of pain,
Nor change of labour may entreated be,
Yet I beyond all theſe am carried fain,
Where other powers far different I ſee,
And muſt paſs over to th' Elyſian plain;
There grim Perſephone encount'ring me,
Doth urge her fellow-furies earneſtly
With their bright fire-bronds me to terrifie.

LIV.

There chaſte Alceſte lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her huſband's days
She did prolong, by changing fate for fate,
Lo, their lives alſo the immortal praiſe
Of womankind, moſt faithfull to her mate,
Penelope! and from her far aways
A ruleſs rout of young-men, which her woo'd,
All ſtain with darts, lie wallow'd in their blood.

LV.

And ſad Eurydice, thence now no more
Muſt turn to life, but their detained be
For looking back, being forbid before;
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee.
Bold ſure he was, and worthy ſpirit bore,
That durſt thoſe loweſt ſhadows go to ſee,
And could believe that any thing could pleaſe
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powers appeaſe.

LVI.

Ne fear'd the burning waves of Phlegeton,
Nor thoſe ſame mournfull kingdoms, compaſſed
With ruſty horrour and foul faſhion,
And deap-dig'd vaults, and Tartar covered
With bloody night and dark confuſion,
And judgment-ſeats, whoſe judge is deadly dred;
A judge that after death doth puniſh ſore
The faults which life hath treſpaſſed before.

LVII.

But valiant Fortune made Dan Orpheus bold;
For the ſwift running rivers ſtill did ſtand,
And the wild beaſts their fury did with-hold,
To follow Orpheus' muſic through the land;
And th' oakes, deep grounded in the earthly mold,
Did move as if they could him underſtand;
And the ſhrill woods, which were of ſenſe bereav'd,
Through their hard bark his ſilver ſound receav'd.

LVIII.

And eke the moon her haſty ſteeds did ſtay,
Drawing in teems along the ſtarry ſky;
And didſt (O monthly Virgin!) thou delay
Thy nightly courſe to hear his melody?
The ſame was able with like lovely lay
The Queen of Hell to move as eaſily
To yield Eurydice unto her fere,
Back to be borne, though it unlawful were.

LIX.

She (Lady) having well before approv'd
The fiends to be too cruell and ſevere,
Obſerv'd th' appointed way, as her behov'd,
Ne ever did her eye-ſight turn arere,
Ne ever ſpake, ne cauſe of ſpeaking mov'd;
But cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kiſs her, broke'ſt the gods' decree
And thereby mad'ſt her ever damn'd to be.

LX.

Ah! but ſweet love of pardon worthy is,
And doth deſerve to have ſmall faults remitted,
If hell at leaſt things lightly done amiſs
Knew how to pardon when ought is omitted;

Yet are ye both received into bliſs,
And to the ſeats of happy ſouls admitted;
And you beſide the honourable band
Of great heroes doe in order ſtand.

LXI.

There be the two ſtout ſons of Æacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardy Telamon,
Both ſeeming now full glad and joyeous
Through their ſire's dreadfull juriſdiction,
Being the judge of all that horrid houſe;
And both of them by ſtrange occaſion
Renown'd in choice of happie marriage
Through Venus' grace and Vertue's carriage.

LXII.

For th' one was raviſh'd of his own bond-maid,
The faire Ixione, captiv'd from Troy;
But th' other was with Thetis' love aſſaid,
Great Nereus his daughter, and his joy.
On this ſide them there is a young man laid,
Their match in glory, mighty, fierce, and coy,
That from th' Argolick ſhips with furious ire
Bett back the fury of the Trojan fire.

LXIII.

O! who would not recount the ſtrong devorces
Of that great war which Trojans oft beheld,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekiſh forces,
When Teucrian ſoil with bloody rivers ſwell'd,
And wide Sigæan ſhores were ſpred with corſes,
And Simois and Xanthus' blood out-weld,
Whilſt Hector raged with outrageous mind,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greek's fleet to have tynd!

LXIV.

For Ida's ſelf, in aid of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountains miniſtred ſupplies,
And like a kindly nurſe did yield (for ſpight)
Store of firebronds out of her nurſeries
Unto her foſter children, that they might
Inflame the navy of their enemies,
And all the Rhætean ſhore to aſhes turn,
Where lay the ſhips which they did ſeek to burn.

LXV.

'Gainſt which the noble ſon of Telamon
Oppoſ'd himſelf, and thwarting his huge ſhield,
Them battel bad; gainſt whom appear'd anon
Hector, the glory of the Trojan field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mighty ſtrokes ſo ſhrild,
As the great clap of thunder which doth rive
The ratling heavens, and clouds aſunder drive.

LXVI.

So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ſhips, from turning home again
To Argos, th' others ſtrove for to defend
The force of Vulcan with his might and main.
Thus th' one Æacide, did his fame extend,
But th' other joy'd that on the Phrygian plain,
Having the blood of vanquiſh'd Hector ſhed,
He compaſs'd Troy thrice with his body ded.

LXVII.

Again great dole on either party grew,
That him to death unfaithful Paris ſent;
And alſo him that falſe Ulyſſes ſlew,
Drawn into danger through cloſe ambuſhment:
Therefore from him Laertes' ſon his view
Doth turn aſide, and boaſts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhæſus' fall,
And eft in Dolon's ſubtile ſurpriſall.

LXVIII.

Again the dreadfull Cycons him diſmay,
And black Læſtrigones, a people ſtout.
Then greedy Scilla, under whom there bay
Many great bandogs, which her gird about:
Then do th' Ætnean Cyclops him affray,
And deep Charybdis, gulphing in and out:
Laſtly, the ſquallid lakes of Tartary,
And grieſly fiends of hell him terrify.

LXIX.

There alſo goodly Agamemnon boaſts
The glory of the ſtock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greekiſh hoſts,
Under whoſe conduct moſt victorious,
The Dorick flames conſum'd the Iliack poſts.
Ah! but the Greeks themſelves, more dolorous
To thee, O Troy! paid penance for thy fall,
In the Helleſpont being nigh drowned all.

LXX.

Well may appear by proof of their miſchance,
The changefull turning of mens ſlippery ſtate,
That none whom Fortune freely doth advance,
Himſelf therefore to heaven ſhould elevate;
For lofty type of honour, through the glance
Of envy's dart, is down in duſt proſtrate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanity
Shall fall through Fortune's mutability.

LXXI.

Th' Argolick power returning home again,
Enrich'd with ſpoiles of th' Ericthonian towre,
Did happy wind and weather entertain,
And with good ſpeed the foamy billows ſcour:
No ſign of ſtorm, no fear of future pain,
Which ſoon enſued them with heavy ſtoure;
Nereis to the ſeas a token gave,
The whiles their crooked keels the ſurges clave.

LXXII.

Suddenly, whether through the god's decree,
Or hapleſs riſing of ſome froward ſtar,
The heavens on every ſide enclouded be:
Black ſtorms, and fogs are blowen up from far,
That now the pilot can no load-ſtar ſee,
But ſkies and ſeas do make moſt dreadful war;
The billows ſtriving to the heavens to reach,
And th' heavens ſtriving them for to empeach.

LXXIII.

And in avengement of their bold attempt,
Both ſun and ſtars, and all the heavenly powres,
Conſpire in one to wreak their raſh contempt,
And down on them to fall from higheſt towres;
The ſky in pieces ſeeming to be rent,
Throws lightning forth, and hail, and harmful ſhowres.
That death on every ſide to them appears
In thouſand forms, to work more ghaſtly fears.

LXIV.

Some in the greedy floods are ſunk and drent,
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are thrown;
Some on th' Euboick cliffs in pieces rent,
Some ſcatter'd on the Hercæan ſhores unknown;

And many loſt, of whom no moniment
Remains, nor memory is to be ſhown;
Whilſt all the purchaſe of the Phrygian prey,
Toſt on ſalt billows, round about doth ſtray.

LXXV.

Here many other like heroes be,
Equal in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly ſeats may placed ſee,
Deſcended all from Rome by linage due;
From Rome, that holds the world in ſovereignty,
And doth all nations unto her ſubdue:
Her Fabij and Decij do dwell,
Horatij, that in vertue did excell.

LXXVI.

And here the antique fame of ſtout Camill,
Doth ever live, and conſtant Curtius,
Who, ſtifly bent his vowed life to ſpill
For country's health, a gulf moſt hideous
Amidſt the town with his own corps did fill,
T' appeaſe the powers; and prudent Mutius,
Who in his fleſh endur'd the ſcorching flame,
To daunt his foe by enſample of the fame.

LXXVII.

And here wiſe Curius, his companion
Of noble vertues, lives in endleſs reſt,
And ſtout Flaminius, whoſe devotion
Taught him the fire's ſcorn'd fury to deteſt;
And here the praiſe of either Scipion
Abides in higheſt place above the beſt,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd;
Trembling, their forces ſound their praiſes loud.

LXXVIII.

Live they for ever through their laſting praiſe;
But I, poor wretch! am forced to return
To the ſad lakes that Phœbus' ſunny rays
Do never ſee, where ſouls do always mourn,
And by the wailing ſhores to waſte my days,
Where Phlegeton with quenchleſs flames doth burn,
By which juſt Minos righteous ſouls doth ſever
From wicked ones, to live in bliſs for ever.

LXXIX.

Me therefore thus the cruel fiends of hell,
Girt with long ſnakes and thouſand yron chains,
Through doom of that their cruel judge, compel
With bitter torture and impatient pains,
Cauſe of my death, and juſt complaint to tell:
For thou art he whom my poor ghoſt complains
To be the author of her ill unwares,
That careleſs hear'ſt my intollerable cares.

LXXX.

Them therefore, as bequeathing to the wind,
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plaint behind;
But do thou haunt the ſoft down-rolling river,
And wild green woods, and fruitfull paſtures mind,
And let the flitting air my vain words ſever."

Thus having ſaid, he heavily departed
With pitcous cry, that any would have ſmarted.

LXXXI.

Now when the ſloathful fit of life's ſweet reſt
Had left the heavy ſhepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieved mind full ſore oppreſt,
That baleful ſorrow he no longer bears
For that Gnat's death, which deeply was impreſt,
But bends whatever power his aged years
Him lent, yet being ſuch, as though their might
He lately ſlew his dreadful foe in fight.

LXXXII.

By that fame river lurking under green.
Eftſoons he 'gins to faſhion forth a place,
And ſquaring it in compaſs well beſeen,
There plotteth out a tomb by meaſured ſpace:
His yron-headed ſpade tho' making clean,
To dig up ſods out of the flowrie graſs,
His work he ſhortly to good purpoſe brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

LXXXIII.

An heap of earth he hoorded up on high,
Encloſing it with banks on every ſide,
And thereupon did raiſe full buſily
A little mount, of green turfs edifide;
And on the top of all, that paſſers by
Might it behold, the tomb he did provide
Of ſmootheſt marble-ſtone, in order ſet,
That never might his lucky ſcape forget.

LXXXIV

And round about he taught ſweet flowres to grow,
The roſe, engroined in pure ſcarlet dye,
The lilly freſh, and violet below,
The marigold, and chearful roſemary,
The Spartan myrtle, whence ſweet gum doe flow,
The purple hyacinth, and freſh coſtmary,
And faffron, ſought for in Cilician foil,
And laurel, th' ornament of Phœbus' toil;

LXXXIV.

Freſh Rhododaphne, and the ſabine flowre
Matching the wealth of th' antient frankincence,
And pallid ivy, building his own bowre,
And box, yet mindfull of his old offence,
Red amaranthus, luckleſs paramour,
Ox-eye ſtill green, and bitter patience;
Ne wants there pale Narciſs, that in a well
Seeing his beauty, in love with it fell.

LXXXVI.

And whatſoever other flowre of worth,
And whatſo other herb of lovely hue
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To clothe her ſelf in colours freſh and new,
He planted there, and rear'd a mount of earth,
In whoſe high front was writ as doth enſue;
To thee, ſmall Gnat, in lieu of his life ſaved,
The ſhepherd hath thy death's record engraved.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

CONTAINING

TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONTHS.

Entituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, moſt worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalry,

MASTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

JANUARY.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

The Argument.

This Æglogue is a ſoliloque of Colin Clout, by which name the Poet means himſelf; complaining of his unproſperous love of Roſalind; and comparing his condition to that of his wretched weather-beaten flock, and to the rigorous ſeaſon of the year.

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (no better do him call),
When winter's waſtefull ſpight was almoſt ſpent,
All in a ſunſhine day, as did befall,
Let forth his flock, that had been long ypent;
So faint they wox, and feeble in the fold,
That now uneathes their feet could them uphold.

All as the ſheep, ſuch was the ſhepherd's look,
For pale and wan he was, (alas the while!)
May ſeem he lov'd, or elſe ſome care he took;
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his ſtile:
Though to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus he plain'd, the while his ſheep there fed:

" Ye gods of love! that pity lovers pain
(If any gods the pain of lovers pity),
Look from above, where you in joys remain,
And bow your ears unto my dolefull ditty.
And, Pan! thou ſhepherd's god, that once did love,
Pity the pains that thou thyſelf didſt prove.

Thou barren ground, whom winter's wrath hath waſted,
Art made a mirror to behold my plight;
Whylom thy freſh ſpring flower'd, and after haſted,
Thy Summer proud, with daffadillies dight,
And now is come thy Winter's ſtormy ſtate,
Thy mantle marr'd wherein thou maſkedſt late.

Such rage as winter reigneth in my heart,
My life-blood freezing with unkindly cold;
Such ſtormy ſtours do breed my balefull ſmart,
As if my years were waſte and woxen old;
And yet, alas! but now my ſpring begun,
And yet, alas! it is already done.

You naked trees, whoſe ſhady leaves are loſt,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
And now are cloath'd with moſs and hoary froſt,
Inſtead of bloſms, wherewith your buds did flower,
I ſee your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whoſe drops in drery iſicles remain.

Alſo my luſtfull leaſe is dry and ſear,
My timely buds with wailing all are waſted;
The bloſſoms which my branch of youth did bear,
With breathed ſighs is blown away and blaſted;
And from mine eyes the drizling tears deſcend,
As on your boughs the iſicles depend.

Thou feeble Flock! whoſe fleece is rough and rent,
Whoſe knees are weak through faſt and evil fare,
Maiſt witneſs well, by thy ill government,
Thy maſter's mind is overcome with care:
Thou weak, I wan; thou lean, I quite forlorn:
With mourning pine I; you with pining mourn.

A thouſand ſithes I curſe that careful hour
Wherein I long the neighbour town to ſee,
And eke ten thouſand ſithes I bleſs the ſtour
Wherein I ſaw ſo fair a ſight as ſhe:
Yet all for naught: ſuch ſight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love ſhould breed both joy and pain!

It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plain,
Albe my love he ſeek with daily ſuit:
His clowniſh gifts and courteſies I diſdain,
His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
Ah, fooliſh Hobbino! thy gifts been vain;
Colin them gives to Roſalind again.

I love thilk laſs (alas! why do I love?)
And am forlorn, (alas! why am I lorn?)
She deigns not my good will, but both reprove,
And of my rural muſic holdeth ſcorn.
Shepherd's device ſhe hateth as the ſnake,
And laughs the ſongs that Colin Clout doth make.

Wherefore, my Pipe, albe rude Pan thou pleaſe,
Yet for thou pleaſeſt not where moſt I would,
And thou unlucky Muſe, that wontſt to eaſe
My muſing mind, yet canſt not when thou ſhould;
Both pipe and Muſe ſhall fore the while abie."
So broke his oaten pipe, and down did lie.

By that the welked Phœbus' gan avail
His weary wain, and now the froſty Night
Her mantle black through heaven 'gan over-hale;
Which ſeen, the penſive boy, half in deſpight,
Aroſe, and homeward drove his ſullen ſheep,
Whoſe hanging heads did ſeem his careful caſe to weep.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Anchora ſpeme.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

The Argument.

Cuddy, a young ſhepherd, inveighing againſt the ſeaſon of the year, and comparing to old age, which he treats with ſcorn, is reprov'd by Thenot, an old ſhepherd, who, to ſhew him his folly, relates a moral fable of an Oak and a Briar, but without curing the young ſhepherd's vanity. By Tityrus, mention'd in this Ægloguc, and elſewhere in the Author's works, is meant Geoffrey Chaucer, in imitation of whoſe ſtile and manner this Ægloguc is written.

CUDDY, THENOT.

CUDDY.

Ah for pitty! will rank winter's rage
Theſe bitter blaſts never 'gin t'aſſwage?
The keen cold blows through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride:
My ragged ronts all ſhiver and ſhake,
As done high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wag their wriggle tails
Peark as a peacock; but now it avails.

THE. Leudly complaineſt, thou lazy lad,
Of winter's wrack for making thee ſad?
Muſt not the world wend in his common courſe,
From good to bad, and from bad to worſe,
From worſe unto that is worſt of all,
And then return to his former fall?
Who will not ſuffer the ſtormy time,
Where will he live till the luſty prime?

Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
Some in much joy, many in many tears,
Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
Of ſummer's flame, nor of winter's threat,
Ne never was to Fortune foe-man,
But gently took that ungently came;
And ever my flock was my chief care,
Winter or ſummer they mought well fare.

CUD. No marvel, Thenot, if thou can bear
Chearfully the winter's wrathful chear,
For age and winter accord full nigh,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wry;
And as the lowring weather looks down,
So ſeemeſt thou like Good-Friday to frown;
But my flowring youth is foe to froſt,
My ſhip unwont in ſtorms to be teſt.

THE. The sovereign of seas he blames in vain,
That once sea-beat will to sea again:
So loytring live you little heard-grooms,
Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms;
And when the shining sun laugheth once,
You deemen the spring is come at once:
Tho gin you, fond Flies! the cold to scorn,
And, crowing in pipes made of green corn,
You thinken to be lords of the year;
But eft when ye count you freed from fear,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred brows,
Full of wrinkles and frosty furrows,
Drerily shooting his stormy dart,
Which cruddles the blood and pricks the heart:
Then is your careless courage accoyd,
Your careful herds with cold be annoyed:
Then pay you the price of your surquedry,
With weeping, and wailing, and misery,

CUD. Ah! foolish old Man! I scorn thy skill,
That wouldst me my springing youth to spill;
I deem thy brain emperished be
Through rusty eld, that hath rotted thee;
Or siker thy head very totty is,
So on thy corb shoulder it leans amiss.
Now thy self hath lost both lop and top,
Als my budding branch thou wouldest crop,
But were thy years green, as now been mine,
To other delights they would encline:
Tho wouldest thou learn to carol of love,
And hery with hymns thy lasses glove;
Tho wouldest thou pipe of Phillis' praise,
But Phillis is mine for many days;
I wone her with a girdle of gelt,
Embost with bugle about the belt:
Such an one shepherds would make full fain;
Such an one would make thee young again.

THE. Thou art a fon, of thy love to bost;
All that is lent to love will be lost.

CUD. Seest how brag yond bullock bears,
So smirk, so smooth, his pricked ears?
His horns been as brade as rainbow bent,
His dewlap as lythe as lass of Kent:
See how he venteth into the wind,
Weeneth of love is not his mind?
Seemeth thy flock thy counsel can,
So lustless been they, so weak, so wan;
Cloathed with cold, and hoary with frost,
Thy flock's father his courage hath lost.
Thy ewes, that wont to have blown blags,
Like wailful widdows hangen their crags;
The rather lambs been starved with cold,
All for their master is lustless and old.

THE. Cuddy, I wot thou kenst little good,
So vainly to advance thy headless hood;
For youth is a bubble blown up with breath,
Whose wit is weakness, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wilderness, whose inn penaunce,
And stoop gallant age, the host of grievaunce.
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheep on the hills of Kent?

CUD. To naught more, Thenot, my mind is bent
Than to hear novels of his devise;
They been so well thewed, and so wise,
What ever that good old man bespake.

THE. Many meet tales of youth did he make,
And some of love, and some of chivalry,
But none fitter than this to apply.
Now listen a while and hearken the end.

"There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely display'd,
But of their leaves they were disaray'd:
The body big and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wondrous height;
Whilom had been the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine,
But now the gray moss marred his rine,
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decay'd, his braunches sere.
Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,
Which proudly thrust into th' element,
And seemed to threat the firmament:
It was embellished with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wonted to repair
The shepherd's daughters to gather flowres,
To paint their garlands with his colowres,
And in his small bushes used to shroud,
The sweet nightingale singing so loud,
Which made this foolish Breere wex so bold?
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.
Why stand's there (quoth he) thou brutish block?
Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock;
Seest how fresh my flowres been spread,
Died in lilly white and crimson red,
With leaves engrained in lusty green,
Colours met to cloath a maiden queen?
Thy waste bigness but cumbers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round:
The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth,
My cinamon smell too much annoyeth:
Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.
So spake this bold Breere with great disdain,
Little him answer'd the Oak again,
But yielded, with shame and grief adaw'd,
That of a weed he was over-craw'd.
It chaunced after upon a day,
The husband-man's self to come that way,
Of custom to surview his ground,
And his trees of state in compass round:
Him when the spightful Breere had espyed,
Causeless complained, and loudly cryed
Unto his lord stirring up stern strife:
O my liege Lord! the god of my life,
Pleaseth you pond your suppliant's plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
And but your goodness the same recure,
Am like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.

Greatly aghaſt with this piteous plea,
Him reſted the good man on the lea,
And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words tho gan this proud weed
(As moſt uſen ambitious folk)
His colour'd crime with craft to cloke.

Ah, my Sovereign! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primroſe of all thy land,
With flowring bloſſoms to furniſh the prime,
And ſcarlet berries in ſommer-time?
How falls it then that this faded Oak,
Whoſe body is fere, whoſe branches broke,
Whoſe naked arms ſtretch unto the fire,
Unto ſuch tyranny doth aſpire,
Hindring with his ſhade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the ſweet ſun's ſight?
So beat his old boughs my tender ſide,
That oft the bloud ſpringeth from woundes wide;
Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
That been the honour of your coronal;
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more ſpight;
And oft his hoary locks down doth caſt,
Wherewith my freſh flowrets been defaſt:
For this, and many more ſuch outrage,
Craving your godlyhead to aſſuage
The rancorous rigour of his might;
Nought aſk I, but onely to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good ſufferaunce,
And praying to be garded from grievaunce.

To this this Oak caſt him to reply
Well as he couth; but his enemy
Had kindled ſuch coles of diſpleaſure,
That the good man nould ſtay his leaſure,
But home him haſted with furious heat,
Encreaſing his wrath with many a threat;
His harmful hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it ſo ready ſhould ſtand!)
And to the field alone he ſpeedeth,
(Aye little help to harm there needeth)
Anger nould let him ſpeak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled be,
But to the root bent his ſturdy ſtroak,
And made many wounds in the waſte Oak.
The axe's edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain,
Seemed the ſenſeleſs iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
For it had been an antient tree,
Sacred with many a myſtery,
And often croſt with the prieſts' crew,
And often hallowed with holy-water dew;
But like fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this miſery;
For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The block oft groaned under his blow,
And ſighed to ſee his near overthrow.
In fine, the ſteel had pierced his pith,
Tho down to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth ſhrunk under him, and ſeem'd to ſhake:
There lieth the Oak pitied of none.

Now ſtands the Breere like a lord alone,
Puff'd up with pride and vain pleaſance;
But all this glee had no continuance:
For eftſoons winter 'gan to approach,
The bluſtering Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the ſolitary Breere,
For now no ſuccour was ſeen him neere.
Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
For naked left and diſconſolate,
The biting froſt nipt his ſtalk dead,
The watry wet weighed down his head,
And heaped ſnow burdned him ſo ſore,
That now upright he can ſtand no more;
And being down is trod in the durt
Of cattel, and brouzed, and ſorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Breere,
For ſcorning eld——"

CUD. Now I pray thee ſhepherd, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale and little worth.
So long have I liſtened to thy ſpeech,
That graffed to the ground is my breech;
My heart-blood is well nigh frozen I feel,
And my galage grown faſt to my heel;
But little eaſe of thy lewd tale I taſted;
Hie thee home, Shepherd, the day is nigh waſted.

THENOT'S EMBLEM.

Iddio, perche é vecchio,
Fa ſuoi al ſuo eſſempio.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa iddio.

THE SHEPHERD's CALENDAR.

MARCH.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA.

The Argument.

Two ſhepherds take occaſion, from the approach of the ſpring, to diſcourſe of love, deſcrib'd here as a perſon. One of them relates a ſtory of his having diſcover'd him lately hid in a buſh, and of his being wounded by him.

WILLY. THOMALIN.

WILLY.

THOMALIN, why ſitten we ſo,
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon ſo fair a morrow?
The joyous time now nigheth faſt,
That ſhall alegg this bitter blaſt,
And ſlake the winter ſorrow.
THO. Siker, Willy, thou warneſt well,
For winter's wrath begins to quell,
And pleaſant ſpring appeareth;
The graſs now 'gins to be refreſht,
The ſwallow peeps out of her neſt,
And cloudy welkin cleareth.
WIL. Seeſt not thilk ſame hawthorn ſtud,
How bragly it begins to bud
And utter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready Maia's bower,
That new is upriſt from bed:
Tho ſhall we ſporten in delight,
And learn with Lettice to wex light,

That ſcornfully looks aſkaunce;
Tho will we little love awake,
That now ſleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.
THO. Willy, I ween thou be a ſot,
For luſty Love ſtill ſleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.
WIL. How kenſt thou that he is awoke?
Or haſt thy ſelf his ſlumber broke?
Or made privy to the ſame?
THO. No; but happily I him eſpide,
Where in a buſh he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blue;
And were not that my ſheep would ſtray,
The privy marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.
WIL. Thomalin, have no care for-thy,
My ſelf will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flock and thine;
For, alas! at home I have a fire,
A ſtepdame eke, as hot as fire,
That duly adays counts mine.

THO. Nay but thy ſeeing will not ſerve,
My ſheep for that may chaunce to ſwerve,
And fall into ſome miſchief:
For ſithens is but the third morrow
That I chaunſt to fall aſleep with ſorrow,
And waked again with grief;
The while thilk ſame unhappy owe,
Whoſe clouted leg her hurt doth ſhew,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there unjointed both her bones:
Mought her neck been jointed attones,
She ſhould have need no more ſpell;
Th' elf was ſo wanton and ſo wood,
(But now I trow can better good)
She mought ne gang on the green,
WIL. Let be as may be that is paſt;
That is to come let be forecaſt:
Now tell us what thou haſt ſeen.
THO. It was upon a holy-day,
When ſhepherds grooms han leave to play,
I caſt to go a ſhooting;
Long wandring up and down the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birds in buſhes tooting,
At length within the ivy tod,
(There ſhrouded was the little god)
I heard a buſie buſtling;
I bent my bolt againſt the buſh,
Liſtning if any thing did ruſh,
But then heard no more ruſtling.
Tho peeping cloſe into the thick,
Might ſee the moving of ſome quick,
Whoſe ſhape appeared not;
But were it fairy, fiend, or ſnake,
My courage earn'd it to awake,
And manfully thereat ſhot:
With that ſprang forth a naked ſwain,
With ſpotted wings like peacock's train,
And laughing lope to a tree;
His gilden quiver at his back,
And ſilver bow, which was but ſlack,
Which lightly he bent at me:
That ſeeing I level'd again,
And ſhot at him with might and main,
As thick as it had hailed.
So long I ſhot, that all was ſpent,
Tho pumy ſtones I haſtily hent,
And threw, but nought availed:
He was ſo wimble and ſo wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light;
And oft the pumies latched:
Therewith afraid I ran away,
But he that earſt ſeem'd but to play,
A ſhaft in earneſt ſnatched,
And hit me running in the heel;
For then I little ſmart did feel,
But ſoon it ſore increaſed;
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it feſtreth ſore,
Ne wote I how to ceaſe it.
WIL. Thomalin, I pity thy plight,
Perdy with Love thou diddeſt fight,
I know him by a token:
For once I heard my father ſay
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net
Which he for carrion-crows had ſet
That in our pear-tree haunted!
Tho ſaid he was a winged lad,
But bow and ſhafts as then none had,
Elſe had he ſore be daunted.
But ſee, the welkin thicks apace,
And ſtooping Phœbus ſteeps his face;
It's time to haſte us homeward.

WILLY'S EMBLEM.

To be wiſe and eke to love,
Is graunted ſcarce to gods above.

THOMALIN'S EMBLEM.

Of honey and of gall in love there is ſtore;
The honey is much, but the gall is more.

THE SHEPHERD's CALENDAR.

APRIL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA.

The Argument.

The deſign of this Æglogue is to introduce a panegyric, in the paſtoral kind, on Queen Elizabeth: it begins with a complaint of Hobbinol (a ſhepherd mention'd in the firſt Æglogue) for Colin's neglect of his friendſhip for the ſake of Roſalind, with whom he was fallen in love; and from the mentioning of Colin's ſkill in poetry, Hobbinol takes occaſion to recite one of his ſongs or poems on Eliza, queen of ſhepherds.

THENOT. HOBBINOL.

THE.

Tell me, good Hobbinol, what gars thee greet?
What! hath ſome wolf thy tender lambs ytorn,
Or is thy bag-pipe broke, that ſounds ſo ſweet?
Or art thou of thy loved laſs forlorn?
Or been thine eyes attempred to the year,
Queeching the gaſping furrows thirſt with rain?
Like April ſhower ſo ſtream the trickling tears
Adown thy cheek; to quench thy thirſty pain.

HOB. Nor this nor that ſo much doth make me mourn,
But for the lad whom long I lov'd ſo dearn
Now loves a laſs that all his love doth ſcorn:
He, plung'd in vain, his treſſed locks doth tear,
Shepherds delights he doth them all forſwear;
His pleaſant pipe, which makes us merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted ſongs wherein he all out-went.

THE. What is he for a lad you ſo lament?
Is love ſuch pinching pain to them that prove?
And hath he ſkill to make ſo excellent,
Yet hath ſo little ſkill to bridle love?

HOB. Colin, thou kenſt the ſouthern ſhepherd's boy;
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly dart:
Whylom on him was all my care and joy,
Forcing with gifts to win his wanton heart.
But now from me his madding mind is ſtart,
And wooes the widdow's daughter of the glenne;
So now fair Roſalind hath bred his ſmart;
So now his friend is changed for a frenne.

THE. But if his ditties be ſo trimly dight,
I pray thee, Hobbinol, record ſome one,
The whiles our flocks do graze about in ſight,
And we cloſe ſhrouded in this ſhade alone.

HOB. Contented I: then will I ſing his lay
Of fair Eliza, queen of ſhepherds all,
Which once he made as by a ſpring he lay,
And tuned it unto the water's fall.

" Ye dainty Nymphs, that in this bleſſed brook
" Do bathe your breaſt,
" Forſake your watry bowers, and hither look
" At my requeſt.
" And eke you Virgins that on Parnaſſe dwell,
" Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
" Help me to blaze
" Her worthy praiſe,
" Which in her ſex doth all excel.

" Of fair Eliza be your ſilver ſong,
" That bleſſed wight,
" The flower of virgins; may ſhe flouriſh long
" In princely plight;
" For ſhe is Syrinx' daughter without ſpot,
" Which Pan, the ſhepherds' god, of her begot:
" So ſprung her grace
" Of heavenly race,
" No mortal blemiſh may her blot.

" See where ſhe ſits upon the graſſy green,
" (O ſeemly ſight!)
" Yclad in ſcarlet, like a mayden queen,
" And ermines white:
" Upon her head a cremoſin coronet,
" With damaſk roſes and daffadillies ſet;
" Bay-leaves between,
" And primroſes green,
" Embelliſh the ſweet violet.

" Tell me, have ye ſeen her angelike face,
" Like Phœbe fair?
" Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace,
" Can you well compare?
" The red roſe medled with the white yſere,
" In either cheek depeinten lively chear;
" Her modeſt eye,
" Her majeſty,
" Where have you ſeen the like but there?

" I ſaw Phœbus thruſt out his golden head,
" Upon her to gaze;
" But when he ſaw how broad her beames did
" ſpread,
" It did him amaze.
" He bluſht to ſee another ſun below,
" Ne durſt again his fiery face out-ſhow.
" Let him if he dare,
" His brightneſs compare
" With her's, to have the overthrow.

" Shew thyſelf, Cynthia, with thy ſilver rays,
" And be not abaſht:
" When ſhe the beames of her beauty diſplays,
" O how art thou daſht?
" But I will not match her with Latona's ſeed;
" Such folly great ſorrow to Niobe did breed.
" Now ſhe is a ſtone,
" And makes daily mone,
" Warning all other to take heed.

" Pan may be proud that ever he begot
" Such a bellibone,
" And Syrinx rejoice, that ever was her lot
" To bear ſuch an one.
" Soon as my younglings crying for the dam,
" To her will I offer a milk-white lamb:
" She is my goddeſs plain,
" And I her ſhepherd's ſwain,
" Albe forſwonk and forſwat I am.

" I ſee Calliope ſpeed her to the place,
" Where my goddeſs ſhines,
" And after her the other Muſes trace
" With their violines.
" Been they not bay-branches which they do bear,
" All for Eliza in her hand to wear?
" So ſweetly they play,
" And ſing all the way,
" That it a heaven is to hear.

" Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot
" To the inſtrument:
" They dauncen deffly, and ſingen ſoote
" In their merriment: [even?
" Wants not a fourth Grace to make the dance
" Let that room to my Lady be yeven,
" She ſhall be a Grace
" To fill the fourth place.
" And reign with the reſt in heaven.

" And whither renns this bevy of ladies bright,
" Ranged in a row?
" They, been all Ladies of the Lake behight
" That unto her go.
" Cloris, that is the chiefeſt nymph of all,
" Of olive branches bears a coronall:
" Olives been for peace,
" When wars do ſurceaſe:
" Such for a princeſs been principal.

" Ye ſhepherds' daughters that dwell on the green,
" Hye you there apace:
" Let none come there but that virgins been,
" To adorn her grace:
" And when you come, whereas ſhe is in place,
" See that your rudeneſs do not you diſgrace:
" Bind your fillets faſt,
" And gird in your waſte,
" For more fineneſs, with a taudry lace.

" Bring hither the pink and purple cullumbine,
" With gylliflowers;
" Bring coronations, and ſops in wine,
" Worn of paramours:
" Strow me the ground with daffadowndillies,
" And couſlips, and kingcups, and loved lillies:
" The pretty pawnce
" And the chevyſaunce
" Shall match with the fair flowre-delice.

" Now riſe up, Eliza, decked as thou art
" In royal ray;
" And now ye dainty damſels may depart
" Each one his way.

" I fear I have troubled your troops too long,
" Let Dame Eliza thank you for her ſong,
" And if you come heather
" When damſins I geather,
" I will part them all you among."

THE. And was thilk ſame ſong of Colin's own making?
Ah! fooliſh Boy! that is with love yblent;
Great pity is he be in ſuch taking,
For nought caren that been ſo leudly bent.

HOB. Siker I hold him for a greater fon
That love's the thing he cannot purchaſe.
But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
And twinkling ſtars the daylight hence chaſe.

THENOT'S EMBLEM.

O quam te memorem virgo!

HOBBINOL'S EMBLEM.

O Dea certe!

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

MAY.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA.

The Argument.

Palindore, inviting Piers to join with the youths and ſhepherds in mirth, and the pleaſures of the ſeaſon, and in celebrating the feſtival of May, is reprov'd by him, and told that a life of vanity and luxury, while their flocks are neglected, does not become good ſhepherds. Piers deſcribes the Paſtoral life, at firſt ſimple and frugal, without wealth, yet free from want and from vice, but corrupted afterwards by licentiouſneſs, and by the ambition of power and command, which expos'd both the ſhepherds and their flocks to be deſtroy'd by the wolves. And, to ſhew how dangerous it is to have any communication with bad company, he relates a fable of the Kid and her Dam.

This Æglogue is purely allegorical, and ſeems to be deſign'd as a moral leſſon on the life of Chriſtians, and particularly of the clergy, and on the difference between thoſe of the Reform'd and thoſe of the Romiſh perſuaſion; as appears further by a paſſage in the ſeventh Æglogue, in which Palinode is again mentioned as giving an account of the lordly lives of the ſhepherds at Rome.

PALINODE. PIERS.

PALINODE.

Is not this the merry month of May,
When love-lads maſken in freſh array?
How falls it, then, we no merrier been,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy green?
Our blonket leveries been all too ſad
For thilk ſame ſeaſon, when all is yclad
With pleaſance; the ground with graſs, the woods
With green leaves, the buſhes with bloſſoming buds,
Youth's folk now flocken in every where,
To gather May-buſkets and ſmelling breere,
And home they haſten the poſts to dight,
And all the kirk-pillars e'er day-light,
With hawthorn buds and ſweet eglantine,
And girdlonds of roſes, and ſops in wine.
Such merry-make holy ſaints doth queam,
But we here ſitten as drown'd in a dream.

PIERS. For yonkers, Palinode, ſuch follies ſit,
But we tway been men of elder wit.

PAL. Siker this morrow, no longer ago,
I ſaw a ſhole of ſhepherds out-go,
With ſinging and ſhouting, and jolly chear;
Before them yode a luſty tabrere,

That to the many a horn-pipe plaid,
Whereto they dauncen each one with his maid.
To see these folks make such jouisaunce,
Made my heart after the pipe to daunce:
Tho to the green wood thy speeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their musical;
And home they bringen in a royal throne,
Crowned as a king; and his queen attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fair flock of fairies, and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the ladies their May-bush bear!)
Ah! Piers, been not thy teeth on edge, to think
How great sport they ginen with little swink?

PIERS. Perdy, so far am I from envy,
That their fondness inly I pity:
Those faitours little regarden their charge,
While they, letting their sheep run at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihed and wanton meriment.
Thilk same been shepherds for the devel's sted,
That playen while their flocks be unfed:
Well it is seen their sheep be not their own,
That letten them run at random alone:
But they been hired for little pay,
Of other that caren as little as they
What fallen the flock, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gain, paying but a piece.
I muse what account both these will make,
The one for the hire which he doth take,
And th' other for leaving his Lord's task,
When great Pan accounted of shepherds shall ask.

PAL. Siker now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest some dele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be envied,
All were it of my foe, that sonly pitied;
And yet, if need were, pitied would be,
Rather then other should scorn at me;
For pitied is mishap that has remedy,
But scorned been deeds of fond foolery.
What shoulden shepherds other things tend,
Than sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruit thereof, that is pleasure.
The while they here liven at ease and leisure?
For when they been dead their good is ygo,
They sleepen in rest, well as other moe:
Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them is lost.
Good is no good but if it be spend;
God giveth good for none other end.

PIERS. Ah! Palinode, thou art a world's child:
Who touches pitch, mote needs be defil'd,
But shepherds (as Algrind used to say)
Mought not live like as men of the lay.
With them it fits to care for their heir,
Enaunter their heritage do impair:
They must provide for means of maintenance,
And to continue their wont countenance:
But shepherd must walk another way,
Sike worldly sovenance he must for-say.
The son of his loins why should he regard,
To leave enriched with that he hath spar'd?
Should not thilk God that gave him that good
Eke cherish his child, if in his ways he stood?

For if he mislive in lewdness and lust,
Little boots all the wealth and the trust
That his father left by inheritance;
All will be soon wasted with misgovernance:
But through this, and other their miscreance,
They maken many a wrong chevisance,
Heaping up waves of wealth and woe,
The floods whereof shall them overflow.
Sike mens folly I cannot compare
Better then to the ape's foolish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet, God wote, such cause has she none)
That with her hard hold and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So oftentimes, whenas good is ment,
Evil ensueth of wrong intent.

The time was once, and may again return,
(For ought may happen that hath been beforn)
When shepherds had none inheritance,
Ne of land nor fee in sufferance,
But what might arise of the bare sheep,
(Were it more or less) which they did keep,
Well I wis was it with shepherds tho,
Nought having nought feared they to forgo,
For Pan himself was their inheritance,
And little them served for their maintenance.
The shepherd's God so well them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided;
Butter enough, honey, milk, and whey,
And their flocks' fleeces them to-array,
But tract of time, and long prosperity,
(That nource of vice, this of insolency)
Lulled the shepherds in such security,
That not content with loyal obeysance,
Some gan to gape for greedy governance,
And match themselves with mighty potentates,
Lovers of lordships, and troublers of states,
Tho 'gan shepherds swains to look aloft,
And leave to live hard, and learn to lig soft:
Tho under colour of shepherds, some-while
There crept in wolves, full of fraud and guile,
That often devoured their own sheep,
And often shepherd that did 'em keep;
This was the first sourse of shepherd's sorrow,
That now nill be quit with bale nor borrow.

PAL. Three things to bear been very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbear is outrageous:
Women that of love's longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen, but have it they must:
So when the cholar is enflamed with rage,
Wanting revenge is hard to assuage:
And who can counsel a thirsty soul,
With patience to forbear the offer'd boul?
But of all burdens that a man can bear,
Most is a fool's talk to bear and to hear.
I ween the giant has not such a weight,
That bears on his shoulders the heaven's height.
Thou findest fault where nys to be found,
And buildest strong wark upon a weak ground:
Thou railest on right without reason,
And blamest 'em much for small encheason.
How wolden shepherds live if not so?
What, should they pinen in pain and woe?
Nay, say I thereto, by my dear borrow,
If I may rest, I nill live in sorrow,

Sorrow ne need to be haſtened on,
For he will come without calling anon.
While times enduren of tranquillity,
Uſen we freely our felicity;
For when approachen the ſtormy ſtowers,
We mought with our ſhoulders bear off the ſharp ſhowres;
And ſooth to ſain, nought ſeemeth ſike ſtrife,
That ſhepherds ſo twiten each other's life,
And layen their faults the worlds beforen,
The while their foes done each of hem ſcorn.
Let none miſlike of that may not be amended;
So conteck ſoon by concord nought be ended.

PIERS. Shepherd, I liſt no accordance make
With a ſhepherd, that does the right way forſake,
And of the twain, if choice were to me,
Had leaver my foe than my friend he be;
For what concord han light and dark ſam?
Or what peace has the lion with the lamb?
Such faitours, when their falſe hearts been hid,
Will do as did the fox by the kid.

PAL. Now Piers, of fellowſhip tell us that ſaying;
For the lad can keep both our flocks from ſtraying.

PIERS. Thilk ſame Kid (as I can well deviſe)
Was too very fooliſh and unwiſe;
For on a time, in ſommer ſeaſon,
The goat her dam, that had good reaſon,
Yode forth abroad unto the green wood,
To brouſe, or play, or what ſhe thought good;
But, for ſhe had a motherly care
Of her young ſon, and wit to beware,
She ſet her youngling before her knee,
That was both freſh and lovely to ſee,
And full of favour as Kid mought be.
His velvet head began to ſhoot out,
And his wreathed horns 'gan newly ſprout,
The bloſſoms of luſt to bud did begin,
And ſprung forth rankly under his chin,
" My Son, (quoth ſhe) and with that 'gan weep.
(For careful thoughts in her heart did creep)
" God bleſs thee, poor Orphan! as he mought me
" And ſend the joy of thy jollity.
" Thy father, (that word ſhe ſpake with pain,
For a ſigh had nigh rent her heart in twain)
" Thy father, had he lived this day,
" To ſee the branches of his body diſplay,
" How would he have joyed at this ſweet ſight?
" But ah! falſe Fortune ſuch joy did him ſpight,
" And cut off his days with untimely woe,
" Betraying him unto the trains of his foe.
" Now I, a wailful widow behight,
" O! my old age have this one delight,
" To ſee thee ſucceed in thy father's ſtead,
" And flouriſh in flowers of luſtihead;
" For even ſo thy father his head upheld,
" And ſo his haughty horns did he weld."
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throb from her heart did ariſe,
And interrupted all her other ſpeech,
With ſome old ſorrow that made a new breach:
Seemed ſhe ſaw in her youngling's face
The old lineaments of his father's grace.
At laſt her ſullen ſilence ſhe broke,
And 'gan his new-budded beard to ſtroke.
" Kiddy, (quoth ſhe) thou kenſt the great care
" I have of thy health and thy welfare,
" Which many wild beaſts liggin in wait
" For to entrap in thy tender ſtate;
" But moſt the Fox, maiſter of colluſion,
" For he has vowed thy laſt confuſion.
" For thy, my Kiddy, be ruled by me,
" And never give truſt to his treacheree;
" And if he chance come when I am abroad,
" Spar the yate faſt, for fear of fraud;
" Ne for all his worſt, nor for his beſt,
" Open the door at his requeſt."
So ſchooled the goat her wanton ſon,
That anſwer'd his mother, All ſhould be done.
Tho went the penſive dame out of door,
And chaunc'd to ſtumble at the threſhold-floor;
Her ſtumbling ſtep ſomewhat her amazed,
(For ſuch as ſigns of ill luck been diſpraiſed)
Yet forth ſhe yode, thereat half aghaſt,
And Kiddy the door ſparred after her faſt.
It was not long after ſhe was gone,
But the falſe Fox came to the door anone;
Not as a fox, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poor pedlar he did wend,
Bearing a truſs of trifles at his back,
As bells, and babies, and glaſſes in his pack;
A biggen he had got about his brain;
For in his head-piece he felt a ſore pain;
His hinder heel was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout:
There at the door he caſt me down his pack,
And laid him down, and groaned, alack! alack!
Ah! dear Lord! and ſweet Saint Charity,
That ſome good body would once pity me.
Well heard Kiddy all this ſore conſtraint,
And leng'd to know the cauſe of his complaint;
Tho creeping cloſe behind the wicket's clink,
Privily he peeped out through a chink,
Yet not ſo privily but the Fox him ſpied,
For deceitful meaning is double eyed.
" Ah! good young maiſter (then 'gan he cry)
" Jeſus bleſs that ſweet face I eſpy,
" And keep your corps from the carefull ſtounds
" That in my carrion carcaſs abounds."
The Kid pitying his heavineſs,
Aſked the cauſe of his great diſtreſs,
And alſo who, and whence that he were?
Tho he, that had well ycond his lear,
Thus medled his talk with many a tear:
" Sick, ſick, alas! a little lack of dead,
" But I be relieved by your beaſtly-head.
" I am a poor ſheep, albe my colour dun,
" For with longer travel I am brent in the ſun;
" And if that my grandſire me ſaid to be true,
" Siker I am very ſybbe to you,
" So be your goodlihead do not diſdain
" The baſe kindred of ſo ſimple ſwain.
" Of mercy and favour then I you pray
" With your aid to foreſtall my near decay."

Tho out of his pack a glaſs he took,
Wherein while Kiddy unwares did look,
He was ſo enamoured with the newel,
That nought he deemed dear for the jewel;
Tho opened he the door, and in came
The falſe Fox, as he were ſtark lame:
His tail he clapt betwixt his legs twain,
Leſt he ſhould be deſcryed by his train.
Being within, the Kid made him good glee,
All for the love of the glaſs he did ſee.
After his chear, the pedlar 'gan chat,
And tell many leaſings of this and that,
And how he could ſhew many a fine knack,
Though ſhewed his ware and opened his pack,
All ſave a bell, which he left behind
In the baſket, for the Kid to find;
Which when he ſtooped down to catch,
He popt him in, and his baſket did latch;
Ne ſtayed he once the door to make faſt,
But ran away with him in all haſte.
Home when the doubtful dame had her hide,
She mought ſee the door ſtand open wide.
All aghaſt loudly ſhe 'gan to call
Her Kid, but he nould anſwer at all:
Tho on the floor ſhe ſaw the merchandiſe
Of which her ſon had ſet too dear a price.
What help! her Kid ſhe knew well is gone;
She weeped, and wailed, and made great moan.
Such end had the Kid, for he nould warned be
Of craft coloured with ſimplicity,
And ſuch end, perdy, does all hem remain,
That of ſuch falſers' friendſhip been fain.

PAL. Truly, Piers, thou art beſide thy wit,
Furtheſt fro the mark, weening it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our Sir John, to ſay to-morrow
At the kirk, when it is holiday,
For well he means, but little can ſay.
But and if foxes been ſo crafty as ſo,
Much needeth all ſhepherds hem to know.

PIERS. Of their falſehood more could I recount,
But now the bright ſun 'ginneth to diſmount;
And for the dewy night now draw'th nigh,
I hold it beſt for us home to hie.

PALINODE'S EMBLEM.

Pas men apiſtos apiſtei.

PIER'S EMBLEM.

Tis d' ara piſtis apſito.

THE SHEPHERD's CALENDAR.

JUNE.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA.

The Argument.

Hobbinol, from a deſcription of the pleaſures of the place, excites Colin to the enjoyment of them. Colin declares himſelf incapable of delight, by reaſon of his ill ſucceſs in love, and his loſs of Roſalind, who had treacherouſly forſaken him for Menalcas, another ſhepherd. By Tityrus (mentioned before in the Second Æglogue, and again in the Twelfth) is plainly meant Chaucer, whom the Author ſometimes profeſſed to imitate. In the perſon of Colin, as before, is repreſented the Author himſelf; and Hobbinol's inviting him to leave the hilly country, ſeems to allude to his leaving the North, where, as is mentioned in his life, he had for ſome time reſided.

HOBBINOL. COLIN.

HOBBINOL.

Lo! Colin, here the place whoſe pleaſant ſight
From other ſhades hath ween'd my wandring mind,
Tell me what wants me here to work delight?
The ſimple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, ſo cool, as no where elſe I find;
The graſſy ground with dainty daiſies dight,
The bramble buſh, where birds of every kind
To th' water's fall their tunes attemper right.

COL. O! happy Hobbinol, I bleſs thy ſtate,
That Paradiſe haſt found which Adam loſt:
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dread of wolves to been y-roſt;
Thy lovely lays here mayſt thou freely boaſt:
But I, unhappy Man! whom cruel Fate
And angry gods purſue from coaſt to coaſt,
Can no where find to ſhroud my luckleſs pate.

HOB. Then if by me thou liſt adviſed be,
Forſake the ſoil that ſo doth thee bewitch;
Leave me thoſe hills where harbrough nis to ſee,
Nor holly-buſh, nor brere, nor winding ditch,
And to the dales reſort, where ſhepherds rich,
And fruitfull flocks, been every where to ſee:
Here no night-ravens lodge, more black than pitch,
Nor elviſh ghoſts, nor ghaſtly owls do flee,

But friendly Fairies, met with many Graces,
And lightfoot Nymphs, can chace the lingring Night
With heydgeuies and trimly trodden traces,
Whilſt Siſters Nine, which dwell on Parnaſs' hight,
Do make them muſic for there mere delight;
And Pan himſelf to kiſs their chryſtall faces
Will pipe and daunce, when Phœbe ſhineth bright:
Such peerleſs pleaſures have we in theſe places.

COL. And I, whilſt youth and courſe of careleſs years
Did let me walk withouten links of love,
In ſuch delights did joy amongſt my peers,
But riper age ſuch pleaſures doth reprove;
My fancy eke from former follies move
To ſtayed ſteps; for time in paſſing wears
(As garments doen, which wexen old above)
And draweth new delights with hoary hairs.

Tho couth I ſing of love, and tune my pipe
Unto my plaintive pleas in verſes made;
Tho would I ſeek for queen-apples unripe;
To give my Roſalind, and in ſommer ſhade
Dight gaudy girlonds was my common trade,
To crown her golden locks; but years more ripe,
And loſs of her, whoſe love as life I wayde,
Thoſe weary wanton toys away did wipe.

HOB. Colin, to hear thy rimes and roundelays,
Which thou wert wont on waſteful hills to ſing,
I more delight then lark in ſummer days,
Whoſe eccho made the neighbour groves to ring,
And taught the birds, which in the lower ſpring
Did ſhroud in ſhady leaves from ſunny rays,
Frame to thy ſong their cheerfull cheriping,
Or hold their peace, for ſhame of thy ſweet lays.

I ſaw Calliope with Muſes moe,
Soon as thy oaten pipe began to ſound,
Their ivory lutes and tamburins forgo,
And from the fountain where they ſate around
Ren after haſtily thy ſilver ſound;
But when they came where thou thy ſkill didſt ſhow,
They drew aback, as half with ſhame confound
Shepherd to ſee them in their art out-go.

COL. Of Muſes, Hobbinol, I con no ſkill,
For they been daughters of the higheſt Jove,
And holden ſcorn of homely ſhepherd's quill;
For ſith I heard that Pan with Phœbus ſtrove,
Which him to much rebuke and danger drove,
I never liſt preſume to Parnaſs' hill,
But piping low in ſhade of lowly grove,
I play to pleaſe myſelf, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I who my ſong doth praiſe or blame,
Ne ſtrive to win renown, or paſs the reſt:
With ſhepherd fits not follow flying Fame,
But feed his flock in fields where falls him beſt.
I wote my rimes been rough, and rudely dreſt;
The fitter they my careful caſe to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my unreſt,
And pour my piteous plaints out in the ſame.

The god of ſhepherds, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught me homely as I can to make;
He, whilſt he lived, was the ſovereign head
Of ſhepherds all that been with love ytake:
Well couth he wail his woes, and lightly ſlake
The flames which love within his heart had bred,
And tell us merry tales to keep us wake,
The while our ſheep about us ſafely fed.

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,
(O why ſhould Death on him ſuch outrage ſhow!)
And all his paſſing ſkill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
But if on me ſome little drops would flow
Of that the ſpring was in his learned hed,
I ſoon would learn theſe woods to wail my woe,
And teach the trees their trickling tears to ſhed.

Then ſhould my plaints, cauſ'd of diſcourteſée,
As meſſengers of this my painful plight,
Fly to my love wherever that ſhe be,
And pierce her heart with point of worthy wight,
As ſhe deſerves, that wrought ſo deadly ſpight.
And thou, Menalcas! that by treachery
Didſt underfong my laſs to wax ſo light,
Shoudſt well be known for ſuch thy villany.

But ſince I am not as I wiſh I were,
Ye gentle Shepherds! which your flocks do feed,
Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,
Bear witneſs all of this ſo wicked deed,
And tell the laſs, whoſe flowre is woxe a weed,
And faultleſs faith is turn'd to faithleſs fear,
That ſhe the trueſt ſhepherd's heart made bleed
That lives on earth, and loved her moſt dear.

HOB. O! careful Colin, I lament thy caſe,
Thy tears would make the hardeſt flint to flow!
Ah! faithleſs Roſalind, and void of grace,
That art the root of all this rueful woe!
But now is time, I gueſs, homeward to go:
Then riſe, ye bleſſed flocks! and home apace,
Leſt night with ſtealing ſteps do you foreſlo,
And wet your tender lambs that by you trace.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Gia ſpeme ſpenta.

THE SHEPHERD's CALENDAR.

JULY.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA.

The Argument.

Morrel, a goat-herd, calls to Thomalin, a ſhepherd, to come up to him on the hilly ground where he is ſitting. Thomalin gives his reaſons why he prefers the lower ſtation. The moral of this Æglogue is to reprove ambition in ſhepherds, and ſeems more particularly level'd againſt the pomp and dominion of the Romiſh clergy.

THOMALIN. MORREL.

THOMALIN.

Is not thilk ſame a goat-herd proud,
That ſits on yonder bank.
Whoſe ſtraying herd themſelf doth ſhroud
Emong the buſhes rank?

MOR. What, ho, thou jolly ſhepherd's ſwain,
Come up the hill to me;
Better is than the lowly plain,
Als for thy flock and thee.

THOM. Ah! God ſhield, man, that I ſhould clime,
And learn to look aloft;
This read is rife, that oftentime
Great climbers fall unſoft.
In humble dales is footing faſt,
The trode is not ſo tickle,
And though one fall through heedleſs haſte,
Yet is his miſs not mickle.
And now the ſun hath reared up
His fiery footed teme,
Making his way between the Cup
And golden Diademe;
The rampant Lion hunts he faſt,
With dogs of noyſom breath,
Whoſe balefull barking brings in haſte,
Pine, plagues, and drery death.
Againſt his cruel ſcorching heat,
Where thou haſt coverture,
The waſteful hills unto his threat
Is a plain overture:
But if thee luſt to holden chat
With ſeely ſhepherd's ſwain,
Come down and learn the little what
That Thomalin can ſain.

MOR. Siker thous but a laſy loord,
And rekes much of thy ſwink,
That with fond terms and witleſs words
To blear mine eyes doſt think.
In evill hour thou henſt in hond
Thus holy hills to blame,
For ſacred unto ſaints they ſtond,
And of them han their name.
St. Michel's Mount who does not know,
That wards the weſtern coaſt?
And of St. Bridget's Bow'r I trow
All Kent can rightly boaſt:
And they that con of Muſus' ſkill

Fain moſt-what, that they dwell
(As goat-herds wont) upon a hill,
Beſide a learned well.
And wonned not the great good Pan
Upon mount Olivet,
Feeding the bleſſed flock of Dan,
Which did himſelf beget.

THOM. O bleſſed Sheep! O Shepherd great!
That bought his flock ſo dear,
And them did ſave with bloody ſweat
From wolves that would them tear.

MOR. Beſide, as holy Fathers ſain,
There is a holy place
Where Titan riſeth from the main
To ren his daily race,
Upon whoſe tops the ſtars been ſtaied,
And all the ſky doth lean,
There is the cave where Phœbe laied
The ſhepherd long to dream.
Whilom there uſed ſhepherds all
To feed their flocks at will
Till by his folly one did fall,
That all the reſt did ſpill.
And ſithence ſhepherds been foreſaid
From places of delight,
For-thy I ween thou be afraid
To clime this hilles hight.
Of Synah can I tell thee more,
And of our Lady's Bow'r;
But little needs to ſtrow my ſtore,
Suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy Faunes recourſe,
And Sylvanes haunten rathe;
Here has the ſalt Medway his ſourſe,
Wherein the nymphs do bathe;
The ſalt Medway that trickling ſtreams
Adown the dales of Kent,
Till with his elder brother Thames
His brakiſh waves be meynt.
Here grows melampode every where,
And teribinth, good for goats,
The one my madding kids to ſmear,
The next to heal their throats.
Hereto the hills been nigher heaven,
And thence the paſſage eath,
As well can prove the piercing levin,
That ſeldom falls beneath.

THOM. Siker thou ſpeakeſt like a lewd lorel,
Of heaven to deemen ſo;
How be I am but rude and borrel,
Yet nearer ways I know.
To kirk the nar, to God more far,
Has been an old ſaid ſaw;
And he that ſtrives to touch a ſtar,
Oft ſtumbles at a ſtraw.
Alſoon may ſhepherds clime to ſky
That leads in lowly dales,
As goat-herd proud, that ſittin high,
Upon the mountain fails.
My ſeely ſheep like well below,
They need not melampode,
For they being hale enough, I trow,
And liken their abode;
But if they with thy goats ſhould yede,
They ſoon might be corrupted,
Or like not of the frowy ſede,
Or with the weeds be glutted.
The hills where dwelled holy ſaints,
I reverence and adore,
Not for themſelf, but for the ſaints
Which had been dead of yore.
And now they been to heaven forewent,
Their good is with them go;
Their ſample only to us lent,
That als we mought do ſo
Shepherds they weren of the beſt,
And lived in lowly leas,
And ſith their ſouls be now at reſt,
Why done we them diſeaſe?
Such one he was (as I have heard
Old Algrind often ſain)
That whilom was the firſt ſhepherd,
And liv'd with little gain:
And meek he was, as meek mought be,
Simple as ſimple ſheep;
Humble, and like in each degree
The flock which he did keep.
Often he uſed of his keep
A ſacrifice to bring,
Now with a kid, now with a ſheep
The altars hallowing.
So louted he unto the Lord,
Such favour couth he find,
That never ſithence was abhor'd
The ſimple ſhepherd's kind.
And ſuch I weend the brethren were
That came from Canaan,
The brethren Twelve, that kept yfere
The flocks of mighty Pan.
But nothing ſuch thilk ſhepherd was
Whom Ida hill did bear,
That left his flock to fetch a laſs,
Whoſe love he bought too dear:
For he was proud, that ill was paid,
(No ſuch mought ſhepherds be)
And with leud luſt was over-laid;
Tway things doen ill agree.
But ſhepherds mought be meek and mild,
Well eyed, as Argus was,
With fleſhly follies undefil'd,
And ſtout as ſteed of braſs.
Sike one (ſaid Algrind) Moſes was,
That ſaw his Maker's face,
His face, more clear then cryſtal glaſs,
And ſpake to him in place.
This had a brother (his name I know)
The firſt of all his coat,
A ſhepherd true, yet not ſo true
As he that earſt I hote.
Whilom all theſe were low and leef,
And lov'd their flocks to feed,
They never ſtroven to be chief,
And ſimple was their weed:
But now (thanked be God therefore)
The world is well amend,
Their weeds been not ſo nighly worc,
Such ſimples mought them ſhend.
They been yclad in purple and pall,
So hath their God them bliſt,

They reign and rulen over all,
And lord it as they liſt.
Ygirt with belts of glitter and gold,
(Mought they good ſhepherds been)
Their Pan their ſheep to them has ſold,
I ſay as ſome have ſeen.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
Yode late on pilgrimage
To Rome (if ſuch be Rome) and then
He ſaw thilk miſuage;
For ſhepherds (ſaid he) there doen lead,
As lords doen otherwhere;
Their ſheep han cruſt, and they the bread;
The chips, and they the chear:
They han the fleece, and eke the fleſh,
(O ſeely ſheep the while!)
The corn is theirs let others threſh,
Their hands they may not file.
They han great ſtore and thrifty flocks,
Great friends and feeble foes;
What need hem caren for their flocks,
Their boys can look to thoſe.
Theſe wizards welter in wealth's waves,
Pamper'd in pleaſures deep;
They han fat kerns and leany knaves,
Their faſting flocks to keep.
Sike miſter men been all miſgone,
They heapen hills of wrath;
Sike ſirly ſhepherds han we none,
They keepen all the path.

MOR. Here is a great deal of good matter
Loſt for lack of telling;
Now ſiker I ſee thou doſt but clatter,
Harm may come of melling.
Thou meddleſt more than ſhall have thank
To witen ſhepherd's wealth;
When folk been fat, and riches rank,
It is a ſign of health.
But ſay me, what is Algrind, he
That is ſo oft bynempt?

THOM. He is a ſhepherd great in gree,
But hath been long ypent;
One day he ſate upon a hill,
(As now thou wouldeſt me,
But I am taught by Algrind's ill
To love the low degree)
For ſitting ſo with bared ſcalp,
An eagle ſoared high,
That weening his white head was chalk,
A ſhell-fiſh down let fly:
She ween'd the ſhell-fiſh to have broke,
But therewith bruiſ'd his brain;
So now aſtonied with the ſtroke,
He lies in lingring pain.

MOR. Ah! good Algrind! his hap was ill,
But ſhall be better in time.
Now farewel, Shepherd, ſith this hill
Thou haſt ſuch doubt to clime.

PALINODE's EMBLEM.

In medio virtus.

MORREL's EMBLEM.

In ſummo felicitas.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA.

The Argument.

Two ſhepherds, Perigot and Willy, contend for a prize in verſe. Perigot relates, in a ſong, the manner of his falling in love; Willy bears his part, in a kind of repartee or under-ſong. Cuddy, who was judge between them, having prais'd them both, repeats a kind of roundelay, of deſpair, made by Colin on Roſalind; in which the reader may obſerve that, inſtead of rhyme, the art of the verſe conſiſts in the regular changes on the ſix words which are at the cloſe of the firſt ſix lines.

WILLY. PERIGOT. CUDDY.

WILLY.

TELL me, Perigot, what ſhall be the game
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy muſic match?
Or been thy bagpipes ren far out of frame?
Or hath the cramp thy joints benumb'd with ach?

PER. Ah! Willy, when the heart is ill aſſay'd,
How can bagpipe or joints be well apay'd?

WIL. What the foul evil hath thee ſo beſtad?
Whylom thou waſt peregal to the beſt,
And wont to make the jolly ſhepherds glad,
With piping and dancing didſt paſs the reſt.

PER. Ah! Willy, now I have learn'd a new dance;
My old muſic marr'd by a new miſchance.

WIL. Miſchief mought to that miſchance befall,
That ſo hath raft us of our merriment;
But read me what pain doth thee ſo appall?
Or loveſt thou, or been thy yonglings miſwent?

PER. Love hath miſled both my yonglings and me;
I pine for pain, and they my plaint to ſee.

WIL. Perdy, and weal away! ill may they thrive;
Never knew I lover's ſheep in good plight;
But and if rimes with me thou dare ſtrive,
Such fond fantaſies ſhall ſoon be put to flight.

PER. That ſhall I do though mouchel worſe I far'd:
Never ſhall be ſaid that Perigot was dar'd.

WIL. Then lo, Perigot, the pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the maple ware,
Wherein is enchaced many a fair ſight
Of bears and tygers, that maken fierce war,
And over them ſpred a goodly wild vine,
Entrail'd with a wanton ivy twine.

Thereby is a lamb in the wolve's jaws:
But see how fast renneth the shepherd's swain
To save the innocent from the beasts paws,
And here with his sheep-hook hath him slain.
Tell me such a cup hast thou ever seen?
Well mought it beseem any harvest queen.

PER. Thereto will I pawn yonder spotted lamb,
Of all my flock there nis sike another,
For I brought him up without the damb,
But Colin Clout rast me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the plaine field;
Sore against my will was I forst to yield.

WIL. Siker make liker account of his brother;
But who shall judge the wager won or lost?
PER. That shall yonder herd-groom and none other,
Which over the pousse hitherward doth post.
WIL. But for the sun-beam so sore doth us beat,
Were not better to shun the scorching heat? [swain;
PER. Well agreed, Willy; then set thee down
Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin sing.
CUD. 'Gin, when ye list, ye jolly shepherds twain;
Sike a judge as Cuddy were for a king.
PER. "It fell upon a holy eve,
WIL. Hey, ho, holiday!
PER. When holy Fathers wont to shrive;
WIL. Now 'ginneth this roundelay.
PER. Sitting upon a hill so high,
WIL. Hey, ho, the high hill!
PER. The while my flock did feed thereby,
WIL. The while the shepherd self did spill;
PER. I saw the bouncing bellibone,
WIL. Hey, ho, Bonnibel!
PER. Tripping over the dale alone;
WIL. She can trip it very well.
PER. Well decked in a frock of grey,
WIL. Hey ho, grey is greet!
PER. And in a kirtle of green say,
WIL. The green is for maidens meet.
PER. A chaplet on her head she wore,
WIL. Hey, ho, chapelet!
PER. Of sweet violets therein was store,
WIL. She sweeter then the violet.
PER My sheep did leave their wonted food,
WIL. Hey, ho, seely sheep!
PER. And gaz'd on her as they were wood,
WIL. Wood as he that did them keep.
PER. As the bony lass passed by,
WIL. Hey, ho, bony lass!
PER. She rov'd at me with glauncing eye,
WIL. As clear as the crystal glass;
PER, All as the sunny beam so bright,
WIL. Hey, ho, the sun-beam!
PER. Glanceth from Phœbus' face forthright,
WIL. So love into thy heart did stream:
PER. Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds,
WIL. Hey, ho, the thunder!
PER. Wherein the lightsom levin shrouds,
WIL. So cleaves thy soul asunder:
PER. Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray,
WIL. Hey ho, the moon-light!
PER. Upon the glittering wave doth play,
WIL. Such play is a piteous plight.
PER. The glance into my heart did glide,
WIL. Hey, ho, the glider!
PER. Therewith my soul was sharply gride,
WIL. Such wounds soon wexen wider.
PER. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
WIL. Hey, ho, Perigot!
PER. I left the head in my heart-root,
WIL. It was a desperate shot.
PER. There it rancleth aye more and more.
WIL. Hey, ho, the arrow!
PER. Ne can I find salve for my sore,
WIL. Love is a careless sorrow.
PER. And though my bale with death I bought,
WIL. Hey, ho, heavy chear!
PER. Yet should thilk lass not from my thought,
WIL. So you may buy gold too dear.
PER. But whether in painful love I pine,
WIL. Hey, ho, pinching pain!
PER. Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine,
WIL. But if thou can her obtain.
PER. And if for graceless grief I die,
WIL. Hey, ho, graceless grief!
PER. Witness she slew me with her eye,
WIL. Let thy folly be the prief.
PER. And you that saw it, simple sheep,
WIL. Hey, ho, the fair flock!
PER. For prief thereof my death shall weep,
WIL. And mone with many a mock.
PER. So learn'd I love on a holy eve,
WIL. Hey, ho, holy day!
PER. That ever since my heart did grieve,
WIL. Now endeth our roundelay."
CUD. Siker sike a roundle never heard I none;
Little lacketh Perigot of the best,
And Willy is not greatly overgone,
So weren his under-songs well addrest.
WIL. Herd-groom, I fear me thou have a squin eye;
Areed uprightly who has the victory.
CUD. Faith of my soul I deem each have gained;
For thy let the lamb be Willy his own;
And for Perigot, so well hath him pained,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.
PER. Perigot is well pleased with the doom,
Ne can Willy wite the witless herd-groom.
WIL. Never dempt more right of beauty, I ween,
The shepherd of Ida that judg'd beauty's queen.
CUD. But tell me, Shepherds, should it not yshend
Your roundels fresh, to hear a doleful verse
Of Rosalind (who knows not Rosalind?)
That Colin made? ylke can I you rehearse.
PER. Now say it, Cuddy, as thou art a lad;
With merry thing it's good to meddle sad.
WIL. Faith of my soul thou shalt ycrowned be
In Colin's steed if thou this song areed;

For never thing on earth ſo pleaſeth me
As him to hear, or matter of his deed.
CUD. Then liſten each unto my heavy lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthfull as ye may.

" Ye waſtfull Woods! bear witneſs of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes reſound;
Ye careleſs Birds are privy to my cryes,
Which in your ſongs were wont to make a part;
Thou, pleaſant Spring, haſt lull'd me oft aſleep,
Whoſe ſtreams my trickling tears did oft augment.

Reſort of people doth my grief augment,
The walled towns do work my greateſt woe;
The foreſt wide is fitter to reſound
The hollow eccho of my careful cryes;
I hate the houſe, ſince thence my love did part,
Whoſe wailful want debars mine eyes of ſleep.

Let ſtreams of tears ſupply the place of ſleep;
Let all that ſweet is void, and all that may augment
My dole draw near. More meet to wail my woe
Been the wild woods, my ſorrows to reſound,
Than bed nor bower, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them ſee ſo waſte, and find no part

Of pleaſure paſt. Here will I dwell apart
In gaſtful grove therefore, till my laſt ſleep
Do cloſe mine eyes; ſo ſhall I not augment
With ſight of ſuch as change my reſtleſs woe.
Help me, ye banefull Birds! whoſe ſhrieking ſound
Is ſign of dreery death, my deadly cryes

Moſt ruthfully to tune; and as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray leaſt part)
You hear all night, when Nature craveth ſleep,
Increaſe, ſo let your yrkſome yelles augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the day in woe,
I vowed have to waſte, till ſafe and ſound

She home return, whoſe voice's ſilver ſound
To chearful ſongs can change my chearleſs cryes.
Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
That bleſſed bird, that ſpends her time of ſleep
In ſongs and plaintive pleas, the more t'augment
The memory of his miſdeed that bred her woe.

And you that feel no woe, when as the ſound
Of theſe my nightly cryes ye hear apart,
Let break your ſounder ſleep, and pity augment."

PER. O Colin, Colin! the ſhepherd's joy,
How I admire each turning of the verſe;
And Cuddy, freſh Cuddy, the liefeſt boy,
How dolefully his dole thou didſt rehearſe!
CUD. Then blow your pipes, Shepherds, till you be at home;
The night hieth faſt, it's time to be gone.

PERIGOT'S EMBLEM.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLY'S EMBLEM,

Vinto non vito.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM,

Felici chi puo.

THE SHEPHERD's CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER.

ÆGLOGA NONA.

The Argument.

DIGGON DAVIE, a ſhepherd, complains to his friend Hobbinol of the poverty to which he was reduced by travelling into a far country in hopes of greater gain, and deſcribes the deceitful and profligate lives of the ſhepherds he had ſeen, and the wretched condition of their flocks. This Æglogue is full of allegorical ſatire, like the Fifth and Seventh. The Author has choſen to write it in older language than the reſt, and with a ſprinkling of the Welſh dialect. It is probable he had ſome private reaſon for it, and that under the fictitious names were repreſented real perſons.

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOL.

Diggon davie! I bid her good-day;
Or Diggon her is, or I miſſay.
DIG. Her was her while it was day-light,
But now her is a moſt wretched wight:
For day that was is wightly paſt,
And now at laſt the dirk night doth haſte.
HOB. Diggon, areed who has thee ſo dight;
Never I wiſt thee in ſo poor a plight.
Where is the fair flock thou waſt wont to lead?
Or been they chaffred, or at miſchief dead?
DIG. Ah! for love of that is to thee moſt leef,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old grief;
Sike queſtion rippeth up cauſe of new woe,
For one open'd, mote unfold many mo.
HOB. Nay, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrouded in heart,
I know to keep is a burdenous ſmart:
Each thing imparted is more eath to bear:
When the rain is fallen the clouds waxen clear.
And now ſithence I ſaw thy head laſt,
Thrice three moons been fully ſpent and paſt;
Since when thou haſt meaſured much ground,
And wandred weel about the world round,
So as thou can many things relate;
But tell me firſt of thy flock's eſtate.

DIG. My ſheep been waſted (woe is me therefore!)
The jolly ſhepherd that was of yore
Is now nor jolly nor ſhepherd more.
In foreign coaſts men ſaid was plenty;
And ſo there is, but all of miſery:
I dempt there much to have eeked my ſtore,
But ſuch eeking hath made my heart ſore.
In the countries where I have been,
No being for thoſe that truly mean,
But for ſuch as of guile maken gain,
No ſuch country as there to remain;
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,
And maken a market of their good name:
The ſhepherds there robben one another,
And layen baits to beguile her brother;
Or they will buy his ſheep out of the coat,
Or they will carven the ſhepherd's throat.
The ſhepherd's ſwain you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men;
They looken big as bulls that been bate,
And bearen the crag ſo ſtiff and ſo ſtate,
As cock on his dunghill crowing crank.
HOB. Diggon, I am ſo ſtiff and ſo ſtank,
That uneath may I ſtand any more;
And now the weſtern wind bloweth ſore,
That now is in his chief ſovereignty,
Beating the withered leaf from the tree;
Sit we down here under the hill,
Tho may we talk and tellen our fill,
And make a mock at the bluſtering blaſt:
Now ſay on, Diggon, whatever thou haſt.
DIG. Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curſe the ſtound
That ever I caſt to have lorn this ground:
Wele-away the while I was ſo fond
To leave the good that I had in hond,
In hope of better that was uncouth;
So loſt the dog the fleſh in his mouth.
My ſeely ſheep (ah! ſeely ſheep!)
That hereby I whylome uſ'd to keep,
All were they luſty as thou diddeſt ſee,
Been all ſtarved with pine and penury;
Hardly my ſelf eſcaped thilk pain,
Driven for need to come home again.
HOB. Ah! ſon, now by thy loſs are taught
That ſeldom change the better brought:
Content who lives with tried ſtate,
Need fear no change of frowning Fate;
But who will ſeek for unknown gain,
Oft lives by loſs, and leaves with pain.
DIG. I wote ne, Hobbin, how I was bewitcht
With vain deſire and hope to be enricht:
But ſiker ſo it is, as the bright ſtar
Seemeth a greater when it is far:
I thought the ſoil would have made me rich,
But now I wote it is nothing ſich;
For either the ſhepherds been idle and ſtill,
And led off their ſheep what way they will,
Or they been falſe, and full of covetiſe,
And caſten to compaſs many wrong empriſe:
But more been fraught with fraud and ſpight,
Ne in good nor goodneſs taken delight,
But kindle coals of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they ſet all the world on fire;
Which when they thinken again to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They ſay they con to heaven the high-way,
But by my ſoul I dare underſay
They never ſet foot in that ſame trode,
But balk the right way, and ſtrayen abroad.
They boaſt they han the devil at commaund,
But aſk hem therefore what they han paund;
Marry that great Pan bought with great borrow,
To quite it from the black bower of ſorrow.
But they han ſold thilk ſame long ago,
For they would draw with hem many mo.
But let him gang alone a God's name;
As they han brewed, ſo let them bear blame.
HOB. Diggon, I pray thee ſpeak not ſo dirk;
Such myſter ſaying me ſeemeth to mirk.
DIG. Then plainly to ſpeak of ſhepherds moſt what,
Bad is the beſt (this Engliſh is flat)
Their ill haviour gars men miſſay
Both of their doctrine and their fay.
They ſay the world is much war than it wont,
All for her ſhepherds is beaſtly and blont.
Other ſain, but how truly I note,
All for they holden ſhame of thy cote:
Some ſtick not to ſay (hot cole on her tongue)
That ſike miſchief graſſeth hem emong,
All for thy caſten too much of world's care,
To deck her dame and enrich her heir:
For ſuch encheaſon, if you go nie,
Few chimneys reeken you ſhall eſpie.
The fat oxe that woont lig in the ſtall,
Is now faſt ſtalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their ſteads,
Ylik as monſter of many heads:
But they that ſhooten neareſt the prick,
Sain other the fat from their beards do lick:
For big bulls of Baſan brace hem about,
That with their horns butten the more ſtout;
But the lean ſouls treaden under foot,
And to ſeek redreſs mought little boot;
For liker been they to pluck away more,
Than ought of the gotten good to reſtore:
For they been like foul wagmoires overgraſt,
That if any galage once ſticketh faſt,
The more to wind it out thou doſt ſwink,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper ſink.
Yet better leave off with a little loſs,
Than by much wreſtling to leeſe the groſs.
HOB. Now, Diggon, I ſee thou ſpeakeſt too plain;
Better it were little to fain,
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured;
Such ill as is forced nought needs be endured.
But of ſike paſtors how done the flocks creep?
DIG. Sike as the ſhepherds, ſike been her ſheep;
For they nill liſten to the ſhepherd's voice;
But if he call hem, at their good choice
They wander at will and ſtay at pleaſure,
And to their tolds yead at their own leaſure.
But they had be better come at their call;
For many han into miſchief fall,
And ben of ravenous wolves yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

HOB. Fie on thee, Diggon, and all thy foul leasing;
Well is known that sith the Saxon king
Never was wolfe seen, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendom;
But the fewer wolves (the sooth to sain)
The more been the foxes that here remain.
DIG. Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
And with sheeps clothing doen hem disguise,
They talk not widely as they were woont,
For fear of raungers and the great hoont,
But privily prolling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.
HOB. Or privy or pert if any bin,
We have great bandogs will tear their skin,
DIG. Indeed thy Ball is a bold big cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur:
But not good dogs him needeth to chase,
But heedy shepherds to discern their face;
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They been so grave and full of maintenance.
But shall I tell thee what my self know
Chaunced to Roffin not long ygoe?
HOB. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it hight,
For not but well mought him betight:
He is so meek, wise and merciable,
And with his word his work is convenable.
Colin Clout, I ween, be his self boy,
(Ah, for Colin! he whylom my joy)
Shepherds sich God mought us many send,
That doen so carefully their flocks tend
DIG. Thilk same shepherd mought I well mark,
He has a dog to bite or to bark;
Never had shepherd so keen a cur,
That waketh and if but a leaf stur.
Whilom there wonned a wicked wolf,
That with many a lamb had gutted his gulf,
And ever at night wont to repair
Unto the flock, when the welkin shone fair,
Yclad in clothing of seely sheep,
When the good old man used to sleep;
Tho at midnight he would bark and ball,
(For he had eft learned a cur's call)
As if a wolf were among the sheep:
With that the shepherd would break his sleep,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was far away,
This wolfish sheep would catchen his prey,
A lamb, or a kid, or a weanell wast,
With that to the wood would he speed him fast.
Long time he used this slippery prank,
Ere Roffy could for his labour him thank.
At end, the shepherd his practise spied,
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
And when at even he came to the flock,
Fast in their folds he did them lock,
And took out the woolf in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the sheep's blood at his throte.
HOB. Marry, Diggon, what should him affray,
To take his own where ever it lay?
For had his weasand been a little widder,
He would have devoured both hidder and shidder.
DIG. Mischief light on him, and God's great curse,
Too good for him had been a great deal wurse,
For it was perillous beast above all,
And eke had he con'd the shepherd's call,
And oft in the night came to the sheep-cote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte.
As if the old man's self had been:
The dog his maister's voice did it ween,
Yet half in doubt he open'd the door,
And ran out as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter than thought,
Fast by the hide the wolf Lowder caught,
And had not Roffy ren to the Steven,
Lowder had been slain thilk same even.
HOB. God shield, Man, he should so ill have thrive,
All for he did his devoir believe.
If sike been wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem behold?
DIG. How but with heed and watchfulness,
Forstallen hem of their wilines;
For-thy with shepherds sits not play,
Or sleep, as some doen, all the long day;
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From suddain force their flocks for to gard.
HOB. Ah! Diggon, thilk same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to watch and wait:
We been of flesh, men as other be,
Why should we be bound to such misery?
Whatever thing lacketh changeable rest,
Mought needs decay when it is at best.
DIG. Ah! but, Hobbinol, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care that doth me forhaile;
What shall I do? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and loss to amend;
Ah! good Hobbinol, mought I thee pray
Of aid or counsel in my decay.
HOB. Now, by my soul, Diggon, I lament
The hapless mischief that has thee hent;
Nethelcss thou seest my lowly sail,
That froward Fortune doth ever avail:
But were Hobbinol as God mought please,
Diggon should soon find favour and ease:
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I will thee comfort;
There mist thou lig in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.
DIG. Ah! Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite,
Diggon on few such friends did ever lite.

DIGGON'S EMBLEM.

Inopem me copia fecit.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA.

The Argument.

The following Æglogue, which riſes above the common ſtyle of paſtoral, is on the ſubject of poetry. Piers commends Cuddy for his ſkill in this art. Cuddy complains of the little encouragement given to it; and being prompted by Piers to leave the ordinary themes of ſhepherds, and to chooſe ſome ſubject of heroic ſong, takes occaſion to mention Colin, as beſt qualify'd for ſuch an attempt, if his mind were not perplex'd with unproſperous love.

PIERS, CUDDY.

PIERS.

Cuddy, for ſhame, hold up thy heavy head,
And let us caſt with what delight to chace
And weary this long lingring Phœbus' race.
Whylom thou wont the ſhepherds' lads to lead
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding baſe,
Now they in thee, and thou in ſleep, art dead.

CUD. Piers, I have piped earſt ſo long with pain,
That all mine oaten reeds been rent and wore,
And my poor Muſe hath ſpent her ſpared ſtore,
Yet little good hath got, and much leſs gain.
Such pleaſance makes the graſhopper ſo poor,
And lig ſo laid, when winter doth her ſtrain.
The dappier ditties that I wont deviſe,
To feed youth's fancy, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much, what I the bet for-thy?
They han the pleaſure, I a ſlender prize:
I beat the buſh, the birds to them do fly:
What good thereof to Cuddy can ariſe?

PIERS. Cuddy, the praiſe is better than the price,
The glory eke much greater than the gain:
O what an honour is it to reſtrain
The luſt of lawleſs youth with good advice,
Or prick them forth with pleaſance of thy vein,
Whereto thou lift their trained wills entice?

Soon as thou gins to ſet thy notes in frame,
O how the rural routs to thee do cleave!
Seemeth thou dooſt their ſoul of ſenſe bereave,
All as the ſhepheard that did fetch his dame
From Pluto's balefull bower withouten leave;
His muſick's might the helliſh hound did tame.

CUD. So prayſen babes the peacock's ſpotted train,
And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye;
But who rewards him here the more for-thy,
Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?
Sike praiſe is ſmoke, that ſheddeth in the ſky,
Sike words been wind, and waſten ſoon in vain.

PIERS. Abandon then the baſe and viler clown,
Lift up thy ſelf out of the lowly duſt,
And ſing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giuſts;
Turn thee to thoſe that weld the awful crown,
To doubted knights, whoſe woundleſs armour ruſts,
And helms unbruzen wexen daily brown.

There may thy Muſe diſplay her fluttering wing,
And ſtretch her ſelf at large from eaſt to weſt;
Whither thou liſt in fair Eliza reſt,
Or if thee pleaſe in bigger notes to ſing,
Advance the worthy whom ſhe loveth beſt,
That firſt the White Bear to the Stake did bring.

And when the ſtubborn ſtroke of ſtronger ſtounds
Has ſomewhat ſlackt the tenor of thy ſtring,
Of love and luſtihead tho mayſt thou ſing,
And carrol loud, and lead the Millers round,
All were Eliza one of thilk ſame ring;
So mought our Cuddy's name to heaven ſound.

CUD. Indeed the Romiſh Tityrus, I hear,
Through his Mecænas left his oaten reed,
Whereon he earſt had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yield the timely ear,
And eſt did ſing of wars and deadly dreed,
So as, the heavens did quake his verſe to hear.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in clay,
And great Auguſtus long ygo is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to play:
For ever who in derring-do were dread,
The lofty verſe of hem was loved aye.

But after Vertue 'gan for age to ſtoupe,
And mighty Manhood brought a bed of eaſe,
The vaunting poets found nought worth a peaſe
To put in preace among the learned troup;
Tho 'gan the ſtreames of flowing wits to ceaſe,
And ſunbright honour pen'd in ſhameful coup.

And if that any budds of poeſy
Yet of the old ſtock 'gan to ſhoot again,
Or it mens follies mote to force to fain,
And roll with reſt in rimes of ribauldry,
Or as it ſprung it wither muſt again,
Tom Piper makes us better melody.

PIERS. O peerleſs Poeſie! where is then thy place?
If not in princes' palace thou doſt ſit,
(And yet is princes' palace the moſt fit)
Ne breaſt of baſer birth doth thee embrace,
Then make the wings of thine aſpiring wit,
And, whence thou cam'ſt, fly back to heaven apace.

CUD. Ah! Percy, it is all too weak and wan,
So high to ſore and make ſo large a flight;
Her peeced pineons been not ſo in plight:
For Colin fits ſuch famous flight to ſcan;
He, were he not with love ſo ill bedight,
Would mount as high and ſing as ſoot as ſwan.

PIERS. Ah! ſon, for love does teach him climb ſo high,
And lifts him up out of the loathſome mire;
Such immortal mirror as he doth admire,
Would raiſe one's mind above the ſtarry ſky,
And cauſe a caitive courage to aſpire,
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

CUD. All otherwiſe the ſtate of Poet ſtands,
For lordly Love is ſuch a tyrant fell,
That where he rules all powers he doth expell;
The vaunted verſe a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbed Care the Muſes dwell:
Unwiſely weaves that takes two webs in hand.

Who ever caſts to compaſs weighty prize,
And thinks to throw out thundering words of threat,
Let pour in laviſh cups and thriftry bits of meat,
For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phœbus' wiſe,
And when with wine the brain begins to ſweat,
The numbers flow as faſt as ſpring doth riſe.

Thou kenſt not, Percie, how the rime ſhould rage;
O if my temples were diſtain'd with wine,
And girt girlonds of wild ivy twine,
How I could reare the Muſe on ſtately ſtage,
And teach her tread aloft in buſkin fine,
With quient Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my courage cools ere it be warm,
For-thy content us in this humble ſhade,
Where no ſuch troublous tides han us aſſaid;
Here we our ſlender pipes may ſafely charm.
PIERS. And when my goats ſhall han their bellies laid,
Cuddy ſhall have a kid to ſtore his farm.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA.

The Argument.

Colin being desired by Thenot to sing, excuses himself by his concern for the death of Dido, the daughter of a shepherd of note, and probably a friend of the Author, whose memory, at Thenot's farther request, he celebrates in a funeral elegy.

THENOT, COLIN.

THENOT.

Colin, my Dear, when shall it please thee sing
As thou weert wont, songs of some joisance?
Thy Muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleep through Love's misgovernance.
Now somewhat sing, whose endless sovenance.
Emong the shepherds' swains may aye remain,
Whether thee list thy loved lass advance,
Or honour Pan with hymns of higher vein.

COL. Thenot, now nis the time of merry-make,
Nor Pan to herie, nor with Love to play;
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade, under the cocked hay.
But now sad winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yearly task,
Ystablisht hath his steeds in lowly lay,
And taken up his inn in Fishes Hask,
Thilk sullen season sadder plight doth ask,
And loatheth sike delights as thou doost praise:
The mournfull Muse in mirth now list ne mask,
As she was wont in youngth and summer-days;
But if thou algate lust light virelays,
And looser songs of love to undersong,
Who but thyself deserves sike poet's praise?
Relieve thy oaten pipes that sleepen long.

THE. The nightingale is sovereign of song,
Before him sits the tit mouse silent be,
And I, unfit to thrust in skilful throng,
Should Colin make judge of my foolery:
Nay, better learn of hem that learned be,
And han been watred at the Muses' well;
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell:

But if ſad winter's wrath, and ſeaſon chill,
Accord not with thy Muſe's merriment,
To ſadder times thou maiſt attune thy quill,
And ſing of ſorrow and death's dreriment;
For dead is Dido, dead alas! and drent;
Dido! the great ſhepherd his daughter ſheen;
The faireſt May ſhe was that ever went,
Her like ſhe has not left behind, I ween:
And if thou wilt bewail my woeful teen,
I ſhall thee give yond coſſet for thy pain;
And if thy rimes as round and rueful been
As thoſe that did thy Roſalind complain,
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou ſhalt gain
Than kid or coſſet, which I thee benempt:
Then up, I ſay, thou jolly ſhepherd ſwain,
Let not my ſmall demand be ſo contempt.

COL. Thenot, to that I choſe thou doſt me tempt,
But ah! too well I wote my humble vein,
And how my rimes been rugged and unkempt;
Yet as I con my cunning I will ſtrain.
" Up, then, Melpomene! the mournfull Muſe of Nine,
Such cauſe of mourning never hadſt afore;
Up, griſly Ghoſts! and up my ruful rime!
Matter of mirth now ſhalt thou have no more,
For dead ſhe is that mirth thee made of yore;
Dido, my dear, alas! is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead.
O heavy herſe!
Let ſtreaming tears be poured out in ſtore;
O careful verſe!
Shepherds, that by your flocks on Kentiſh downs abide,
Wail ye this woeful waſte of Nature's wark;
Wail we the wight whoſe preſence was our pride;
Wail we the wight whoſe abſence is our cark;
The ſun of all the world is dim and dark;
The earth now wants her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night.
O heavy herſe!
Break we our pipes, that ſhrill'd as loud as lark;
O careful verſe!
Why do we longer live, (ah! why live we ſo long?)
Whoſe better days death hath ſhut up in woe?
The faireſt flower our girlond all among
Is faded quite, and into duſt ygo.
Sing now, ye ſhepherd's daughters, ſing no mo
The ſongs that Colin made you in her praiſe,
But into weeping turn your wanton lays.
O heavy herſe!
Now is time to die; nay, time was long ygo;
O careful verſe!
Whence is that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lieth buried long in Winter's bale?
Yet ſoon as Spring his mantle is diſplayde,
It flowreth freſh, as it ſhould never fail:
But thing on earth that is of moſt avail,
As vertue's branch and beautie's bud,
Reliven not for any good.

O heavy herſe! [quail;
The branch once dead, the bud eke needs muſt
O careful verſe! [fain)
She, while ſhe was, that (was a woful word to
For beauty's praiſe and pleaſance had no peer;
So well ſhe couth the ſhepherds entertain
With cakes and cracknels, and ſuch country cheer:
Ne would ſhe ſcorn the ſimple ſhepherd's ſwain;
For ſhe would call him often heam,
And give him curds and clouted cream.
O heavy herſe!
Als Colin Clout ſhe would not once diſdain;
O careful verſe!
But now ſike happy cheer is turn'd to heavy chaunce,
Such pleaſance now miſplac'd by dolor's dint;
All muſick ſleeps, where death doth lead the daunce,
And ſhepherds' wonted ſolace is extinct.
The blue in black, the green in gray, is tinct;
The gaudy girlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowers her corſe embrave,
O heavy herſe!
Mourn now, my Muſe, now mourn with tears be ſprint;
O careful verſe!
O thou great Shepherd, Lobbin, how great is thy grief;
Where bin the noſegays that ſhe dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chief,
The knotted ruſh-rings, and gilt roſemaree?
For ſhe deemed nothing too dear for thee.
Ah! they been all yclad in clay,
One bitter blaſt blew all away,
O heavy herſe!
Thereof nought remains but the memoree;
O careful verſe!
Ay me! that dreery death ſhould ſtrike ſo mortal ſtroke,
That can undo Dame Nature's kindly courſe;
The faded locks fall from the lofty oke,
The flouds do graſp, for dried is their ſource,
And flouds of tears flow in their ſteed perforce:
The mantled meadows mourn,
Their ſundry colours tourn.
O heavy herſe?
The heavens melt in tears without remorſe;
O careful verſe!
The feeble flocks in field refuſe their former food,
And hang their heads as they would learn to weep;
The beaſts in foreſt wild as they were wood,
Except the wolves, that chaſe the wandring ſheep,
Now ſhe is gone that ſafely did hem keep:
The turtle on the bared branch
Laments the wound that death did launch.
O heavy herſe!
And Philomel her ſong with tears doth ſteep:
O careful verſe!
The water nymphs that wont with her to ſing and dance,
And for her girlond olive branches bear,
Now baleful boughs of cypreſs done advance;

The Muſes, that were wont green bays to wear,
Now bringen bitter elder branches ſere;
The Fatal Siſters eke repent
Her vital thread ſo ſoon was ſpent.
O heavy herſe! [chear;
Mourn now, my Muſe, now mourn with heavy
O careful verſe! [hope
O truſtleſs ſtate of earthly things, and ſlipper
Of mortal men, that ſwink and ſweat for mought,
And ſhooting wide, do miſſe the marked ſcope;
Now have I learn'd (a leſſon dearly bought)
That nis on earth aſſurance to be ſought;
For what might be in earthly mould
That did her buried body hold?
O heavy herſe!
Yet ſaw I on the beere when it was brought;
O careful verſe!
But maugre Death, and dreaded Siſters' deadly ſpight,
And gates of hell, and fiery furies force,
She hath the bonds broke of eternal night,
Her ſoul unbodied of the burdenous corſe:
Why then weeps Lobbin, then ſo without remorſe?
O Lobb! thy loſs no longer lament;
Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.
O happy herſe!
Ceaſe now, my Muſe, now ceaſe thy ſorrow's ſourſe,
O joyful verſe!
Why wail we then? why weary we the gods with plaints,
As if ſome evil were to her betight?
She reigns a goddeſs now emong the ſaints,
That whylom was the ſaint of ſhepherds light,
And is inſtalled now in heaven's hight.
I ſee the bleſſed ſoul, I ſee
Walk in Elyſian fields ſo free.
O happy herſe!
Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)
O joyful verſe!
Unwiſe and wretched men to weet what's good or ill,
We deem of death as doom of ill deſert;
But knew we, Fools, what it us brings until,
Die would we daily, once it to expert;
No danger there the ſhepherd can aſſert;
Fair fields and pleaſant lays there been;
The fields aye freſh, the graſs aye green.
O happy herſe!
Ceaſe now my ſong, my woe now waſted is;
O joyful verſe!
Dido is gone afore (whoſe turn ſhall be the next?
Their lives ſhe with the bleſſed gods in bliſs,
There drinks ſhe nectar with ambroſia mixt,
And joys enjoys that mortal men do miſs.
The honour now of higheſt god ſhe is,
That whylom was poor ſhepherds' pride,
While here on earth ſhe did abide.
O happy herſe!
Ceaſe now, my ſong, my woe now waſted is;
O joyful verſe!"

THE. Aye, frank ſhepherd, how been thy verſes ment
With doleful pleaſance, ſo as I ne wot,
Whether rejoyce or weep for great conſtraint?
Thine be the coſſet, well haſt thou it got.
Up, Colin up, ynough thou mourned haſt;
Now 'gins to mizzle, hie we homeward faſt.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

La mort ny mord.

THE SHEPHERD's CALENDAR.

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA.

The Argument.

This laſt Æglogue, like the firſt, is a ſoliloquy of Colin, reflecting on the pleaſures and levities of his youth, the progreſs of his riper years, and complaining that his life is now blaſted, and brought to its winter ſeaſon, through his long and hopeleſs paſſion for Roſalind.

THE gentle ſhepherd ſate beſides a ſpring,
All in the ſhadow of a buſhy brere,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and ſing,
For he of Tityrus his ſongs did lere:
There as he ſate in ſecret ſhade alone,
Thus 'gan he make of love his pitcous moan.

"O ſovereign Pan! thou god of ſhepherds all,
Which of our tender lambkins takeſt keep,
And when our flocks into miſchance mought fall,
Do'ſt ſave from miſchief the unwary ſheep,
Als of their maiſters haſt no leſs regard
Than of the flocks, which thou doſt watch and ward;

I thee beſeech (ſo be thou deign to hear
Rude ditties, tun'd to ſhepherd's oaten reed,
Or if I ever ſonnet ſung ſo clear,
As it with pleaſaunce mought thy fancy feed)
Hearken awhile from thy green cabinet,
The lawrel ſong of careful Colinet.

Whilom in youth, when flowr'd my youthfull ſpring,
Like ſwallow ſwift I wandred here and there,
For heat of heedleſs luſt me ſo did ſting,
That I oft doubted danger had no fear:
I went the waſtful woods and forreſt wide,
Withouten dread of wolves to been eſpide,

I wont to range amid the mazy thicket,
And gather nuts to make my Chriſtmas-game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the heartleſs hare till ſhe were tame.
What wrecked I of wintry ages waſt?
Tho deemed I my ſpring would ever laſt.

How often have I ſeal'd the craggy oak,
All to diſlodge the raven of her neſt?
How have I wearied, with many a ſtroke,
The ſtately walnut-tree, the while the reſt
Under the tree fell all for nuts at ſtrife?
For like to me was liberty and life.

And for I was in thilk ſame looſer yeers
(Whether the Muſe ſo wrought me from my birth,
Or I too much believ'd my ſhepherd peers)
Somedele ybent to ſong and muſick's mirth,
A good old ſhepherd, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the ſame.

From thence I durſt in derring to compare
With ſhepherd's ſwain whatever fed in field;
And if that Hobbinol right judgment bare,
To Pan his own ſelf pipe I need not yeeld:
For if the flocking nymphs did follow Pan,
The wiſer Muſes after Colin ran.

But, ah! ſuch pride at length was ill repaid;
The ſhepherds' god (perdy god was he none)
My hurtleſs pleaſance did me ill upbraid,
My freedom lorn, my life he left to mone.
Love they him called that gave me checkmate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

Tho' gan my lovely ſpring bid me farewel,
And ſommer ſeaſon ſped him to diſplay
(For Love then in the Lion's houſe did dwell)
The raging fire that kindled at his ray
A comet ſtir'd up that unkindly heat,
That reigned (as men ſaid) in Venus' ſeat.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When choice I had to chuſe my wandring way,
But whether Luck and Love's unbridled lore
Would lead me forth on fancies bit to play:
The buſh my bed, the bramble was my bow'r,
The woods can witneſs many a woeful ſtow'r.

Where I was wont to ſeek the hony bee,
Working her formal rowms in wexen frame,
The grieſly todeſtool grown there mought I ſee,
And loathed paddocks lording on the ſame:
And where the chaunting birds lull'd me aſleep,
The ghaſtly owl her grievous inn doth keep.

Then as the ſpring gives place to elder Time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of ſommer's pride,
All ſo my age, now paſſed youthly prime,
To things of riper ſeaſon ſelf apply'd,
And learn'd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might ſave my ſheep and me from ſhame.

To make fine cages for the nightingale,
And baſkets of bulruſhes, was my wont:
Who to entrap the fiſh in winding ſale
Was better ſeen, or hurtful beaſts to hunt?
I learned als the ſigns of heaven to ken,
How Phœbus fails, where Venus ſits, and when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,
The ſuddain riſing of the raging ſeas,
The ſooth of birds, by beating of their wings,
The pow'r of herbs, both which can hurt and eaſe,
And which be wont t'enrage the reſtleſs ſheep,
And which be wont to work eternal ſleep.

But, ah! unwiſe and witleſs Colin Clout,
That kydſt the hidden kinds of many a weed,
Yet kydſt not ene to cure thy ſore heart-root,
Whoſe rankling wound as yet does riſely bleed.
Why liv'ſt thou ſtill, and yet haſt thy death's wound?
Why dieſt thou ſtill, and yet alive art found?

Thus is my ſommer worn away and waſted,
Thus is my harveſt haſten'd all too rathe;
The ear that budded fair is burnt and blaſted,
And all my hoped gain is turn'd to ſcathe.
Of all the ſeed that in youth was ſown,
Was none but brakes and brambles to be mown.

My boughs and blooſmes, that crowned were at firſt,
And promiſed of timely fruit ſuch ſtore,
Are left both bare and barren now at earſt;
The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,
And rotted e'er they were half mellow ripe;
My harveſt waſte, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew
Been wither'd, as they had been gather'd long;
Their roots been dried up for lack of dew,
Yet dew'd with tears they han been e'er among,
Ah! who has wrought my Roſalind this ſpight,
To ſpill the flowers that ſhould her girlond dight?

And I, that whilom wont to frame my pipe
Unto the ſhifting of the ſhepherd's foot,
Sike follies now have gather'd as too ripe,
And caſt hem out as rotten and unfoot.
The looſer laſs I caſt to pleaſe no more,
One if I pleaſe enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harveſt-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care,
Which when I thought have threſh'd in ſwelling sheave,
Cockle for corn, and chaff for barly, bare:
Soon as the chaff ſhould in the fan be fin'd,
All blown away was of the wavering wind.

So now my year draws to my latter term,
My ſpring is ſpent, my ſommer burnt up quite;
My harveſt haſtes to ſtir up Winter ſtern,
And bids him claim with rigorous rage his right:
So now he ſtorms with many a ſturdy ſtour;
So now his bluſtring blaſt each coaſt doth ſcour.

The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind,
And in my face deep furrows eld hath plight;
My head befprent with hoary froft I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright:
Delight is laid abed, and pleafure, paft;
No fun now fhines, clouds han all over-caft.

Now leave, you Shepherds' Boys, your merry glee,
My Muſe is hoarſe and weary of this ſtound;
Here will I hang my pipe upon this tree,
Was never pipe of reed did better ſound:
Winter is come that blows the bitter blaſt,
And after winter drery death does haſte.

Gather together ye my little flock,
My little flock, that was to me moſt lief;
Let me, ah! let me in your folds ye lock,
E'er the breme winter breed your greater grief.
Winter is come, that blows the baleful breath,
And after winter cometh timely death.

Adieu, Delights, that lulled me aſleep;
Adieu, my Dear, whoſe love I bought ſo dear;
Adieu, my little Lambs and loved Sheep;
Adieu, ye Woods, that oft my witneſs were:
Adieu, good Hobbinol, that was ſo true,
Tell Roſalind Colin bids her adieu.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

EPILOGUE.

Loe! I have made a Calendar for every yeere,
That ſteele in ſtrength, and time in durance, ſhall outweare,
And if I marked well the ſtarres revolution,
It ſhall continue till the world's diſſolution,
To teach the ruder ſhepherd how to feed his ſheepe,
And from the falſer's fraude his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe, little Calendar! thou haſt a free paſſport;
Goe, but a lowely gate amongſt the meaner ſort:
Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus his ſtile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the plough-man plaid awhile;
But follow them farre off, and their high ſteps adore;
The better pleaſe, the worſe diſpleaſe; I aſk no more.

MERCE NON MERCEDE.

H Y M N S.

To the right Honourable and moſt vertuous Ladies,

THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND;

AND THE LADY MARY,

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

HAVING, in the greener times of my youth, compoſed theſe former two Hymns in the praiſe of love and beauty, and finding that the ſame too much pleaſed thoſe of like age and diſpoſition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather ſuck out poiſon to their ſtrong paſſion, than honey to their honeſt delight, I was moved by the one of you two moſt excellent Ladies to call in the ſame; but being unable ſo to do, by reaſon that many copies thereof were formerly ſcattered abroad, I reſolved at leaſt to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reform them, making (inſtead of thoſe two Hymns of earthly or naturall love and beauty) two others of heavenly and celeſtial; the which I do dedicate jointly unto you two honourable ſiſters, as to the moſt excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beauty, both in the one and the other kind; humbly beſeeching you to vouchſafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble ſervice, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily ſhow unto me, until ſuch time as I may, by better means, yield you ſome more notable teſtimony of my thankful mind and dutiful happineſs. And even ſo I pray for your happineſs.

Your Honours moſt bounden ever,

In all humble ſervice,

Greenwich, this firſt of September 1596.

EDMUND SPENSER.

HYMNS.

AN HYMN

IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

Love, that long ſince haſt to thy mighty powre
Perforce ſubdu'd my poor captived heart,
And raging now therein with reſtleſs ſtowre,
Doſt tyrannize in every weaker part,
Fain would I ſeek to eaſe my bitter ſmart
By any ſervice I might do to thee,
Or ought that elſe might to thee pleaſing be.

And now t' aſſuage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I mean to ſing the praiſes of thy name,
And thy victorious conqueſt to areed,
By which thou madeſt many hearts to bleed
Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embru'd,
And by thy cruel darts to thee ſubdu'd.

Only I fear my wits, enfeebled late
Through the ſharp ſorrows which thou haſt me bred,
Should faint, and words ſhould fail me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-head:
But if thou wouldſt vouchſafe to over ſpread
Me with the ſhadow of thy gentle wing,
I ſhould enabled be thy acts to ſing.

Come, then, O come, thou mighty God of Love!
Out of thy ſilver bowres and ſecret bliſs,
Where thou doſt ſit in Venus' lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her ambroſial kiſs,
That ſweeter far than any nectar is;
Come ſoftly, and my feeble breaſt inſpire
With gentle fury, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, ſweet Muſes! which have often proved
The piercing points of his avengeful darts;
And ye, fair Nymphs! which oftentimes have loved
The cruel worker of your kindly ſmarts,
Prepare yourſelves, and open wide your hearts
For to receive the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft when you were ſorry.

And ye, fair bloſſoms of youth's wanton breed!
Which in the conqueſts of your beauty's boaſt,
Wherewith your lover's feeble eyes you feed,
But ſtarve their hearts, that needeth nurture moſt,
Prepare your ſelves to march amongſt his hoſt,
And all the way this ſacred Hymn to ſing,
Made in the honour of your ſovereign king.

Great God of might, that reigneth in the mind,
And all the body to thy heſt doſt frame,
Victor of gods, ſubduer of mankind,
That doſt the lions and fell tygers tame,
Making their cruel rage thy ſcornful game,
And in their roaring taking great delight,
Who can expreſs the glory of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancy,
When thy great mother Venus firſt thee bare,
Begot of Plenty and of Penury,
Though elder than thine own nativity,
And yet a child, renewing ſtill thy years,
And yet the eldeſt of the heavenly peers?

For e'er this world's ſtill moving mighty maſs
Out of great Chaos' ugly priſon crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heaven's view, and in deep darkneſs kept
Love, that had now long time ſecurely ſlept
In Venus' lap, unarmed then and naked,
Gan rear his head, by Clotho being waked.

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
Kindled at firſt from heaven's life-giving fire,
He gan to move out of his idle ſeat;
Weakly at firſt, but after with deſire
Lifted aloft, he 'gan to mount up higher,

And, like freſh eagle, made his hardy flight
Thro all the great wide waſte yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His own fair mother, for all creatures' ſake,
Did lend him light from her own goodly ray;
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world, that was not till he did it make,
Whoſe ſundry parts he from themſelves did ſever,
The which before had lyen confuſed ever.

The earth, the air, the water, and the fire,
Then gan to range themſelves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conſpire
Each againſt other by all means they may,
Threatning their own confuſion and decay:
Air hated earth, and water hated fire,
Till Love relented their rebellious ire.

He then them took, and tempering goodly well
Their contrary diſlikes with loved means,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keep themſelves within their ſundry reigns,
Together link'd with adamantine chains;
Yet ſo as that in every living wight
They mix themſelves, and ſhew their kindly might.

So ever ſince they firmly have remained,
And duly well obſerved his beheaſt;
Thro which now all theſe things that are contained
Within this goodly cope, both moſt and leaſt,
Their being have, and daily are increaſt
Through ſecret ſparks of his infuſed fire,
Which in the barren cold he doth inſpire.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likeneſs of their kind,
Whilſt they ſeek only, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning find;
But man, that breathes a more immortal mind,
Not for luſt's ſake, but for eternity,
Seeks to enlarge his laſting progeny:

For having yet in his deducted ſpright
Some ſparks remaining of that heavenly fire,
He is enlumin'd with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly ſemblant to aſpire;
Therefore in choice of love he doth deſire
That ſeems on earth moſt heavenly to embrace,
That ſame is Beauty, born of heavenly race.

For ſure of all that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth ſeem,
Or that reſembleth more th' immortal flame
Of heavenly light, than beauty's glorious beam.
What wonder then if with ſuch rage extreme
Frail men, whoſe eyes ſeek heavenly things to ſee,
At ſight thereof ſo much enraviſh'd be?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy
Doth therewith tip his ſharp empoiſoned darts,
Which glancing thro the eyes with count'nance coy,
Reſt not till they have pierc'd the trembling hearts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which ſucks the blood, and drinketh up the life
Of careful wretches with conſuming grief.

Thenceforth they 'plain, and make full piteous moan
Unto the author of their baleful bane;
The days they waſte, the nights they grieve and groan,
Their lives they loath, and heaven's light diſdain;
No light but that whoſe lamp doth yet remain
Freſh burning in the image of their eye,
They 'ſdeign to ſee, and ſeeing it ſtill die.

The whilſt thou tyrant Love doſt laugh and ſcorn
At their complaints, making their pain thy play,
Whilſt they lie languiſhing like thralls forlorn,
The whiles thou doſt triumph in their decay;
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,
Thou doſt enmarble the proud heart of her
Whoſe love before their life they do prefer.

So haſt thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vaſſal, whoſe yet bleeding heart
With thouſand wounds thou mangled haſt ſo ſore,
That whole remains ſcarce any little part;
Yet to augment the anguiſh of my ſmart,
Thou haſt enfrozen her diſdainful breſt,
That no one drop of pity there doth reſt.

Why then do I this honour unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou doſt ſhew no favour unto me,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,
Somewhat to ſlake the rigour of my ſhame?
Certes ſmall glory doſt thou win hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeed, as men thee call,
The world's great parent, the moſt kind preſerver
Of living wights, the ſoveraign lord of all,
How falls it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou doſt afflict as well the not-deſerver,
As him that doth thy lovely heaſts deſpiſe,
And on thy ſubjects moſt doſt tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory ſeemeth more,
By ſo hard handling thoſe which beſt thee ſerve,
That ere thou doſt them unto grace reſtore,
Thou maiſt well try if thou wilt ever ſwerve,
And maiſt them make it better to deſerve,
And having got it, may it more eſteem;
For things hard gotten men more deadly deem.

So hard thoſe heavenly beauties be enfir'd
As things divine, leaſt paſſions do impreſs,
The more of ſtedfaſt minds to be admir'd,
The more they ſtayed be on ſtedfaſtneſs;
But baſeborn minds ſuch lamps regard the leſs,
Which at firſt blowing take not haſty fire;
Such fancies feel no love, but looſe deſire.

For Love is lord of Truth and Loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly duſt
On golden plumes up to the pureſt ſky,
Above the reach of loathly ſinful luſt,
Whoſe baſe effect through cowardly diſtruſt
Of his weak wings dare not to heaven flie,
But like a moldwarp in the earth doth lie.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themſelves enure
To dirty droſs, no higher dare aſpire,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celeſtial fire
Which kindleth love in generous deſire,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavy earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that ſweet paſſion,
That it all ſordid baſeneſs doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly faſhion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it ſelf excel,
Which he beholding ſtill with conſtant ſight,
Admires the mirrour of ſo heavenly light.

Whoſe image printing in his deepeſt wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry fantaſie,
Still full, yet never ſatisfide with it,
Like Tantale, that in ſtore doth ſtarved lie,
So doth he pine in moſt ſatiety;
For nought may quench his infinite deſire,
Once kindled through that firſt conceived fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attain;
His care, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
That ſeems in it all bliſſes to contain,
In ſight whereof all other bliſs ſeems vain:
Thriſe happy Man! might he the ſame poſſeſs,
He fains himſelf, and doth his fortune bleſs.

And though he do not win his wiſh to end,
Yet thus far happy he himſelf doth ween,
That heavens ſuch happy grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth ſo heavenly to have ſeen
His heart's enſhrined ſaint, his heaven's queen,
Fairer then faireſt, in his faining eye,
Whoſe ſole aſpect he counts felicity.

Then forth he caſts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do her favour to obtain;
What brave exploit, what peril hardly wrought,
What puiſſant conqueſt, what adventrous pain
May pleaſe her beſt, and grace unto him gain;
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune fears,
His faith, his fortune, in his breaſt he bears.

Thou art his god, thou art his mighty guide,
Thou, being blind, letſt him not ſee his fears,
But carrieſt him to that which he hath ey'd,
Through ſeas, through flames, through thouſand ſwords and ſpears;
Ne ought ſo ſtrong that may his force withſtand,
With which thou armeſt his reſiſtleſs hand.

Witneſs Leander in the Euxine waves,
And ſtout Æneas in the Trojan fire,
Achilles preſſing through the Phrygian glaves,
And Orpheus, daring to provoke the ire
Of damned fiends, to get his love retire;
For both through heaven and hell thou makeſt way,
To win them worſhip'd which do thee obay.

And if by all theſe perils and theſe pains
He may but purchaſe liking in her eye,
What heavens of joy then to himſelf he feigns!
Eftſoones he wipes quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby:
Had it been death, yet would he die again,
To live thus happy as her grace to gain.

Yet when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathemore can ſo contented reſt,
But forceth further on, and ſtriveth ſtill
T' approach more near, till in her inmoſt breſt
He may emboſom'd be and loved beſt;
And yet not beſt, but to be lov'd alone;
For love cannot endure a paragone.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more than helliſh pain!
And to his feigning fanſie repreſent
Sights never ſeen, and thouſand ſhadows vain,
To break his ſleep, and waſte his idle brain:
Thou that haſt never lov'd canſt not believe
Leaſt part of th' evils which poor lovers grieve.

The gnawing envy, the heart-fretting fear,
The vain ſurmiſes, the diſtruſtful ſhows,
The falſe reports that flying tales do bear,
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,
The feigned friends, the unaſſured foes,
With thouſands more than any tongue can tell,
Do make a lover's life a wretch's hell.

Yet is there one more curſed than they all,
That canker-worm, that monſter, Jealouſie,
Which eats the heart and feeds upon the gall,
Turning all Love's delight to miſery,
Through fear of looſing his felicity.
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monſter placed
In gentle love, that all his joys defaced!

By thee, O Love! thou doſt thy entrance make
Unto thy heaven, and doſt the more endear
Thy pleaſures unto thoſe which them partake,
As after ſtorms, when clouds begin to clear,
The ſun more bright and glorious doth appear;
So thou thy folk, through pains of Purgatory,
Doſt bear unto thy bliſs, and heaven's glory.

There thou them placeſt in a paradiſe
Of all delight and joyous happy reſt,
Where they do feed on nectar heavenly wiſe,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the reſt,
Of Venus' dearlings, through her bounty bleſt,
And lie like gods in ivory beds arayd,
With roſe and lillies over them diſplayd.

There with thy daughter Pleaſure they do play
Their hurtleſs ſports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her ſnowy boſom boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoid of guilty ſhame,
After full joyance of their gentle game;
Then her they crown their goddeſs and their queen,
And deck with flowers thy altars well beſeen.

Ay me! dear Lord! that ever I might hope
For all the pains and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wiſhed ſcope
Of my deſire, or might myſelf aſſure
That happy port for ever to recure!
Then would I think theſe pains no pains at all,
And all my woes to be but penance ſmall.

Then would I ſing of thine immortal praiſe
And heavenly hymn, ſuch as the angels ſing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raiſe
Bove all the gods, thee only honouring;
My guide, my god, my victor, and my king:
Till then, drad Lord! vouchſafe to take of me
This ſimple ſong, thus fram'd in praiſe of thee.

AN HYMN

IN HONOUR OF BEAUTY.

Ah! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry me?
What wontleſs fury doſt thou now inſpire
Into my feeble breaſt, too full of thee?
Whilſt ſeeking to aſſake thy raging fire,
Thou in me kindleſt much more great deſire,
And up aloft above my ſtrength doſt raiſe
The wondrous matter of my fire to praiſe.

That as I earſt, in praiſe of thine own name,
So now in honour of thy mother dear,
An honourable Hymn I eke ſhould frame,
And with the brightneſs of her beauty clear,
The raviſht hearts of gazeful men might rear
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds ſuch ſoul-enchanting might.

Thereto do thou, great Goddeſs! Queen of Beauty,
Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight,
Without whoſe ſovereign grace and kindly duty
Nothing on earth ſeems fair to fleſhly ſight,
Do thou vouchſafe with thy love-kindling light
T'illuminate my dim and dulled eyn,
And beautify this ſacred Hymn of thine:

That both to thee, to whom I mean it moſt,
And eke to her, whoſe fair immortal beam
Hath darted fire into my feeble ghoſt,
That now it waſted is with woe's extream,
It may ſo pleaſe, that ſhe at length will ſtream
Some dew of grace into my wither'd heart,
After long ſorrow and conſuming ſmart.

What time this world's great Workmaſter did caſt
To make all things ſuch as we now behold,
It ſeems that he before his eyes had plac'd
A goodly pattern, to whoſe perfect mould
He faſhion'd them as comely as he could,
That now ſo fair and ſeemly they appear,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous pattern, whereſoere it be,
Whether in earth laid up in ſecret ſtore,
Or elſe in heaven, that no man may it ſee
With ſinful eyes, for fear it to deflore,
Is perfect Beauty, which all men adore,
Whoſe face and feature doth ſo much excel
All mortal ſenſe, that none the ſame may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or leſs, by influence divine,
So it more fair accordingly it makes,
And the groſs matter of this earthly mine
Which cloſeth it thereafter doth refine,
Doing away the droſs which dims the light
Of that fair beam which therein is empight.

For through infuſion of celeſtial powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full ſpirits privily doth poure
Through all the parts, that to the looker's ſight
They ſeem to pleaſe; that is thy ſovereign might,
O Cyprian queen! which flowing from the beam
Of thy bright ſtar, thou into them doſt ſtream.

That is the thing which giveth pleaſant grace
To all things fair, that kindleth lively fire,
Light of thy lamp, which ſhining in the face,
Thence to the ſoul darts amorous deſire,
And robs the hearts of thoſe which it admire;
Therewith thou pointeſt thy ſon's poiſ'ned arrow,
That wounds the life, and waſtes the inmoſt marrow.

How vainly then do idle wits invent,
That Beauty is nought elſe but mixture made
Of colours fair, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that ſhall quickly fade
And paſs away, like to a ſummer's ſhade;
Or that it is but comely compoſition
Of parts well meaſur'd, with meet diſpoſition;

Hath white and red in it ſuch wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the heart,
And therein ſtir ſuch rage and reſtleſſe ſtowre,
As nought but death can ſtint his dolorous ſmart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move ſuch affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both ſenſe and reaſon blind?

Why do not then the bloſſoms of the field,
Which are array'd with much more orient hue,
And to the ſenſe moſt dainty odours yield,
Work like impreſſion in the looker's view?
Or why do not fair pictures like powre ſhew,
In which oft-times we Nature ſee of Art
Excell'd, in perfect limming every part?

But ah! believe me there is more than ſo,
That works ſuch wonders in the minds of men;
I that have often prov'd too well it know,
And whoſo liſt the like aſſays to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confeſs it then,
That Beauty is not, as fond men miſdeem,
An outward ſhew of things that only ſeem.

For that ſame goodly hue of white and red,
With which the cheeks are ſprinkled, ſhall decay,
And thoſe ſweet roſie leaves, ſo fairly ſpred
Upon the lips, ſhall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wire, thoſe ſparkling ſtars ſo bright,
Shall turn to duſt, and loſe their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whoſe celeſtial ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth lovers' fire,
Shall never be extinguiſht, nor decay,
But when the vital ſpirits do expire,
Unto her native planet ſhall retire;
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,
Being a parcell of the pureſt ſky.

For when the ſoul, the which derived was,
At firſt, out of that great immortal ſpright,
By whom all live to love, whylom did paſs
Down from the top of pureſt heaven's hight
To be embodied here, it then took light
And lively ſpirits from that faireſt ſtar
Which lights the world forth from his fiery car.

Which powre retaining ſtill or more or leſs
When ſhe in fleſhly ſeed is eft enraced,
Through every part ſhe doth the ſame impreſs,
According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her houſe, in which ſhe will be placed,
Fit for her ſelf, adorning it with ſpoil
Of th' heavenly riches which ſhe robb'd erewhile.

Thereof it comes, that theſe fair ſouls, which have
The moſt reſemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themſelves moſt beautiful and brave
Their fleſhly bowre, moſt fit for their delight,
And the groſs matter by a ſovereign might
Temper ſo trim, that it may well be ſeen
A palace fit for ſuch a virgin queen.

So every ſpirit, as it is moſt pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit, and it more fairely dight
With chearful grace and amiable ſight;
For of the ſoul the body form doth take;
For ſoul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore where-ever that thou doſt behold
A comely corpſe, with beauty fair endewed,
Know this for certain, that the ſame doth hold
A beauteous ſoul, with fair conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the ſeed of vertue ſtrewed;
For all that fair is, is by nature good;
That is a ſign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformed tabernacle dround,
Either by chance, againſt the courſe of kind,
Or through unaptneſs in the ſubſtance found,
Which it aſſumed of ſome ſtubborn ground,
That will not yield unto her form's direction,
But is perform'd with ſome foul imperfection.

And oft it falls (ay me, the more to rue!),
That goodly Beauty, albe heavenly born,
Is foul abuſ'd, and that celeſtial hue,
Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
Made but the bait of ſin, and ſinners' ſcorn,
Whilſt every one doth ſeek and ſue to have it,
But every one doth ſeek but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that fair Beauty's blame,
But theirs that do abuſe it unto ill:
Nothing ſo good, but that through guilty ſhame
May be corrupt, and wreſted unto will:
Natheleſs the ſoul is fair and beauteous ſtill,
However fleſhes fault it filthy make,
For things immortal no corruption take.

But ye, fair Dames! the world's dear ornaments,
And lively images of heaven's light,
Let not your beams with ſuch diſparagements

Be dimm'd, and your bright glory darkned quite;
But mindful ſtill of your firſt country's ſight,
Do ſtill preſerve your firſt informed grace,
Whoſe ſhadow yet ſhines in your beauteous face.

Loath that foul blot, that helliſh firebrand,
Diſloyal luſt, fair Beauty's fouleſt blame,
That baſe affection, which your ears would bland,
Commend to you by Love's abuſed name,
But is indeed the bond-ſlave of Defame,
Which will the girland of your glory mar,
And quench the ſight of your bright-ſhining ſtar.

But gentle Love, that loyal is and true,
Will more illumine your reſplendent ray,
And add more brightneſs to your goodly hue,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of your's, your likeneſs doth diſplay;
Like as two mirrours by oppoſ'd reflection,
Do both expreſs the face's firſt impreſſion.

Therefore to make your beauty more appear,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye bear,
That men the more admire their fountain may;
For elſe what booteth that celeſtial ray,
If it in darkneſs be enſhrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be viewed never?

But in your choice of loves this well adviſe,
That likeſt to your ſelves ye them ſelect,
The which your forms' firſt ſource may ſympathize,
And with like beauty's parts be inly deckt;
For if you looſely love without reſpect,
It is not love, but a diſcordant war,
Whoſe unlike parts amongſt themſelves do jar.

For love is a celeſtial harmony
Of likely hearts compoſ'd of ſtars' conſent,
Which join together in ſweet ſympathy,
To work each other's joy and true conſent,
Which they have harbour'd ſince their firſt deſcent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did ſee,
And know each other here belov'd to be.

Then wrong it were that any other twain
Should in Love's gentle band combined be
But thoſe whom Heaven did at firſt ordain,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree;
For all that like the beauty which they ſee
Straight do not love; for Love is not ſo light
As ſtraight to burn at firſt beholder's ſight.

But they which love indeed look otherwiſe,
With pure regard and ſpotleſs true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refined form, which they preſent
Unto their mind, void of all blemiſhment;
Which it reducing to her firſt perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleſh's frail infection,

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in itſelf it hath remaining ſtill,
Of that firſt ſun, yet ſparkling in his ſight,
Thereof he faſhions in his higher ſkill
An heavenly beauty to his fancy's will,
And it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirrour of his own thought doth admire.

Which ſeeing now ſo inly fair to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his ſpirit's proportion to agree,
He thereon fixing all his fantaſie,
And fully ſetteth his felicity,
Counting it fairer than it is indeed,
And yet indeed her fairneſs doth exceed.

For lovers' eyes more ſharply ſighted be
Than other mens, and in dear love's delight
See more than any other eyes can ſee,
Through mutual receipt of beames bright,
Which carry privy meſſage to the ſpright,
And to their eyes that inmoſt fair diſplay,
As plain as light diſcovers dawning day.

Therein they ſee, through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of Loves ſtill flying to and fro,
Which dart at them their little fiery launces;
Whom having wounded, back again they go,
Carrying compaſſion to their lovely foe;
Who ſeeing her fair eyes' ſo ſharp effect,
Cures all their ſorrows with one ſweet aſpect.

In which how many wonders do they reed
To their conceit, that others never ſee?
Now of her ſmiles, with which their ſouls they feed,
Like gods with nectar in their banquets free;
Now of her looks, which like to cordials be;
But when her words' embaſſade forth ſhe ſends,
Lord, how ſweet muſick that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thouſand graces maſking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thouſand ſweet belgards, which to their ſight
Do ſeem like twinkling ſtars in froſty night;
But on her lips, like roſie buds in May,
So many millions of chaſte Pleaſures play.

All thoſe, O Cytherea! and thouſands more
Thy handmaids be, which do on thee attend,
To deck thy beauty with their dainties' ſtore,
That may it more to mortal eyes commend,
And make it more admir'd of foe and friend,
That in mens hearts thou maiſt thy throne inſtall,
And ſpread thy lovely kingdom over all.

Then lö, triumph! O great Beauty's Queen,
Advance the banner of thy conqueſt high,
That all this world, the which thy vaſſals been,
May draw to thee, and with due fealty
Adore the powre of thy great majeſty,

Singing this Hymn in honour of thy name,
Compil'd by me, which thy poor liegeman am!

In lieu whereof grant, O great Sovereign!
That she whose conquering beauty doth captive
My trembling heart in her eternal chain,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first from me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it received.

And you fair Venus' dearling, my dear Dread!
Fresh flowre of grace, great goddess of my life,
When your fair eyes these fearful lines shall read,
Deign to let fall one drop of due relief,
That may recure my heart's long pining grief,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath.
That can restore a damned wight from death.

AN HYMN

OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy sovereign might,
Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymn may sing
Unto the God of Love, high Heaven's King.

Many lewd lays (ah! woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad fit which fools call Love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly praises of true Love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vain desire
To read my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
To warm your selves at my wide sparkling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
For who my passed follies now pursues,
Begins his own, and my old fault renews.

Before this world's great frame, in which all things
Are now contain'd, found any being-place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound which doth embrace
The rolling sphere, and parts their howers by space,
That high eternal Powre, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in it self by love.

It lovd it self, because it self was fair,
(For fair is lov'd, and of it self begot
Like to it self his eldest Son and heir,
Eternal, pure, and void of sinful blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of love's dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equal honour crown'd.

With him he reign'd, before all time prescribed,
In endless glory and immortal might,
Together with that third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almighty Spright!
Whose kingdom's throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much less my trembling verse
With equal words can hope it to reherse

Yet; O most blessed Spirit! pure lamp of light,
Eternal spring of grace and wisdom true,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestial dew,
That may my rimes with sweet infuse embrew,
And give me words equal unto my thought,
To tell the marveils by thy mercy wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powreful grace,
And full of fruitful Love, that loves to get
Things like himself, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of powre so great,
Yet full of beauty, next he did beget,
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Maker's light.

To them the heavens' illimitable height
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gems of shining gold)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternal bliss,
And be partakers of those joys of his.

There they in their trinal triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend;
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his own dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of his light,
And carol hymns of love both day and night.

Both day and night is unto them all one,
For he his beams doth unto them extend,
That darkness there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their bliss, an end,
But there their tameless time in pleasure spend;
Ne ever should their happiness decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puff them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they 'gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in God's own seat without commission:
The brightest angel, even the child of Light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming ire,
And with his only breath them blew away
From heaven's hight, to which they did aspire,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fire,
Where they in darkness and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Maker's love,
Next to himself in glorious degree,
Degenering to hate fell from above
Through pride, (for pride and love may ill agree)
And now of sin to all ensample be:
How then can sinful flesh it self assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure?

But that eternal fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodness unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and empty place
In his wide palace, through those angels' fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknowen colonie therein,
Whose root from earth's base ground-work should begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might,
According to an heavenly pattern wrought,
Which he had fashion'd in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breath'd a living spright
Into his face, most beautiful and fair,
Endew'd with wisdom, riches heavenly rare.

Such he him made, that he resembled might
Himself, as mortal thing immortal could;
Him to be lord of every living wight
He made by love out of his own like mould,
In whom he might his mighty self behold;
For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
That like it self in lovely shape may be.

But man, forgetful of his maker's grace
No less than angels, whom he did ensue,
Fell from the hope of promis'd heavenly place,
Into the mouth of Death, to sinners due,
And all his off-spring into thraldom threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remain
Of never-dead yet ever-dying pain.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of meer love, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deep horror of despaired hell;
Him, wretch, in dool would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeem,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreem.

Out of the bosom of eternal bliss,
In which he reigned with his glorious sire,
He down descended, like a most demiss
And abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire,
That he for him might pay sin's deadly hire,
And him restore unto that happy state
In which he stood before his hapless fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfide;
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpass,
Could make amends to God for man's misguide,
But only man himself, whose self did slide:
So taking flesh of sacred virgin's womb,
For man's dear sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was born
Without all blemish or reproachful blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torn
Of cruel hands, who with despightful shame
Reviling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the Just by most unjust decree.

O huge and most unspeakable impression
Of Love's deep wound, that pierst the piteous heart
Of that dear Lord with so entire affection,
And sharply launcing every inner part,
Dolours of death into his soul did dart,
Doing him die that never it deserved,
To free his foes, that from his heast had swerved!

What heart can feel leaſt touch of ſo ſore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of ſo dear wound?
Whoſe bleeding ſource their ſtreams yet never ſtanch,
But ſtill do flow, and freſhly ſtill redownd,
To heal the ſores of ſinful ſouls unfound,
And cleanſe the guilt of that infected crime
Which was enrooted in all fleſhly ſlime.

O bleſſed Well of Love! O Flowre of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Star! O Lamp of Light!
Moſt lively image of thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy moſt precious blood?

Yet nought thou aſk'ſt in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy pain:
Aye me! what can us leſs than that behove?
Had he required life for us again,
Had it been wrong to aſk his own with gain?
He gave us life, he it reſtored loſt;
Then life were leaſt, that us ſo little coſt.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and bleſſed that was band,
Ne ought demands but that we loving be,
As he himſelf hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him firſt to love that was ſo dearely bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him firſt to love great right and reaſon is,
Who firſt to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amiſs,
Us wretches from the ſecond death did ſave;
And laſt, the fool of life, which now we have,
Even he himſelf, in his dear ſacrament,
To feed our hungry ſouls, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that ſelf mould and that ſelf Maker's hand
That we, and to the ſame again ſhall fade,
Where they ſhall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher ſteps we ſtand,
Which alſo were with ſelf-ſame price redeemed
That we however of us light eſteemed.

And were they not, yet ſith that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for his ſake,
Even for his ſake, and for his ſacred word,
Which in his laſt bequeſt he to us ſpake,
We ſhould them love, and with their needs partake,
Knowing that whatſoe'er to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all do live.

Such mercy he by his moſt holy reed
Unto us taught, and, to approve it true,
Enſampled it by his moſt righteous deed,
Shewing us mercy (miſerable crew!)
That we the like ſhould to the wretches ſhew,
And love our brethren, thereby to approve
How much himſelf that loved us we love.

Then rouze thy ſelf, O Earth! out of thy ſoil,
In which thou wallow'ſt like to filthy ſwine,
And dooſt thy mind in durty pleaſures moyl,
Unmindful of that deareſt Lord of thine;
Lift up to him thy heavy-clouded eyne,
That thou this ſovereign bounty maiſt behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

Begin from firſt, where he encradled was
In ſimple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toylful oxe and humble aſs,
And in what rags, and in how baſe array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the ſilly ſhepherds came to ſee,
Whom greateſt princes ſought on loweſt knee.

From thence read on the ſtory of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyl, his ſtrife,
His pains, his poverty, his ſharp aſſays,
Through which he paſt his miſerable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malic'd both of great and ſmall.

And look at laſt, how of moſt wretched wights
He taken was, betray'd, and falſe accuſed,
How with moſt ſcornful taunts, and fell deſpights
He was revil'd, diſgrac'd, and foul abuſed;
How ſcourg'd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how bruſed;
And, laſtly, how 'twixt robbers crucifide,
With bitter wound through hands, through feet, and ſide!

Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,
Empierced be with pitiful remorſe,
And let thy bowels bleed in every vein
At ſight of his moſt ſacred heavenly corſe,
So torn and mangled with malicious force;
And let thy ſoul, whoſe ſins his ſorrows wrought,
Melt into tears, and grone in grieved thought.

With ſenſe whereof, whilſt ſo thy ſoftned ſpirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meek zeal
Through meditation of his endleſs merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weal,
And to his ſoveraign mercy do appeal;
Learn him to love that loved thee ſo dear,
And in thy breaſt his bleſſed image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy ſoul and mind,
Thou muſt him love, and his beheaſts embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and ſtir up affections baſe,
Thou muſt renownce and utterly diſplace,
And give thy ſelf unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himſelf for thee.

Then ſhalt thou feel thy ſpirit ſo poſſeſt,
And raviſht with devouring great deſire
Of his dear ſelf, that ſhall thy feeble breaſt

Inflame with love, and ſet thee all on fire
With burning zeal, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou ſhalt delight,
But in his ſweet and amiable ſight.

Thenceforth all world's deſire will in thee die,
And all earth's glory, on which men do gaze,
Seem dust and droſs in thy pure ſighted eye,
Compar'd to that celeſtial beauty's blaze,
Whoſe glorious beams all fleſhly ſenſe doth daze
With admiration of their paſſing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the ſpright.

Then ſhall thy raviſht ſoul inſpired be
With heavenly thoughts, far above humane ſkill,
And thy bright radient eyes ſhall plainly ſee
Th' idee of his pure glory preſent ſtill
Before thy face, that all thy ſpirits ſhall fill
With ſweet enragement of celeſtial love,
Kindled through ſight of thoſe fair things above.

AN HYMN

OF HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

Rapt with the rage of mine own raviſht thought,
Through contemplation of thoſe goodly ſights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whoſe wondrous beauty, breathing ſweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceited ſprights,
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchſafe then, O thou moſt Almighty Spright!
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To ſhed into my breaſt ſome ſparkling light
Of thine eternal truth, that I may ſhow
Some little beames to mortal eyes below,
Of that immortal beauty, there with thee,
Which in my weak diſtraughted mind I ſee;

That with the glory of ſo goodly ſight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair-ſeeming ſhews, and feed on vain delight,
Tranſported with celeſtial deſire
Of thoſe fair forms may lift themſelves up higher,
And learn to love, with zealous humble duty,
Th' eternal fountain of that heavenly Beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' eaſie view
Of this baſe world, ſubject to fleſhly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order due,
To contemplation of th' immortal ſkye;
Of the ſoar faulcon ſo I learn to flye,
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till ſhe herſelf for ſtronger flight can breathe,

Then look who liſt, thy gazeful eyes to feed
With ſight of that is fair, look on the frame
Of this wide univerſe, and therein reed
The endleſs kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canſt not count, much leſs their natures aim,
All which are made with wondrous wiſe reſpect
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

Firſt, the earth, on adamantine pillers founded
Amid the ſea, engirt with braſen bands,
Then th' air ſtill flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On every ſide, with piles of flaming brands,
Never conſum'd, nor quencht with mortal hands;
And, laſt, that mighty ſhining cryſtal wall,
Wherewith he hath encompaſſed this all.

By view whereof it plainly may appear,
That ſtill as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from earth, ſo ſtill more clear
And fair it grows, till to his perfect end
Of pureſt Beauty it at laſt aſcend;
Ayr more than water, fire much more than ayr,
And heaven than fire, appears more pure and fair.

Look thou no further, but affix thine eye
On that bright ſhiny round ſtill moving maſs,
The houſe of bleſſed Gods, which men call Skye,
All ſow'd with gliſtring ſtars more thick than graſs,
Whereof each other doth in brightneſs paſs,
But thoſe two moſt, which ruling night and day,
As king and queen the heaven's empire ſway;

And tell me then, what haſt thou ever ſeen
That to their beauty may compared be,
Or can the ſight that is moſt ſharp and keen
Endure their captain's flaming head to ſee?
How much leſs thoſe, much higher in degree,
And ſo much fairer, and much more than theſe,
As theſe are fairer than the land and ſeas?

For far above these heavens which here we see
Be others far exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same be,
But infinite in largeness and in height,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotless bright,
That need no sun t' illuminate their spheres,
But their own native light far passing theirs.

And as these heavens still by degrees arise,
Until they come to their first Mover's bound,
That in his mighty compass doth comprise,
And carry all the rest with him around,
So those likewise do by degrees redound,
And rise more fair, till they at last arrive
To the most fair, whereto they all do strive.

Fair is the heaven where happy souls have place,
In full enjoyment of felicity,
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the divine eternal Majesty;
More fair is that where those idees on hie
Enranged be which Plato so admired,
And pure intelligences from God inspired,

Yet fairer is that heaven in which do reign
The sovereign powers and mighty potentates,
Which in their high protections do contain
All mortal princes and imperial states;
And fairer yet, whereas the royal seats
And heavenly dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet far more fair be those bright cherubims,
Which all with golden wings are over-dight,
And those eternal burning seraphims,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,
Be th' angels and archangels, which attend
On God's own person without rest or end.

These thus in fair each other far excelling,
As to the highest they approach more near,
Yet is that highest far beyond all telling,
Fairer than all the rest which there appear,
Though all their beauties joyn'd together were;
How then can mortal tongue hope to express
The image of such endless perfectness?

Cease then, my tongue! and lend unto my mind
Leave to bethink how great that Beauty is
Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find;
How much more those essential parts of his,
His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his bliss,
His grace, his doom, his mercy, and his might,
By which he lends us of himself a sight!

Those unto all he daily doth display,
And shew himself in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking-glass, through which he may
Be seen of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face,
His glorious face! which glistereth else so bright,
That th' angels selves cannot endure his sight.

But we, frail wights! whose sight cannot sustain
The sun-bright beams when he on us doth shine,
But that their points rebutted back again
Are dull'd, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glory of that majesty divine,
In sight of whom both sun and moon are dark,
Compar'd to his least resplendent spark?

The means, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his works to look,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen book,
To read enregistred in every nook
His goodness, which his beauty doth declare;
For all that's good is beautiful and fair.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To imp the wings of thy high-flying mind,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplaion,
From this dark world, whose damps the soul do blind,
And like the native brood of eagles kind,
On that bright Sun of Glory fix thine eyes,
Clear'd from gross mists of frail infirmities.

Humbled with fear and awful reverence,
Before the foot-stool of his majesty
Throw thyself down, with trembling innocence,
Ne dare look up with corruptible eye
On the drad face of that great Deity,
For fear lest if he chance to look on thee
Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercy-seat,
Close cover'd with the Lamb's integrity,
From the just wrath of his avengeful threat
That sits upon the righteous throne on high;
His throne is built upon eternity,
More firm and durable than steel or brass,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth pass.

His sceptre is the rod of righteousness,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
Under the rigour of his judgment just;
His seat is Truth, to which the faithful trust,
From whence proceed her beams so pure and bright,
That all about him shedddeth glorious light.

Light far exceeding that bright blazing spark
Which darted is from Titan's flaming head,
That with his beams enlumineth the dark
And dampish air, whereby all things are red,
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortal wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wizards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortal light which there doth shine
Is many thousand times more bright, more clear,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortal actions here
And even the thoughts of men, do plain appeare;
For from th' Eternal Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompaſſed around,
And hid in his own brightneſs from the ſight
Of all that look thereon with eyes unſound;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempeſtuous fire,
The inſtruments of his avenging ire.

There in his boſom Sapience doth ſit,
The ſovereign dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a queen in royal robes, moſt fit
For ſo great powre and peerleſs majeſty,
And all with gems and jewels gorgeouſly
Adorn'd, that brighter than the ſtars appear,
And make her native brightneſs ſeem more clear,

And on her head a crown of pureſt gold
Is ſet, in ſign of higheſt ſovereignty,
And in her hand a ſceptre ſhe doth hold,
With which ſhe rules the houſe of God on high,
And menageth the ever-moving ſky,
And in the ſame theſe lower creatures all
Subjected to her powre imperial.

Both heaven and earth obey unto he will,
And all the creatures which they both contain;
For of her fulneſs which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in ſtate remain
As their great Maker did at firſt ordain,
Through obſervation of her high beheaſt,
By which they firſt were made and ſtill increaſt.

The fairneſs of her face no tongue can tell,
For ſhe the daughters of all women's race,
And angels eke, in beauty doth excell,
Sparkled on her from God's own glorious face,
And more increaſt by her own goodly grace,
That it doth far exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictur'd Venus with ſo curious quill,
That all poſterity admired it,
Have pourtray'd this, for all his maiſtring ſkill;
Ne ſhe herſelf, had ſhe remained ſtill,
And were as fair as fabling wits do feign,
Could once come near this Beauty ſovereign.

But had thoſe wits, the wonders of their days,
Or that ſweet Teian poet, which did ſpend
His plenteous vein in ſetting forth her praiſe,
Seen but a glimpſe of this which I pretend,
How wondrouſly would her face commend,
Above that idole of his faining thought,
That all the world ſhould with his rimes be fraught!

How then dare I, the novice of his art,
Preſume to picture ſo divine a wight,
Or hope t' expreſs her leaſt perfections part;
Whoſe beauty fills the heavens with her light,
And darks the earth with ſhadow of her ſight?
Ah, gentle Muſe! thou art too weak and faint
The pourtrait of ſo heavenly hue to point.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And ſee at will, her ſovereign praiſes ſing,
And thoſe moſt ſacred myſteries unfold
Of that fair love of mighty Heaven's King;
Enough is me t' admire ſo heavenly thing,
And being thus with her huge love poſſeſt,
In th' only wonder of herſelf to reſt.

But whoſo may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God ſo much doth grace,
And lets his own beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celeſtial face
All joy, all bliſs, all happineſs have place;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of herſelf can win the wiſhful ſight.

For ſhe, out of her ſecret treaſury,
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden lie
Within the cloſet of her chaſteſt bowre,
Th' eternal portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all thoſe which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be but thoſe whom ſhe
Vouchſafeth to her preſence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to ſee,
Whereof ſuch wondrous pleaſures the conceive,
And ſweet contentment, that it doth bereave
Their ſoul of ſenſe through infinite delight,
And them transport from fleſh into the ſpright

In which they ſee ſuch admirable things,
As carries them into an extaſy,
And hear ſuch heavenly notes and carolings
Of God's high praiſe, that fills the braſen ſky,
And feel ſuch joy and pleaſure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly care forget,
And only think on that before them ſet.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleſhly ſenſe
Or idle thought of earthly things remain,
But all that earſt ſeem'd ſweet ſeems now offence,
And all that pleaſed earſt now ſeems to pain:
Their joy, their comfort, their deſire, their gain,
Is fixed all on that which now they ſee;
All other ſights but fained ſhadows be.

And that fair lamp which uſeth to enflame
The hearts of men with ſelf-conſuming fire,
Thenceforth ſeems foul, and full of ſinful blame;
And all that pomp to which proud minds aſpire
By name of Honour, and ſo much deſire,
Seems to them baſeneſs, and all riches droſs,
And all mirth ſadneſs, and all lucre loſs.

So full their eyes are of that glorious ſight,
And ſenſes fraught with ſuch ſatietie,
That in nought elſe on earth they can delight,
But in the aſpect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in their inward eye,
On which they feed, and in their faſt'ned mind
All happy joy and full contentment find.

Ah, then, my hungry Soul! which long haſt fed,
On idle fancies of my fooliſh thought,
And with falſe Beauty's flattering bait miſled,
Haſt after vain deceitful ſhadows ſought,
Which all are fled, and now have leſt thee nought
But late repentance through thy ſolly's prief,
Ah! ceaſe to gaze on matter of thy grief;
And look at laſt up to that ſovereign light
From whoſe pure beams all perfect Beauty ſprings,
That kindleth love in every godly ſpright,
Even the love of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world and theſe gay-ſeeming things;
With whoſe ſweet pleaſures being ſo poſſeſt,
Thy ſtraying thoughts henceforth for ever reſt.

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

I.

Being one day at my window all alone,
So many ſtrange things happened me to ſee,
As much it grieveth me to think thereon.
At my right hand a hind appear'd to me,
So fair as mote the greateſt god delite;
Two eager dogs did her purſue in chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
With deadly force ſo in their cruel race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beaſt,
That at the laſt, and in ſhort time I ſpide,
Under a rock where ſhe, alas! oppreſt,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruel Death vanquiſhing ſo noble beauty,
Oft makes me wail ſo hard a deſtiny.

II.

After at ſea a tall ſhip did appear,
Made all of hehen and white ivory;
The ſails of gold, of ſilk the tackle were:
Mild was the wind, calm ſeem'd the ſea to be,
The ſky each where did ſhow full bright and fair:
With rich treaſures this gay ſhip fraited was,
But ſudden ſtorm did ſo turmoil the air,
And tumbled up the ſea, that ſhe (alas!)
Strake on a rock that under water lay,
And periſhed paſt all recovery.
O how great ruth and ſorrowful aſſay
Doth vex my ſpirit with perplexity,
Thus in a moment to ſee loſt and dround
So great riches as like cannot be found!

III.

The heavenly branches did I ſee ariſe
Out of the freſh and luſty laurel-tree,
Amidſt the young green wood of Paradiſe;
Some noble plant I thought to ſee:
Such ſtore of birds therein yſhrouded were,
Chaunting in ſhade their ſundry melody,
That with their ſweetneſs I was raviſht nere.
While on this laurel fixed was mine eye,
The ſky 'gan every where to over-caſt,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When ſudden flaſh of heaven's fire out-braſt,
And rent this royal tree quite by the root;
Which makes me much and ever to complain,
For no ſuch ſhadow ſhall be had again.

IV.

Within this wood, out of a rock did riſe
A ſpring of water mildly tumbling down,
Whereto approached not in any wiſe
The homely ſhepherd nor the ruder clown,
But many Muſes and the Nymphs withal,
That ſweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the ſoft ſounding of the waters fall,
That my glad heart thereat did much rejoyce.
But while therein I took my chief delight,
I ſaw (alas!) the gaping earth devour
The ſpring, the place, and all clean out of ſight,
Which yet aggrieves my heart even to this hour,
And wounds my ſoul with ruful memory,
To ſee ſuch pleaſures gone ſo ſuddenly.

V.

I ſaw a phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings and creſt of golden hue;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of ſome heavenly wight I had the view,
Until he came unto the broken tree,
And to the ſpring that late devoured was.
What ſay I more? Each thing at laſt we ſee
Doth paſs away: the phœnix there (alas!)
Spying the tree deſtroid, the water dride,
Himſelf ſmote with his beak, as in diſdain,
And ſo forthwith in great deſpite he dide,
That yet my heart burns in exceeding pain,
For ruth and pity of ſo hapleſs plight.
O let mine eyes no more ſee ſuch a ſight!

VI.

At laſt, ſo fair a lady did I ſpy,
That thinking yet on her I burn and quake;
On herbs and flowres ſhe walked penſively,
Mild, but yet love ſhe proudly did forſake:
White ſeem'd her robes, yet woven as they were,
As ſnow and gold together had been wrought.
Above the waſte a dark cloud ſhrouded her,
A ſtinging ſerpent by the heel her caught,
Wherewith ſhe languiſht as the gather'd flowre,
And well aſſur'd ſhe mounted up to joy.
Alas! on earth ſo nothing doth endure,
But bitter grief and ſorrowful annoy,
Which make this life wretched and miſerable,
Toſſed with ſtorms of fortune variable.

VII.

When I beheld this tickle truſtleſs ſtate
Of vain world's glory, flitting to and fro,
And mortal men toſſed by troublous Fate,
In reſtleſs ſeas of wretchedneſs and woe,
I wiſh I might this weary life forego,
And ſhortly turn unto my happy reſt,
Where my free ſpirit might not any mo
Be vext with ſights that do her peace moleſt.
And ye, fair Lady! in whoſe bounteous breſt
All heavenly grace and virtue ſhrined is,
When ye theſe rimes do read, and view the reſt,
Loath this baſe world, and think of heaven's bliſs:
And though ye be the faireſt of God's creatures,
Yet think that death ſhall ſpoil your goodly fea-
tures.

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

I.

It was the time when Reſt, ſoft ſliding down
From heaven's height into mens' heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulneſs of ſleep doth drown
The carefull thoughts of mortal miſeries,
Then did a ghoſt before mine eyes appear,
On that great river's bank that runs by Rome,
Which calling me by name, bade me to rear
My looks to heaven, whence all good gifts do come;
And crying loud, lo, now behold (quoth he)
What under this great temple placed is!
Lo, all is nought but flying vanity!
So I, that know this world's inconſtancies,
Sith only God ſurmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do ſtay.

II.

On high hill's top I ſaw a ſtately frame,
An hundred cubits high by juſt aſſize,
With hundred pillours fronting fair the ſame,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But ſhining cryſtal, which from top to baſe
Out of her womb a thouſand rayons threw,
One hundred ſteps of Afric gold's enchaſe:
Gold was the parget, and the cieling bright
Did ſhine all ſcaly with great plates of gold;
The floor of jaſp and emerauld was dight.
O world's vainneſs! whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake ſhook the hill from loweſt ſeat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

III.

Then did a ſharped ſpire of diamond bright,
Ten feet each way in ſquare, appear to me,
Juſtly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as archer might his level ſee:
The top thereof a pot did ſeem to bear,
Made of the metal which we all do honour,
And in this golden veſſel couched were
The aſhes of a mighty emperour.
Upon four corners of the baſe were pight,
To bear the frame, four lyons great, of gold,
A worthy tomb for ſuch a worthy wight:
Alas! this world doth nought but grievance hold.
I ſaw a tempeſt from the heaven deſcend,
Which this brave monument with flaſh did rend.

IV.

I ſaw rais'd up on ivory pillors tall,
Whoſe baſes were of richeſt metals wark,
The chapters alablaſter, the fryſes cryſtal,
The double front of a triumphal ark:
On each ſide pourtraid was a Victory,
Clad like a nymph, that wings of ſilver wears,
And in triumphant chair was ſet on hy
The antient glory of the Roman peers.
No work it ſeem'd of earthly craftſman's wit,
But rather wrought by his own induſtry
That thunder darts for Jove his fire, doth fit.
Let me no more ſee fair thing under ſky,
Sith that mine eyes have ſeen ſo fair a ſight
With ſudden fall to duſt conſumed quight.

V.

Then was the fair Dodonian tree far ſeen,
Upon ſeven hills to ſpread his gladſom gleam,
And conquerors bedecked with his green,
Along the banks of the Auſonian ſtream:
There many an ancient trophy was addreſt,
And many a ſpoil, and many a goodly ſhow,
Which that brave race's greatneſs did atteſt,
That whilom from the Trojan blood did flow.
Raviſht I was ſo rare a thing to view,
When, lo! a barbarous troup of clowniſh ſone
The honour of theſe noble bows down threw:
Under the wedge I heard the tronk to groan;
And ſince I ſaw the root in great diſdain
A twin of forked trees ſend forth again.

VI.

I ſaw a wolf under a rocky cave
Nurſing two whelps; I ſaw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teat to crave,

While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:
I saw her range abroad to seek her food,
And roming through the field with greedy rage
T' embrew her teeth and claws with lukewarm blood
Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage:
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Down from the mountains bord'ring Lombardy,
That with an hundred spears her flank wide rended:
I saw her on the plain outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her own soil;
Soon on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoil.

VII.

I saw the bird that can the sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight,
By more and more she 'gan her wings t'assure,
Following th'ensample of her mother's sight,
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the clouds, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughty mountain's hight,
Until she raught the god's own mansions;
There was she lost, when suddain I beheld,
Where tumbling through the air in fiery fold,
All flaming down she on the plain was feld,
And soon her body turn'd to ashes cold.
I saw the fowl that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worm arise.

VIII.

I saw a river swift, whose foamy billows
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall;
I saw it cover'd all with grisly shadows,
That with black horror did the air appall:
There-out a strange beast with seven heads arose,
That towns and castles under her breast did cour,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equal ravin to devour.
Much was I maz'd to see this monster's kind
In hundred forms to change his fearful hue,
When as at length I saw the wrathful wind,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scythian mew,
That sperst these clouds, and in so short as thought,
This dreadful shape was vanished to nought.

IX.

Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast,
An hideous body big and strong I saw, [loast,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging
Stern face, and front full of Saturn-like awe,
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pour'd forth a water whose out-gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creaky shore aflot,
Whereon the Trojan prince spilt Turnus' blood;
And at his feet a bitch-wolf suck did yield
To two young babes: his left the palm-tree stout,
His right hand did the peaceful olive wield,
And head with laurel garnisht was about:
Sudden both palm and olive fell away,
And fair green laurel-branch did quite decay.

X.

Hard by a river's side a virgin fair,
Folding her arms to heaven with thousand throbs,
And outraging her cheeks and golden hair,
To falling rivers' sound thus tun'd her sobs.
Where is (quoth she) this whilom honored face;
Where the great glory and the ancient praise
In which all worlds felicity had place,
When gods and men my honour up did raise?
Suffic'd it not that civil wars me made
The whole world's spoil, but that this hydra new,
Of hundred Hercules' to be affaid,
With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
So many Neroes and Caligulas
Out of these crooked shores must daily raise?

XI.

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see,
Waving aloft with triple point to sky,
Which like incense of precious cedar tree,
With balmy odours fill'd the air far and nigh:
A bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,
Here-out up to the throne of gods did fly,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoke she unto heaven did fly.
Of this fair fire the scattered rays forth threw
On every side a thousand shining beams,
When sudden dropping of a silver dew
(O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious flames,
That it which earst so pleasant scent did yield,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphur smeld.

XII.

I saw a spring out of a rock forth rall,
As clear as crystal, 'gainst the sunny beams,
The bottom yellow, like the golden grail
That bright Pactolus washt with his streams;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasures there for which men's heart could long,
And there a noise alluring sleep soft trembled,
Of many accords, more sweet than mermaids' song:
The seats and benches shone of ivory,
And hundred nymphs sat side by side about,
When from nigh hills, with hideous outcry,
A troup of satyrs in the place did rout,
Which with their villain feet the stream did ray,
Threw down the seats, and drove the nymphs away.

XIII.

Much richer than that vessel seem'd to be
Which did to that sad Florentine appear,
Casting mine eyes far off, I chanc'd to see,
Upon the Latine coast her self to rear;
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close envy to these riches rare,
Which 'gan assail this ship with dreadful threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare;
And finally, the storm impetuous
Sunk up these riches, second unto none,
Within the gulf of greedy Nereus:
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure, drowned in the main;
But I the ship saw after rais'd again.

XIV.

Long having deeply gron'd theſe viſions ſad,
I ſaw a city like unto that ſame
Which ſaw the meſſenger of tidings glad,
But that on ſand was built the goodly frame:
It ſeem'd her top the firmament did raiſe,
And no leſs rich than fair, right worthy ſure
(If ought here worthy) of immortal days,
Or if ought under heaven might firm endure.
Much wondered I to ſee ſo fair a wall,
When from the northern coaſt a ſtorm aroſe,
Which breathing fury from his inward gall
On all, which did againſt his courſe oppoſe,
Into a cloud of duſt ſperſt in the air
The weak foundations of this city fair.

XV.

At length, even at the time when Morpheus
Moſt truly doth unto her eyes appear,
Weary to ſee the heavens ſtill wavring thus,
I ſaw Typhæus's ſiſter coming near,
Whoſe head full bravely with a morion hid,
Did ſeem to match the goods in majeſtie;
She by a rivers bank, that ſwift down ſlid,
O'er all the world did raiſe a trophie hie;
An hundred vanquiſht kings under her lay,
With arms bound at their backs in ſhameful wiſe.
Whilſt I thus mazed was with great affray,
I ſaw the heavens in war againſt her riſe,
Then down ſhe ſtriken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noiſe I wakt in ſudden wonder.

VISIONS OF THE WORLD'S VANITY.

One day, whiles that my daily cares did ſleep,
My ſpirit, ſhaking off her earthly priſon,
Began to enter meditation deep
Of things exceeding reach of common reaſon,
Such as this age, in which all good is geaſon,
And all that humble is and mean debac'd,
Hath brought forth in her laſt declining ſeaſon,
Grief of good minds, to ſee goodneſs diſgrac'd:
On which whenas my thought was throughly plac'd,
Unto my eyes ſtrange ſhows preſented were,
Picturing that which I in mind embrac'd,
That yet thoſe ſights empaſſion me full nere:
Such as they were (fair Lady!) take in worth,
That when time ſerves may bring things better forth.

II.

In ſummer's day, when Phœbus fairly ſhone,
I ſaw a bull as white as driven ſnow,
With gilden horns embowed like the moon,
In a freſh flowring meadow lying low;
Up to his ears the verdant graſs did grow,
And the gay flowres did offer to be eaten,
But he with fatneſs ſo did overflow,
That he, all wallowed in the weeds down beaten,
Ne car'd with them his dainty lips to ſweeten;
Till that a brize, a ſcorned little creature,
Through his fair hide his angry ſting did threaten,
And vext ſo ſore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous paſture nought him pleaſed:
So by the ſmall the great is oft diſeaſed.

III.

Beſide the fruitful ſhore of muddy Nile,
Upon a ſunny bank outſtretched lay,
In monſtrous length, a mighty crocodile,
That, cramm'd with guiltleſs blood and greedy pray
Of wretched people travailing that way,
Thought all things leſs than his diſdainful pride:
I ſaw a little bird call'd Tedula,
The leaſt of thouſands which on earth abide,
That forc'd this hideous beaſt to open wide
The grieſly gates of his devouring hell,
And let him feed, as Nature doth provide,
Upon his jaws, that with black venom ſwell.
Why then ſhould greateſt things the leaſt diſdain,
Sith that ſo ſmall ſo mighty can conſtrain?

IV.

The kingly bird, that bears Jove's thunder-clap,
One day did ſcorn the ſimple ſcarabee,
Proud of his higheſt ſervice and good hap,
That made all other fowls his thralls to be:
The ſilly fly that no redreſs did ſee,
Spy'd where the eagle built his towring neſt,
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt up his young ones, and himſelf diſtreſt,
Ne ſuffred him in any place to reſt
But drove in Jove's own lap his eggs to lay,
Where gathering alſo filth him to inneſt,
Forc'd with the filth his eggs to fling away;
For which when as the fowl was wroth, ſaid Jove,
Lo! how the leaſt the greateſt may reprove.

V.

Toward the ſea turning my troubled eye,
I ſaw the fiſh (if fiſh I may it cleep)
That makes the ſea before his face to fly,
And with his flaggy fins doth ſeem to ſweep
The foamy waves out of the dreadful deep,
The huge leviathan, Dame Nature's wonder,
Making his ſport, that many makes to weep;
A ſword-fiſh ſmall him from the reſt did ſunder,
That in his throat him pricking ſoftly under,
His wide abyſs him forced forth to ſpew,

That all the sea did roar like heaven's thunder,
And all the waves were stain'd with filthy hue.
Hereby I learned have not to dispise
What-ever thing seems small in common eyes.

VI.

An hideous dragon, dreadful to behold,
Whose back was arm'd against the dint of spear,
With shields of brass, that shone like burnish'd gold,
And forked sting, that death in it did bear,
Strove with a spider, his unequal peer,
And bad defiance to his enemy:
The subtil vermin, creeping closely near,
Did in his drink shed poison privily,
Which through his intrails spreading diversly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowels burst,
And him enforc'd to yield the victory,
That did so much in his own greatness trust.
O how great vainness is it then to scorn
The weak, that hath the strong so oft forlorn!

VII.

High on a hill a goodly cedar grew,
Of wondrous length and straight proportion,
That far abroad her dainty odours threw;
'Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beauty was not any one:
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worm, perceiv'd of none,
That on her sap and vital moisture fed:
Thenceforth her garland, so much honoured,
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same!)
And her fair locks fell from her lofty head,
That shortly bald and bared she became.
In which this sight beheld, was much dismay'd,
To see so goodly thing so soon decay'd.

VIII.

Soon after this I saw an elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
That on his back did bear (as batteillant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly,
That he himself, through foolish vanity,
Both for his rich attire and goodly form,
Was puffed up with passing surquedry,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorn;
Till that a little ant, a silly worm,
Into his nostrils creeping, so him pain'd,
That casting down his towres, he did deform
Both borrow'd pride, and native beauty stain'd.
Let therefore nought that great is therein glory,
Sith so small thing his happiness may vary.

IX.

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ship, with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide,
Through the main sea making her merry flight;
Fair blew the wind into her bosom right,
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,
That she did seem to dance, as in delight,
And at her own felicity did smile:
All suddenly there clove unto her keel
A little fish, that men call Remora,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heel,
That wind nor tide could move her thence away.
Strange thing me seemeth that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

X.

A mighty lion, lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger thoroughly satisfy'd
With prey of beasts and spoils of living blood,
Safe in his dreadless den him thought to hide:
His sternness was his praise, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruel claws:
I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battail even to his jaws;
Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth draws,
And his proud heart is fill'd with fretting ire:
In vain he threats his teeth, his tail, his paws,
And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire.
That dead himself he wished for despight:
So weakest may annoy the most of might.

XI.

What time the Roman empire bore the reign
Of all the world, and flourish'd most in might,
The nations 'gan their sovereignty disdain,
And cast to quit them from the bondage quite;
So when all shrouded were in silent night,
The Galls were, by corrupting of a maid,
Possess'd nigh of the Capitol through slight,
Had not a goose the treachery bewraid:
If then a goose great Rome from ruin staid,
And Jove himself the patron of the place,
Preserv'd from being to his foes betraid,
Why do vain men mean things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on earth can challenge long endurance?

XII.

When these sad sights were over-past and gone,
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
With inward ruth and dear affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest:
Thenceforth I 'gan in my engrieved breast
To scorn all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are oppress,
And unawares do into danger fall.
And ye, that read these Ruines tragical,
Learn by their loss to love the low degree,
And if that Fortune chance you up to call
To Honour's seat, forget not what ye be;
For he that of himself is most secure,
Shall find his state most fickle and unsure.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR,

MOTHER HUBBERD's TALE.

To the Right Honourable

THE LADY COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

Most fair and virtuous Lady! having often ſought opportunity, by ſome good means, to make known to your Ladyſhip the humble affection and faithful duty which I have always profeſſed, and am bound to bear to that houſe from whence ye ſpring, I have at length found occaſion to remember the ſame, by making a ſimple preſent to you of theſe my idle labours; which, having long ſithens compoſed in the raw conceit of my youth, I lately, amongſt other papers, lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the ſame, moved to ſet them forth. Simple is the device, and the compoſition mean, yet carrieth ſome delight; even the rather becauſe of the ſimplicity and meanneſs thus perſonated. The ſame I beſeech your Ladyſhip take in good part, as a pledge of that profeſſion which I have made to you, until, with ſome other more worthy labour, I do redeem it out of your hands, and diſcharge my utmoſt duty. Till then, wiſhing your Ladyſhip all increaſe of honour and happineſs, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladyſhip's ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENSER.

It was the month in which the righteous maid,
That for diſdain of ſinful world's upbraid,
Fled back to heaven, whence ſhe was firſt conceived,
Into her ſilver bower the ſun received,
And the hot Syrian dog on him awaiting,
After the chafeful lion's cruel baiting,
Corrupted had th' air with his noiſom breath,
And pour'd on th' earth plague, peſtilence, and death.
Emongſt the reſt, a wicked malady
Reign'd emongſt men, that many did to die,
Depriv'd of ſenſe and ordinary reaſon,
That it to leeches ſeemed ſtrange and geaſon.
My fortune was, 'mongſt many others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe,
And my weak body, ſet on fire with grief,
Was robb'd of reſt and natural relief.
In this ill plight there came to viſit me
Some friends, who, ſorry my ſad caſe to ſee,
Began to comfort me in chearful wiſe,
And means of gladſom ſolace to deviſe;

But seeing kindly Sleep refuse to do
His office, and my feeble eyes forgo,
They sought my troubled sense how to deceave
With talk, what might unquiet fancies reave;
And sitting all on seats about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They cast in course to waste the weary hours;
Some told of ladies and their paramours:
Some of brave knights and their renowned squires;
Some of the Fairies and their strange attires;
And some of giants hard to be believed;
That the delight thereof me much relieved.
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did far surpass
The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well:
She, when her turn was come her tale to tell,
Told of a strange adventure that betided
Betwixt the Fox and th' Ape, by him misguided,
The which for that my sense it greatly pleased
All were my spirit heavy and diseased,
I'll write in terms as the same did say,
So well as I her words remember may:
No Muse's aid me needs hereto to call;
Base is the style, and matter mean withal.

"Whylom (said she) before the world was civil,
The Fox and th' Ape, disliking of their evil
And hard estate, determined to seek
Their fortune far abroad, lyeke with his lyeke;
For both were crafty and unhappy witted;
Two fellows might no where be better fitted.

The Fox, that first this cause of grief did find,
'Gan first thus plain his case with words unkind.
Neighbour Ape, and my Gossip eke beside,
(Both two sure bands in friendship to be ty'd)
To whom may I more trustely complain
The evil plight that doth me sore constrain,
And hope thereof to find due remedy?
Hear then my pain and inward agony.
Thus many years I now have spent and worn
In mean regard and basest fortune's scorn,
Doing my country service as I might,
No less, I dare say, than the proudest wight,
And still I hoped to be up advanced
For my good parts, but still it hath mischanced:
Now therefore, that no lenger hope I see,
But froward fortune still to follow me,
And lofts lifted high where I did look,
I mean to turn the next leaf of the book;
Yet ere that any way I do betake,
I mean my gossip privy first to make.

Ah! my dear Gossip, (answer'd then the Ape)
Deeply do your sad words my wits awhape,
Both for because your grief doth great appear,
And eke because my self am touched near;
For I likewise have wasted much good time,
Still waiting to preferment up to clime,
Whilst others always have before me stept,
And from my beard the fat away have swept,
That now unto despair I 'gin to grow,
And mean for better wind about to throw;
Therefore, to me, my trusty Friend, aread
Thy counsel: two is better than one head.

Certes (said he) I mean me to disguize
In some strange habit, after uncouth wize,
Or like a pilgrim or a lymiter,
Or like a gipsen or a juggeler,
And so to wander to the worldes end,
To seek my fortune where I may it mend,
For worse than that I have I cannot meet:
Wide is the world I wote, and every street
Is full of fortunes and adventures straunge,
Continually subject unto chaunge.
Say, my fair Brother, now, if this device
Do like you, or may you to look entice.

Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrous well,
And would ye not poor fellowship expell,
My self would offer you t'accompany
In this adventure's chanceful jeopardy;
For to wex old at home in idleness
Is disadventrous, and quite fortuneless:
Abroad where change is, good may gotten be.

The Fox was glad, and quickly did agree;
So both resolv'd the morrow next ensuing,
So soon as day appear'd to peoples viewing,
On their intended journey to proceed,
And over night, what-so thereto did need,
Each did prepare in readiness to be.
The morrow next, so soon as one might see
Light out of heaven's windows forth to look,
Both their habiliments unto them took,
And put themselves (a God's name) on their way,
When-as the Ape beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t'advise.

Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
What course ye ween is best for us to take,
That for ourselves we may a living make.
Whether shall we profess some trade or skill,
Or shall we vary our device at will,
Even as new occasion appears?
Or shall we tie our selves for certain yeares
To any service, or to any place?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to resolve first hereupon.

Now, surely, Brother, (said the Fox anon)
Ye have this matter motioned in season;
For every thing that is begun with reason
Will come by ready means unto his end,
But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
Thus therefore I advise upon the case,
That not to any certain trade or place,
Nor any man, we should our selves apply;
For why should he that is at liberty
Make himself bond? sith then we are free-born,
Let us all servile base subjection scorn,
And as we be sons of the world so wide,
Let us our father's heritage divide,
And challenge to our selves our portions dew
Of all the patrimony, which a few
Now hold in hugger-mugger in their hand,
And all the rest do rob of good and land;
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
But that she gave like blessing to each creature,

As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor ſtrife,
Nor ought call'd mine or thine: thrice happy then
Was the condition of mortal men:
That was the Golden Age of Saturn old,
But this might better be the world of Gold;
For without gold now nothing will be got;
Therefore (if pleaſe you) this ſhall be our plot;
We will not be of any occupation,
Let ſuch vile vaſſals, born to baſe vocation,
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle;
But we will walk about the world at pleaſure,
Like two free-men, and make our eaſe our treaſure,
Free-men ſome beggers call; but they be free,
And they which call them ſo more beggers be:
For they do ſwink and ſweat to feed the other,
Who live like lords of that which they do gather,
And yet do never thank them for the ſame,
But as their due by Nature do it clame.
Such will we faſhion both ourſelves to be,
Lords of the world, and ſo will wander free
Where-ſo us liſteth, uncontroll'd of any:
Hard is our hap if we (emongſt ſo many)
Light not on ſome that may our ſtate amend;
Sildom but ſome good cometh ere the end.

Well ſeem'd the Ape to like this ordinaunce;
Yet well conſidering of the circumſtaunce,
As pauſing in great doubt a while he ſtaid,
And afterwards with grave advizement ſaid;
I cannot, my lief Brother, like but well
The purpoſe of the complot which ye tell;
For well I wot (compar'd to all the reſt
Of each degree) that beggars' life is beſt,
And they that think themſelves the beſt of all,
Oft-times to hegging are content to fall:
But this I wote withal, that we ſhall ronne
Into great daunger, like to be undonne,
Wildly to wander thus in the world's eye,
Withouten paſport or good warrantye;
For fear leaſt we like rogues ſhould be reputed,
And for ear marked beaſts abroad be bruted;
Therefore I read that we our counſels call,
How to prevent this miſchief ere it fall,
And how we may with moſt ſecurity,
Beg amongſt thoſe that beggers do defy.

Right well, dear Goſſip, ye adviſed have,
(Said then the Fox) but I this doubt will ſave;
For ere we farther paſs, I will deviſe
A paſport for us both in fitteſt wiſe,
And by the names of ſoldiers us protect,
That now is thought a civil begging ſect.
Be you the ſouldier, for you likeſt are
For manly ſemblance and ſmall ſkill in war;
I will but wait on you, and as occaſion
Falls out, my ſelf fit for the ſame will faſhion.

The paſport ended, both they forward went,
The Ape clad ſouldier-like, fit for th' intent,
In a blue jacket, with a croſs of red,
And many ſlits, as if that he had ſhed [ceived,
Much blood through many wounds therein re-
Which had the uſe of his right arm bereaved;
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to pieces tore;
His breaches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugeſe, looſe like an empty gut,
And his hoſe broken high above the heeling,
And his ſhooes beaten out with traveling:
But neither ſword nor dagger he did bear;
Seems that no foe's revengement he did fear:
In ſtead of them a hanſom bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one far in eld:
Shame light on him that through ſo falſe illuſion
Doth turn the name of Souldiers to abuſion,
And that which is the nobleſt myſterie,
Brings to reproach and common infamie.

Long they thus travelled, yet never met
Adventure which might them a working ſet;
Yet many ways they ſought, and many tryde,
Yet for their purpoſes none fit eſpy'd.
At laſt they chaunc'd to meet upon the way,
A ſimple huſband-man in garments gray,
Yet though his veſture were but mean and baſe,
A good yoeman he was, of honeſt place,
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing;
Gay without good is good heart's greateſt loathing.
The Fox him ſpying bade the Ape him dight
To play his part, for lo he was in ſight
That (if he err'd not) ſhould them entertain,
And yield them timely profit for their pain.
Eftſoons the Ape himſelf 'gan to uprear,
And on his ſhoulders high his bat to bear,
As if good ſervice he were fit to do,
But little thrift for him he did it to;
And ſtoutly forward he his ſteps did ſtrain,
That like a handſom ſwain it him became.
When-as they nigh approached, that good man
Seeing them wander looſely, firſt began
T' enquire, of cuſtom, what and whence they were?
To whom the Ape, I am a Souldiere,
That late in war have ſpent my deareſt blood,
And in long ſervice loſt both limbs and good,
And now conſtrain'd that trade to over-give,
I driven am to ſeek ſome means to live;
Which might it you in pity pleaſe t'efford,
I would be ready both in deed and word,
To do you faithful ſervice all my days.
This yron world (that fame he weeping ſays)
Brings down the ſtouteſt hearts to loweſt ſtate;
For miſery doth braveſt minds abate,
And make them ſeek for that they wont to ſcorn,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorn.

The honeſt man, that heard them thus complain,
Was griev'd, as he had felt part of his pain,
And, well diſpos'd him ſome relief to ſhow,
Aſkt if in huſbandry he ought did know;
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to ſow,
To hedge, to ditch, to threſh, to thatch, to mow,
Or to what labour elſe he was prepar'd?
For huſband's life is laborous and hard.

When-as the Ape him hear ſo much to talk
Of labour, that did from his liking balk,

He would have flipt the coller handſomly,
And to him ſaid, Good Sir! full glad am I
To take what pains may any living wight,
But my late maimed limbs lack wonted might
To do their kindly ſervices as needeth;
Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
So that it may no painful work endure,
Ne to ſtrong labour can it ſelf enure;
But if that any other place you have,
Which aſks ſmall pains, but thriftyneſs to ſave,
Or care to overlook, or thruſt to gather,
Ye may me truſt as your own ghoſtly father.
With that the huſband-man 'gan him avize,
That it for him was fitteſt exerciſe
Cattle to keep, or grounds to over-ſee,
And aſked him if he could willing be
To keep his ſheep, or to attend his ſwine,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kine?
Gladly (ſaid he) whatever ſuch like pain
Ye put to me, I will the ſame ſuſtain;
But gladlieſt I of your fleecy ſheep
(Might it you pleaſe) would take on me to keep;
For ere that unto arms I me betook,
Unto my father's ſheep I us'd to look,
That yet the ſkill thereof I have not loſt;
There-to right well this curdog, by my coſt,
(Meaning the Fox) will ſerve my ſheep to gather,
And drive to follow after their belwether.
The huſband-man was meanly well content
Tryal to make of his endeavourment,
And home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flock, with liberty full large,
Giving account of the annual increaſe,
Both of their lambs and of their woolly fleece.
Thus is this Ape become a ſhepherd ſwain,
And the falſe Fox his dog; God give them pain,
For ere the year have half his courſe out-run,
And do return from whence he firſt begun,
They ſhall him make an ill account of thriſt.
Now when-as time flying with winges ſwift,
Expired had the term that theſe two javels
Should render up a reckning of their travels
Unto their maſter, which it of them fought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wiſt what anſwer unto him to frame,
Ne how to eſcape great puniſhment or ſhame
For their falſe treaſon and vile thievery;
For not a lamb of all their flock's ſupply
Had they to ſhew, but ever as they bred
They ſlew them, and upon their fleſhes fed;
For that diſguiſed dog lov'd blood to ſpill,
And drew the wicked ſhepherd to his will;
So twixt them both they not a lamkin left;
And when lamb's fail'd, the old ſheep's lives they reft;
That how t' acquit themſelves unto their lord
They were in doubt, and flatly ſet abord.
The Fox then counſel'd th' Ape for to require
Reſpite till morrow t' anſwer his deſire;
For time's delay new hope of help ſtill breeds,
The good man granted, doubting nought their deeds,
And bade next day that all ſhould ready be;
But they more ſubtil meaning had than he;
For the next morrow's meed they cloſely ment,
For fear of afterclaps, for to prevent;
And that ſame evening, when all ſhrouded were
In careleſs ſleep, they without care or fear
Cruelly fell upon their flock in fold,
And of them ſlew at pleaſure what they wold;
Of which when as they feaſted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They ſtole away, and took their haſty flight,
Carry'd in clouds of all-concealing night.
So was the huſband-man left to his leſs,
And they unto their fortune's change to toſs,
After which ſort they wandered long while,
Abuſing many through their cloaked guile,
That at the laſt they 'gan to be deſcry'd
Of every one, and all their ſleights eſpy'd,
So as their begging now them failed quite,
For none would give, but all men would them wite;
Yet would they take no pains to get their living,
But ſeek ſome other way to gain by giving;
Much like to begging, but much better named,
For many beg which are thereof aſhamed.
And now the Fox had gotten him a gown,
And th' Ape a caſſock ſide-long hanging down,
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other ſtate abroad to range;
For ſince their ſouldier's paſs no better ſped,
They forg'd another, as for clerks book-red:
Who paſſing forth, as their adventures fell,
Through many haps which needs not here to tell,
At length chanc'd with a formal prieſt to meet,
Whom they in civil manner firſt did greet,
And after aſkt an alms for God's dear love.
The man ſtraight-way his choler up did move,
And with reproachful terms 'gan them revile
For following that trade ſo baſe and vile,
And aſkt what licence or what paſs they had?
Ah! (ſaid the Ape, as ſighing wondrous ſad)
It's an hard caſe when men of good deſerving
Muſt either driven be perforce to ſterving,
Or aſked for their paſs by every ſquib
That lift at will them to revile or ſnib;
And yet (God wote) ſmall odds I often ſee
'Twixt them that aſk and them that aſked be.
Nath'leſs, becauſe you ſhall not us miſdeem,
But that we are as honeſt as we ſeem,
Ye ſhall our paſport at your pleaſure ſee,
And then ye will (I hope) well moved be.
Which when the prieſt beheld, he view'd it nere,
As if therein ſome text he ſtudying were,
But little elſe (God wote) could thereof ſkill;
For read he could not evidence nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one tittle worſe, ne make one better:
Of ſuch deep learning little had he need,
Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
Doubts mongſt divines, and difference of texts,
From whence ariſe diverſity of ſects,
And hateful hereſies, of God abhor'd;
But this good Sir did follow the plain word,

Ne medled with their controverſies vain;
All his care was his ſervice well to ſain,
And to read homelies on holy-days;
When that was done, he might attend his plays:
An eaſy life, and fit high God to pleaſe.
He, having over-lookt their paſs at eaſe,
'Gan at the length them to rebuke again,
That no good trade of life did entertain,
But loſt their time in wandring looſe abroad,
Seeing the world, in which they hootleſs boad,
Had ways enow for all therein to live,
Such grace did God unto his creatures give.
Said then the Fox, Who hath the world not tride,
From the right way full eath may wander wide;
We are but novices new come abroad,
We have not yet the tract of any troad,
Nor on us taken any ſtate of life,
But ready are of any to make prief:
Therefore might pleaſe you, which the world have proved,
Us to deviſe, which forth hut lately moved,
Of ſome good courſe, that we might undertake,
Ye ſhall for ever us your bondmen make.
The prieſt 'gan wex half proud to be ſo praid,
And thereby willing to afford them aid;
It ſeems (ſaid he) right well that ye be clerks,
Both by your witty words and by your werks:
Is not that name enough to make a living
To him that hath a whit of Nature's giving?
How many honeſt men ſee ye ariſe
Daily thereby, and grow to goodly prize?
To deans, to archdeacons, to commiſſaries,
To lords, to principals, to prebendaries,
All jolly prelates, worthy rule to bear,
Who ever them envie; yet ſpite bites near:
Why ſhould ye doubt then but that ye likewiſe
Might unto ſome of thoſe in time ariſe?
In the mean time to live in good eſtate,
Loving that love, and hating thoſe that hate,
Being ſome honeſt curate, or ſome vicar,
Content with little in condition ſicker.
Ah! but (ſaid th' Ape) the charge is wondrous great,
To feed mens ſouls, and hath an heavy threat.
To feed mens ſouls (quoth he) is not in man,
For they muſt feed themſelves, do what we can;
We are but charg'd to lay the meat before;
Eat they that liſt, we need to do no more.
But God it is that feeds them with his grace,
The bread of life pour'd down from heavenly place;
Therefore, ſaid he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Jews, "All ſhall be taught of "God."
That ſame hath Jeſus Chriſt now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught;
He is the Shepherd, and the Prieſt is he;
We but his ſhepherd ſwains ordain'd to be:
Therefore herewith do not your ſelf diſmay;
Ne is the pains ſo great but bear ye may;
For not ſo great as it was wont of yore
It's now adays, ne half ſo ſtraight and ſore:
They whylom uſed duly every day
Their ſervice and their holy things to ſay
At morn and even, beſides their anthems ſweet,
Their peny maſſes, and their complynes meet,
Their dirges, their trentals, and their ſhrifts,
Their memories, their ſingings, and their gifts:
Now all theſe needleſs works are laid away,
Now once a week, upon the Sabbath-day,
It is enough to do our ſmall devotion,
And then to follow any merry motion.
Ne are we tyed to faſt but when we liſt,
Ne to wear garments baſe, of wollen twiſt,
But with the fineſt ſilks us to aray,
That before God we may appear more gay,
Reſembling Aaron's glory in his place;
For far unfit it is that perſons baſe
Should with vile clothes approach God's majeſtie,
Whom no uncleanneſs may approachen nie;
Or that all men which any maſter ſerve,
Good garments for their ſervice ſhould deſerve;
But he that ſerves the Lord of Hoaſts moſt high,
And that in higheſt place t'approach him nigh,
And all the people's prayers to preſent
Before his throne, as on ambaſſage ſent
Both to and fro, ſhould not deſerve to wear
A garment better than of wool or hair.
Beſide, we may have lying by our ſides
Our lovely laſſes, or bright ſhining brides:
We be not tyde to wilful chaſtity,
But have the goſpel of free liberty.
By that he ended had his ghoſtly ſermon,
The Fox was well enduc'd to be a parſon,
And of the prieſt eftſoons 'gan to enquire
How to a benefice he might aſpire?
Marry, there (ſaid the prieſt) is art indeed;
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed;
For that the ground-work is and end of all,
How to obtain a beneficial.
Firſt, therefore, when ye have in handſom wiſe
Your ſelves attired, as you can deviſe,
Then to ſome noble man your ſelf apply,
Or other great one in the worldes eye,
That hath a zealous diſpoſition
To God, and ſo to his religion;
There muſt thou faſhion eke a goodly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayr reveale,
For each thing ſained ought more wary be;
There thou muſt walk in ſober gravitie,
And ſeem as ſaint-like as Saint Radegund;
Faſt much, pray oft, look lowly on the ground,
And unto every one do curteſie meek.
Theſe looks (nought ſaying) do a benefice ſeek,
And be thou ſure one not to lack ere long.
But if thee liſt unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped prey,
Then muſt thou thee diſpoſe another way;
For there thou needs muſt learn to laugh, to lye,
To face, to forge, to ſcoff to company,
To crouch, to pleaſe, to be a beetle-ſtock
Of thy great maſter's will, to ſcorn, to mock;
So maiſt thou chance mock out a benefice,
Unleſs thou canſt one conjure by device,
Or caſt a figure for a biſhoprick;
And if one could, it were but a ſchool-trick.
Theſe be the ways by which without reward
Livings in courts be gotten, though full hard;

For nothing there is done without a fee:
The courtier needs muſt recompenced be
With a benevolence, or have in gage
The *primetias* of your parſonage:
Scarce can a biſhoprick forpaſs them by,
But that it muſt be gelt in privity.
Do not thou, therefore, ſeek a living there,
But of more private perſons ſeek elſewhere
Whereas thou mayſt compound a better peny,
Ne let thy learning queſtion'd be of any:
For ſome good gentleman that hath the right
Unto his church for to preſent a wight,
Will cope with thee in reaſonable wiſe,
That if the living yearly do ariſe
To forty pound, that then his youngeſt ſon
Shall twenty have, and twenty thou haſt won;
Thou haſt it won, for it is of frank gift,
And he will care for all the reſt to ſhift,
Both that the biſhop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maiſt maintained be.
This is the way for one that is unlearn'd
Living to get, and not to be diſcern'd;
But they that are great clerks, have nearer ways,
For learning-ſake to living them to raiſe:
Yet many eke of them (God wot) are driven
T' accept a benefice in pieces riven.
How ſayſt thou (Friend) have I not well diſcourſt
Upon this common-place (though plain, not wourſt)?
Better a ſhort tale than a bad long ſhriving;
Needs any more to learn to get a living?
Now ſure, and by my hallidom, (quoth he)
Ye a great maſter are in your degree;
Great thanks I yield you for your diſcipline,
And do not doubt but duly to incline
My wits thereto, as ye ſhall ſhortly hear.
The prieſt him wiſh'd good ſpeed, and well to fare;
So parted they as either's way them led.
But th' Ape and Fox e'er long ſo well them ſped,
Through the prieſt's wholeſom counſel lately taught,
And through their own fair handling wiſely wrought,
That they a benefice 'twixt them obtained,
And crafty Reynold was a prieſt ordained,
And th' Ape his Pariſh-Clark procur'd to be;
Then made they revel-rout and goodly glee:
But e'er long time had paſſed, they ſo ill
Did order their affairs, that th' evil-will
Of all their pariſh'ners they had conſtrain'd,
Who to the Ordinary of them complain'd,
How foully they their offices abus'd,
And them of crimes and hereſies accus'd,
That Purſivants he often for them ſent;
But they neglecting his commandement,
So long perſiſted obſtinate and bold,
Till at the length he publiſhed to hold
A Viſitation, and them cited thether;
Then was high time their wits about to gether.
What did they then but made a compoſition
With their next neighbour prieſt for light condition,
To whom their living they reſigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.
So paſſing through the country in diſguiſe,
They fled far off, where none might them ſurprize,
And after that long ſtrayed here and there,
Through every field and foreſt far and neare,
Yet never found occaſion for their tourn,
But almoſt ſtarv'd, did much lament and mourn.
At laſt they chanc'd to meet upon the way
The mule all deck'd in goodly rich array,
With bells and boſſes that full loudly rung,
And coſtly trappings that to ground down hung:
Lowly they him ſaluted in meek wiſe,
But he through pride and fatneſs 'gan deſpiſe
Their meanneſs, ſcarce vouchſaf'd them to requite:
Whereat the Fox, deep groling in his ſprite,
Said, Ah! Sir Mule, now bleſſed be the day
That I ſee you ſo goodly and ſo gay
In your attires, and eke your ſilken hyde
Fill'd with round fleſh, that every bone doth hide;
Seems that in fruitful paſtures ye do live,
Or Fortune doth you ſecret favour give.
Fooliſh Fox (ſaid the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiſe the thing that doth thy ſorrow breed,
For well I ween thou canſt not but envy
My wealth, compar'd to thine own miſery,
That art ſo lean and meagre waxen late,
That ſcarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.
Ay me! (ſaid then the Fox) whom evil hap
Unworthy in ſuch wretchedneſs doth wrap,
And makes the ſcorn of other beaſts to be:
But read (fair Sir! of grace) from whence come ye?
Or what of tydings you abroad do hear?
News may perhaps ſome good unweeting bear.
From royal court I lately came (ſaid he)
Where all the bravery that eye may ſee,
And all the happineſs that heart deſire,
Is to be found: he nothing can admire
That hath not ſeen that heaven's pourtracture;
But tydings there is none, I you aſſure,
Save that which common is, and known to all,
That courtiers, as the tide, do riſe and fall.
But tell us (ſaid the Ape) we do you pray,
Who now in court doth bear the greateſt ſway?
That if ſuch fortune do to us befall,
We may ſeek favour of the beſt of all.
Marry (ſaid he) the higheſt now in grace
Be the wild beaſts that ſwifteſt are in chace,
For in their ſpeedy courſe and nimble flight
The lion now doth take the moſt delight,
But chiefly joys on foot them to behold,
Enchaſte with chain and circulet of gold;
So wild a beaſt ſo tame ytaught to be,
And buxom to his hands, is joy to ſee;
So well his golden circlet him beſeemeth,
But his late chain his liege unmeet eſteemeth,
For ſo brave beaſts he loveth beſt to ſee
In the wild foreſt raunging freſh and free:
Therefore, if fortune thee in court to live,
In caſe thou ever there will hope to thrive,
To ſome of theſe thou muſt thyſelf apply,
Like as a thiſtle-down in th' air doth fly,

o vainly ſhalt thou to and fro be toſt,
nd loſe thy labour and thy fruitleſs coſt:
nd yet full few that follow them I ſee
or vertue's bare regard advaunced be,
ut either for ſome gainful benefit,
r that they may for their own turns be fit;
Natheleſs, perhaps, ye things may handle ſo,
hat ye may better thrive than thouſands moe.
But (ſaid the Ape) how ſhall we firſt come in,
hat after we may favour ſeek to win?
How elſe (ſaid he) but with a good bold face,
nd with big words, and with a ſtately pace,
hat men may think of you in general,
hat to be in you which is not at all;
or not by that which is the world now deemeth,
As it was wont) but by that fame that ſeemeth:
Ne do I doubt but that I well can faſhion
ourſelves thereto according to occaſion:
o fare ye well, good courtiers may ye be;
o proudly neighing, from them parted he.
Then 'gan this crafty couple to devize
How for the court themſelves they might aguize,
or thither they themſelves meant to addreſs,
n hope to find their happier ſucceſs:
o well they ſhifted, that the Ape anon
Himſelf had clothed like a gentleman,
And the fly Fox, as like to be his groome,
hat to the court in ſpeedy ſort they came;
Where the fond Ape himſelf uprearing high
Upon his tiptoes, ſtalketh ſtately by,
As if he were ſome great Magnifico,
And boldly doth amongſt the boldeſt go;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfeſaunce,
Supports his credit and his countenance.
Then 'gan the courtiers gaze on every ſide,
And ſtare on him with big looks baſen wide,
Wondering what miſter wight he was, and whence,
For he was clad in ſtrange accouſtrements,
Faſhion'd with quient deviſes, never ſeen
In court before, yet there all faſhions been;
Yet he them in newfangleneſs did paſs:
But his behaviour altogether was
Alla turchesca, much the more admir'd,
And his looks loftie, as if he aſpir'd
To dignity, and 'ſdeign'd the low degree,
That all which did ſuch ſtrangeneſs in him ſee,
By ſecret means 'gan of his ſtate enquire,
And privily his ſervant thereto hire,
Who, throughly arm'd againſt ſuch coverture,
Reported unto all that he was ſure
A noble gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel far'd,
And ſeen the manners of all beaſts on ground,
Now here arriv'd, to ſee if like he found.
Thus did the Ape at firſt him credit gain,
Which afterwards he wiſely did maintain
With gallant ſhow, and daily more augment
Through his fine feats and courtly complement;
For he could play, and dance, and vaute, and ſpring,
And all that elſe pertains to revelling,
Only through kindly aptneſs of his joints;
Beſides, he could do many other points,
The which in court him ſerved to good ſteed;
For he 'mongſt ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands' and merry leaſings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well;
But he ſo light was at leger-demain,
That what he touch'd came not to light again:
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly look,
And tell them that they greatly him miſtook:
So would he ſcoff them out with mockery,
For he therein had great felicity,
And with ſharp quips joy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their diſgracing did him grace;
So whilſt that other like vain wits he pleaſed,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eaſed:
But the right gentle mind would bite his lip,
To hear the javel ſo good men to nip;
For though the vulgar yield an open ear,
And common courtiers love to gybe and flear
At every thing which they hear ſpoken ill,
And the beſt ſpeeches with ill meaning ſpill,
Yet the brave courtier, in whoſe beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath ſuch baſe condition, to backbite
Any's good name for envy or deſpite;
He ſtands on terms of honourable mind,
Ne will be carried with the common wind
Of court's inconſtant mutability,
Ne after every tatling fable fly,
But hears and ſees the follies of the reſt,
And thereof gathers for himſelf the beſt;
He will not creep, nor crouch with fained face,
But walks upright with comely ſtedfaſt pace,
And unto all doth yield due courteſie,
But not with kiſſed hand below the knee,
As that ſame apiſh crue is wont to do,
For he diſdains himſelf t' embaſe there-to:
He hates full leaſings and vile flattery,
To filthy blots in noble gentry;
And loathful idleneſs he doth deteſt,
The canker-worm of every gentle breſt;
The which to baniſh with fair exerciſe
Of knightly feats he daily doth deviſe;
Now managing the mouths of ſtubborn ſteeds,
Now practiſing the proof of warlike deeds;
Now his bright arms aſſaying, now his ſpear,
Now the nigh-aimed ring away to bear;
At other times he caſts to ſue the chace
Of ſwift wild beaſts, or run on foot a race,
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in arms moſt needful)
Or elſe by wreſtling to wex ſtrong and heedful;
Or his ſtiff arms to ſtretch with eughen bow,
And many legs ſtill paſſing to and fro,
Without a gowned beaſt him faſt beſide,
A vain enſample of the Perſian pride,
Who after he had won th' Aſſyrian foe,
Did ever after ſcorn on foot to go.
Thus when this courtly gentleman with toil
Himſelf hath wearied, he doth recoil
Unto his reſt, and there with ſweet delight
Of muſick's ſkill revives his toiled ſpright,
Or elſe with loves and ladies gentle ſports,
The joy of youth, himſelf he recomforts;

Or, laſtly, when the body liſt to pauſe,
His mind unto the Muſes he withdraws;
Sweet Lady Muſes! ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light,
With whom he cloſe confers with wiſe diſcourſe
Of Nature's works, of heaven's continual courſe,
Of foreign lands, of people different,
Of kingdoms' change, of divers government,
Of dreadful battails of renowned knights,
With which he kindleth his ambitious ſprights
To like deſire and praiſe of noble fame,
The only up-ſhot whereto he doth aim;
For all his mind on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purpoſes,
And in his prince's ſervice ſpends his days,
Not ſo much for to gain, or for to raiſe
Himſelf to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to win worthy place,
Through due deſerts and comely carriage,
In whatſo pleaſe employ his perſonage.
That may be matter meet to gain him praiſe;
For he is fit to uſe in all affays,
Whether for arms and warlike amenance,
Or elſe for wiſe and civil governance;
For he is practiz'd well in policy,
And thereto doth his courting moſt apply;
To learn the enterdeale of princes ſtrange,
To mark th' intent of counſels, and the change
Of ſtates, and eke of private men ſome while,
Supplanted by fine falſehood and fair guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the ſtorehouſe of his powerful wit,
Which, through wiſe ſpeeches and grave conference
He daily ekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightful courtier in his kind;
But unto ſuch the Ape lent not his mind;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would deſcry his leud conditions;
But the young luſty gallants he did choſe
To follow, meet to whom he might diſcloſe
His witleſs pleaſance and ill-pleaſing vein.
A thouſand ways he them could entertain,
With all the thriftleſs games that may be found,
With mumming and with maſking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards far unfit,
With ſhuttlecocks, miſ-ſeeming manly wit,
With courtizans and coſtly riotize,
Whereof ſtill ſomewhat to his ſhare did rize:
Ne them to pleaſure, would he ſometimes ſcorn
A pandar's coat; (ſo baſely was he born)
Thereto he could fine loving verſes frame,
And play the poet oft. But, ah! for ſhame,
Let not ſweet poets praiſe, whoſe only pride
Is vertue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the work of loſels' wit defamed,
Ne let ſuch verſes poetry be named:
Yet he the name on him would raſhly take,
Maugre the ſacred Muſes, and it make
A ſervant to the vile affection
Of ſuch as he depended moſt upon,
And with the ſugry ſweet thereof allure
Chaſte ladies' ears to fantaſies impure.

To ſuch delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vain humours fed
With fruitleſs follies and unſound delights;
But if perhaps into their noble ſprights
Deſire of honour or brave thought of arms
Did ever creep, then with his wicked charms
And ſtrong conceits he would it drive away,
Ne ſuffer it to houſe there half a day;
And when ſo love of letters did inſpire
Their gentle wit, and kindle wiſe deſire,
That chiefly doth each noble mind adorn,
Then he would ſcoff at learning, and eke ſcorn
The ſectaries thereof, as people baſe,
And ſimple men, which never came in place
Of world's affairs, but, in dark corners mew'd,
Mutter'd of matters as their books them ſhew'd,
Ne other knowledge ever did attain,
But with their gowns their gravity maintain.
From them he would his impudent lewd ſpeach
Againſt God's holy miniſters oft reach,
And mock divines and their profeſſion:
What elſe then did he by progreſſion
But mock high God himſelf, whom they profeſs?
But what car'd he for God or godlineſs?
All his care was himſelf how to advance,
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning means he could deviſe;
Were it by honeſt ways or otherwiſe,
He made ſmall choice; yet ſure his honeſty
Got him ſmall gains, but ſhameleſs flattery,
And filthy brocage, and unſeemly ſhifts,
And borrow baſe, and ſome good ladies gifts;
But the beſt help which chiefly him ſuſtain'd,
Was his man Reynold's purchaſe which he gain'd;
For he was ſchool'd by kind in all the ſkill
Of cloſe conveyance, and each practice ill
Of cooſinage and cleanly knavery,
Which oft maintain'd his maſter's bravery.
Beſides, he us'd another ſlippery ſleight,
In taking on himſelf in common ſight
Falſe perſonages, fit for every ſted,
With which he thouſands cleanly cooſined;
Now like a merchant, merchants to deceave,
With whom his credit he did often leave
In gage for his gay maſter's hopleſs det;
Now like a lawyer, when he land would let,
Or ſell fee-ſimples in his maſter's name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the ſame;
Then would he be a broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win;
Then would he ſeem a farmer, that would ſell
Bargains of woods which he did lately fell,
Or corn, or cattle, or ſuch other ware,
Thereby to cooſin men not well aware;
Of all the which there came a ſecret fee
To th' Ape, that he his countenance might be.
Beſides all this he us'd oft to beguile
Poor ſuters that in court did haunt ſome while;
For he would learn their buſineſs ſecretly,
And then inform his maſter haſtily,
That he by means might caſt them to prevent,
And beg the ſute the which the other ment:

Or otherwise, false Reynold would abuse
The simple suiter, and wish him to chuse
His master, being one of great regard
In court, to compass any suite not hard,
In case his pains were recompenc'd with reason;
So would he work the silly man by treason
To buy his master's frivolous good-will,
That had not power to do him good or ill.
So pitiful a thing is suters' state!
Most miserable man! whom wicked Fate
Hath brought to court to sue for had-ywist,
That few have found, and many one have mist;
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy princes grace, yet want her peers;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne,
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend.
Whoever leaves sweet home, where mean estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Finds all things needful for contentment meek,
And will to court for shadows vain to seek,
Or hope to gain, himself a daw will try;
That curse God send unto mine enemy:
For none but such as this bold Ape unblest
Can ever thrive in that unlucky quest,
Or such as have a Reynold to his man,
That by his shifts his master furnish can.
But yet this Fox could not so closely hide
His crafty feats, but that they were descryde
At length, by such as fate in Justice' seat,
Who for the same him soully did entreat,
And having worthily him punished,
Out of the court for ever banished.
And now the Ape wanting his huckster-man,
That wont provide his necessaries, 'gan
To grow into great lack, ne could up-hold
His countenance in those his garments old;
Ne new ones could he easily provide,
Though all men him uncased 'gan deride,
Like as a puppet placed in a play,
Whose part once past, all men bid take away,
So that he driven was to great distress,
And shortly brought to hopeless wretchedness.
Then closely as he might he cast to leave
The court, not asking any pass or leave.
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne never staid in place, ne spake to wight,
Till that the Fox his copesmate he had found,
To whom complaining his unhappy stound,
At last again with him in travel join'd,
And with him sar'd, some better chance to find:
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardness suffered,
That them repented much so foolishly
To come so far to seek for misery,
And leave the sweetness of contented home,
Though eating hips, and drinking watry some.
Thus as they them complained to and fro,
Whil'st through the forest rechless they did go,
Lo, where they spide how in a gloomy glade
The lion sleeping lay in secret shade,
His crown and sceptre lying him beside,
And having dost for heat his dreadful hide;
Which when they saw, the Ape was sore afraid,
And would have fled, with terror all dismaid;
But him the fox with hardy words did stay,
And bad him put all cowardize away,
For now was time (if ever they would hope)
To aim their counsels to the fairest scope,
And them for ever highly to advaunce,
In case the good which their own happy chaunce
Them freely offered they would wisely take.
Scarce could the Ape yet speak, so did he quake,
Yet as he could he askt how good might grow
Where nought but dread and death did seem in show?
Now (said he) whiles the lion sleepeth sound,
May we his crown and mace take from the ground,
And eke his skin, the terror of the wood,
Where-with we may ourselves (if we think good)
Make kings of beasts and lords of forests all,
Subject unto that power imperial.
Ah! but (said the Ape) who is so bold a wretch
That dare his hardy hand to those out-stretch,
When as he knows his meed, if he be spide,
To be a thousand deaths, and shame beside?
Fond Ape (said then the Fox) unto whose brest
Never crept thought of honour nor brave gest,
Who will not venture life a king to be,
And rather rule and raign in soveraign see,
Than dwell in dust inglorious and base,
Where none shall name the number of his place?
One joyous hour in blissful happiness
I chuse before a life of wretchedness:
Be therefore councelled herein by me,
And shake off this vile hearted cowardee,
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may colour it with some pretext
Of this or that, that may excuse the crime;
Else we may fly; thou to a tree mayst clime,
And I creep under ground, both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to do as I do teach.
The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,
Now gan some courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glory and rash covetise;
But first 'gan question whether should assay
Those royal ornaments to steal away.
Marry that shall yourself, (quoth he thereto)
For ye be fine and nimble it to do;
Of all the beasts which in the forests be,
Is not a fitter for this turn than ye;
Therefore, mine own dear Brother! take good hart,
And ever think a kingdom is your part.

Loth was the Ape (though praiſed) to adventure,
Yet faintly 'gan his work to enter,
Afraid of every leaf that ſtirr'd him by,
And every ſtick that underneath did lie:
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noiſe, and ſtill his ear he lent
To every ſound that under heaven blew;
Now went, now ſtept, now crept, now backward drew,
That it good ſport had been him to have ey'd:
Yet at the laſt (ſo well he him apply'd)
Through his fine handling and his cleanly play,
He all thoſe royal ſigns had ſtoln away,
And with the Fox's help them born aſide
Into a ſecret corner uneſpide;
Whether whenas they came, they fell at words,
Whether of them ſhould be the lord of lords?
For th' Ape was ſtrifeful and ambitious,
And the Fox guileful, and moſt covetous,
That neither pleaſed was to have the rein
Twixt them divided into even twain,
But either (algates) would be lords alone;
For love and lordſhip bide no paragone.
I am moſt worthy (ſaid the Ape) ſith I
For it did put my life in jeopardy;
Thereto I am in perſon and in ſtature
Moſt like a man, the lord of every creature,
So that it ſeemeth I was made to raign,
And born to be a kingly ſoveraign.
Nay, (ſaid the Fox) Sir Ape, you are aſtray;
For though to ſteal the diadem away
Were the work of your nimble hand, yet I
Did firſt deviſe the plot by policy,
So that it wholly ſpringeth from my wit,
For which alſo I claim myſelf more fit
Than you to rule; for government of ſtate
Will without wiſdom ſoon be ruinate;
And where ye claim your ſelf for outward ſhape
Moſt like a man, man is not like an Ape
In his chief parts, that is, in wit and ſpirit,
But I therein moſt like to him do merit,
For my ſly wyles and ſubtil craftineſs,
The title of the kingdom to poſſeſs.
Nath'leſs (my Brother) ſince we paſſed are
Unto this point, we will appeaſe our jar,
And I with reaſon meet will reſt content,
That ye ſhall have both crown and government,
Upon condition that ye ruled be
In all affairs, and councelled by me,
And that ye let none other ever draw
Your mind from me, but keep this as a law,
And hereupon an oath unto me plight.
The Ape was glad to end the ſtrife ſo light,
And there-to ſwore; for who would not oft ſwear,
And oft unſwear, a diadem to bear?
Then freely up thoſe royal ſpoils he took,
Yet at the lion's ſkin he inly quook,
But it diſſembled, and upon his head
The crown, and on his back the ſkin, he did,
And the falſe fox he helped to array:
Then when he was all dight, he took his way
Into the foreſt, that he might be ſeen
Of the wild beaſts in his new glory ſheen.
There the two firſt whom he encountred were
The ſheep, and th' aſs, who, ſtriken both with fear
At ſight of him, 'gan faſt away to fly;
But unto them the Fox aloud did cry,
And in the king's name bade them both to ſtay,
Upon the pain that thereof follow may.
Hardly nath'leſs were they reſtrained ſo,
Till that the Fox forth toward them did go,
And there diſſuaded them from needleſs fear,
For that the king did favour to them bear,
And therefore dreadleſs bade them come court,
For no wild beaſts ſhould do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his majeſty
Uſe them but well, with gracious clemency,
As whom he knew to him both faſt and true;
So he perſuaded them with homage due
Themſelves to humble to the Ape proſtrate,
Who gently to them bowing in his gate,
Received them with chearful entertain.
Thence, forth proceeding with his prince train,
He ſhortly met the tyger and the boar,
Which with the ſimple camel raged ſore
In bitter words, ſeeking to take occaſion
Upon his fleſhy corps to make invaſion;
But ſoon as they this mock-king did eſpy,
Their troublous ſtrife they ſtinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the lion was.
He then, to prove whether his power would paſs
As current, ſent the Fox to them ſtraightway,
Commanding them their cauſe of ſtrife bewray,
And if that wrong on either ſide there were,
That he ſhould warn the wronger to appear
The morrow next at court it to defend,
In the mean time upon the king t' attend.
The ſubtile Fox ſo well his meſſage ſaid,
That the proud beaſts him readily obeyd;
Whereby the Ape, in wondrous ſtomach wox,
Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Fox,
That king indeed himſelf he ſhortly thought,
And all the beaſts him feared as they ought,
And followed unto his palace hie,
Where taking congee, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadful awe,
Full of the feared ſight which late they ſaw.
The Ape thus ſeized of the regal throne,
Eftſoons, by counſel of the Fox alone,
'Gan to provide for all things in aſſurance,
That ſo his rule might longer have endurance.
Firſt to his gate he pointed a ſtrong guard,
That none might enter but with iſſue hard;
Then for the ſafeguard of his perſonage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of forraign beaſts, not in the forreſt bred,
But part by land and part by water fed;
For tyranny is with ſtrange aid ſupported.
Then unto him all monſtrous beaſts reſorted,
Bred of two kinds, as griffins, minotaures,
Crocodiles, dragons, beavers, and centaures;

With thoſe himſelf he ſtrengthened mightily,
That fear he need no force of enemy:
Then 'gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Fox did guide his graceleſs ſkill,
And all wild beaſts made vaſſals of his pleaſures,
And with their ſpoiles enlarg'd his private treſures,
No care of juſtice, nor no rule of reaſon,
No temperance, nor no regard of ſeaſon,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his mind;
But cruelty, the ſign of curriſh kind,
And 'ſdainful pride and wilful arrogaunce;
Such follows thoſe whom Fortune doth advaunce:
But the falſe Fox moſt kindly plaid his part,
For whatſoever mother-wit or art
Could work, he put in proof; no practiſe fly,
No counterpoint of cunning policy,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the ſame did to his purpoſe wring.
Nought ſuffred he the Ape to give or graunt,
But through his hand alone muſt paſs the ſiaunt.
All offices, all leaſes, by him lept,
And of them all what-ſo he lik'd he kept.
Juſtice he ſold, injuſtice for to buy,
And for to purchaſe for his progeny.
Ill might it proſper that ill gotten was;
But ſo he got it little did he paſs.
He fed his cubs with fat of all the ſoil,
And with the ſweet of others' ſweating toil;
He crammed them with crums and benefices,
And fill'd their mouths with meeds of malefices;
He cloathed them with all colours, ſave white,
And loaded them with lordſhips and with might,
So much as they were able well to bear,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were;
He chaffred chairs in which churchmen were ſet,
And breach of laws to privy farm did let.
No ſtatute ſo eſtabliſhed might be,
Nor ordinance ſo needful, but that he
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repoſ'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdom's corner-ſtone:
And ever when he ought would bring to paſs,
His long experience the platform was;
And when he ought not pleaſing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift and huſbandry,
For to encreaſe the common treaſure's ſtore;
But his own treaſure he encreaſed more,
And lifted up his lofty towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour ſky.
The whiles the prince's palaces fell faſt
To ruin; (for what thing can ever laſt?)
And whilſt the other peers for poverty
Were forc't their ancient houſes to let lie,
And their old caſtles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers, famous over all,
Had founded for the kingdom's ornament,
And for their memories' long moniment.
But he no count made of nobility,
Nor the wild beaſts whom arms did glorify,
The realm's chief ſtrength, and girlond of the crown;
All theſe, through ſained crimes, he thruſt adown,
Or made them dwell in darkneſs of diſgrace,
For none but whom he liſt might come in place.
Of men of arms he had but ſmall regard,
But kept them low, and ſtreightned very hard;
For men of learning little he eſteemed;
His wiſdom he above their learning deemed.
As for the raſcal commons, leaſt he cared,
For not ſo common was his bounty ſhared;
Let God, (ſaid he) if pleaſe, care for the many,
I for myſelf muſt care before elſe any.
So did he good to none, to many ill,
So did he all the kingdom rob and pill,
Yet none durſt ſpeak, nor none durſt of him plain,
So great he was in grace, and rich through gain:
Ne would he any let to have acceſs
Unto the prince but by his own addreſs;
For all that elſe did come were ſure to fail;
Yet would he further none but for avail:
For on a time the ſheep, to whom of yore
The Fox had promiſed of friendſhip ſtore,
What time the Ape the kingdom firſt did gain,
Came to the court, her caſe there to complain,
How that the wolf, her mortal enemy,
Had ſithence ſlain her lamb moſt cruelly,
And therefore crav'd to come unto the king,
To let him know the order of the thing.
Soft, Goody Sheep, (then ſaid the Fox) not ſo;
Unto the king ſo raſh ye may not go;
He is with greater matter buſied
Than a lamb, or the lamb's own mother's hed;
Ne certes may I take it well in part
That ye my couſin wolf ſo foully thwart,
And ſeek with ſlander his good name to blot;
For there was cauſe elſe do it he would not:
Therefore ſurceaſe, good Dame, and hence depart:
So went the ſheep away with heavy heart;
So many moe, ſo every one was uſed,
That to give largely to the box refuſed.

Now when high Jove, in whoſe almighty hand
The care of kings and power of empires ſtand,
Sitting one day within his turret hie,
From whence he views with his black-lidded eye,
What-ſo the heaven in his wide vault contains,
And all that in the deepeſt earth remains,
And troubled kingdom of wild beaſts beheld,
Whom not their kindly ſovereign did weld,
But an uſurping Ape with guile ſuborn'd,
Had all ſubverſt, he diſdainfully it ſcorn'd
In his great heart, and hardly did refrain,
But that with thunderbolts he had him ſlain,
And driven down to hell, his dueſt meed;
But him aviſing, he that dreadful deed
Forbore, and rather choſe with ſcornful ſhame
Him to avenge, and blot his brutiſh name
Unto the world, that never after any
Should of his race be void of infamy;
And his falſe counſellor, the cauſe of all,
To damn to death, or dole perpetual,
From whence he never ſhould be quit nor ſtall'd,
Forth-with he Mercury unto him call'd,
And bade him fly with never-reſting ſpeed
Unto the forreſt, where wild beaſts do breed
And there enquiring privily, to learn

What did of late chance to the lion ſtearn,
That he rul'd not the empire as he ought?
And whence were all thoſe plaints unto him brought,
Of wrongs and ſpoils by ſalvage beaſts committed?
Which done, he bade the lion be remitted
Into his ſeat, and thoſe ſame treachours vile
Be puniſhed for their preſumptuous guile.
The ſon of Maia, ſoon as he receiv'd
That word, ſtraight with his azure wings he cleav'd
The liquid clouds and lucid firmament,
Ne ſtaid till that he came with ſteep deſcent
Unto the place where his preſcript did ſhow;
There ſtouping, like an arrow from a bow,
He ſoft arrived on the graſſie plain,
And fairly paced forth with eaſy pain,
Till that unto the palace nigh he came:
Then 'gan he to himſelf new ſhape to frame,
And that fair face, and that ambroſial hue,
Which wonts to deck the gods' immortal crew,
And beautifie the ſhinie firmament,
He doft, unfit for that rude rablement.
So ſtanding by the gates in ſtrange diſguize,
He 'gan inquire of ſome, in ſecret wize,
Both of the king and of his government,
And of the Fox, and his falſe blandiſhment;
And evermore he heard each one complain
Of foul abuſes both in realm and raign;
Which yet to prove more true, he meant to ſee,
And an eye-witneſs of each thing to be:
Tho' on his head his dreadful hat he dight,
Which maketh him inviſible to ſight,
And mocketh the eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them think it but a viſion.
Through power of that he runs through enemies ſwerds; [herds
Through power of that he paſſeth through the
Of ravenous wild beaſts, and doth beguile
Their greedy mouths of the expected ſpoil;
Through power of that his cunning thieveries
He wonts to work, that none the ſame eſpies;
And through the power of that he putteth on
What ſhape he liſt in apparition.
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He took Caddaceus, his ſnaky wand,
With which the damned ghoſts he governeth,
And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth;
With that he cauſeth ſleep to ſeize the eyes,
And fear the hearts of all his enemies;
And when him liſt, an univerſal night
Throughout the world he makes on every wight,
As when his ſire with Alcumena lay.
Thus dight, into the court he took his way,
Both through the gard, which never him deſcride,
And through the watchmen, who him never ſpide:
Thence forth he paſt into each ſecret part,
Whereas he ſaw (that ſorely griev'd his hart)
Each place abounding with foul injuries,
And fill'd with treaſure rack'd with robberies;
Each place defil'd with blood of guiltleſs beaſts,
Which had been ſlain to ſerve the Ape's beheaſts:
Gluttony, malice, pride, and covetize,
And lawleſneſs raigning with riotize;
Beſides the infinite extortions
Done through the Fox's great oppreſſions,
That the complaints thereof could not be told:
Which when he did with loathful eyes behold,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And caſt to ſeek the lion where he may,
That he might work th' avengement for his ſhame,
On thoſe two caitives which had bred him blame;
And ſeeking all the forreſt buſily,
At laſt he found where ſleeping he did lie.
The wicked weed, which there the Fox did lay,
From underneath his head he took away,
And then him waking, forced up to riſe,
The lion, looking up, 'gan him avize,
As one late in a trance, what had of long
Become of him, for fantaſie is ſtrong.
Ariſe, (ſaid Mercury) thou ſluggiſh beaſt,
That here lieſt ſenſeleſs, like the corps deceaſt,
The whilſt thy kingdom from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royal with diſhonour blent;
Ariſe, and do thyſelf redeem from ſhame,
And be aveng'd on thoſe that breed thy blame.
There-at enraged, ſoon he 'gan up-ſtart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,
And rouzing up himſelf, for his rough hide
He 'gan to reach, but no where it eſpide:
There-with he 'gan full terrible to roar,
And chauſt at that indignity right ſore;
But when his crown and ſcepter both he wanted,
Lord how he ſum'd, and ſwell'd, and rag'd and panted,
And threatned death, and thouſand deadly 'dolours,
To them that had purloin'd his princely honours!
With that in haſte, diſrobed as he was,
He towards his own palace forth did paſs,
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forreſt with aſtoniſhment
Thereof did tremble, and the beaſts therein
Fled faſt away from that ſo dreadful din.
At laſt he came unto his manſion,
Where all the gates he found faſt lockt anon,
And many warders round about them ſtood:
With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood,
That all the palace quaked at the ſtound,
As if it quite were riven from the ground,
And all within were dead and heartleſs left;
And th' Ape himſelf, as one whoſe wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and every corner ſought,
To hide himſelf feared thought:
But the falſe Fox, when he the lion heard,
Fled cloſely forth, ſtraightway of death afear'd,
And to the lion came full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watry eyn half weeping,
T' excuſe his former treaſon and abuſion,
And turning all unto the Ape's confuſion:
Nath'leſs th' royal beaſt forbore believing,
But bade him ſtay at eaſe till further prieving.
Then when he ſaw no entraunce to him graunted,
Roaring yet louder, that all hearts it daunted,
Upon thoſe gates with force he fiercely flew,
And rending them in pieces, felly ſlew

Thoſe warders ſtrange, and all that elſe he met,
But th' Ape ſtill flying, he no where might get;
From room to room, from beam to beam he fled,
All breathleſs, and for fear now almoſt ded:
Yet him at laſt the lion ſpide and caught,
And forth with ſhame unto his judgment brought.
Then all the beaſts he cauſ'd aſſembled be,
To hear their doom, and ſad enſample ſee.
The Fox, firſt author of that treachery,
He did uncaſe, and then away let fly;
But th' Ape's long tail (which then he had) he quite
Cut off, and both ears parted of their behight;
Since which all apes but half their ears have left,
And of their tails are utterly bereft."
So Mother Hubberd her diſcourſe did end,
Which pardon me if I amiſs have pen'd;
For weak was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it ſo bluntly told.

PROTHALAMION:

OR,

A SPOUSAL VERSE,

In honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and virtuous ladies, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Lady Catharine Somerset, daughters to the Right Honourable the Earl of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthy Gentlemen, Henry Gilford, and William Peter, Esquires.

CALM was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did allay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair,
When I, whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' courts, and expectations vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain,
Walk'd forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver streaming Thames,
Whose rushy bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meeds adorn'd with dainty gems,
Fit to deck maidens' bowres,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

There in a meadow by the river's side,
A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose untide,
As each had been a bride;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrailed curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full featously
The tender stalks on hie.
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gather'd some; the violet, pallid blue,
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose true,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegroom's posies
Against the bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow which does the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,

Nor Jove himſelf, when he a ſwan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
For Leda was (they ſay) as white as he,
Yet not ſo white as theſe, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle ſtream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bad his billows ſpare
To wet their ſilken feathers, leaſt they might
Soyl their fair plumes with water not ſo fair,
And mar their beauties bright,
That ſhone as heaven's light,
Againſt their bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

Eſtſoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haſte to ſee that ſilver brood,
As they came floting on the cryſtal flood;
Whom when they ſaw, they ſtood amazed ſtill,
Their wondring eyes to fill;
Them ſeem'd they never ſaw a ſight ſo fair,
Of fowls ſo lovely, that they ſure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that ſame pair
Which through the ſky draw Venus' ſilver teem;
For ſure they did not ſeem
To be begot of any earthly ſeed,
But rather angels, or of angels' breed;
Yet were they bred of ſummer's-heat, they ſay,
In ſweeteſt ſeaſon, when each flower and weed
The earth did freſh array;
So freſh they ſeem'd as day,
Even as their bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

Then forth they all out of their baſkets drew
Great ſtore of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the ſenſe did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon thoſe goodly birds they threw,
And all the waves did ſtrew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did ſeem,
When down along by pleaſant Tempe's ſhore,
Scatter'd with flowers, through Theſſaly they ſtreem,
That they appear, through lillies' plentious ſtore,
Like a bride's chamber-floore.
Two of thoſe nymphs, mean-while, two garlands bound
Of freſheſt flowers which in that meed they found,
The which preſenting all in trim array,
Their ſnowy foreheads therewithall they crown'd,
Whilſt one did ſing this lay,
Prepar'd againſt that day,
Againſt that bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

" Ye gentle Birds! the world's fair ornament,
" And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
" Doth lead unto your lovers' bliſsful bower,
" Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
" Of your love's complement;
" And let fair Venus, that is Queen of Love,
" With her heart-quelling ſon upon you ſmile,
" Whoſe ſmile, they ſay, hath Vertue to remove
" All love's diſlike, and friendſhip's faulty guile
" For ever to aſſoil.
" Let endleſs peace your ſtedfaſt hearts accord,
" And bleſſed plenty wait upon your bord;
" And let your bed with pleaſures chaſte abound,
" That fruitful iſſue may to you afford,
" Which may your foes confound,
" And make your joys redound
" Upon your bridal-day, which is not long;
" Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong."

So ended ſhe, and all the reſt around
To her redoubled that her underſong,
Which ſaid their bridal-day ſhould not be long,
And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
Their accents did reſound.
So forth thoſe joyous birds did paſs along
Adown the Lee, that to them murmur'd low,
As he would ſpeak, but that he lackt a tong
Yet did by ſigns his glad affection ſhow,
Making his ſtream run ſlow,
And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
'Gan flock about theſe twain, that did excell
The reſt ſo far as Cynthia doth ſhend
The leſſer ſtars. So they enranged well
Did on thoſe two attend,
And their beſt ſervice lend
Againſt their wedding-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my moſt kindly nurſe,
That to me gave this life's firſt native ſourſe,
Though from another place I take my name,
An houſe of antient fame:
There when they came, whereas thoſe bricky towres
The which on Thames' brode aged back do ride,
Where now the ſtudious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilome went the Templer Knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride;
Next whereunto there ſtands a ſtately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
Whoſe want too well now feels my friendleſs caſe;
But ah! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell
Againſt the bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whoſe dreadful name late thro' all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two Pillars ſtanding near
Did make to quake and fear:
Fair branch of honour, flower of chevalry!
That filleſt England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endleſs happineſs of thine own name
That promiſeth the ſame;

That through thy prowefs and victorious arms
Thy country may be freed from foreign harms,
And great Eliza's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide alarms,
Which fome brave Muſe may ſing
To ages following,
Upon the bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

From thoſe high towers this noble lord iſſuing,
Like radiant Heſper, when his golden hair
In th' ocean billows he hath bathed fair,
Deſcended to the river's open viewing,
With a great train enſuing.
Above the reſt were goodly to be ſeen
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
Beſeeming well the bowre of any queen,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for ſo goodly ſtature,
That like the Twins of Jove they ſeem'd in ſight,
Which deck the bauldrick of the heaven's bright;
They two forth paſſing to the river's-ſide,
Receiv'd thoſe two fair brides, their loves' delight,
Which at th' appointed tide
Each one did make his bride
Againſt their bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

EPITHALAMION.

Ye learned Sisters! which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rimes,
That ev'n the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple layes,
But joyed in their praise;
And when ye list your own mishap to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck, did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenour turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment;
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside,
And having all your heads with girlands crown'd,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound,
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his own bride;
So I unto my self alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

Early before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spred,
Having disperst the night's unchearful damp,
Do ye awake, and with fresh lustihed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My truest turtle-dove,
Bid her awake, for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a batchelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim;
Bid her awake, therefore, and soon her dight,
For loe, the wished day is come at last,
That shall for all the pains and sorrows past
Pay to her usury of long delight;
And whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near,
All with gay girlands goodly well beseen;
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fair love, of lillies and of roses,
Bound true-love wise with a blue silk riband;
And let them make great store of bridal posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridal bowers;
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strew'd with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred like the discoloured meed:
Which done, do at her chamber-door await,
For she will waken strait;
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

"Ye nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others do excel)
And ye likewise, which keep the rushie lake,
Where none do fishes take,
Bind up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the crystal bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot Maids! which keep the door,
That on the hoary mountain use to towre,
And the wild wolves which seek them to devour,
Which your steel darts do chace from coming near,
Be also present here
To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

"Wake now, my Love! awake, for it is time;
The roſie Morn long ſince left Tithon's bed,
And ready to her ſilver coach to clime,
And Phœbus 'gins to ſhew his glorious head.
Hark! how the chearful birds do chaunt their layes,
And carrol of Love's praiſe.
The merry lark her mattins ſings aloft,
The thruſh replies, the mevis deſcant plays,
The ouzel ſhrills, the ruddock warbles ſoft;
So goodly all agree, with ſweet conſent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear Love! why do ye ſleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye ſhould now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the bird's love-learned ſong,
The dewie leaves among?
For they of joy and pleaſance to you ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer, and their eccho ring.

"My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like ſtars that dimmed were
With darkſome cloud, now ſhew their goodly beams,
More bright than Heſperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye Damſels! daughters of Delight,
Help quickly her to dight;
But firſt come, ye fair Houres! which were begot
In Jove's ſweet paradiſe of day and night,
Which do the ſeaſons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and ſtill repair:
And ye three Handmaids of the Cyprian queen,
The which do ſtill adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifulleſt bride,
And as ye her array, ſtill throw between
Some graces to be ſeen;
And as ye uſe to Venus, to her ſing,
The whiles the woods ſhall anſwer, and your eccho ring.

"Now is my love all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, freſh Boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare your ſelves, for he is coming ſtrait:
Set all your things in ſeemly good array,
Fit for ſo joyful day,
The joyfulſt day that ever ſun did ſee.
Fair Sun! ſhew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy life-ful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her ſun-ſhiny face,
Her beauty to diſgrace.
O faireſt Phœbus! father of the Muſe,
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or ſing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy ſervant's ſimple boon refuſe,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the reſt be thine:
Then I thy ſoveraign praiſes loud will ſing,
That all the woods ſhall anſwer, and their eccho ring.

"Hark! how the minſtrils 'gin to ſhrill aloud
Their merry muſick that reſounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar:
But moſt of all the damzels do delite
When they their timbrels ſmite,
And thereunto do daunce and carrol ſweet,
That all the ſenſes they do raviſh quite;
The whiles the boys run up and down the ſtreet,
Crying aloud, with ſtrong confuſed noiſe,
As if it were one voice,
Hymen, Iö Hymen! Hymen they do ſhout;
That even to the heavens their ſhouting ſhrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people ſtanding all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud.
And even more they Hymen, Hymen ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer, and their eccho ring.

"Loe, where ſhe comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the Eaſt,
Ariſing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that ſeems a virgin beſt:
So well it her beſeems, that ye would ween
Some angel ſhe had been:
Her long looſe yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and perling flowres atween,
Do like a golden mantel her attire,
And being crowned with a girland green,
Seem like ſome maiden queen.
Her modeſt eyes, abaſhed to behold
So many gazers as on her do ſtare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are,
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But bluſh to hear her praiſes ſung ſo loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathleſs do ye ſtill loud her praiſes ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

"Tell me, ye merchants' daughters! did ye ſee
So fair a creature in your town before,
So ſweet, ſo lovely, and ſo mild as ſhe,
Adorn'd with beauty's grace and vertue's ſtore?
Her goodly eyes like ſaphires ſhining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the ſun hath rudded
Her lips like cherries, charming men to bite,
Her breaſt like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lillies budded,
Her ſnowy neck like to a marble towre,
And all her body like a palace fair,
Aſcending up with many a ſtately ſtair
To Honour's ſeat, and Chaſtity's ſweet bowre.
Why ſtand ye ſtill, ye virgins! in amaze,
Upon her ſo to gaze;
Whiles ye forget your former lay to ſing,
To which the woods did anſwer, and your eccho ring.

" But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnish'd with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at the sight,
And stand astonish'd like to those which red
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Vertue reigns as queen of royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your eccho
ring.

" Open the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in before th' Almighty's view;
Of her, ye Virgins! learn obedience,
Whenso ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces,
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord, in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats
The choristers the joyous anthems sing, [ring.
That all the woods may answer, and their eccho

" Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks!
And the pure snow, with goodly vermil stain,
Like crimsin dy'd in grain,
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare:
But her sad eyes, still fastned on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love! to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all your band?
Sing, ye sweet angels! Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

" Now all is done; bring home the bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory:
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast, therefore, now all this live-long day,
This day for ever to me holy is;
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full:
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat and drunken be withal:
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine,
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can do it best;
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their eccho
ring.

" Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day;
This day is holy; do you write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may:
This day the sun is in its chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright;
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees:
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chuse the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night, when longest fitter were;
Yet never day so long but late would pass.
Ring ye the bells to make it wear away,
And bonefires make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

" Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend?
How slowly doth sad Time his feathers move?
Haste thee, O fairest Planet! to thy home,
Within the western foame;
Thy tyred steeds long since have need of rest.
Long tho it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright evening-star, with golden crest,
Appear out of the east.
Fair child of beauty, glorious lamp of love,
That all the host of heaven in ranks doost lead,
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
How chearfully thou lookest from above,
And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho
ring."

Now cease, ye Damsels! your delights forepast,
Enough it is that all the day was yours;
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the bride into the bridal bowres;
Now night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay;

Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odour'd sheets; and arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
In proud humility;
Like unto Maia, whenas Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowrie grass,
'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brook:
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lays to sing;
The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

Now welcome night, thou night so long expected,
That long days labour doth at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,
Hast summ'd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see,
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril, and foul horrot free;
Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calm and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad affray,
Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groom;
Or like as when he with thy self did lie,
And begot Majesty;
And let the maids and young men cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cries nor dolefull tears
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt?
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings, helpless harms,
Ne let the pouk, nor other evil sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not:
Let not the skricch-owl nor the stork be heard,
Nor the night-raven, that still deadly yells,
Nor damned ghosts, call'd up with mighty spells,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still croking
Make us to wish their choking;
Let none of these their drery accents sing,
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho ring.

But let still Silence true night-watches keep,
That sacred Peace may in assurance reign,
And timely Sleep, when it is time to sleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plain;
The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret dark, that none reproves,
Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares shall spread,
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceal'd through covert night.
Ye Sons of Venus! play your sports at will,
For greedy Pleasure, careless of your toyes,
Think more upon her Paradise of joyes
Then what you do, all be it good or ill.
All night, therefore, attend your merry play
For it will soon be day:
Now none doth hinder you that say or sing,
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the same which at my window peeps?
Or whose is that fair face which shines so bright?
Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,
But walks about high heaven all the night?
O! fairest Goddess! do thou not envy
My love with me to spy;
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wool, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought:
Therefore to us be favourable now,
And sith of womens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishful vow,
And the chaste womb inform with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed;
Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing,
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful might
The laws of wedlock still dost patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight,
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart,
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessing unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and genial bed remain,
Without blemish or stain,
And the sweet pleasures of their love's delight
With secret aid dost succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny,
Send us the timely fruit of this same night,
And thou, fair Hebe! and thou, Hymen! free,
Grant that it so may be.
Till which we cease your further praise to sing,
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye, high Heavens! the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darkness lend desired light;
And all ye Powers which in the same remain,
More than we men can feign,

Pour out your bleſſing on us plenteouſly,
And happy influence upon us rain,
That we may riſe a large poſterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long poſſeſs
With laſting happineſs,
Up to your haughty palaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of bleſſed ſaints for to increaſe the count:
So let us reſt, ſweet Love! in hope of this
And ceaſe till then our timely joys to ſing,
The woods no more us anſwer, nor our eccho ring.

SONG made in lieu of many ornaments
With which my love ſhould duly have been deckt,
Which cutting off through haſty accidents,
Ye would not ſtay your due time to expect,
But promis'd both to recompence,
But unto her a goodly ornament,
And for ſhort time an endleſs monument.

POEMS.

In youth, before I wexed old,
The blinded boy, Venus' baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hive to grope for honey;
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He took wing, and away did fly,

As Diana hunted on a day,
She chanc'd to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head;
One of his Shafts she stole away,
And one of her's did close convey
Into the other's stead:
With that Love wounded my love's heart,
But Diane beasts with Cupid's dart.

I saw in secret to my dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her, All hail, my Mother;
But when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashful blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
Then next blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty.

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
All in his mother's lap,
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
About him flew by hap;
Whereof when he was wakened with the noise,
And saw the beast so small,
What's this (quoth he) that gives so weak a voice,
That weakens men withall?

In angry wise he flies about,
And threatens all with courage stout:

To whom his mother closely, smiling, said,
'Twixt earnest and 'twixt game,
See, thou thyself likewise art little made,
If thou regard the fame;
And yet thou sufferest neither gods in sky,
Nor men in earth to rest,
But when thou art disposed cruelly,
Their sleep thou dost molest:
Then either change thy cruelty,
Or give like leave unto the fly.

Nath'less the cruel boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue,
And in his hand with heedless hardiment
Him caught for to subdue;
But when on it he hasty hand did lay,
The bee him stung therefore;
Now out, alas! he cride, and wele-away!
I wounded am full sore;
The fly, that I so much did scorn,
Hath hurt me with his little horn.

Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his grief complain'd,
Who could not chuse but laugh at his foul game,
Though sad to see him pain'd.
Think now (quoth she) my son, how great the smart
Of those whom thou dost wound;
Full many thou hast pricked to the heart,
That pity never found;
Therefore henceforth some pity take,
When thou dost spoil of lovers make.

She took him ſtraight full piteouſly lamenting,
And wrapt him in her ſmock:
She wrapt him ſoftly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock:
She dreſt his wound, and it embalmed well
With ſalve of ſoveraign might,
And then ſhe bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of dear Delight.
Who would not oft be ſtung as this,
To be ſo bath'd in Venus' bliſs?

The wanton boy was ſhortly well recur'd
Of that his malady;
But he ſoon after, freſh again enur'd
His former cruelty;
And ſince that time he wounded hath my ſelf
With his ſharp dart of love,
And now forgets the cruel careleſs elf
His mother's heaſt to prove:
So now I languiſh till he pleaſe
My pining anguiſh to appeaſe.

AMORETTI: OR, SONNETS.

SONNET. I.

Happy, ye Leaves! whenas thoſe lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in Love's ſoft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's ſight.
And happy Lines! on which with ſtarry light
Thoſe lamping eyes will deign ſometimes to look,
And read the ſorrows of my dying ſpright,
Written with tears in heart's cloſe bleeding book.
And happy Rimes! bath'd in the ſacred brook
Of Helicon, whence ſhe derived is,
When ye behold that angel's bleſſed look,
My ſoul's long-lacked food, my heaven's bliſs,
Leaves, Lines, and Rimes, ſeek her to pleaſe alone,
Whom if ye pleaſe, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

Unquiet thought, whom at the firſt I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love pined-heart,
And ſithence have with ſighs and ſorrow fed,
Till greater than my womb thou woxen art,
Break forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkeſt like to vipers' brood,
And ſeek ſome ſuccour, both to eaſe my ſmart,
And alſo to ſuſtain thy ſelf with food:
But if in preſence of that faireſt proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet,
And with meek humbleſs and afflicted mood
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, entreat;
Which if ſhe grant, then live, and my love cheriſh;
If not, die ſoon, and I with thee will periſh.

SONNET III.

The ſovereign beauty which I do admire,
Witneſs the world how worthy to be praiſ'd,
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire
In my frail ſpirit, by her from baſeneſs raiſ'd,
That being now with her huge brightneſs daz'd,
Baſe thing I can no more endure to view,
But looking ſtill on her, I ſtand amaz'd
At wondrous ſight of ſo celeſtial hue.
So when my tongue would ſpeak her praiſes due,
It ſtopped is with thought's aſtoniſhment,
And when my pen would write her titles true,
It raviſh'd is with fancy's wonderment;
Yet in my heart I then both ſpeak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IV.

New year forth looking out of Janus' gate,
Doth ſeem to promiſe hope of new delight,
And bidding th' old adieu, his paſſed date
Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpiſh ſpright.
And calling forth out of ſad Winter's night
Freſh Love, that long hath ſlept in cheerleſs bower,
Wills him awake, and ſoon about him dight
His wanton wings, and darts of deadly power:
For luſty Spring, now in his timely howre,
Is ready to come forth, him to receive,
And warns the Earth, with divers-colour'd flowre,
To deck herſelf, and her fair mantle weave;
Then you, fair Flowre! in whom freſh youth doth reign,
Prepare your ſelf new love to entertain.

SONNET V.

Rudely thou wrongeſt my dear heart's deſire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing in which I do moſt in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy moſt envide;
For in thoſe lofty locks is cloſe implide
Scorn of baſe things and 'ſdeign of foul diſhonour,
Threatning raſh eyes which gaze on her ſo wide,
That looſely they ne dare to look upon her.
Such pride is praiſe, ſuch portlineſs is honour,
That boldneſs innocence bears in her eyes,
And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
Without ſome ſparke of ſuch ſelf-pleaſing pride.

SONNET VI.

Be nought dismaid that her unmoved mind
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride;
Such love not like to lusts of baser kind,
The harder won, the firmer will abide.
The dureful oak, whose sap is not yet dride,
Is long e'er it conceive the kindling fire,
But when it once doth burn, it doth divide
Great heat, and make his flames to heaven aspire:
So hard it is to kindle new desire
In gentle breast that shall endure for ever;
Deep is the wound that dints the parts entire
With chaste effects that nought but death can sever.
Then think not long in taking little pain
To knit the knot that ever shall remain.

SONNET VII.

Fair eyes, the mirrour of my mazed heart,
What wondrous vertue is contain'd in you,
The which both life and death forth from you dart
Into the object of your mighty view?
For when ye mildly look with lovely hue,
Then is my soul with life and love inspir'd;
But when ye lowre, or look on me askew,
Then do I die, as one with lightning fir'd.
But since that life is more than death desir'd,
Look ever lovely, as becomes you best;
That your bright beams of my weak eyes admir'd,
May kindle living fire within my breast.
Such life should be the honour of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

More than most fair, full of the living fire
Kindled above, unto the Maker near;
No eyes but joys, in which all powers conspire,
That to the world nought else be counted dear:
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
Shoot out his darts to base affection's wound?
But angels come to lead frail minds to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
You calm the storm that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.
Dark is the world where your light shined never;
Well is he born that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.

Long-while I sought to what I might compare
Those powreful eyes which lighten my dark spright,
Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble th' image of the goodly light.
Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
Nor to the moon, for they are changed never;
Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning, for they still persever;
Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
Nor unto chrystal, for nought may them sever;
Nor unto glass, such baseness mought offend her:
Then to the Maker self they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET X.

Unrighteous lord of Love! what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss
Of her free-will scorning both thee and me?
See how the tyranness doth joy to see
The huge massacres which her eyes do make,
And humbled hearts brings captive unto thee,
That thou of them mayst mighty vengeance take.
But her proud heart do thou a little shake,
And that high look, with which she doth control
All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,
And all her faults in thy black book enrol,
That I may laugh at her in equal sort
As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her sport.

SONNET XI.

Daily when I do seek and sue for peace,
And hostages do offer for my truth,
She, cruel warriour, doth her self address
To battel, and the weary war renew'th;
Ne will be mov'd with reason or with ruth
To grant small respit to my restless toil,
But greedily her fell intent persu'th,
Of my poor life, to make unpitied spoil.
Yet my poor life, all sorrows to assoil,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie,
But then she seeks, with torment and turmoil,
To force me live, and will not let me die.
All pain hath end, and every war hath peace;
But mine no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET XII.

One day I sought with heart-thrilling eyes
To make a truce, and terms to entertain,
All fearless then of so false enemies,
Which sought me to entrap in treason's train:
So as I then disarmed did remain,
A wicked ambush, which lay hidden long
In the close covert of her guileful eyen,
Thence breaking forth, did thick about me throng.
Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
Was forc'd to yield my self into their hands,

Who me captiving, ſtraight with rigorous wrong
Have ever ſince kept me in cruel bands:
So, Lady, now to you I do complain
Againſt your eyes, that juſtice I may gain.

SONNET XIII.

In that proud port which her ſo goodly graceth,
Whiles her fair face ſhe rears up to the ſky,
And to the ground her eye-lids low embraceth,
Moſt goodly temperature ye may deſcry,
Mild humbleſs, mixt with aweful majeſty;
For looking on the earth, whence ſhe was born,
Her mind remembreth her mortality;
What-ſo is faireſt ſhall to earth return.
But that ſame lofty countenance ſeems to ſcorn
Baſe thing, and think how ſhe to heaven may clime,
Treading down earth as loathſome and forlorn,
That hinders heavenly thoughts with droſſy ſlime;
Yet lowly ſtill vouchſafe to look on me,
Such lowlineſs ſhall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

Return again, my forces, late diſmaid,
Unto the ſiege by you abandon'd quite;
Great ſhame it is to leave, like one afraid,
So fair a piece for one repulſe ſo light,
'Gainſt ſuch ſtrong caſtles needeth greater might
Than thoſe ſmall forces ye were wont belay;
Such haughty minds, enur'd to hardy fight,
Diſdain to yield unto the firſt aſſay.
Bring, therefore, all the forces that ye may,
And lay inceſſant battry to her heart;
Plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, ſorrow, and diſmay,
Thoſe engins can the proudeſt love convert;
And if thoſe fail, fall down and die before her,
So dying live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

Ye tradeful Merchants! that with weary toil
Do ſeek moſt precious things to make your gain,
And both the Indias of their treaſure ſpoil,
What needeth you to ſeek ſo far in vain?
For, lo! my love doth in her ſelf contain
All this world's riches that may far be found;
If ſaphyrs, lo! her eyes be ſaphyrs plain;
If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies ſound;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
If gold, her locks are fineſt gold on ground;
If ſilver, her fair hands are ſilver ſheen:
But that which faireſt is, but few behold,
Her mind, adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

One day as I unwarily did gaze
On thoſe fair eyes, my love's immortal light,
The whiles my ſtoniſh'd heart ſtood in amaze,
Through ſweet illuſion of her look's delight,
I mote perceive how in her glancing ſight
Legions of Loves with little wings did fly,
Darting their deadly arrows fiery bright
At every raſh beholder paſſing by:
One of thoſe archers cloſely I did ſpy
Aiming his arrow at my very heart,
When ſuddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
The damſel broke his miſintended dart:
Had ſhe not ſo done ſure I had been ſlain,
Yet as it was I hardly ſcap'd with pain.

SONNET XVII.

The glorious pourtract of that angel's face,
Made to amaze weak mens confuſed ſkill,
And this world's worthleſs glory to embrace,
What pen, what penſil, can expreſs her fill?
For though he colours could deviſe at will,
And eke his learned hand at pleaſure guide,
Leſt trembling it his workmanſhip ſhould ſpill,
Yet many wondrous things there are beſide:
The ſweet eye-glances, that like arrows glide,
The charming ſmiles that rob ſenſe from the heart;
The lovely pleaſance, and the lofty pride,
Cannot expreſſed be by any art:
A greater craftſman's hand thereto doth need,
That can expreſs the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVII.

The rolling wheel, that runneth often round,
The hardeſt ſteel in tract of time doth tear;
And drizling drops, that often do redound,
The firmeſt flint doth in continuance wear:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear,
And long intreaty, ſoften her hard heart,
That ſhe will once vouchſafe my plaint to hear,
Or look with pity on my painful ſmart:
But when I plead, ſhe bids me play my part;
And when I weep, ſhe ſays tears are but water;
And when I ſigh, ſhe ſays I know the art;
And when I wail, ſhe turns her ſelf to laughter:
So do I weep and wail, and plead in vain,
Whiles ſhe as ſteel and flint doth ſtill remain.

SONNET XIX.

The merry cuckow, meſſenger of ſpring,
His trumpet ſhrill hath thrice already ſounded,
That warns all lovers wait upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with girland crowned;
With noiſe whereof the quire of birds reſounded
Their anthems ſweet, devized of love's praiſe,
That all the woods their ecchoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their lays:
But 'mongſt them all, which did Dove's honour raiſe,
No word was heard of her that moſt it ought,

But she his precept proudly disobeys,
And doth his idle message set at nought;
Therefore, O Love! unless she turn to thee
E'er cuckow end, let her a rebel be.

SONNET XX.

In vain I seek and sue to her for grace,
And do mine humble heart before her pour,
The whiles her foot she in my neck doth place,
And tread my life down in the lowly flour:
And yet the lion, that is lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdaigneth to devour
The silly lamb that to his might doth yield:
But she, more cruel and more salvage wild
Than either lion or the lioness,
Shames not to be with guiltless blood defil'd,
But taketh glory in her cruelness.
Fairer than fairest, let none ever say
That ye were blooded in a yielded prey.

SONNET XXI.

Was it the work of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the features of her face,
That pride and meekness, mixt by equal part,
Do both appear t' adorn her beauty's grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
She to her love doth lookers' eyes allure,
And with stern count'nance back again doth chace
Their looser looks, that stir up lusts impure.
With such strange trains her eyes she doth inure,
That with one look she doth my life dismay,
And with another doth it straight recure:
Her smile me draws, her frown me drives away.
Thus doth she train and teach me with her looks;
Such art of eyes I never read in books.

SONNET XXII.

This holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclin'd,
Therefore I likewise on so holy day,
For my sweet saint some service fit will find.
Her temple fair is built within my mind,
In which her glorious image placed is,
On which my thoughts do day and night attend,
Like sacred priests, that never think amiss;
There I to her, as th' author of my bliss,
Will build an altar to appease her ire,
And on the same my heart will sacrifice,
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desire;
The which vouchsafe, O Goddess! to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

Penelope, for her Ulysses' sake,
Deviz'd a web her wooers to deceive,
In which the work that she all day did make,
The same at night she did again unreave:
Such subtil craft my damsel doth conceive,
Th' importunate suit of my desire to shun,
For all that I in many days do weave,
In one short hour I find by her undun.
So when I think to end that I begun,
I must begin and never bring to end;
Forth with one look she spills that long I spun,
And with one word my whole year's work doth rend.
Such labour like the spider's web I find,
Whose fruitless work is broken with least wind.

SONNET XXIV.

When I behold that beauty's wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part,
Of Nature's skill the only complement,
I honour and admire the Maker's art;
But when I feel the bitter baleful smart
Which her fair eyes unwares do work in me,
That death out of their shiny beams do dart,
I think that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the gods in counsel did agree
Into this sinful world from heaven to send,
That she to wicked men a scourge should be
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

How long shall this like dying life endure,
And know no end of its own misery,
But waste and wear away in terms unsure,
'Twixt fear and hope depending doubtfully?
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride,
Than to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your pow'r, which I too well have tride.
But yet if in your harden'd breast you hide
A close intent at last to shew me grace,
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
As means of bliss I gladly will embrace,
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meed at last may turn to me.

SONNET XXVI.

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom-flowre, but yet sour enough;

And ſweet is moly, but his root is ill:
So every ſweet with ſour is tempred ſtill.
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For eaſy things, that may be got at will,
Moſt ſorts of men do ſet but little ſtore.
Why then ſhould I account of little pain,
That endleſs pleaſure ſhall unto me gain?

SONNET XXVII.

Fair Proud! now tell me why ſhould fair be proud,
Sith all the world's glory is but groſs unclean?
And in the ſhade of death itſelf ſhould ſhroud,
However now thereof ye little ween.
That goodly idol, now ſo gay beſeen,
Shall doff her fleſhes borrow'd fair attire,
And be forgot as it had never been,
That many now much worſhip and admire:
Ne any then ſhall after it inquire,
Ne any mention ſhall thereof remain,
But what this verſe, that never ſhall expire,
Shall to your purchaſe with her thankleſs pain.
Fair! be no longer proud of that ſhall periſh,
But that which ſhall you make immortal cheriſh.

SONNET XXVIII.

The laurel leaf, which you this day do wear,
Gives me great hope of your relenting mind,
For ſince it is the badge which I do bear,
Ye bearing it do ſeem to me inclin'd:
The power thereof, which oft in me I find,
Let it likewiſe your gentle breaſt inſpire
With ſweet infuſion, and put you in mind
Of that proud maid whom now thoſe leaves attire.
Proud Daphne, ſcorning Phœbus' lovely fire,
On the Theſſalian ſhore from him did flie,
For which the gods, in their revengeful ire,
Did her transform unto a laurel-tree.
Then fly no more, fair Love! from Phœbus' chace,
But in your breaſt his leaf and love embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

See how the ſtubborn damſel doth deprave
My ſimple meaning with diſdainful ſcorn,
And by the bay which I unto her gave,
Accounts my ſelf her captive quite forlorn.
The bay, quoth ſhe, is of the victor born,
Yielded them by the vanquiſht as their meeds,
And they therewith do poets' heads adorn,
To ſing the glory of their famous deeds;
But ſith ſhe will the conqueſt challenge needs,
Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
That her great triumph, which my ſkill exceeds,
I may in trump of Fame blaze over all;
Then would I deck her head with glorious bays,
And fill the world with her victorious praiſe.

SONNET XXX.

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How comes it, then, that this her cold ſo great
Is not diſſolv'd through my ſo hot deſire,
But harder grows the more I her intreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not delaid by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling ſweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, ſhould harden ice,
And ice which is congeal'd with ſenſeleſs cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the courſe of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

Ah! why hath Nature to ſo hard a heart
Given ſo goodly gifts of beauty's grace,
Whoſe pride depraves each other better part,
And all thoſe precious ornaments deface?
Sith to all other beaſts of bloody race
A dreadful countenance ſhe given hath,
That with their terrour all the reſt may chace,
And warn to ſhun the danger of their wrath:
But my proud one doth work the greater ſcath
Through ſweet allurement of her lovely hue,
That ſhe the better may in bloody bath
Of ſuch poor thrall her cruel hands embrew;
But did ſhe know how ill theſe two accord,
Such cruelty ſhe would have ſoon abhorr'd.

SONNET XXXII.

The painful ſmith, with force of fervent heat,
The hardeſt iron ſoon doth mollifie,
That with his heavy fledge he can it beat,
And faſhion to what he it liſt apply;
Yet cannot all theſe flames in which I fry
Her heart, more hard than iron, ſoft awhit,
Ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
Do beat on th' anvile of her ſtubborn wit;
But ſtill the more ſhe fervent ſees my fit,
The more ſhe frizeth in her wilful pride,
And harder grows the harder ſhe is ſmit,
With all the plaints which to her be applide:
What then remains but I to aſhes burn,
And ſhe to ſtones at length all frozen turn?

SONNET XXXIII.

Great wrong I do, I can it not deny,
To that moſt ſacred empreſs, my dear dread,
Not finiſhing her Queen of Faery,
That mote enlarge her living praiſes dead.
But, Lodwick, this of grace to me aread;
Do ye not think th' accompliſhment of it
Sufficient work for one man's ſimple head,
All were it, as the reſt, but rudely writ?

How then ſhould I, without another wit,
Think ever to endure ſo tedious toil?
Sith that this one is toſt with troublous fit
Of a proud love that doth my ſpirit ſpoil.
Ceaſe then till ſhe vouchſafe to grant me reſt,
Or lend you me another living breaſt.

SONNET XXXIV.

Like as a ſhip that through the ocean wide,
By conduct of ſome ſtar, doth make her way,
When as a ſtorm hath dim'd her truſty guide,
Out of her courſe doth wander far aſtray;
So I, whoſe ſtar, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with clouds is overcaſt,
Do wander now in darkneſs and diſmay,
Through hidden perils round about me plac'd;
Yet hope I will that when this ſtorm is paſt
My Helice, the loadſtar of my life,
Will ſhine again, and look on me at laſt
With lovely light, to clear my cloudy grief:
Till then I wander careful, comfortleſs,
In ſecret ſorrow and ſad penſiveneſs.

SONNET XXXV.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetiſe
Still to behold the object of their pain,
With no contentment can themſelves ſuffice,
But having pine, and having not complain:
For lacking it they cannot life ſuſtain,
And having it they gaze on it the more;
In their amazement like Narciſſus vain,
Whoſe eyes him ſtarv'd; ſo plenty makes me poor.
Yet are mine eyes ſo filled with the ſtore
Of that fair ſight, that nothing elſe they brook,
But loath the things which they did like before,
And can no more endure on them to look,
All this world's glory ſeemeth vain to me,
And all their ſhows but ſhadows, ſaving ſhe.

SONNET XXXVI.

Tell me, when ſhall theſe weary woes have end?
Or ſhall their ruthleſs torment never ceaſe;
But all my days in pining languor ſpend,
Without hope of aſſwagement or releaſe.
Is there no means for me to purchaſe peace?
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes,
But that their cruelty doth ſtill increaſe,
And daily more augment my miſeries.
But when ye have ſhew'd all extremities,
Then think how little glory ye have gain'd
By ſlaying him, whoſe life though ye deſpiſe,
Mote have your life in honour long maintain'd;
But by his death, which ſome perhaps will mone,
Ye ſhall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

What guile is this, that thoſe her golden treſſes
She doth attire under a net of gold,
And with ſly ſkill ſo cunningly them dreſſes,
That which is gold or hair may ſcarce be told?
Is it that mens frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden ſnare,
And being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?
Take heed, therefore, mine Eyes! how ye do ſtare
Henceforth too rafhly on that guileful net,
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no means ſhall get.
Fondneſs it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be.

SONNET XXXVIII.

Arion, when through tempeſt's cruel wrack
He forth was thrown into the greedy ſeas,
Through the ſweet muſic which his harp did make,
Allur'd a dolphin him from death to eaſe;
But my rude muſick, which was wont to pleaſe
Some dainty ears, cannot with any ſkill
The dreadful tempeſt of her wrath appeaſe,
Nor move the dolphin from her ſtubborn will,
But in her pride ſhe doth perſevere ſtill,
All careleſs how my life for her decays,
Yet with one word ſhe can it ſave or ſpill;
To ſpill were pity, but to ſave were praiſe.
Chuſe rather to be prais'd for doing good,
Than to be blam'd for ſpilling guiltleſs blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

Sweet Smile, the daughter of the Queen of Love
Expreſſing all thy mother's powerful art,
With which ſhe wonts to temper angry Jove,
When all the gods he threats with thundring dart,
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy ſelf ſweet art;
For when on me thou ſhinedſt late in ſadneſs,
A melting pleaſance ran through every part,
And me revived with heart-robbing gladneſs.
Whilſt rapt with joy reſembling heavenly madneſs,
My ſoul was raviſht quite as in a trance,
And feeling thence no more her ſorrow's ſadneſs,
Fed on the fulneſs of that chearful glance;
More ſweet than nectar or ambroſial meat
Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET XL.

Mark when ſhe ſmiles with amiable chear,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it,
When on each eye-lid ſweetly do appear
An hundred graces, as in ſhade to ſit:
Likeſt it ſeemeth, in my ſimple wit,
Unto the fair ſunſhine in ſummer's day,
That when a dreadful ſtorm away is flit,

Through the broad world doth ſpread his goodly ray,
At ſight whereof each bird that ſits on ſpray,
And every beaſt that to his den was fled,
Come forth afreſh out of their late diſmay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head:
So my ſtorm-beaten heart likewiſe is chear'd
With that ſun-ſhine, when cloudy looks are clear'd.

SONNET XLI.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
To be ſo cruel to an humbled foe?
If nature, then ſhe may it mend with ſkill;
If will, then ſhe at will may will forgoe;
But if her nature and her will be ſo,
That ſhe will plague the man that loves her moſt,
And take delight t'encreaſe a wretch's woe,
Then all her nature's goodly gifts are loſt,
And that ſame glorious beauty's idle boaſt
Is but a bait ſuch wretches to beguile,
As being long in her love's tempeſt toſt,
She means at laſt to make her piteous ſpoil.
O faireſt Fair! let never it be nam'd,
That ſo fair beauty was ſo foully ſham'd!

SONNET XLII.

The love which me ſo cruelly tormenteth,
So pleaſing is in my extreameſt pain,
That all the more my ſorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and do embrace my bane;
Ne do I wiſh (for wiſhing were but vain)
To be acquit fro my continual ſmart,
But joy her thrall for ever to remain,
And yield for pledge my poor captived heart,
The which, that it from her may never ſtart,
Let her, if pleaſe her, bind with adamant chain,
And from all wandring loves which mote pervart,
In ſafe aſſurance ſtrongly it reſtrain;
Only let her abſtain from cruelty,
And dome me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIII.

Shall I then ſilent be, or ſhall I ſpeak?
And if I ſpeak, her wrath renew I ſhall;
And if I ſilent be my heart will break,
Or choked be with overflowing gall.
What tyranny is this my heart to thrall,
And eke my tongue with proud reſtraint to tie,
That neither I may ſpeak nor think at all,
But like a ſtupid ſtock in ſilence die?
Yet I my heart with ſilence ſecretly
Will teach to ſpeak, and my juſt cauſe to plead,
And eke mine eyes with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read,
Which her deep wit, that true heart's thought can ſpell,
Will ſoon conceive, and learn to conſtrue well.

SONNET XLIV.

When thoſe renowned noble peers of Greece,
Through ſtubborn pride among themſelves did jar,
Forgetful of the famous Golden Fleece,
Then Orpheus with his harp their ſtrife did bar:
But this continual, cruel, civil war,
The which my ſelf againſt my ſelf do make,
Whilſt my weak powers of paſſions warreid are,
No ſkill can ſtint, nor reaſon can aſſake:
But when in hand my tuneleſs harp I take,
Then do I more augment my foes deſpight,
And grief renew, and paſſions do awake
To battail, freſh againſt my ſelf to fight;
'Mongſt whom the more I ſeek to ſettle peace,
The more I find their malice to increaſe.

SONNET XLV.

Leave, Lady! in your glaſs of cryſtal clean
Your goodly ſelf for ever more to view,
And in my ſelf, my inward ſelf I mean,
Moſt lively like behold your ſemblant true.
Within my heart, though hardly it can ſhew
Thing ſo divine to view of earthly eye,
The fair idea of your celeſtial hue,
And every part, remains immortally;
And were it not that through your cruelty,
With ſorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
The goodly image of your viſnomy,
Clearer than cryſtal would therein appear;
But if your ſelf in me ye plain will ſee,
Remove the cauſe by which your fair beams darkned be.

SONNET XLVI.

When my abode's prefixed time is ſpent,
My cruel fair ſtraight bids me wend away;
But then from heaven moſt hideous ſtorms are ſent,
As willing me againſt her will to ſtay.
Whom then ſhall I, or heaven or her obey?
The heavens know beſt what is the beſt for me;
But as ſhe will, whoſe will my life doth ſway,
My lower heaven, ſo it perforce muſt be:
But ye, high Heavens, that all this ſorrow ſee,
Sith all your tempeſts cannot me hold back,
Aſſwage your ſtorms, or elſe both you and ſhe
Will both together me too ſorely wrack,
Enough it is for one man to ſuſtain,
The ſtorms which ſhe alone on me doth rain.

SONNET XLVII.

Trust not the treaſon of thoſe ſmiling looks,
Until ye have their guileful trains well tride,
For they are like but unto golden hooks,
That from the fooliſh fiſh their bates do hide;

So ſhe, with flattering ſmiles, weak hearts doth guide
Unto her love, and tempt to their decay,
Whom being caught, ſhe kills with cruel pride,
And feeds at pleaſure on the wretched prey;
Yet even whilſt her bloody hands them ſlay,
Her eyes look lovely, and upon them ſmile,
That they take pleaſure in their cruel play,
And dying, do themſelves of pain beguile.
O mighty charm, which makes men love their bane,
And think they die with pleaſure, live with pain!

SONNET XLVIII.

Innocent Paper! whom too cruel hand
Did make the matter to avenge her ire,
And ere ſhe could thy cauſe well underſtand,
Did ſacrifice unto the greedy fire;
Well worthy thou to have found better hire
Than ſo bad end, for hereticks ordain'd;
Yet hereſie nor treaſon didſt conſpire,
But plead thy maſter's cauſe, unjuſtly pain'd;
Whom ſhe, all careleſs of his grief, conſtrain'd
To utter forth the anguiſh of his heart,
And would not hear, when he to her complain'd
The piteous paſſion of his dying ſmart:
Yet live for ever, though againſt her will,
And ſpeak her good, though ſhe requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

Fair Cruel! why are ye ſo fierce and cruel?
Is it becauſe your eyes have power to kill?
Then know, that mercy is the mighty's jewel,
And greater glory think to ſave than ſpill,
But if it be your pleaſure and proud will
To ſhew the power of your imperious eyes,
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force againſt your enemies:
Let them feel th' utmoſt of your cruelties,
And kill with looks, as cockatrices do;
But him that at your footſtool humbled lies
With merciful regard, give mercy to:
Such mercy ſhall you make admir'd to be;
So ſhall you live by giving life to me.

SONNET L.

Long languiſhing in double malady
Of my heart's wound and of my body's grief,
There came to me a leach that would apply
Fit med'cines for my body's beſt relief:
Vain Man! quoth I, that haſt but little prief
In deep diſcovery of the mind's diſeaſe,
Is not the heart of all the body chief,
And rules the members as it ſelf doth pleaſe?
Then with ſome cordials ſeek for to appeaſe
The inward langour of my wounded heart,
And then my body ſhall have ſhortly eaſe:
But ſuch ſweet cordials paſs phyſicians' art.
Then my life's leach, do you your ſkill reveal,
And with one ſalve both heart and body heal.

SONNET LI.

Do I not ſee the faireſt images
Of hardeſt marble are of purpoſe made,
For that they ſhould endure through many ages,
Ne let their famous monimets to fade?
Why then do I, untrain'd in lover's trade,
Her hardneſs blame, which I ſhould more commend,
Sith never ought was excellent aſſaid,
Which was not hard t'atchive and bring to end;
Ne ought ſo hard, but he that would attend
Mote ſoften it, and to his will allure;
So do I hope her ſtubborn heart to bend,
And that it then more ſtedfaſt will endure:
Only my pains will be the more to get her,
But having her, my joy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe like one that, having loſt the field,
Is priſoner led away with heavy heart,
Diſpoil'd of warlike arms and knowen ſhield:
So do I now my ſelf a priſoner yield
To ſorrow and to ſolitary pain,
From preſence of my deareſt dear exil'd,
Long-while alone in langour to remain.
Then let no thought of joy, or pleaſure vain,
Dare to approach, that may my ſolace breed,
But ſuddain dumps, and drery ſad diſdain
Of all world's gladneſs more my torment feed:
So I her abſence will my penance make,
That of my preſence I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

The panther, knowing that his ſpotted hide
Doth pleaſe all beaſts, but that his looks them fray,
Within a buſh his dreadful head doth hide,
To let them gaze, whilſt he on them may prey:
Right ſo my cruel fair with me doth play,
For with the goodly ſemblance of her hue
She doth allure me to mine own decay,
And then no mercy will unto me ſhew.
Great ſhame it is thing ſo divine in view,
Made for to be the world's moſt ornament,
To make the bait her gazers to embrew;
Good ſhames to be to ill an inſtrument;
But mercy doth with beauty beſt agree,
As in their Maker ye them beſt may ſee.

SONNET LIV.

Of this world's theater, in which we ſtay,
My love, like the ſpectator, idle ſits,
Beholding me that all the pageants play
Diſguiſing diverſly my troubled wits.

Sometimes I joy, when glad occaſion ſits,
And maſk in mirth like to a comedy;
Soon after, when my joy to ſorrow ſlits,
I wail, and make my woes a tragedy:
Yet ſhe beholding me with conſtant eye,
Delights not in my mirth, nor rues my ſmart;
But when I laugh, ſhe mocks; and when I cry,
She laughs, and hardens evermore her heart:
What then can move her? if nor mirth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a ſenſleſs ſtone.

SONNET LV.

So oft as I her beauty do behold,
And there-with do her cruelty compare,
I marvail of what ſubſtance was the mould
The which her made attonce ſo cruel fair.
Not earth, for her high thoughts more heavenly are;
Not water, for her love doth burn like fire;
Not air, for ſhe is not ſo light or rare;
Not fire, for ſhe doth freeze with faint deſire:
Then needs another element inquire
Whereof ſhe mote be made, that is the ſky;
For to the heaven her haughty looks aſpire,
And eke her love is pure immortal hy.
Then ſith to heaven ye likened are the beſt,
Be like in mercy as in all the reſt.

SONNET LVI.

Fair ye be ſure, but cruel and unkind,
As is a tyger, that with greedineſs
Hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find
A feeble beaſt, doth felly him oppreſs.
Fair be ye ſure, but proud and pitileſs
As is a ſtorm, that all things doth proſtrate,
Finding a tree alone all comfortleſs,
Beats on it ſtrongly, it to ruinate.
Fair be ye ſure, but hard and obſtinate
As is a rock amidſt the raging floods,
'Gainſt which a ſhip, of ſuccour deſolate,
Doth ſuffer wreck both of her ſelf and goods.
That ſhip, that tree, and that ſame beaſt, am I,
Whom ye do wreck, do ruin, and deſtroy.

SONNET LVII.

Sweet Warriour! when ſhall I have peace with you?
High time it is this war now ended were,
Which I no longer can endure to ſue,
Ne your inceſſant battry more to bear:
So weak my powers, ſo fore my wounds appear,
That wonder is how I ſhould live a jot,
Seeing my heart through-launced every where
With thouſand arrows which your eyes have ſhot;
Yet ſhoot ye ſharply ſtill, and ſpare me not,
But glory think to make theſe cruel ſtours.
Ye cruel One! what glory can be got
In ſlaying him that would live gladly your's?
Make peace, therefore, and grant me timely grace,
That all my wounds will heal in little ſpace.

SONNET LVIII.

To her that is moſt aſſured to her ſelf.

Weak is th' aſſurance that weak fleſh repoſeth
In her own powre, and ſcorneth others' aid;
That ſooneſt falls, when as ſhe moſt ſuppoſeth
Her ſelf aſſur'd, and is of nought affraid.
All fleſh is frail, and all her ſtrength unſtaid,
Like a vain bubble blowen up with air;
Devouring Time and changeful Chance have prey'd
Her glorious pride, that none may it repair.
Ne none ſo rich or wiſe, ſo ſtrong or fair,
But faileth, truſting on his own aſſurance;
And he that ſtandeth on the higheſt ſtair
Falls loweſt; for on earth nought hath endurance.
Why then do ye, proud Fair! miſdeem ſo farr,
That to your ſelf ye moſt aſſured are?

SONNET LIX.

Thrice happy ſhe that is ſo well aſſur'd
Unto herſelf, and ſettled ſo in heart,
That neither will for better be allur'd,
Ne fears to worſe with any chance to ſtart,
But like a ſteddy ſhip, doth ſtrongly part
The raging waves, and keeps her courſe aright;
Ne ought for tempeſt doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fairer weather's falſe delight.
Such ſelf aſſurance need not fear the ſpight
Of grudging foes, ne favour ſeek of friends;
But in the ſtay of her own ſtedfaſt might,
Neither to one herſelf nor other bends.
Moſt happy ſhe that moſt aſſur'd doth reſt,
But he moſt happy who ſuch one loves beſt.

SONNET LX.

They that in courſe of heavenly ſpheares are ſkill'd,
To every planet point his ſundry year,
In which her circles' voyage is fulfill'd,
As Mars in threeſcore years doth run his ſphear,
So ſince the winged god his planet clear
Began in me to move, one year is ſpent,
The which doth longer unto me appear
Than all thoſe forty which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
The ſphear of Cupid forty years contains,
Which I have waſted in long languiſhment,
That ſeem'd the longer for my greater pains:
But let my love's fair planet ſhort her ways
This year enſuing, or elſe ſhort my days.

SONNET LXI.

The glorious image of the Maker's beauty,
My ſoveraign Saint! the idol of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of duty,
T'accuſe of pride, or raſhly blame for ought;
For being, as ſhe is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of angels heav'nly born,
And with the crew of bleſſed ſaints upbrought,
Each of which did her with her gifts adorn,
The bud of joy, the bloſſom of the morn,
The beam of light, whom mortal eyes admire,
What reaſon is it then but ſhe ſhould ſcorn
Baſe things, that to her love too bold aſpire?
Such heav'nly forms ought rather worſhipt be,
Than dare be lov'd by men of mean degree.

SONNET LXII.

The weary Year his race now having run,
The new begins his compaſt courſe anew;
With ſhew of morning mild he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to enſew.
So let us, which this change of weather view,
Change eke our minds, and former lives amend;
The old year's ſins forepaſt, let us eſchew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend:
Then ſhall the new-year's joy forth freſhly ſend
Into the glooming world his gladſom ray,
And all theſe ſtorms which now his beauty blend,
Shall turn to calms, and timely clear away.
So likewiſe, Love! chear you your heavy ſpright,
And change old year's annoy to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

After long ſtorms and tempeſts ſad aſſay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death and dangerous diſmay,
With which my ſilly bark was toſſed ſore,
I do at length deſcry the happy ſhore,
In which I hope ere long for to arrive;
Fair ſoil it ſeems from far, and fraught with ſtore
Of all that dear and dainty is alive.
Moſt happy he that can at laſt atchieve
The joyous ſafety of ſo ſweet a reſt,
Whoſe leaſt delight ſufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all pains which him oppreſt.
All pains are nothing in reſpect of this,
All ſorrows ſhort that gain eternal bliſs.

SONNET LXIV.

Coming to kiſs her lips (ſuch grace I found)
Me ſeem'd I ſmelt a garden of ſweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damzels fit to deck their lovers' bowres.
Her lips did ſmell like unto gilliflowers,
Her ruddy cheeks like unto roſes red,
Her ſnowy brows like budded bellamoures,
Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly ſpred,
Her goodly boſom like a ſtrawberry bed,
Her neck like to a bunch of cullambines,
Her breſt like lillies ere their leaves be ſhed,
Her nipples like young bloſſom'd jeſſamines:
Such fragrant flowres do give moſt odorous ſmell,
But her ſweet odour did them all excel.

SONNET LXV.

The doubt which ye miſdeem, fair Love! is vain,
That fondly fear to loſe your liberty,
When loſing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage earſt did fly.
Sweet be the bands the which true Love doth tye,
Without conſtraint or dread of any ill;
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but ſings and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approach, nor diſcord ſpill
The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath bound,
But ſimple truth and mutual good-will
Seeks with ſweet peace to ſalve each other's wound:
There Faith doth fearleſs dwell in braſen towre,
And ſpotleſs Pleaſure builds her ſacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

To all thoſe happy bleſſings which ye have
With plenteous hand by Heaven upon you thrown,
This one diſparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to ſo mean a one:
Ye whoſe high words, ſurpaſſing paragon,
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye ſtoop unto ſo lowly ſtate?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate
Than had ye ſorted with a prince's peer;
For now your light doth more it ſelf dilate,
And in my darkneſs greater doth appear:
Yet ſince your light hath once enlumin'd me,
With my reflex your's ſhall encreaſed be.

SONNET LXVII.

Like as a huntſman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him eſcape away,
Sits down to reſt him in ſome ſhady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their prey;
So after long purſute and vain aſſay,
When I all weary had the chace forſook,
The gentle deer return'd the ſelf ſame way,
Thinking to quench her thirſt at the next brook;
There ſhe beholding me with milder look,
Sought not to fly, but fearleſs ſtill did bide,
Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
And with her own good-will her firmly tide:
Strange thing me ſeem'd to ſee a beaſt ſo wild
So goodly wone, with her own will beguil'd.

SONNET LXVIII.

Most glorious Lord of life that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over Death and Sin,
And having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win;
This joyous day, dear Lord! with joy begin,
And grant that we for whom thou diddest dy,
Being with thy dear blood clean wash'd from sin,
May live for ever in felicity;
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same again;
And for thy sake, that all-like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love! like as we ought;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

The famous warriours of the antique world
Us'd trophies to erect in stately wise,
In which they would the records have enroll'd
Of their great deeds and valarous emprise.
What trophee, then, shall I most fit devise,
In which I may record the memory
Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prise,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity?
Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortal moniment,
And tells her praise to all posterity,
That may admire such world's rare wonderment,
The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,
Gotten at last with labour and long toil.

SONNET LXX.

Fresh Spring the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose coat-armour richly are displaid
All sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously array'd,
Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
Yet in her winter's bowre not well awake,
Tell her the joyous Time will not be staid,
Unless she do him by the fore-lock take:
Bid her, therefore, her self soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew,
Where every one that misseth then her make
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make haste, therefore, sweet Love! whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I joy to see how in your drawen work
Your self unto the bee ye do compare,
And me unto the spider, that doth lurk
In close await to catch her unaware:
Right so your self were caught in cunning snare
Of a dear foe, and thralled to his love,
In whose straight bands ye now captived are
So firmly, that ye never may remove:
But as your work is woven all about
With woodbind flowers and fragrant eglantine,
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many dear delights bedecked fine,
And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see
Between the spider and the gentle bee.

SONNET LXXII.

Oft when my spirit doth spred her bolder wings,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
It down is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,
And clogg'd with burden of mortality,
Where when that soveraign beauty it doth spy,
Resembling heaven's glory in her light,
Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait, it back doth fly,
And unto heavens forgets her former flight.
There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at ease,
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her heart's desire with most contentment please.
Heart need not wish none other happiness,
But here on earth to have such heaven's bliss.

SONNET LXXIII.

Being my self captiv'd here in care,
My heart, whom none with servile bands can tye,
But the fair tresses of your golden hair,
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly;
Like as a bird, that in one's hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight;
Even so my heart, that wont on your fair eye
To feed his fill, flies back unto your sight.
Do you him take, and in your bosom bright
Gently engage, that he may be your thrall;
Perhaps he there may learn, with rare delight,
To sing your name and praises over all,
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosom to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

Most happy letters, fram'd by skilful trade,
With which that happy name was first design'd,
The which three times thrice happy hath me made
With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first, my being to me gave by kind,
From mother's womb deriv'd by due descent;
The second, is my soveraign queen most kind,
That honour and large riches to me lent;
The third, my love, my life's last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was rais'd;
To speak her praise and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be prais'd.
Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give;

SONNET LXXV.

One day I wrote her name upon the ſtrand,
But came the waves and waſhed it away;
Again I wrote it with a ſecond hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
Vain Man! ſaid ſhe, that dooſt in vain aſſay
A mortal thing ſo to immortalize,
For I my ſelf ſhall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewiſe.
Not ſo, quoth I, let baſer things deviſe
To die in duſt, but you ſhall live by fame;
My verſe your vertues rare ſhall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name,
Where, whenas Death ſhall all the world ſubdew,
Our love ſhall live, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

Fair boſom, fraught with vertue's richeſt treaſure,
The neſt of Love, the lodging of Delight,
The bowre of Bliſs, the paradiſe of Pleaſure,
The ſacred harbour of that heavenly ſpright,
How was I raviſh'd with your lovely ſight,
And my frail thoughts too raſhly led aſtray,
Whiles diving deep through amorous inſight,
On the ſweet ſpoil of beauty they did prey?
And 'twixt her paps, like early fruit in May,
Whoſe harveſt ſeem'd to haſten now apace,
They looſely did their wanton wings diſplay,
And there to reſt themſelves did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts, I envy your ſo happy reſt,
Which oft I wiſh'd, yet never was ſo bleſt.

SONNET LXXVII.

Was it a dream, or did I ſee it plain?
A goodly table of pure ivory
All ſpred with juncats, fit to entertain
The greateſt prince with pompous royalty,
'Mongſt which there in a ſilver diſh did lie
Two golden apples of unvalu'd price,
Far paſſing thoſe which Hercules came by,
Or thoſe which Atalanta did entice;
Exceeding ſweet, yet void of ſinful vice,
That many fought, yet none could ever taſte,
Sweet fruit of pleaſure, brought from Paradiſe
By Love himſelf, and in his garden plac'd.
Her breſt that table was, ſo richly ſpred,
My thoughts the gueſts, which could thereon have fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

Lacking my love, I go from place to place,
Like a young fawn that late hath loſt the hind,
And ſeek each where where laſt I ſaw her face,
Whoſe image yet I carry freſh in mind.
I ſeek the fields, with her late footing ſign'd,
I ſeek her bowre, with her late preſence deck'd;
Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find,
Yet field and bowre are full of her aſpect;
But when mine eyes I thereunto direct,
They idly back return to me again;
And when I hope to ſee their true object,
I find my ſelf but fed with fancies vain.
Ceaſe then, mine Eyes! to ſeek her ſelf to ſee,
And let my thoughts behold her ſelf in me.

SONNET LXXIX.

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that your ſelf ye daily ſuch do ſee,
But the true fair, that is, the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more praiſ'd of me;
For all the reſt, how ever fair it be,
Shall turn to naught, and loſe that glorious hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption, that doth fleſh enſew:
That is true beauty; that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly ſeed,
Deriv'd from that fair Spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at firſt proceed:
He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
All other fair, like flowres, untimely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

After ſo long a race as I have run
Through Fairy-Land, which thoſe Six Books compile.
Give leave to reſt me, being half foredun,
And gather to my ſelf new breath awhile:
Then as a ſteed refreſhed after toil,
Out of my priſon I will break anew,
And ſtoutly will that ſecond work aſſoil,
With ſtrong endeavour and attention due.
Till then give leave to me in pleaſant mew
To ſport my Muſe, and ſing my love's ſweet praiſe,
The contemplation of whoſe heavenly hue
My ſpirit to an higher pitch will raiſe:
But let her praiſes yet be low and mean,
Fit for the hand-maid of the Faery Queen.

SONNET LXXXI.

Fair is my love, when her fair golden hairs
With the looſe wind ye waving chance to mark,
Fair when the roſe in her red cheek appears,
Or in her eyes the fire of love doth ſpark;
Fair when her breſt, like a rich laden bark
With precious merchandize, ſhe forth doth lay;
Fair when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with ſmiles ſhe drives away;
But faireſt ſhe when ſo ſhe doth diſplay
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
Through which her words ſo wiſe do make their way,

To bear the meſſage of her gentle ſpright:
The reſt be works of Nature's wonderment,
But this the work of hearts' aſtoniſhment.

SONNET LXXXII.

Joy of my life, full oft for loving you
I bleſs my lot, that was ſo lucky plac'd;
But then the more your own miſhap I rue,
That are ſo much by ſo mean love embaſ'd;
For had the equal heavens ſo much you grac'd
In this as in the reſt, ye mote invent [chac'd
Some heavenly wit, whoſe verſe could have en-
Your glorious name in golden monument:
But ſince ye deign'd ſo goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
That little that I am ſhall all be ſpent
In ſetting your immortal praiſes forth,
Whoſe lofty argument up-lifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

Let not one ſpark of filthy luſtful fire
Break out, that may her ſacred peace moleſt,
Ne one light glance of ſenſual deſire
Attempt to work her gentle mind's unreſt;
But pure affections, bred in ſpotleſs breſt,
And modeſt thoughts breath'd from well-temper'd ſprights,
Go viſit her in her chaſte bowre of reſt,
Accompany'd with angel-like delights;
There fill your ſelf with thoſe moſt joyous ſights,
The which my ſelf could never yet attain,
But ſpeak no word to her of theſe ſad plights,
Which her two conſtant ſtiffneſs doth conſtrain;
Only behold her rare perfection,
And bleſs your fortune's fair election.

SONNET LXXXIV.

The world, that cannot deem of worldly things,
When I do praiſe her, ſay I do but flatter;
So doth the cuckow, when the mavis ſings,
Begins his witleſs note apace to chatter.
But they that ſkill not of ſo heavenly matter,
All that they know not envy or admire;
Rather than envy let them wonder at her,
But not to deem of her deſert aſpire.
Deep in the cloſet of my parts entire
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inſpire,
And my glad mouth with her ſweet praiſes fill,
Which when as Fame in her ſhrill trump ſhall thunder,
Let the world chuſe to envy or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXV.

Venemous tongue, tipt with vile adder's ſting,
Of that ſelf kind with which the Furies fell
Their ſnaky heads do comb, from which a ſpring
Of poiſoned words and ſpightful ſpeeches well,
Let all the plagues and horrid pains of hell
Upon thee fall for thine accurſed hire,
That with falſe forged lyes, which thou didſt tell,
In my true love did ſtir up coals of ire,
The ſparks whereof let kindle thine own fire,
And catching hold on thine own wicked head,
Conſume thee quite, that didſt with guile conſpire
In my ſweet peace ſuch breaches to have bred.
Shame be thy meed, and miſchief thy reward,
Due to thy ſelf, that it for me prepar'd.

SONNET LXXXVI.

Since I did leave the preſence of my love,
Many long weary days I have out-worn,
And many nights, that ſlowly ſeem'd to move
Their ſad protract from evening until morn:
For when as day the heaven doth adorn,
I wiſh that night the noyous day would end;
And whenas night hath us of light forlorn,
I wiſh that day would ſhortly re-aſcend.
Thus I the time with expectation ſpend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
That further ſeems his term ſtill to extend,
And maketh every minute ſeem a mile:
So ſorrow ſtill doth ſeem too long to laſt,
But joyous hours do fly away too faſt.

SONNET LXXXVII.

Since I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts aſtray,
I wander as in darkneſs of the night,
Affraid of every danger's leaſt diſmay:
Ne ought I ſee, though in the cleareſt day,
When others gaze upon their ſhadows vain,
But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof ſome glance doth in mine eye remain;
Of which beholding the idea plain,
Through contemplation of my pureſt part,
With light thereof I do my ſelf ſuſtain,
And thereon feed my love-affamiſht heart;
But with ſuch brightneſs whilſt I fill my mind,
I ſtarve my body, and mine eyes do blind.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

Like as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the abſence of her mate,
And in her ſongs ſends many a wiſhful vow
For his return, that ſeems to linger late;
So I alone, now left diſconſolate,
Mourn to my ſelf the abſence of my love,
And wandering here and there all deſolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous ſight,
Whoſe ſweet aſpect both God and man can move,
In her unſpotted pleaſance to delight:
Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miſs,
And dead my life, that wants ſuch lively bliſs.

ELEGIAC POEMS.

DAPHNAIDA:

AN ELEGY

Upon the death of the noble and vertuous

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

Daughter and heir of Henry Lord Howard, Viſcount Byndon, and wife of Arthur Gorges, Eſquire.

To the right honourable and vertuous Lady

HELENA,

MARCHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather preſumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poem, for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of whom it is written was by match, nearly allied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladyſhip. The occaſion why I wrote the ſame, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceaſed, as the particular good-will which I bear unto her huſband Mr. Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whoſe houſe, as your Ladyſhip by marriage hath honoured, ſo do I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquity in this realm, and ſuch as have ever borne themſelves with honourable reputation to the world, and unſpotted loyalty to their prince and country: beſides, ſo lineally are they deſcended from the Howards, as that the Lady Ann Howard, eldeſt daughter to John Duke of Norfolke was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grand-mother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knights: and therefore I do aſſure myſelf that no due honour done to the White Lion, but will be moſt grateful to your Ladyſhip, whoſe huſband and children do ſo nearly participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all duty, I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection.

Your Honour's humbly ever,

London, this firſt of January, 1591.

EDMUND SPENSER.

DAPHNAIDA.

WHAT-EVER man he be whoſe heavy mind,
With grief of mournful great miſhap oppreſt,
Fit matter for his cares increaſe would find,
Let read the rueful plaint herein expreſt,
Of one, I ween, the woful'ſt man alive,
Even ſad Alcyon, whoſe empierced breſt
Sharp ſorrow did in thouſand pieces rive.

But whoſo elſe in pleaſure findeth ſenſe,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be baniſh'd far away from hence;
Ne let the Sacred Siſters here be hight,
Though they of ſorrow heavily can ſing,
For even their heavy ſong would breed delight;
But here no tunes, ſave ſobs and grones, ſhall ring.

Inſtead of them and their ſweet harmony,
Let thoſe three Fatal Siſters, whoſe ſad hands
Do weave the direful threds of Deſtiny,
And in their wrath break off the vital bands,
Approach hereto; and let the dreadful Queen
Of Darkneſs deep come from the Stygian ſtrands,
And griſly ghoſts, to hear this doleful teen.

IN gloomy evening, when the weary ſun,
After his day's long labour drew to reſt,
And ſweaty ſteeds, now having over-run
The compaſt ſky, 'gan water in the weſt,
I walk'd abroad to breathe the freſhing air
In open fields, whoſe flow'ring pride, oppreſt
With early froſts, had loſt their beauty fair.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which daily doth my weaker wit poſſeſs,
Ne lets it reſt until it forth have brought
Her long-born infant, fruit of heavineſs,
Which ſhe conceived hath through meditation
Of this world's vainneſs and life's wretchedneſs,
That yet my ſoul it deeply doth empaſſion.

So as I muſed on the miſery
In which men live, and I of many moſt,
Moſt miſerable man, I did eſpy
Where towards me a ſery wight did coſt,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And Jacob's ſtaff in hand devoutly croſt,
Like to ſome pilgrim come from far away.

His careleſs locks, uncombed and unſhorn,
Hung long adown, and beard all over-grown,
That well he ſeem'd to be ſome wight forlorn:
Down to the earth his heavy eyes were thrown,
As loathing light; and ever as he went
He ſighed oft, and inly deep did grone,
As if his heart in pieces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,
And by the ſemblant of his countenaunce
Me ſeem'd I had his perſon ſeen elſewhere,
Moſt like Alcyon ſeeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the jolly ſhepherd ſwain,
That wont full merrily to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleaſance every wood and plain.

Yet half in doubt, becauſe of his diſguiſe,
I ſoftly ſaid, Alcyon! There-withall
He look'd aſide as in diſdainful wiſe,
Yet ſtayed not, till I again did call:
Then turning back, he ſaid, with hollow ſound,
Who is it that doth name me, woful thrall,
The wretcheddſt man that treads this day on ground?

One whom like wofulneſs impreſſed deep,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched caſe to hear,
And given like cauſe with thee to wail and weep;
Grief finds ſome eaſe by him that like does bear.
Then ſtay, Alcyon, gentle Shepherd! ſtay,
(Quoth I) till thou have to my truſty ear
Committed what thee doth ſo ill apay.

Ceaſe, fooliſh Man! (ſaid he half wrothfully)
To ſeek to hear that which cannot be told,
For the huge anguiſh which doth multiply
My dying pains, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne do I care that any ſhould bemone
My hard miſhap, or any weep that would,
But ſeek alone to weep and die alone.

Then be it ſo, quoth I, that thou art bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained;
Yet ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cauſe which thee thereto conſtrained,
Leſt that the world thee dead accuſe of guilt,
And ſay, when thou of none ſhalt be maintained,
That thou for ſecret crime thy blood haſt ſpilt.

Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound
From the ſtrong ſhackles of frail fleſh, quoth he,
Nought cares at all what they that live on ground
Deem the occaſion of his death to be;
Rather deſires to be forgotten quight,
Than queſtion made of his calamity,
For hearts deep ſorrow hates both life and light.

Yet ſith ſo much thou ſeem'ſt to rue my grief,
And ear'ſt for one that for himſelf cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my relief,
For my relief exceedeth living thought)
I will to thee this heavy caſe relate:
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didſt thou here more hapleſs fare.

" Whilome I uſ'd (as thou right well dooſt know)
My little flock on weſtern downs to keep,
Not far from whence Sabrina's ſtream doth flow,
And flowrie banks with ſilver liquor ſteep;
Nought car'd I then for worldly change or chance,
For all my joy was on my gentle ſheep,
And to my pipe to carol and to daunce.

" It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearleſs and free, a fair young lioneſs,
White as the native roſe before the change
Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impreſs,
I ſpyed playing on the graſſie plain
Her youthful ſports and kindly wantonneſs,
That did all other beaſts in beauty ſtain.

" Much was I moved at ſo goodly ſight,
Whoſe like before mine eye had ſeldom ſeen,
And gan to caſt how I her compaſs might,
And bring to hand that yet had never been:
So well I wrought with mildneſs and with pain,
That I her caught diſporting on the green,
And brought away faſt bound with ſilver chain.

" And afterwards I handled her ſo fair,
That though by kind ſhe ſtout and ſalvage were,
For being born an ancient lion's heir,
And of the race that all wild beaſts do fear,
Yet I her fram'd, and won ſo to my hent,
That ſhe became ſo meek and mild of chear,
As the leaſt lamb in all my flock that went:

" For ſhe in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day;
And all the night that I in watch did ſpend,
If cauſe requir'd, or elſe in ſleep, if nay,
She would all night by me or watch or ſleep;
And ever more when I did ſleep or play,
She of my flock would take full wary keep.

" Safe then, and ſafeſt were my ſilly ſheep,
Ne fear'd the wolf, ne fear'd the wildeſt beaſt;
All were I drown'd in careleſs quiet deep:
My lovely lioneſs without beheſt
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither moſt nor leaſt
I found miſcarried or in plain or wood.

" Oft did the ſhepherds, which my hap did hear,
And oft their laſſes, which my luck envide,
Daily reſort to me from far and near,
To ſee my lioneſs, whoſe praiſes wide
Were ſpred abroad, and when her worthineſs
Much greater than the rude report they try'd,
They her did praiſe, and my good fortune bleſs.

" Long thus I joyed in my happineſs,
And well did hope my joy would have no end;
But oh! fond Man! that in world's fickleneſs
Repoſedſt hope, or weenedſt her thy friend
That glories moſt in mortal miſeries,
And daily doth her changeful counſels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies;

" For whilſt I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruel Satyre with his murdrous dart,
Greedy of miſchief, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatal wound of deadly ſmart,
And reft from me my ſweet companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my heart:
My lioneſs, (ah, woe is me!) is gone!

" Out of the world thus was ſhe reſt away,
Out of the world, unworthy ſuch a ſpoil,
And born to heaven, for heaven a fitter prey;
Much fitter then the lion which with toil
Alcides ſlew, and fix'd in firmament;
Her now I ſeek throughout this earthly ſoil,
And ſeeking miſs, and miſſing do lament."

Therewith he 'gan afreſh to wail and weep,
That I for pity of his heavy plight
Could not abſtain mine eyes with tears to ſteep;
But when I ſaw the anguiſh of his ſpright
Some deal allay'd, I him beſpake again;
Certes, Alcyon, painful is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almoſt equal pain.

Yet doth not my dull wit well underſtand
That riddle of thy loved lioneſs,
For rare it ſeems in reaſon to be ſcan'd,
That man, who doth the whole world's rule poſſeſs,
Should to a beaſt his noble heart embaſe,
And be the vaſſal of his vaſſaleſs;
Therefore more plain aread this doubtful caſe,

Then sighing sore, "Daphne thou knew'st, quoth he,
She now is dead;" ne more endur'd to say,
But fell to ground for great extremity;
That I beholding it, with deep dismay
Was much apall'd, and lightly him uprearing,
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my self, through grief, in deadly drearing.

Then 'gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with mild counsail strove to mitigate
The stormy passion of his troubled brest,
But he thereby was more empassionate;
As stubborn steed, that is with curb restrained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate,
And breaking forth at last, thus dearnly plained:

I.

"What man henceforth that breatheth vital air
Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore?
Which so unjustly do their judgments share
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore
The innocent, as those which do transgress,
And do not spare the best or fairest, more
Than worst or foulest, but do both oppress.

"If this be right, why did they then create
The world so fair, sith fairness is neglected?
Or why be they themselves immaculate,
If purest things be not by them respected?
She fair, she pure, most fair, most pure she was,
Yet was by them as thing impure rejected;
Yet she in pureness heaven it self did pass.

"In pureness and in all celestial grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind
She did excel, and seem'd of angels' race,
Living on earth like angel new devin'd,
Adorned with wisdom and with chastity,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beauty much more beautify.

"No age hath bred (since fair Astrea left
The sinful world) more vertue in a wight;
And when she parted hence, with her she reft
Great hope, and robb'd her race of bounty quight.
Well may the shepherd lasses now lament,
For double loss by her hath on them light,
To lose both her and bounty's ornament.

"Ne let Eliza, royal shepherdess,
The praises of my parted love envy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousness
Pour'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
By her own shepherd, Colin, her own shepherd,
That her with heavenly hymns doth deify,
Of rustick Muse full hardly to be better'd.

"She is the rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the primrose in the lowly shade:
Mine, ah! not mine; amiss I mine did say:
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made;
Mine to be his, with him to live for aye.
O that so fair a flowre so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away!

"She fell away in her first age's spring,
Whilst yet her leaf was green, and fresh her rind,
And whilst her branch fair blossoms forth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kind.
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruit blown down with wind.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my undersong.

II.

"What heart so stony hard but that would weep,
And pour forth fountains of incessant tears?
What Timon but would let compassion creep
Into his breast, and pierce his frozen ears?
Instead of tears, whose brackish bitter well
I wasted have, my heart-blood drooping wears,
To think to ground how that fair blossom fell.

"Yet fell she not as one enforc'd to die,
Ne died with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toil'd with travel down doth lie,
So lay she down, as if to sleep she went,
And clos'd her eyes with careless quietness;
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And foul affoyl'd from sinful fleshliness.

"Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She, all resolv'd, and ready to remove,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake;
Alcyon! ah, my first and latest love!
Ah! why does my Alcyon weep and mourn,
And grieve my ghost, that all more him behove,
As if to me had chanst some evil tourn.

"I, sith the messenger is come for me,
That summons souls unto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
And straight obey his soveraign beheast;
Why should Alcyon then so sore lament
That I from misery should be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

"Our days are full of dolour and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant pain,
That nought on earth may leaten or appease;
Why then should I desire here to remain?
Or why should he that loves me sorry be
For my deliverance, or at all complain
My good to hear, and toward joys to see?

"I go, and long desired have to go,
I go with gladness to my wished rest,
Whereas no world's sad care nor wasting woe
May come, their happy quiet to molest;
But saints and angels in celestial thrones
Eternally him praise that hath them blest;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

"Yet ere I go, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
My young Ambrosia; in lieu of me
Love her, so shall our love for ever last.
Thus, Dear! adieu, whom I expect ere long.
So having said, away she lofty past.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make mine undersong.

III.

" So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deep engraven in my breſt,
And those laſt deadly accents, which like ſwords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding cheſt,
With thoſe ſweet ſugred ſpeeches do compare,
The which my ſoul firſt conquer'd and poſſeſt,
The firſt beginners of my endleſs care!

" And when thoſe pallid cheeks and aſhie hue,
In which ſad death his portraiture had writ,
And when thoſe hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghaſtly Night did ſit,
I match with that ſweet ſmile and chearful brow,
Which all the world ſubdued unto it,
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I, when I ſaw her lead
The Shepherds' daughters dauncing in a round?
How trimly would ſhe trace and ſoftly tread
The tender graſs, with roſie garland crown'd?
And when ſhe liſt advaunce her heavenly voice,
Both nymphs and Muſes nigh ſhe made aſtown'd,
And flocks and ſhepherds cauſed to rejoyce.

" But now, ye ſhepherd Laſſes! who ſhall lead
Your wandring troups, or ſing your virelays?
Or who ſhall dight your bowres, ſith ſhe is dead
That was the lady of your holy-days?
Let now your bliſs be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your joyous plays,
And with the ſame fill every hill and dale.

" Let bagpipe never more be heard to ſhrill,
That may allure the ſenſes to delight,
Ne ever ſhepherd ſound his oaten quill
Unto the many that provoke them might
To idle pleaſance, but let ghaſtlineſs
And dreary horror dim the chearful light,
To make the image of true heavineſs;

" Let birds be ſilent on the naked ſpray,
And ſhady woods refound with dreadfull yells;
Let ſtreaming floods their haſty courſes ſtay,
And parching drouth dry up the cryſtal wells;
Let th' earth be barren, and bring forth no flowres,
And the air be fill'd with noiſe of doleful knells,
And wandering ſpirits walk untimely houres.

" And Nature, nurſe of every living thing,
Let reſt herſelf from her long wearmeſs,
And ceaſe henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monſters full of uglineſs;
For ſhe it is that hath me done this wrong,
No nurſe, but ſtepdame, cruel, mercileſs.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underſong.

IV.

" My little flock, whom earſt I lov'd ſo well,
And wont to feed with fineſt graſs that grew,
Feed ye henceforth on bitter Aſtroſell,
And ſtinking ſmallage and unſavory rue;
And when your maws are with thoſe weeds corrupted,
Be ye the prey of wolves; ne will I rue
That with your carkaſſes wild beaſts be glutted.

" Ne worſe to you, my ſilly Sheep! I pray,
Ne forer vengeance wiſh on you to fall
Than to my ſelf, for whoſe confus'd decay
To careleſs Heavens I do daily call;
But Heavens refuſe to hear a wretch's cry,
And cruel Death doth ſcorn to come at call,
Or grant this boon that moſt deſires to die.

" The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th' unrighteous which alive remain,
But the ungodly ones he doth forſake,
By living long to multiply their pain;
Elſe ſurely death ſhould be no puniſhment,
As the great judge at firſt did it ordain,
But rather riddance from long languiſhment.

" Therefore, my Daphne, they have tane away,
For worthy of a better place was ſhe,
But me unworthy willed here to ſtay,
That with her lack I might tormented be.
Sith then they ſo have ordered, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghoſt do ſervice day by day.

" For I will walk this wandering pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waſte my bitter age:
My bread ſhall be the anguiſh of my mind,
My drink the tears which from mine eyes do rain,
My bed the ground that hardeſt I may find;
So will I wilfully increaſe my pain.

" And ſhe, my love that was, my ſaint that is,
When ſhe beholds from her celeſtial throne
(In which ſhe joyeth in eternal bliſs)
My bitter penance, will my caſe bemone,
And pity me that living thus to die;
For heavenly ſpirits have compaſſion
On mortal men, and rue their miſery.

" So when I have with ſorrow ſatisfide
Th' importune Fates, which vengeance on me ſeek,
And th' heavens with long languor paciſide,
She for pure pity of my ſufferance meek,
Will ſend for me, for which I daily long,
And will till then my painful penance eke.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underſong.

V.

" Henceforth I hate whatever Nature made,
And in her workmanſhip no pleaſure find,
For they be all but vain, and quickly fade;
So ſoon as on them blows the northern wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but grief of mind,
And mocking ſuch as think they long will ſtay.

" I hate the Heaven, becauſe it doth with-hold
Me from my love, and eke my love from me;
I hate the earth, becauſe it is the mould
Of fleſhly ſlime and frail mortality;
I hate the fire, becauſe to nought it flies;
I hate the air, becauſe ſighs of it be;
I hate the ſea, becauſe it tears ſupplies.

" I hate the day, becauſe it lendeth light
To ſee all things, and not not my love to ſee;
I hate the darkneſs and the dreary night,
Becauſe they breed ſad balefulneſs in me;
I hate all times, becauſe all times do fly
So faſt away, and may not ſtayed be,
But as a ſpeedy poſt that paſſeth by.

" I hate to ſpeak, my voice is ſpent with crying;
I hate to hear, loud plaints have dull'd mine ears;
I hate to taſte, for food with-holds my dying;
I hate to ſee, mine eyes are dimm'd with tears;
I hate to ſmell, no ſweet on earth is left;
I hate to feel, my fleſh is numm'd with fears;
So all my ſenſes from me are bereſt.

" I hate all men, and ſhun all womankind;
The one, becauſe as I they wretched are;
The other, for becauſe I do not find
My love with them that wont to be their ſtar:
And life I hate, becauſe it will not laſt;
And death I hate, becauſe it life doth mar;
And all I hate that is to come or paſt.

" So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Becauſe it changeth ever to and fro,
And never ſtandeth in one certain ſtate,
But ſtill unſtedfaſt, round about doth go
Like a mill-wheel, in midſt of miſery,
Driven with ſtreams of wretchedneſs and woe,
That dying lives, and living ſtill does die.

" So do I live, ſo do I daily die,
And pine away in ſelf-conſuming pain;
Sith ſhe that did my vital powers ſupply,
And feeble ſpirits in their force maintain,
Is fetcht from me, why ſeek I to prolong
My weary days in dolour and diſdain?
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underſong.

VI.

" Why do I longer live in life's deſpight,
And do not die then in deſpight of death;
Why do I longer ſee this loathſom light,
And do in darkneſs not abridge my breath,
Sith all my ſorrow ſhould have end thereby,
And cares find quiet? is it ſo uncath
To leave this life, or dolorous to die?

" To live I find it deadly dolorous,
For life draws care, and care continual woe;
Therefore to die muſt needs be joyous,
And wiſhful thing this ſad life to foregoe:
But I muſt ſtay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bade me ſo;
She bade me ſtay till ſhe for me did ſend.

" Yet whilſt I in this wretched vale do ſtay,
My weary feet ſhall ever wandring be,
That ſtill I may be ready on my way,
When as her meſſenger doth come for me;
Ne will I reſt my feet for feebleneſs,
Ne will I reſt my limbs for fraelty,
Ne will I reſt mine eyes for heavineſs.

" But as the mother of the gods, that fought
For fair Eurydice, her daughter dear,
Throughout the world, with woeful heavy thought,
So will I travel whilſt I tarry here,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne when as drouping Titan draweth near,
To looſe his teem, will I take up my inn.

" Ne ſleep (the harbenger of weary wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more:
Ne ſhall with reſt refreſh my fainting ſprights,
Nor failing force to former ſtrength reſtore;
But I will wake and ſorrow all the night
With Philomel my fortune to deplore;
With Philomel, the partner of my plight.

" And ever as I ſee the ſtar to fall,
And under ground to go to give them light
Which dwell in darkneſs, I to mind will call
How my fair ſtar (that ſhin'd on me ſo bright)
Fell ſuddainly and faded under ground,
Since whoſe departure day is turn'd to night,
And night without a Venus' ſtar is found.

" But as ſoon as Day doth ſhew his dewie face,
And calls forth men unto their toylſom trade,
I will withdraw me to ſome darkſom place,
Or ſome dear cave, or ſolitary ſhade;
There will I ſigh, and ſorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underſong.

VII.

" Henceforth mine eyes ſhall never more behold
Fair things on earth, ne feed on falſe delight
Of ought that framed is of mortal mould,
Sith that my faireſt flowre is faded quight;
For all I ſee is vain and tranſitory,
Ne will be held in any ſtedfaſt plight,
But in a moment loſe their grace and glory.

" And ye, fond Men! on Fortune's wheel that ride,
Or in ought under heaven repoſe aſſurance,
Be it riches, beauty, or honour's pride,
Be ſure that they ſhall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th' only uſance
Of a ſmall time, which none as certain may.

" And ye, true Lovers! whom deſaſtrous chaunce
Hath far exiled from your ladies grace,
To mourn in ſorrow and ſad ſufferance,
When ye do hear me in that deſert place
Lamenting loud my Daphne's elegy,
Help me to wail my miſerable caſe.
And when life parts vouchſafe to cloſe mine eye.

" And ye, more happy Lovers! which enjoy
The preſence of your deareſt love's delight,
When ye do hear my ſorrowful annoy,
Yet pity me in your empaſſion'd ſpright,
And think that ſuch miſhap, as chaunſt to me,
May happen unto the moſt happy wight,
For all mens ſtates alike unſtedfaſt be.

" And ye, my fellow ſhepherds! which do feed
Your careleſs flocks on hills and open plains,
With better fortune than did me ſucceed,
Remember yet my undeſerved pains;
And when ye hear that I am dead or ſlain,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-ſwains
That ſad Alcyon dy'd in life's diſdain.

" And ye, fair Damſels! ſhepherds' dear delights,
That with your loves do their rude hearts poſſeſs,
Whenas my hearſe ſhall happen to your ſights,
Vouchſafe to deck the ſame with cypreſs;
And ever ſprinkle brackiſh tears among,
In pity of my undeſerv'd diſtreſs,
The which I, wretch, endured have thus long.

" And ye, poor Pilgrims! that with reſtleſs toyl
Weary yourſelves in wandring deſart ways,
Till that ye come where ye your vows aſſoil,
When paſſing by ye read theſe woful lays
On my grave written, rue my Daphne's wrong,
And mourn for me that languiſh out my days.
Ceaſe, Shepherd! ceaſe, and end thy underſong."

Thus when he ended had his heavy plaint,
The heavieſt plaint that ever I heard ſound,
His cheeks wext pale, and ſprights began to faint,
As if again he would have fall'n to ground;
Which when I ſaw, (I ſtepping to him light),
Amooved him out of his ſtony ſwound,
And 'gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor ſuffer ſolace to approach him nie,
But caſting up a ſdeignful eye at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his hair, and beat his blubbred face,
As one diſpoſed willfully to die,
That I ſore griev'd to ſee his wretched caſe.

Tho when the pang was ſomewhat over-paſt,
And the outrageous paſſion nigh appeaſed,
I him deſir'd, ſith day was over-caſt,
And dark night faſt approached, to be pleaſed
To turn aſide unto my cabinet,
And ſtay with me till he were better eaſed
Of that ſtrong ſtound which him ſore beſet.

But by no means I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to ſtay,
But without taking leave he forth did go
With ſtaggering pace and diſmal looks' diſmay,
As if that Death he in the face had ſeen,
Or helliſh hags had met upon the way;
But what of him became I cannot ween.

ASTROPHEL:

A PASTORAL ELEGY

Upon the death of the moſt noble and valorous knight,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Dedicated to the moſt beautiful and vertuous lady,

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

Shepherds! that wont on pipes of oaten reed
Oft-times to plain your loves concealed ſmart,
And with your piteous lays have learn'd to breed
Compaſſion in a country laſs's heart,
Hearken, ye gentle Shepherds! to my ſong,
And place my doleful plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I ſing this mournful verſe,
The mournful'ſt verſe that ever man heard tell;
To you whoſe ſoftned hearts it may empierce
With Dolour's dart, for death of Aſtrophel;
To you I ſing, and to none other wight,
For well I wote my rymes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to hear, or covet them to read,
Think he that ſuch are for ſuch ones moſt fit,
Made not to pleaſe the living but the dead;
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be mov'd to pity ſuch a caſe.

A GENTLE ſhepherd, born in Arcady,
Of gentleſt race that ever ſhepherd bore,
About the graſſy banks of Hæmony
Did keep his ſheep, his little ſtock and ſtore:
Full carefully he kept them day and night
In faireſt fields, and Aſtrophel he hight.

Young Aſtrophel! the pride of ſhepherds' praiſe,
Young Aſtrophel! the ruſtick laſſes love,
For paſſing all the paſtors of his days,
In all that ſeemly ſhepherds might behove;
In one thing only failing of the beſt,
That he was not ſo happy as the reſt.

For from the time that firſt the nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed,
A ſlender ſwain, excelling for each other
In comely ſhape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up faſt in goodneſs and in grace,
And doubly fair wox both in mind and face;

Which daily more and more he did augment
With gentle uſage and demeanure mild,
That all mens hearts with ſecret raviſhment
He ſtole away, and weetingly beguil'd;
Ne Spight it ſelf, that all good things doth ſpill,
Found out in him that ſhe could ſay was ill.

His ſports were fair, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without ſowre, and honey without gall;
And he himſelf ſeem'd made for merriment,
Merrily maſking both in bower and hall:
There was no pleaſure nor delightful play
When Aſtrophel ſo ever was away.

For he could pipe and dance, and carol ſweet
Emongſt the ſhepherds in their ſhearing feaſt,
As ſommer's lark, that with her ſong doth greet
The dawning day, forth coming from the eaſt:
And layes of love he alſo could compoſe;
Thrice happy ſhe whom he to praiſe did choſe.

Full many maidens often did him woo
Them to vouchſafe emongſt his rimes to name,
Or make for them, as he was wont to do
For her that did his heart with love inflame;
For which they promiſed to dight for him
Gay chapelets of flowers and girlonds trim.

And many a nymph, both of the wood and brook,
Soon as his oaten pipe began to ſhrill,
Both cryſtal wells and ſhady groves forſook,
To hear the charms of his enchanting ſkill,
And brought him preſents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit, if it were harveſt-time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood-gods for them often ſighed ſore;
Ne for their gifts, unworthy of his wit,
Yet not unworthy of the country's ſtore:
For one alone he car'd, for one he ſigh'd,
His life's deſire, and his dear love's delight.

Stella the fair! the faireſt ſtar in ſky,
As fair as Venus, or the faireſt fair,
(A fairer ſtar ſaw never living eye)
Shot her ſharp-pointed beams through pureſt air:
Her he did love, her he alone did honour,
His thoughts, his rimes, his ſongs, were all upon her.

To her he vow'd the ſervice of his days,
On her he ſpent the riches of his wit,
For her he made hymns of immortal praiſe,
Of only her he ſung, he thought, he writ:
Her, and but her, of love he worthy deemed,
For all the reſt but little he eſteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wooed,
And verſes vain, (yet verſes are not vain)
But with brave deeds to her ſole ſervice vowed,
And bold atchievements her did entertain;
For both in deeds and words he noutred was,
Both wiſe and hardy, (too hardy, alas!)

In wreſtling nimble, and in running ſwift;
In ſhooting ſteddy, and in ſwimming ſtrong:
Well made to ſtrike, to throw, to leap, to lift,
And all the ſports that ſhepherds are emong.
In every one he vanquiſht every one,
He vanquiſht all, and vanquiſht was of none.

Beſides, in hunting ſuch felicity,
Or rather infelicity, he found,
That every field and foreſt far away
He ſought, where ſalvage beaſts do moſt abound:
No beaſts ſo ſalvage but he could it kill,
No chace ſo hard but he therein had ſkill.

Such ſkill, matcht with ſuch courage as he had,
Did prick him forth with proud deſire of praiſe
To ſeek abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
His miſtreſs' name and his own fame to raiſe.
What needeth peril to be ſought abroad,
Sith round about us it doth make aboad?

It fortuned as he that perilous game
In forein ſoil purſued far away,
Into a foreſt wide and waſte he came,
Where ſtore he herd to be of ſalvage prey:
So wide a foreſt, and ſo waſte as this,
Nor famous Ardeyn nor foul Arlo is.

There his well-woven toyls and ſubtil trains
He laid, the brutiſh nation to enwrap;
So well he wrought with practice and with pains,
That he of them great troups did ſoon entrap:
Full happy man (miſweening much) was he,
So rich a ſpoyl within his power to ſee.

Eftſoones all heedleſs of his deareſt hale,
Full greedily into the herd he thruſt,
To ſlaughter them, and work their final bale,
Leſt that his toyl ſhould of their troups be burſt.
Wide wounds emongſt them many a one he made,
Now with his ſharp-boar ſpear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might ſcape (ſo partial unto none)
Ill mind, ſo much to mind another's ill,
As to become unmindful of his own:
But pardon unto the cruel ſkyes,
That from himſelf to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd emongſt that beaſtly rout,
A cruel beaſt of moſt accurſed brood,
Upon him turn'd (deſpair makes cowards ſtout)
And with fell tooth, accuſtomed to blood,
Launced his thigh with ſo miſchievous might,
That it both bone and muſcles rived quight.

So deadly was the dint, and deep the wound,
And so huge streams of blood thereout did flow,
That he endured not the direful stound,
But on the cold dear earth himself did throw;
The whiles the captive herd his nets did rend,
And having none to lett, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while, his shepherd peers,
To whom alive was nought so dear as he?
And ye, fair Maids! the matches of his years,
Which in his grace did boast you most to be?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need
To stop his wound, that wondrously did bleed?

Ah! wretched Boy! the shape of Dreryhead,
And sad ensample of man's sudden end,
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplain'd, or foe or friend;
Whilst none is nigh thine eye-lids up to close,
And kiss thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepherds suing of the chace,
As they the forest ranged on a day,
By Fate or Fortune came unto the place,
Whereas the luckless boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepherds thither led.

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was
And in their arms then softly did him rear;
Tho (as he will'd) unto his loved lass,
His dearest love, him dolefully did bear:
The dolefulst bier that ever man did see
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto me.

She, when she saw her love in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthy gore deformed,
That wont to be with flowers and girlonds dight,
And her dear favours dearly well adorned,
Her face the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deform, like him to be.

Her yellow locks, that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beams in fairest summer's day,
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away;
And her fair breast, the treasury of joy,
She spoyl'd thereof, and filled with annoy.

His pallid face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with tears, and dried oft;
And with sweet kisses suck'd the wasting breath
Out of his lips, like lillies, pale and soft;
And oft she call'd to him, who answer'd nought,
But only by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret
And piteous mone the which she for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when pain his vital powers had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste;
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her mate, like turtle chaste,
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And pitying this pair of lovers true,
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flowre, that is both red and blue:
It first grows red, and then to blue doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appears,
As fairly form'd as any star in skyes,
Resembling Stella in her freshest years,
Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes;
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of some Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well;
But thou, where-ever thou dost find the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel;
And whensoever thou it up doost take,
Do pluck it softly, for that shepherd's sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did pass,
The shepherds all, which loved him full dear,
(And sure full dear of all he loved was)
Did thither flock, to see what they did hear;
And when that piteous spectacle they viewed,
The same with bitter tears they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great grief oppress;
And every one did weep, and wail, and mone,
And means devis'd to shew his sorrow best;
That from that howre, since first on grassie green
Shepherds kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister, that Clarinda hight,
That gentlest shepherdess that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright,
Her brother dear, began this doleful lay;
Which, lest I mar the sweetness of the verse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

" Aye me! to whom shall I my case complain,
That may compassion my impatient grief?
Or where shall I unfold my inward pain,
That my enriven heart may find relief?
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

" To heavens? ah! they, alas! the authors were,
And workers, of my unremedied wo;
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill;
That which they made, who can them warn to spill?

"To men? ah! they, alas! like wretched be,
And subject to the Heavens' ordinance,
Bound to abide whatever they decree;
Their best redress is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort me,
The which no less need comforted to be?

"Then to my self will I my sorrow mourn,
With none alive like sorrowful remains,
And to my self my plaints shall back retourn,
To pay their usury with double pains:
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournful accent of my sorrows' ground.

"Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
With he is gone the which them all did grace;
And all the fields do wail their widow state,
With death their fairest flower did late deface:
The fairest flowre in field that ever grew
Was Astrophel; that was we all may rue.

"What cruel hand of curséd foe unknown
Hath cropt the stalk which bore so fair a flowre?
Untimely cropt, before it well were grown,
And clean defaced in untimely howre:
Great loss to all that ever him did see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

"Break now your girlonds, O ye shepherds lasses!
With the fair flowre which them adorn'd is gone;
The flowre which them adorn'd, is gone to ashes,
Never again let lass put girlond on:
In stead of girlond, wear sad cypress now,
And bitter elder, broken from the bough.

"Ne ever sing the love-lays which he made;
Who ever made such lays of love as he?
Ne ever read the riddles which he said
Unto your selves to make you merry glee:
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry maker now, alas! is dead.

"Death, the devourer of all world's delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my joy;
Both you and me, and all the world, he quight
Hath robb'd of joyance, and left sad annoy.
Joy of the world, and shepherds' pride, was he;
Shepherds, hope never like again to see.

"O Death! that hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone?
Scarce like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

"But that immortal spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By soveraign choice from th' heavenly quires select,
And lineally deriv'd from angels' race,
O what is now of it become? aread:
Aye me! can so divine a thing be dead:

"Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye in blissful paradise,
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie
In bed of lillies, wrapt in tender wise,
And compast all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

"There thousand birds, all of celestial brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night,
And with strange notes, of him well understood,
Lull him asleep in angel-like delight;
Whilst in sweet dream to him presented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

"But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,
And kindling love in him above all measure;
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain:
For what so goodly form he there doth see
He may enjoy, from jealous rancour free.

"There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet Spirit! never fearing more to die,
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing savage beasts' more cruelty,
Whilst we here wretches wail his private lack,
And with vain vows do often call him back.

"But live thou there still, happy, happy Spirit!
And give us leave thee here thus to lament;
Not thee that dost thy heaven's joy inherit,
But our own selves, that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,
Mourning in others our own miseries."

Which when she ended had, another swain,
Of gentle wit and dainty sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full dear did entertain
Whilst here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournful tourn,
And made the Muses in his song to mourn.

And after him full many other moe,
And every one in order lov'd him best,
'Gan dight themselves t'express their inward woe
With doleful layes, unto the time addrest;
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournful hearse.

THE MOURNING MUSE,

OF THESTYLIS.

Come forth, ye Nymphs! come forth,
Forſake your watry bowres,
Forſake your moſſy caves,
And help me to lament;
Help me to tune my doleful notes
To gurgling ſound
Of Liffie's tumbling ſtreams:
Come let ſalt tears of ours
Mix with his waters freſh:
O come! let one conſent
Joyn us to mourn with wailful plaints
The deadly wound
Which fatal clap hath made,
Decreed by higher powres;
The drery day in which
They have from us yrent
The nobleſt plant that might
From eaſt to weſt be found.
Mourn, mourn great Philip's fall!
Mourn, we his woful end,
Whom ſpightful Death hath pluckt
Untimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his years in flowre
Did promiſe worthy fruit.
Ah! dreadful Mars! why didſt
Thou not thy knight defend?
What wrathful mood, what fault
Of ours hath moved thee
Of ſuch a ſhining light
To leave us deſtitute?
Thou with benigne aſpect
Sometime didſt us behold;
Thou haſt in Briton's valour
Ta'en delight of old,
And with thy preſence oft
Vouchſaft to attribute
Fame and renown to us
For glorious martial deeds;
But now thy ireful beams
Have chill'd our hearts with cold;
Thou haſt eſtrang'd thy ſelf,
And digneſt not our land:
Far off, to others now
Thy favour honour breeds,
And high diſdain doth cauſe
Thee ſhun our clime, I fear;
For hadſt thou not been wroth,
Or that time near at hand,
Thou wouldſt have heard the cry
That woful England made;
Eke Zealand's piteous plaints,
And Holland's toren hair,
Would haply have appeas'd
Thy divine angry mind.
Thou ſhouldſt have ſeen the trees
Refuſe to yield their ſhade,
And wailing, to let fall
The honours of their head;
And birds in mournful tunes
Lamenting in their kind.
Up from his tomb
The mighty Corineus roſe,
Who curſing oft the Fates,
That his miſhap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare,
Calling the Heavens unkind.
The Thames was heard to roar,
The Reyne and eke the Moſe,

The Schald, the Danow' felf
This great miſchance did rue
With torment and with grief;
Their fountains pure and clear
Were troubled, and with ſwelling floods
Declar'd their woes.
The Muſes comfortleſs,
The Nymphs with pallid hue,
The ſylvian gods likewiſe
Came running far and near,
And all with tears bedew'd,
And eyes caſt up on high,
O help! O help! ye Gods!
They ghaſtly 'gan to cry;
O change the cruel fate
Of this ſo rare a wight,
And grant that Nature's courſe
May meaſure out his age.
The beaſts their food forſook,
And trembling fearfully,
Each ſought his cave or den,
This cry did them ſo fright.
Out from amid the waves,
By ſtorm then ſtir'd to rage,
This cry did cauſe to riſe
Th' old Father Ocean hoar,
Who, grave with eld, and full
Of majeſty in ſight,
Spake in this wiſe; "Refrain,"
Quoth he, "your tears and plaints;
"Ceaſe theſe your idle words,
"Make vain requeſts no more;
"No humble ſpeech nor mone
"May move the fixed ſtint
"Of Deſtiny or Death:
"Such is his will that paints
"The earth with colours freſh,
"The darkeſt ſkyes with ſtore
"Of ſtarry lights; and though
"Your tears a heart of flint
"Might tender make, yet nought
"Herein they will prevail."
Whiles thus he ſaid,
The noble knight, who 'gan to feel
His vital force to faint,
And Death with cruel dint
Of direful dart
His mortal body to aſſail,
With eyes lift up to heav'n,
And courage frank as ſteel,
With chearful face,
Where valour lively was expreſt,
But humble mind, he ſaid,
"O Lord! if ought this frail
"And earthly carcaſs have
"Thy ſervice ſought t'advance;
"If my deſire hath been
"Still to relieve th' oppreſt;
"If juſtice to maintain,
"That valour I have ſpent
"Which thou me gav'ſt; or if
"Henceforth I might advance
"Thy name, thy truth, then ſpare
"Me (Lord!) if thou think beſt;
"Forbear theſe unripe years:
"But if thy will be bent,
"If that prefixed time
"Be come which thou haſt ſet,
"Through pure and fervent faith
"I hope now to be plac'd
"In the everlaſting bliſs
"Which with thy precious blood
"Thou purchaſe did for us."
With that a ſigh he fet,
And ſtraight a cloudy miſt
His ſenſes over-caſt;
His lips wex pale and wan,
Like damaſk roſes' bud
Caſt from the ſtalk, or like
In field to purple flowre,
Which languiſheth, being ſhred
By culter as it paſt.
A trembling chilly cold
Ran through their veins, which were
With eyes brim-full of tears
To ſee his fatal howre,
Whoſe bluſtering ſighs at firſt
Their ſorrow did declare,
Next murmuring enſude:
At laſt they not forbear
Plain out-cries, all againſt
The Heav'ns, that envioufly
Depriv'd us of a ſpright
So perfect and ſo rare.
The ſun his lightſom beams
Did ſhroud, and hide his face
For grief, whereby the earth
Fear'd night eternally:
The mountains each were ſhook;
The rivers turn'd their ſtreams;
And th' air 'gan winter-like,
To rage and fret apace;
And grifly ghoſts by night
Were ſeen, and fiery gleams
Amid the clouds, with claps
Of thunder, that did ſeem
To rent the ſkies, and made
Both men and beaſts afeard.
The birds of ill preſage
This luckleſs chance fore-told
By dernful noiſe, and dogs
With howling made men deem
Some miſchief was at hand;
For ſuch they do eſteem
As tokens of miſhap,
And ſo have done of old.
Ah! that thou hadſt but heard
His lovely Stella 'plain
Her grievous loſs, or ſeen
Her heavy mourning cheer,
While ſhe with woe oppreſt
Her ſorrows did unfold:
Her hair hung looſe neglect
About her ſhoulders twain;
And from thoſe two bright ſtars,
To him ſometime ſo deer,
Her heart ſent drops of pearl,
Which fell in foyſon down

Twixt lilly and the roſe:
She wrong her hands with pain,
And piteouſly 'gan ſay,
" My true and faithful Pheer,
" Alas and woe is me!
" Why ſhould my fortune frowa
" On me thus frowardly,
" To rob me of my joy?
" What cruell envious hand
" Hath taken thee away,
" And with thee my content,
" My comfort and my ſtay?
" Thou only woſt the eaſe
" Of trouble and annoy;
" When they did me aſſail,
" In thee my hopes did reſt.
" Alas! what now is left
" But grief, that night and day
" Afflicts this woful life,
" And with continual rage
" Torments ten thouſand ways
" My miſerable breſt?
" O greedy, envious Heav'n!
" What needeth thee to have
" Enrich'd with ſuch a jewel
" This unhappy age,
" To take it back again
" So ſoon? Alas! when ſhall
" Mine eyes ſee ought that may
" Content them, ſince the grave
" My only treaſure hides
" The joys of my poor heart?
" As here with thee on earth
" I liv'd ev'n ſo equal,
" Methinks it were with thee
" In heav'n I did abide;
" And as our troubles all
" We bear on earth did part,
" So reaſon would that there
" Of thy moſt happy ſtate
" I had my ſhare. Alas!
" If thou my truſty guide
" Were wont to be how can'ſt
" Thou leave me thus alone
" In darkneſs, and aſtray?
" Weak, weary, deſolate,
" Plung'd in a world of woe,
" Refuſing for to take
" Me with thee to the place
" Of reſt where thou art gone."
This ſaid, ſhe held her peace,
For ſorrow tide her tongue,
And inſtead of more words,
Seem'd that her eyes a lake
Of tears had been, they flow'd
So plenteouſly therefro;
And with her ſobs and ſighs
Th' air round about her rung.
If Venus' when ſhe wail'd
Her dear Adonis ſlain,
Ought mov'd in thy fierce heart
Compaſſion of her woe,
His noble ſiſter's plaints,
Her ſighs and tears emong,
Would ſure have made thee mild,
And inly rue her pain.
Aurora half ſo fair
Herſelf did never ſhow,
When from old Tithon's bed
She weeping did ariſe.
The blinded Archer-boy,
Like lark in ſhowre of rain,
Sate bathing of his wings,
And, glad, the time did ſpend
Under thoſe chryſtal drops
Which fell from her fair eyes,
And at their brighteſt beams
Him proyn'd in lovely wiſe:
Yet ſorry for her grief,
Which he could not amend,
The gentle boy 'gan wipe
Her eyes, and clear thoſe lights,
Thoſe lights through which
His glory and his conqueſts ſhine.
The Graces tuck'd her hair,
Which hung like threds of gold
Along her ivory breſt,
The treaſure of delights.
All things with her to weep
It ſeemed did incline;
The trees, the hills, the dales,
The caves, the ſtones ſo cold;
The air did help them mourn,
With dark clouds, rain and miſt.
Forbearing many a day
To clear itſelf again,
Which made them eftſoons fear
The days of Pyrrah ſhould
Of creatures ſpoil the earth,
Their fatal threds untwiſt;
For Phœbus' gladſome rays
Were wiſhed for in vain;
And with her quivering light
Latona's daughter fair,
And Charles Wain eke, refus'd
To be the ſhipman's guide.
On Neptune war was made
By Æolus and his train,
Who letting looſe the winds,
Toſt and tormented th' air;
So that on ev'ry coaſt
Men ſhipwrack did abide,
Or elſe were ſwallow'd up
In open ſea with waves;
And ſuch as came to ſhore,
Were beaten with deſpair.
The Medway's ſilver ſtreams,
That wont ſo ſtill to ſlide,
Were troubled now and wroth,
Whoſe hidden hollow caves
Along his banks, with fog
Then ſhrouded from man's eye,
Ay Philip! did reſound,
Ay Philip! they did cry.
His nymphs were ſeen no more
(Though cuſtom ſtill it craves)
With hair ſpred to the wind,
Themſelves to bathe or ſport,

Or with the hook or net,
Bare-footed, wantonly
The pleasant dainty fish
To entangle or deceive.
The shepherds left
Their wonted places of resort,
Their bagpipes now were still;
Their loving merry lays
Were quite forgot; and now
Their flocks, men might perceive
To wander and to stray,
All carelessly neglect;
And in the stead of mirth
And pleasure, nights and days,
Nought else was to be heard
But woes, complaints, and mone.
But thou (O blessed Soul!)
Dost haply not respect
These tears we shed, though full
Of loving pure aspect;
Having affix'd thine eye
On that most glorious throne,
Where, full of majesty,
The high Creator reigns;
In whose bright shining face
Thy joys are all complete,
Whose love kindles thy spright;
Where happy always one
Thou liv'st in bliss
That earthly passion never stains
Where from the purest spring,
The sacred nectar sweet
Is thy continual drink;
Where thou dost gather now
Of well employed life
Th' inestimable gains;
Where Venus on thee smiles,
Apollo gives thee place,
And Mars, in reverent wise
Doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery sphear
To do thee honour most:
In highest part whereof,
Thy valour for to grace,
A chair of gold he sets
To thee, and there doth tell
Thy noble acts anew,
Whereby even they that boast
Themselves of ancient fame,
As Pyrrhus, Hannibal,
Scipio, and Cæsar, with
The rest that did excel
In martial prowess, high
Thy glory to admire.
All haill! therefore,
O worthy Philip, immortal!
The flowre of Sydney's race!
The honour of thy name!
Whose worthy praise to sing
My Muses not aspire;
But, sorrowful and sad,
These tears to thee let fall,
Yet wish their verses might
So far and wide thy fame
Extend, that envy's rage
Nor time might end the fame.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

To the right honourable

THE LADY STRANGE.

Most brave and noble Lady! the things that make ye ſo much honoured of the world as ye be, are ſuch as (without my ſimple lines' teſtimony) are throughly known to all men, namely, your excellent beauty, your vertuous behaviour, and your noble match with that moſt honourable lord the very pattern of right nobility: but the cauſes for which ye have deſerved of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are both your particular bounties, and alſo ſome private bands of affinity which it hath pleaſed your Ladyſhip to acknowledge; of which whenas I found my ſelf in no part worthy, I deviſed this laſt ſlender means, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladyſhip, and alſo to make the ſame univerſally known to the world, that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honour you.

Vouchſafe, noble Lady! to accept this ſimple remembrance, though not worthy of your ſelf, yet ſuch as, perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deſerts. So, recommending the ſame to your Ladyſhip's good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladyſhip's humbly ever,

EDMUND SPENSER.

Reherse to me, ye ſacred Siſters Nine!
The golden brood of great Apollo's wit,
Thoſe piteous plaints and ſorrowful ſad tine
Which late you poured forth as ye did ſit
Beſide the ſilver ſprings of Helicone,
Making your muſick of heart-breaking mone:
For ſince the time that Phœbus' fooliſh ſon
Ythundered, through Jove's avengeful wrath,
For traverſing the charret of the ſun
Beyond the compaſs of the pointed path,
Of you his mournful ſiſters was lamented,
Such mournful tunes were never ſince invented.

Nor ſince that fair Caliope did loſe
Her loved twins, the dearlings of her joy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,
The Fatal Siſters, did for ſpight deſtroy,
Whom all the Muſes did bewail long ſpace,
Was ever heard ſuch wailing in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noiſes
Of their ſweet inſtruments were wont to ſound,
And th' hollow hills, from which their ſilver voices
Were wont redoubled ecchoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rueful cries,
And yelling ſhrieks thrown up into the ſkies.

The trembling ſtreams, which wont in channels clear
To rumble gently down with murmur ſoft,
And were by them right tuneful taught to bear,
A baſe's part amongſt their conſorts oft,
Now forc'd to overflow with brackiſh tears,
With troublous noiſe did dull their dainty ears.

The joyous Nymphs and light-foot Fairies,
Which thither came to hear their muſick ſweet,
And to the meaſures of their melodies
Did learn to move their nimble-ſhifting feet,
Now hearing them ſo heavily lament,
Like heavenly lamenting from them went.

And all that elſe was wont to work delight
Through the divine infuſion of their ſkill,
And all that elſe ſeem'd fair and freſh in ſight,
So made by Nature for to ſerve their will,
Was turned now to diſmal heavineſs,
Was turned now to dreadful uglineſs.

Ay me! what thing on earth, that all things breeds,
Might be the cauſe of ſo impatient plight?
What fury or what fiend, with felon deeds,
Hath ſtirred up ſo miſchievous deſpight?
Can grief then enter into heavenly hearts,
And pierce immortal breaſts with mortal ſmarts?

Vouchſafe ye then, whom only it concerns,
To me thoſe ſecret cauſes to diſplay,
For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread ſo doleful lay.
Begin, thou eldeſt ſiſter of the crew,
And let the reſt in order thee enſue.

CLIO.

Hear, thou great Father of the gods on high,
That moſt art dreaded for thy thunder-darts,
And thou our ſire, that reign'ſt in Caſtalie,
And Mount Parnaſs, the god of goodly art;
Hear and behold the miſerable ſtate
Of us, thy daughters, doleful deſolate.

Behold the foul reproach and open ſhame
The which is day by day unto us wrought,
By ſuch as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themſelves to ſcorn,
Do ſeek to make us of the world forlorn.

Ne only they that dwell in lowly duſt,
The ſons of Darkneſs and of Ignorance,
But they whom thou, great Jove! by doom unjuſt,
Didſt to the type of honour earſt advance;
They now, puft up with 'ſdeignful inſolence,
Deſpiſe the brood of bleſſed Sapience

The ſectaries of my celeſtial ſkill,
That wont to be the world's chief ornament,
And learned imps that wont to ſhoot up ſtill,
And grow to height of kingdom's government,
They under keep, and with their ſpreading arms
Do beat their buds, that periſh through their harms.

It moſt behoves the honourable race
Of mighty peers true wiſdom to ſuſtain,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned forcheads without gift or gain;
Or rather learn'd themſelves behoves to be,
That is the girlond of nobility.

But (ah!) all otherwiſe they do eſteem
Of th' heavenly gift of wiſdom's influence,
And to be learned it a baſe thing deem;
Baſe minded they that want intelligence;
For God himſelf for wiſdom is praiſ'd,
And men to God thereby are nigheſt raiſ'd.

But they do only ſtrive themſelves to raiſe
Through pompous pride and fooliſh vanity;
In th' eyes of people they put all their praiſe,
And only boaſt of arms and anceſtry;
But vertuous deeds, which did thoſe arms firſt give
To their grandſires, they care not to atchieve.

So I, that do all noble feats profeſs
To regiſter, and ſound in trump of gold,
Through their bad doings or baſe ſlothfulneſs
Find nothing worthy to be writ or told;
For better far it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So ſhall ſucceeding ages have no light
Of things forepaſt, nor monuments of time,
And all that in this world is worthy hight
Shall die in darkneſs, and lie hid in ſlime;
Therefore I mourn with deep heart's ſorrowing,
Becauſe I nothing noble have to ſing.

With that ſhe rain'd ſuch ſtore of ſtreaming tears,
That could have made a ſtony heart to weep,

And all her ſiſters rent their golden hears.
And their fair faces with ſalt humour ſteep.
So ended ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſue.

MELPOMENE.

O who ſhall pour into my ſwollen eyes
A ſea of tears that never may be dride!
A brazen voice that may with ſhrilling cries
Pierce the dull heavens, and fill the air ſo wide!
And iron ſides, that ſighing may endure,
To wail the wretchedneſs of world impure?

Ah! wretched world! the den of wickedneſs,
Deform'd with filth and foul iniquity;
Ah! wretched World! the houſe of heavineſs,
Fill'd with the wrecks of mortal miſery;
Ah! wretched World! and all that is therein,
The vaſſals of God's wrath, and ſlaves of ſin.

Moſt miſerable creature under ſky
Man without underſtanding doth appear,
For all this world's affliction he thereby,
And Fortune's freaks, is wiſely taught to bear;
Of wretched life the only joy ſhe is,
And the only comfort in calamities.

She arms the breaſt with conſtant patience
Againſt the bitter throws of Dolour's darts;
She ſolaceth with rules of ſapience
The gentle minds, in midſt of worldly ſmarts:
When he is ſad ſhe ſeeks to make him merry,
And doth refreſh his ſprights when they be weary.

But he that is of reaſon's ſkill bereft,
And wants the ſtaff of wiſdom him to ſtay,
Is like a ſhip in midſt of tempeſt left,
Withouten helm or pilot her to ſway:
Full ſad and dreadful is that ſhip's event;
So is the man that wants entendiment.

Why then do fooliſh men ſo much deſpiſe
The precious ſtore of theſe celeſtial riches?
Why do they baniſh us, that patronize
The name of learning? Moſt unhappy wretches!
The which lie drowned in deep wretchedneſs,
Yet do not ſee their own unhappineſs.

My part it is, and my profeſſed ſkill,
The ſtage with tragick buſkins to adorn,
And fill the ſcene with plaints and outcries ſhrill
Of wretched perſons to misfortune born;
But none more tragick matter I can find
Than this, of men depriv'd of ſenſe and mind.

For all man's life me ſeems a tragedy
Full of ſad ſights and ſore cataſtrophees;
Firſt coming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his days, like dolorous trophees,
Are heapt with ſpoils of fortune and of fear,
And he at laſt laid forth on baleful bier.

So all with rueful ſpectacles is fill'd,
Fit for Megæra or Perſephone,
But I, that in true tragedies am ſkill'd,
The flowre of wit, find nought to buſy me,
Therefore I mourn and pitifully mone,
Becauſe that mourning matter I have none.

Then 'gan ſhe woefully to wail, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wiſe;
And all her ſiſters thereto anſwering,
Threw forth loud ſhrieks and drery doleful cries.
So reſted ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſue.

THALIA.

Where be the ſweet delights of learning's treaſure,
That wont with comick ſock to beautify
The painted theatres, and fill with pleaſure
The liſtners' eyes and ears with melody,
In which I late was wont to reign as queen,
And maſk in mirth with graces well beſeen?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid abed, and no where now to ſee,
And in her room unſeemly ſorrow ſits,
With hollow brows and grieſly countenance
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him beſides ſits ugly Barbariſm,
And brutiſh Ignorance, yerept of late
Out of drad darkneſs of the deep abyſm,
Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate:
They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
And the fair ſcene with rudeneſs foul diſguize.

All places they with folly have poſſeſt,
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain,
But me have baniſhed, with all the reſt
That whilom wont to wait upon my train,
Fine Counterfeſance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in ſeemly ſort.

All theſe, and all that elſe the comick ſtage
With ſeaſon'd wit and goodly pleaſance grac'd,
By which man's life, in his likeſt image,
Was limned forth, are wholly now defac'd;
And thoſe ſweet wits, which wont the like to frame.
Are now deſpiſ'd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature ſelf had made
To mock her ſelf, and truth to intimate,
With kindly counter under mimick ſhade,
Our pleaſant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is alſo deaded, and in dolour drent.

In ſtead thereof, ſcoffing Scurrility,
And ſcorning Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rimes of ſhameleſs ribaudry
Without regard, or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will perſumes to make,
And doth the learned's taſk upon him take.

But that ſame gentle ſpirit, from whoſe pen
Large ſtreams of honey and ſweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldneſs of ſuch baſe-born men,
Which dare their follies forth ſo raſhly throw,
Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle cell,
Than ſo himſelf to mockery to ſell.

So am I made the ſervant of the many,
And laughing-ſtock of all that liſt to ſcorn,
Not honoured nor cared for of any,
But loath'd of loſels as a thing forlorn;
Therefore I mourn and ſorrow with the reſt,
Until my cauſe of ſorrow be redreſt.

Therewith ſhe loudly did lament and ſhrike,
Pouring forth ſtreams of tears abundantly,
And all her ſiſters, with compaſſion like,
The breaches of her ſingults did ſupply.
So reſted ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſew.

EUTERPE.

Like as the dearling of the ſummer's pride,
Fair Philomele! when winter's ſtormy wrath
The goodly fields, that erſt ſo gay were dy'd
In colours divers, quite deſpoiled hath,
All comfortleſs doth hide her cheerleſs head
During the time of that her widowhead;

So we, that earſt were wont in ſweet accord
All places with our pleaſant notes to fill,
Whilſt favourable times did us afford
Free liberty to chaunt our charms at will,
All comfortleſs upon the bared bow,
Like woful culvers, do ſit wailing now,

For far more bitter ſtorm than winter's ſtower,
The beauty of the world hath lately waſted,
And thoſe freſh buds, which wont ſo fair to flower,
Hath marred quite, and all their bloſſoms blaſted;
And thoſe young plants, which wont with fruit abound,
Now without fruit or leaves are to be found.

A ſtony coldneſs hath benumb'd the ſenſe
And lively ſpirits of each living wight,
And dimm'd with darkneſs their intelligence,
Darkneſs more than Cymmerians' daily night;
And monſtrous Error, flying in the air,
Hath marr'd the face of all that ſeemed fair.

Image of helliſh horror, Ignorance,
Born in the boſom of the black abyſs,
And fed with Furies' milk for ſuſtenance
Of his weak infancy, begot amiſs
By yawning Sloth on his own mother Night,
So he is ſons both ſire and brother hight:

He, arm'd with blindneſs and with boldneſs ſtout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fair light defaced,
And gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Fauns and Satyrs, hath our dwellings raced,
And our chaſte bowers, in which all vertue reign'd,
With brutiſhneſs and beaſtly filth had ſtain'd.

The ſacred ſprings of horſe-foot Helicon,
So oft hedewed with our learned layes,
And ſpeaking ſtreams of pure Caſtalion,
The famous witneſs of our wonted praiſe,
They trampled have with their foul footing's tread,
And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleaſant groves, which planted were with plains,
That with our muſick wont ſo oft to ring,
And arbours ſweet, in which the ſhepherds' ſwains
Were wont ſo oft their paſtorals to ſing,
They have cut down, and all their pleaſures marr'd,
That now no paſtoral is to be heard.

In ſtead of them, foul goblins and ſhriek-owls,
With fearful howling do all places fill,
And feeble Eccho now laments and howls
The dreadful accents of their out-cries ſhrill:
So all is turned into wilderneſs,
Whilſt Ignorance the Muſes doth oppreſs.

And I, whoſe joy was earſt with ſpirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to ſound aloft,
My ſpirits, now diſmay'd with ſorrow dull,
Do mone my miſery with ſilence ſoft;
Therefore I mourn and wail inceſſantly,
Till pleaſe th' Heavens afford me remedy.

Therewith ſhe wailed with exceeding wo,
And piteous lamentation did make,
And all her ſiſters ſeeing her do ſo,
With equal plaints her ſorrow did partake.
So reſted ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſue.

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of ſoft Delight
Been long time lull'd, and fed with pleaſures ſweet,
Fearleſs through his own fault or Fortune's ſpright
To ſtumble into ſorrow and regret,
If chance him fall into calamity,
Finds greater burthen of his miſery.

So we, that earſt in joyance did abound,
And in the boſom of all bliſs did ſit,
Like virgin queens, with laurel garlands crown'd,
For vertue's meed and ornament of wit,

Sith Ignorance our kingdom did confound,
Be now become moſt wretched wights on ground,

And in our royal thrones, which lately ſtood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accurſed brood,
By him begotten of foul Infamy;
Blind Error, ſcornful Folly, and baſe Spright,
Who hold by wrong that we ſhould have by right.

They to the vulgar ſort now pipe and ſing,
And make them merry with their fooleries;
They cheerly chant, and rimes at random fling,
The fruitful ſpawn of their rank fantaſies:
They feed the ears of fools with flattery,
And good men blame, and loſels magnify.

All places they do with their toys poſſeſs,
And reign in liking of the multitude;
The ſchools they fill with fond new-fangleneſs,
And ſway in court with pride and raſhneſs rude:
'Mongſt ſimple ſhepherds they do boaſt their ſkill,
And ſay their muſick matcheth Phœbus' quill.

The noble hearts to pleaſures they allure,
And tell their prince that learning is but vain;
Fair ladies loves they ſpot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with leud delights diſtain:
Clerks they to loathly idleneſs intice,
And fill their books with diſcipline of vice.

So every where they rule and tyranize,
For their uſurped kingdom's maintenance,
The whiles we ſilly maids, whom they deſpize,
And with reproachful ſcorn diſcountenance,
From our own native heritage exil'd,
Walk through the world, of every one revil'd.

Nor any one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchſafeth us to entertain,
Unleſs ſome one, perhaps of gentle kin,
For pities ſake compaſſion our pain,
And yield us ſome relief in this diſtreſs;
Yet to be ſo reliev'd is wretchedneſs.

So wander we all careful comfortleſs,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all;
So ſeek we help our ſorrow to redreſs,
Yet none vouchſafes to anſwer to our call;
Therefore we mourn and pitileſs complain,
Becauſe none living pitieth our pain.

With that ſhe wept and wofully lamented,
That nought on earth her grief might pacify,
And all the reſt her doleful din augmented
With ſhrieks, and groans, and grievous agony.
So ended ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her piteous plaint, as doth enſue.

ERATO.

Ye gentle Spirits! breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus' ſilver bowre were bred,
Thoughts half divine, full of the fire of love,
With beauty kindled, and with pleaſure fed,
Which ye now in ſecurity poſſeſs,
Forgetful of your former heavineſs;

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,
With which ye uſe your loves to deify,
And blazon forth an earthly beauty's praiſe
Above the compaſs of the arched ſky:
Now change your praiſes unto piteous cries,
And eulogies turn into elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas thoſe bitter ſtounds
Of raging love firſt 'gan me to torment,
And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of ſecret ſorrow and ſad languiſhment,
Before your loves did take you unto grace;
Thoſe now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I, that rule in meaſure moderate
The tempeſt of that ſtormy paſſion,
And uſe to paint in rimes the troublous ſtate
Of lover's life in likeſt faſhion,
Am put from practiſe of my kindly ſkill,
Baniſh'd by thoſe that love with lewdneſs fill.

Love wont to be ſchool-maſter of my ſkill,
And the deviceful matter of my ſong;
Sweet Love! devoid of villany or ill,
But pure and ſpotleſs, as at firſt he ſprong
Out of th' Almighty's boſom, where he neſts,
From thence infuſed into mortal breaſts.

Such high conceit of that celeſtial fire,
The baſe-born brood of Blindneſs cannot gheſs,
Ne never dare their dunghill thoughts aſpire
Unto ſo lofty pitch of perfectneſs,
But rime at riot, and do rage in love,
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Fair Cytheree! the mother of Delight,
And Queen of Beauty, now thou may'ſt go pack,
For lo! thy kingdom is defaced quight,
Thy ſceptre rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay ſon, the winged God of Love,
May now go prune his plumes like ruffed dove.

And ye three Twins to light by Venus brought,
The ſweet companions of the Muſes late,
From whom what-ever thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancy to aggrate,
Go beg with us, and be companions ſtill,
As heretofore of good, ſo now of ill.

For neither you nor we ſhall any more
Find entertainment or in court or ſchool;
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learned's meed, is now lent to the fool:
He ſings of love, and maketh loving lays,
And they him hear, and they him highly praiſe.

With that ſhe poured forth a brackiſh flood
Of bitter tears, and made exceeding mone;
And all her ſiſters ſeeing her ſad mood,
With loud laments her anſwer'd all at one.

So ended she; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

CALLIOPE.

To whom shall I my evil case complain,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedy my pain,
Or deigns to pity a perplexed heart,
But rather seeks my sorrow to augment
With fool reproach and cruel banishment?

For they to whom I used to apply
The faithful service of my learned skill,
The goodly off-spring of Jove's progeny,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill,
Whose living praises in heroick stile
It is my chief profession to compile;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time;
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through unnoble sloth or sinful crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race,
Have both desire of worthy deeds forlorn,
And name of learning utterly do scorn.

Ne do they care to have the aunceſtry
Of th' old heroes memoriz'd anew;
Ne do they care that late posterity
Should know their names, or speak their praises due,
But die forgot, from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shall be forgot ere long.

What boots it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bred?
What odds 'twixt Irus and old Inachus,
'Twixt best and worst, when both alike are ded,
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in vertue others to excel,
If none should yield him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would chuse goodness of his own free-will.

Therefore the Nurse of Vertue I am hight,
And Golden Trumpet of eternity,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heaven's hight,
And mortal men have power to deify:
Bacchus and Hercules I rais'd to heaven,
And Charlemain amongst the starris seaven.

But now I will my golden clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more,
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore;
For noble peers whom I was wont to raise,
Now only seek for pleasures, nought for praise,
Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare:
And the rich fee which poets wont divide,
Now parasites and sycophants do share;
Therefore I mourn and endless sorrow make,
Both for my self and for my sisters' sake.

With that she loudly 'gan to wail and shrike,
And from her eyes a sea of tears did poure,
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpness of her showre.
So ended she, and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue.

URANIA.

What wrath of gods, or wicked influence
Of tears, conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath pour'd on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortal minds doth inwardly infect
With love of blindness and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkness without soverance?

What difference 'twixt man and beast is left,
When th' heavenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of wisdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger he is in,
Through fleshes frailty and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
It is the only comfort which they have,
It is their light, their load-star, and their day,
But hell, and darkness, and the grisly grave,
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men born heavenly doth debace.

Through knowledge we behold the world's creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was,
And judge of Nature's cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formless mass;
By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know,
And what to man, and what to God, we owe.

From hence we mount aloft into the sky,
And look into the crystal firmament;
There we behold the heaven's great hierarchy,
The star's pure light, the spheres' swift movement,
The spirits and intelligencies fair,
And angel's waiting on th' Almighty's chair.

And there, with humble mind and high insight,
Th' Eternal Maker's majesty we view,
His love, his truth, his glory, and his might,
And mercy, more than mortal men can view,
O sovereign Lord! O sovereign happiness!
To see thee and thy mercy measureless!

Such happiness have they that do embrace
The precepts of my heavenly discipline;

But ſhame and ſorrow, and accurſed eaſe,
Have they that ſcorn the ſchool of arts divine,
And baniſh me, which do poſſeſs the ſkill
To make men heavenly-wiſe through humbled will.

However yet they me deſpiſe and ſpight,
I feed on ſweet contentment of my thought,
And pleaſe my ſelf with mine own-ſelf delight,
In contemplation of things heavenly wrought;
So loathing earth I look up to the ſky,
And being driven hence, I thither fly.

Thence I behold the miſery of men, [breed,
Which want the bliſs that wiſdom would them
And like brute beaſts do lie in loathſom den
Of ghoſtly darkneſs and of ghaſtly dreed;
For whom I mourn, and for myſelf complain,
And for my ſiſters eke, whom they diſdain.

With that ſhe wept and wail'd ſo piteouſly,
As if her eyes had been two ſpringing wells;
And all the reſt, her ſorrows to ſupply,
Did throw forth ſhrikes, and cries, and drery yells.
So ended ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her mournful plaint, as doth enſue.

POLYHYMNIA.

A DOLEFUL caſe deſires a doleful ſong,
Without vain art or curious complements,
And ſqualid fortune into baſeneſs flong,
Doth ſcorn the pride of wonted ornaments:
Then fitteſt are theſe ragged rimes for me.
To tell my ſorrows, that exceeding be.

For the ſweet numbers and melodious meaſures
With which I wont the winged words to ty,
And make a tuneful diapaſe of pleaſures,
Now being let to run at liberty
By thoſe which have no ſkill to rule them right,
Have now quite loſt their natural delight.

Heaps of huge words uphoorded hideouſly,
With horrid ſound, though having little ſenſe,
They think to be chief praiſe of poetry,
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have marr'd the face of goodly Poeſie,
And made a monſter of their fantaſie.

Whilom in ages paſt none might profeſs,
But princes and high prieſts, that ſecret ſkill;
The ſecret laws therein they wont expreſs,
And with deep oracles their verſes fill;
Then was ſhe held in ſovereign dignity,
And made the nourſling of nobility.

But now nor prince nor prieſt doth her maintain,
But ſuffer her prophaned for to be
Of the baſe vulgar, that with hands unclean
Dares to pollute her hidden myſterie,
And treadeth under foot her holy things,
Which was the care of keſars and of kings.

One only lives, her age's ornament,
And mirror of her Maker's majeſty,
That with rich bounty and dear cheriſhment,
Supports the praiſe of noble Poeſie;
Ne only favours them which it profeſs,
But is herſelf a peerleſs poetreſs.

Moſt peerleſs prince, moſt peerleſs poetreſs!
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Eliza, ſacred empereſs!
Live ſhe for ever, and her royal places
Be fill'd with praiſes of divineſt wits,
That her enternize with their heavenly writs.

Some few beſide this ſacred ſkill eſteam,
Admirers of her glorious excellence,
Which being lightned with her beauty's beam,
Are thereby fill'd with happy influence,
And lifted up above the world's gaze,
To ſing with angels her immortal praiſe.

But all the reſt, as born of ſalvage brood,
And having been with acorns always fed,
Can no whit ſavour this celeſtial food,
But with baſe thoughts are into blindneſs led,
And kept from looking on the lightſom day,
For whom I wail and weep all that I may.

Eſtſoons ſuch ſtore of tears ſhe forth did powere
As if ſhe all to water would have gone,
And all her ſiſters, ſeeing her ſad ſtowre,
Did weep and wail, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned inſtruments did break;
The reſt untold, no living tongue can ſpeak.

THE RUINES OF ROME.

BY BELLAY.

I.

Ye heavenly Spirits! whoſe aſhy cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls oppreſt,
But not your praiſe, the which ſhall never die
Through your fair verſes, ne in aſhes reſt;
If ſo be ſhrilling voice of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt hell,
Then let theſe deep abyſſes open rive,
That ye may underſtand my ſhrieking yell.
Thrice having ſeen, under the heaven's veil,
Your tombs' devoted compaſs over all,
Thrice unto you with loud voice I appeal,
And for your antique fury here do call,
The whiles that I with ſacred horror ſing
Your glory, faireſt of all earthly thing.

II.

Great Babylon her haughty walls will praiſe,
And ſharped ſteeples high ſhot up in air;
Greece will the old Epheſian buildings blaze,
And Nylus' nurſlings their pyramids fair;
The fame yet vaunting Greece will tell the ſtory
Of Jove's great image in Olympus placed,
Mauſolus' work will be the Carians' glory,
And Crete will boaſt the Labyrinth now raced;
The antique Rhodian will likewiſe ſet forth
The great Coloſs, erect to memory;
And what elſe in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnify:
But I will ſing, above all moniments,
Seven Roman hills, the world's ſeven wonderments.

III.

Thou Stranger! which for Rome in Rome here ſeekeſt,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'ſt at all,
Theſe ſame old walls, old arches, which thou ſeeſt,
Old palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Behold what wreck, what ruine, and what waſte,
And how that ſhe, which with her mighty powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her ſelf at laſt,
The prey of Time, which all things doth devoure.
Rome now of Rome is th' only funerall,
And only Rome of Rome hath victory;
Ne ought ſave Tyber, haſtning to his fall,
Remains of all, O world's inconſtancy!
That which is firm doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting doth abide and ſtay.

IV.

She, whoſe high top above the ſtars did ſore,
One foot on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on Scythis, th' other on the More,
Both heaven and earth in roundneſs compaſſing;
Jove fearing, leaſt if ſhe ſhould greater grow,
The giants old ſhould once again upriſe,
Her whelm'd with hills, theſe ſeven hills, which be now
Tombs of her greatneſs, which did threat the ſkies:
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,
Upon her belly th' antique Palatine,
Upon her ſtomack laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noyſome Eſquiline,

And Cælian on the right; but both her feet
Mount Viminal and Aventine do meet.

v.

Who liſts to ſee what-ever Nature, Art,
And Heaven could do, O Rome! thee let him ſee,
In caſe thy greatneſs he can gueſs in heart,
By that which but the picture is of thee.
Rome is no more; but if the ſhade of Rome
May of the body yield a ſeeming ſight,
It's like a corſe drawn forth out of the tomb
By magick ſkill cut of eternal night:
The corps of Rome in aſhes is entombed,
And her great ſpirit, rejoyned to the ſpirit
Of this great maſs, is in the ſame enwombed;
But her brave writings, which her famous merit,
In ſpight of time, out of the duſt doth rear,
Do make her idol through the world appear,

vi.

Such as the Berecynthian goddeſs bright,
In her ſwift charret, with high turrets crown'd,
Proud that ſo many gods ſhe brought to light,
Such was this city in her good days found;
This city, more than that great Phrygian mother,
Renown'd for fruit of famous progeny,
Whoſe greatneſs, by the greatneſs of none other,
But by her ſelf her equal match could ſee:
Rome only might to Rome compared be,
And only Rome could make great Rome to tremble;
So did the gods by heavenly doom decree
That other earthly powre ſhould not reſemble
Her that did match the whole earth's puiſſaunce,
And did her courage to the heavens advaunce.

vii.

Ye ſacred Ruines! and ye tragick Sights!
Which only do the name of Rome retain,
Old moniments, which of ſo famous ſprights
The honour yet in aſhes do maintain;
Triumphant arks, ſpyres neighbours to the ſkye,
That you to ſee doth th' heaven it ſelf appall,
Alas! by little ye to nothing fly,
The peoples fable and the ſpoil of all;
And though your frames do for a time make war
'Gainſt Time, yet Time in time ſhall ruinate
Your works and names, and your laſt reliques mar.
My ſad deſires reſt therefore moderate;
For if that time make end of thing ſo ſure,
It als will end the pain which I endure.

viii.

Through arms and vaſſals Rome the world ſubdu'd,
That one would ween that one ſole city's ſtrength
Both land and ſea in roundneſs had ſurview'd,
To be the meaſure of her breadth and length:
This people's vertue yet ſo fruitful was
Of vertuous nephews, that poſterity,
Striving in powre their grand-fathers to paſs,
The loweſt earth joyn'd to the heavens high,
To th' end that having all parts in their powre,
Nought from the Roman empire might be quight,
And that though Time doth commoh-wealths devoure,
Yet no time ſheuld ſo low embaſe their hight,
That her head earth'd in her foundation deep,
Should not her name and endleſs honour keep.

ix.

Ye cruel ſtars! and eke ye gods unkind!
Heaven envious! and bitter ſtepdame Nature!
Be it by fortune or by courſe of kind
That ye do wield th' affairs of earthly creature,
Why have your hands long ſithens travailed
To frame this world that doth endure ſo long?
Or why were not theſe Roman palaces
Made of ſome matter no leſs firm and ſtrong?
I ſay not, as the common voice doth ſay,
That all things which beneath the moon have being
Are temporal, and ſubject to decay;
But I ſay rather, though not all agreeing
With ſome that ween the contrary in thought,
That all this Whole ſhall one day come to nought.

x.

As that brave ſon of Æſon, which by charms
Atchiev'd the Golden Fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engendred men of arms
Of dragon's teeth, ſown in the ſacred ſand;
So this brave town, that in her youthly days
An hydra was of warriors glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nourſling's praiſe
The fiery ſun's both one and other houſe;
But they at laſt, there being then not living
An Hercules, ſo rank ſeed to repreſs,
Emongſt themſelves with cruel fury ſtriving,
Mow'd down themſelves with ſlaughter mercileſs,
Renewing in themſelves that rage unkind,
Which whilom did thoſe earth-born brethren blind.

xi.

Mars, ſhaming to have given ſo great head
To his off-ſpring, that mortal puiſſance
Puft up with pride of Roman hardyhed,
Seem'd above Heaven's powre it ſelf t'advaunce,
Cooling again his former kindled heat,
With which he had thoſe Roman ſpirits fill'd,
Did blow new fire, and with enflamed breath
Into the Gothick cold hot rage inſtill'd?
Then 'gan that nation, th' earth's new giants brood,
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of war,
And beating down theſe walls with furious mood
Into her mother's boſom, all did mar,
To th' end that none, all were it Jove his ſire,
Should beaſt himſelf of the Romane empire.

xii.

Like as whilom the children of the earth
Heapt hills on hills, to ſcale the ſtarry ſkye,
And fight againſt the gods of heavenly birth,
Whiles Jove at them his thunder-bolts let flye;
All ſuddenly, with lightning overthrown,
The furious ſquadrons down to ground did fall,
That th' earth, under her children's weight did grone,
And th' heavens in glory triumpht over all;
So did that haughty front which heaped was
On theſe ſeven Roman hills, it ſelf uprear
Over the world, and lift her lofty face
Againſt the heaven, that 'gan her force to fear:

But now the scorned fields bemone her fall,
And gods secure fear not her force at all.

XIII.

Not the swift fury of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victors' raging blade,
Nor ruthless spoil of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so oft thee, Rome, their conquest made;
Ne stroke on stroke of Fortune variable,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of gods, nor spright of men unstable,
Nor thou oppos'd gainst thine own puissance;
Nor th' horrible uprore of winds high blowing,
Nor swelling streams of that god snaky-paced,
Which hath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abased,
But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
Makes the world wonder what they from thee reft.

XIV.

As men in summer fearless pass the foord,
Which is in winter lord of all the plain,
And with his tumbling streams doth bear aboord
The ploughman's hope and shepherd's labour vain;
And as the coward beasts use to despise
The noble lyon after his live's end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vain fool-hardise
Daring the foe that cannot him defend;
And as at Troy most dastards of the Greeks
Did brave about the corps of Hector cold;
So those which whilom wont with pallid cheeks
The Roman triumphs' glory to behold,
Now on these ashie tombs shew boldness vain,
And, conquer'd, dare the conquerour disdain.

XV.

Ye pallid Spirits! and ye ashie Ghosts!
Which joyning in the brightness of your day,
Brought forth those signs of your presumptuous boasts,
Which now their dusty reliques do bewray;
Tell me, ye Spirits! (sith the darksom river
Of Styx, nor passable to souls returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for ever,
Do not restrain your images still mourning)
Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here above him secretly doth hide)
Do ye not feel your torments to accrew,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old Roman works, built with your hands,
Now to become nought else but heaped sands?

XVI.

Like as ye see the wrathful sea from far
In a great mountain heapt with hideous noyse,
Estsoons of thousand billows shouldred nar,
Against a rock to break with dreadful poyse;
Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharp blast
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled sky,
Estsoons having his wide wings spent in wast,
To stop his weary cariere suddenly;
And as ye see huge flames spread diverfly,
Gather'd in one up to the heavens to spire,
Estsoons consum'd to fall down feebily;
So whylom did this monarchy aspire,

As waves, as wind, as fire, spread over all,
Till it by fatal doom adown did fall.

XVII.

So long as Jove's great bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,
Heaven had not fear of that presumptuous might
With which the gyants did the gods assay;
But all so soon as scorching sun had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to overspred,
The earth out of the massie womb forth sent
That antique horror which made heaven adred.
Then was the German Raven in disguise,
That Roman Eagle seen to cleave asunder,
And towards heaven freshly to arise
Out of these mountains, now consum'd to powder,
In which the fowl that serves to bear the lightning
Is now no more seen flying nor alighting.

XVIII.

These heaps of stones, these old walls which ye see,
Were first enclosures but of salvage soil,
And these brave palaces, which maistred be
Of Time, were shepherds' cottages somewhile:
Then took the shepherds kingly ornaments,
And the stout hynd arm'd his right hand with steel;
Estsoons their rule of yearly presidents
Grew great, and six months greater a great deal,
Which made perpetual, rose to so great might,
That thence th' Imperial Eagle rooting took,
Till th' heaven it self opposing 'gainst her might,
Her power to Peter's successor betook,
Who shepherd-like (as Fates the same foreseeing)
Doth she that all things turn to their first being.

XIX.

All that is perfect which th' heaven beautifies,
All that's imperfect, born below the moon,
All that doth feed our spirits and our eyes,
And all that doth consume our pleasures soon;
All the mishap the which our days outwears,
All the good hap of th' oldest times afore,
Rome, in the time of her great ancestors,
Like a Pandora, locked long in store:
But Destiny, this huge chaos turmoyling,
In which all good and evil was enclosed,
Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
Carried to heaven, from sinful bondage loosed:
But their great sins, the causers of their pain,
Under these antique ruines yet remain.

XX.

No otherwise than rainy cloud, first fed
With earthly vapours gather'd in the air,
Estsoons in compass arch'd, to steep his hed,
Doth plonge himself in Thetys' bosom fair;
And mounting up again from whence he came,
With his great belly spreds the dimmed world,
Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame
In rain, or snow, or hail, he forth is horld:
This city, which was first but shepherd's shade,
Uprising by degrees, grew to such height,
That queen of land and sea her self she made:
At last, not able to bear so great weight,

Her power dispersst through all the world did vade,
To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

XXI.

The same which Pyrrhus, and the puissance
Of Africk could not tame, that fame brave city
Which, with stout courage arm'd against mischance,
Sustain'd the shock of common enmity,
Long as her ship tost with so many freaks,
Had all the world in arms against her bent,
Was never seen that any fortune's wreaks
Could break her course, begun with brave intent;
But when the object of her vertue fail'd,
Her power it self against it self did arm:
As he that having long in tempest sail'd,
Fain would arrive, but cannot for the storm,
If too great wind against the port him drive,
Doth in the part it self his vessal rive.

XXII.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with Africa and Byze,
With Thames' inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arise,
Her nourslings did with mutinous uprore
Hearten against her self, her conquer'd spoil,
Which she had won from all the world afore,
Of all the world was spoil'd within a while;
So when the compass'd course of th' universe
In six and thirty thousand years is run,
The bands of th' elements shall back reverse
To their first discord, and be quite undone:
The seeds, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great Chaos' womb again be hid.

XXIII.

O wary wisdom of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from spoil should be forborn!
To th' end that his victorious people should
With cankring leisure not be overworn!
He well foresaw how that the Roman courage,
Impatient of pleasure's faint desires,
Through idleness would turn to civil rage,
And be her self the matter of her fires:
For in a people given all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easily;
As in a vicious body, gross disease,
Soon grows through humours superfluity.
That came to pass, when, swoln with plenty's pride,
Nor prince, nor peer, nor kin, they would abide.

XXIV.

If the blind fury which wars breedeth oft,
Wonts not t'enrage the hearts of equal beasts,
Whether they fare on foot or fly aloft,
Or armed be with claws or scaly crests,
What fell Erynnis with hot burning tongs,
Did gripe your hearts with noisom rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruel wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye Romans!) your hard destiny,
Or some old sin, whose unappeased guilt
Pour'd vengeance forth on you eternally?
Or brothers' blood, the which at first was spilt
Upon your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the same to set foundation sure?

XXV.

O that I had the Thracian poet's harp,
For to awake out of th' infernal shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in dark,
The which this ancient city whilom made!
Or that I had Amphion's instrument,
To quicken with his vital notes' accord
The stony joints of these old walls, now rent,
By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd;
Or that at least I could with pensil fine
Fashion the pourtraicts of these palaces,
By pattern of great Virgil's spirit divine;
I would assay with that which in me is,
To build with level of my lofty stile,
That which no hands can ever more compile.

XXVI.

Who list the Roman greatness forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seek for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or square, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepness, or her hight;
But him behooves to view in compass round
All that the Ocean grasps in his long arms,
Be it where th' yearly star doth scorch the ground
Or where cold Boreas blows his bitter storms:
Rome was th' whole world, and all the world was Rome;
And if things nam'd their names do equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome
And naming Rome ye land and sea comprize!
For th' ancient plot of Rome, displayed plain
The map of all the wide world doth contain.

XXVII.

Thou that at Rome astonish'd dost behold
The antique pride which menaced the sky,
These haughty heaps, these palaces of old,
These walls, these arks, these baths, these temple
Judge by these ample Ruins' view the rest [hie
The which injurious Time hath quite outworn,
Since of all workmen held in reckning best,
Yet these old fragments are for patters born:
Then also mark how Rome from day to day,
Repaying her decayed fashion
Renews herself with buildings rich and gay,
That one would judge that the Roman dæmon
Doth yet himself with faral hand enforce,
Again on foot to rear her pouldred corse.

XXVIII.

He that hath seen a great oak dry and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of some trophees old,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoary head,
Whose foot on ground hath left but feeble hold,
But half disbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed roots and naked arms,
And on her trunk, all rotten and unsound,
Only supports her self for meat of worms,
And though she owe her fall to the first wind,
Yet of the devout people is adorn'd,
And many young plants spring out of her rind;
Who such an oak hath seen, let him record
That such this city's honour was of yore,
And 'mongst all cities flourished much more.

XXIX.

All that which Egypt whilom did deviſe,
All that which Greece their temples to embrave,
After th' Ionick, Attick, Dorick guiſe,
Or Corinth, ſkill'd in curious works to grave;
All that Lyſippus' practick art could form,
Apelles' wit, or Phidias his ſkill,
Was wont this ancient city to adorn,
And heaven it ſelf with her wide wonders fill:
All that which Athens ever brought forth wiſe,
All that which Africk ever brought forth ſtrange,
All that which Aſia ever had of praiſe,
Was here to ſee. O marvailous great change!
Rome living was the world's ſole ornament,
And dead, is now the world's ſole moniment?

XXX.

Like as the feeded field green graſs firſt ſhows,
Then from green graſs into a ſtalk doth ſpring,
And from a ſtalk into an ear forth grows,
Which ear the fruitful grain doth ſhortly bring;
And as in ſeaſon due the huſband mows
The waving locks of thoſe fair yellow hairs,
Which bound in ſheaves, and laid in comely rows,
Upon the naked fields in ſtacks he rears;
So grew the Roman empire by degree,
Till that barbarian hands it quite did ſpill,
And left of it but theſe old marks to ſee,
Of which all paſſers-by do ſomewhat pill;
As they which glean, the reliques uſe to gather
Which th' huſbandman behind him chanſt to ſcatter.

XXXI.

That fame is now nought but a champain wide,
Where all this world's pride once was ſituate.
No blame to thee, whoſoever dooſt abide
By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
Ne Africk thereof guilty is, nor Spain,
Nor the bold people by the Thamis' brinks,
Nor the brave warlike brood of Alemain,
Nor the born ſouldier which Rhine running drinks:
Thou only cauſe, O civil Fury! art,
Which ſowing in th' Æmathian fields thy ſpight,
Didſt arm thy hand againſt thy proper heart,
To th' end that when thou waſt in greateſt hight
To greatneſs grown, through long proſperity,
Thou then adown might'ſt fall more horribly.

XXXII.

Hope ye, my Verſes! that poſterity
Of age enſuing ſhall you ever read?
Hope ye that ever immortality
So mean harp's work may challenge for her meed?
If under heaven any endurance were,
Theſe moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in porphyre and marble do appear,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'leſs my lute, whom Phœbus deign'd to give,
Ceaſe not to ſound theſe old antiquities,
For if that Time do let thy glory live,
Well may'ſt thou boaſt, how ever baſe thou be,
That thou art firſt which of thy nation ſong
Th' old honour of the people gowned long.

L'ENVOY.

Bellay! firſt garland of free poeſy
That France brought forth, though fruitful of brave wits,
Well worthy thou of immortality,
That long haſt travel'd by thy learned writs,
Old Rome out of her aſhes to revive,
And give a ſecond life to dead decays;
Needs muſt he all eternity ſurvive,
That can to other give eternal days.
Thy days, therefore, are endleſs, and thy praiſe
Excelling all that ever went before;
And after thee 'gins Bartas hie to raiſe
His heavenly Muſe, th' Almighty to adore,
Live, happy Spirits! th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never-dying fame.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

To the right noble and beautiful lady,

MARY,

COUNTESS OF PEMBROOK.

Most honourable and bountiful Lady, there be long ſithens deep ſowed in my breaſt the ſeeds of moſt entire love and humble affection unto that moſt brave knight, your noble brother, deceaſed, which taking root, began in his lifetime ſomewhat to bud forth, and to ſhow themſelves to him, as then in the weakneſs of their firſt ſpring, and would in their riper ſtrength (had it pleaſed high God till then to draw out his days) ſpired forth fruit of more perfection: but ſince God hath diſdeigned the world of that moſt noble ſpirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the patron of my young Muſes, together with him both their hope of any further fruit was cut off, and alſo the tender delight of thoſe their firſt bloſſoms nipped and quite dead: yet ſithens my late coming into England, ſome friends of mine, (which might much prevail with me, and indeed command me) knowing with how ſtraight bands of duty I was tyed to him, and alſo bound unto that noble houſe (of which the chief hope then reſted in him), have ſought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not ſhewed any thankful remembrance towards him, or any of them, but ſuffer their names to ſleep in ſilence and forgetfulneſs: whom, chiefly to ſatisfy, or elſe to avoid that foul blot of unthankfulneſs, I have conceived this ſmall Poem, intituled by a general name of, The World's Ruines; yet ſpecially intended to the renowning of that noble race from which both you and he ſprong, and to the eternizing of ſome of the chief of them late deceaſed: the which I dedicate unto your Ladyſhip, as whom it moſt ſpecially concerneth, and to whom I acknowledge my ſelf bounden by many ſingular favours and great graces. I pray for your honourable happineſs, and ſo humbly kiſs your hands,

Your Ladyſhip's ever

humbly at command,

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

It chaunced me one day beſide the ſhore
Of ſilver ſtreaming Thameſis to be,
Nigh where the goodly Verlame ſtood of yore,
Of which there now remains no memory,
Nor any little monument to ſee,
By which the traveller, that fares that way,
This once was ſhe may warned be to ſay.

There on the other ſide I did behold
A woman ſitting ſorrowfully wailing,
Rending her yellow locks, like wiry gold,
About her ſhoulders careleſsly down trailing,
And ſtreams of tears from her fair eyes forth
railing;
In her right hand a broken rod ſhe held,
Which towards heaven ſhe ſeem'd on high to
weld.

Whether ſhe were one of that river's nymphs,
Which did the loſs of ſome dear love lament,
I doubt, or one of thoſe three fatal imps
Which draw the days of men forth in extent,
Or th' ancient Genius of that city brent;
But ſeeing her ſo piteouſly perplexed,
I (to her calling) aſk'd what her ſo vexed?

" Ah what delight (quoth ſhe) in earthly thing,
" Or comfort, can I, wretched Creature! have?
" Whoſe happineſs the Heavens envying,
" From higheſt ſtair to loweſt ſtep me drave,
" And have in mine own bowels made my grave;
" That of all nations now I am forlorn,
" The worlds ſad ſpectacle, and Fortune's ſcorn."

Much was I moved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my breſt,
With tender ruth to ſee her ſore conſtraint,
That ſhedding tears awhile, I ſtill did reſt,
And after did her name of her requeſt:
" Name have I none, (quoth ſhe) nor any being
" Bereſt of both by Fate's unjuſt decreeing.

" I was that city which the garland wore
" Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
" By Roman victors, which it won of yore,
" Though nought at all but ruines now I be,
" And lie in mine own aſhes, as ye ſee:
" Verlame I was: what boots it that I was,
" Sith now I am but woods and waſteful graſs?

" O vain world's glory, and unſtedfaſt ſtate
" Of all that lives on face of ſinful earth!
" Which from their firſt until their utmoſt date
" Taſte no one hour of happineſs or mirth,
" But like as at the ingate of their birth,
" They crying creep out of their mother's womb,
" So wailing back go to their woeful tomb.

" Why then doth fleſh, a bubble-glaſs of breath,
" Hunt after honour and advauncement vain,
" And rear a trophee for devouring Death,
" With ſo great labour and long-laſting pain,
" As if his days for ever ſhould remain?
" Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
" Doth as a vapour vaniſh and decay.

" Look back who liſt unto the former ages,
" And call to count what is of them become,
" Where be thoſe learned wits and antique ſages
" Which of all wiſdom knew the perfect ſum?
" Where thoſe great warriors which did over-
" come
" The world with conqueſt of their might and
" main, [reign?
" And made one mear of th' earth and of their

" What now is of th' Aſſyrian Lioneſs,
" Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
" What of the Perſian Bear's outragiouſneſs,
" Whoſe memory is quite worn out with years?
" Who of the Grecian Libbard now onght hears,
" That over-ran the Eaſt with greedy powre,
" And left his whelps their kingdoms to devour?

" And where is that fame great Seven-headed
" beaſt,
" That made all nations vaſſals of her pride,
" To fall before her feet at her beheaſt,
" And in the neck of all the world did ride?
" Where doth ſhe all that wondrous wealth now
" hide?
" With her own weight down preſſed now ſhe
" lies,
" And by her heaps her hugeneſs teſtifies.

" O Rome! thy ruin I lament and rue,
" And in thy fall my fatal overthrow,
" That whilom was, whilſt Heavens with equal
" view
" Deign'd to behold me, and their gifts beſtow,
" The picture of thy pride in pompous ſhow;
" And of the whole world as thou waſt the em-
" preſs,
" So I of this ſmall northern world was princeſs.

" To tell the beauty of my buildings fair,
" Adorn'd with pureſt gold and precious ſtone;
" To tell my riches and endowments rare,
" That by my foes are now all ſpent and gone;
" To tell my forces, matchable to none,
" Were but loſt labour; that few would believe,
" And with rehearſing would me more agrieve.

" High towers, fair temples, goodly theaters,
" Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
" Large ſtreets, brave houſes, ſacred ſepulchres,
" Sure gates, ſweet gardens, ſtately galleries,
" Wrought with fair pillors and fine imageries;
" All thoſe (O pity!) now are turn'd to duſt,
" And overgrown with black oblivion's ruſt.

" Thereto for warlike power and people's ſtore,
" In Britanny was none to match with me,
" That many often did aby full ſore;
" Ne Troynovant, though elder ſiſter ſhe,
" With my great forces may compared be;
" That ſtout Pendragon to his peril felt,
" Who in a ſiege ſeven years about me dwelt.

" But long e'er this Bunduca, Britonneſs,
" Her mighty hoaſt againſt my bulwarks brought;
" Bunduca! that victorious conquereſs,
" That lifting up her brave heroick thought
" 'Bove women's weakneſs, with the Romans
" fought,
" Fought, and in field againſt them thrice pre-
" vailed;
" Yet was ſhe foil'd whenas ſhe me aſſailed.

" And though at laſt by force I conquer'd were
" Of hardy ſaxons, and became their thrall,
" Yet was I with much bloodſhed bought full
" dear,
" And priz'd with ſlaughter of their general,
" The monument of whoſe ſad funeral,
" For wonder of the world, long in me laſted,
" But now to nought, through ſpoil of time, is
" waſted.

" Waſted it is, as if it never were,
" And all the reſt, that me ſo honour'd made,
" And of the world admired every where,
" Is turn'd to ſmoak, that doth to nothing fade,
" And of that brightneſs now appears no ſhade,
" But grieſly ſhades, ſuch as do haunt in hell
" With fearful fiends, that in deep darkneſs
" dwell.

" Where my high ſteeples whilom uſ'd to ſtand,
" On which the lordly falcon wont to towre,
" There now is but an heap of lime and ſand,
" For the ſkriech-owl to build her baleful bowre;
" And where the nightingale wont forth to pour
" Her reſtleſs plaints, to comfort wakeful lovers,
" There now haunt yelling mews and whining
" plovers.

" And where the chryſtal Thamis wont to ſlide
" In ſilver channel down along the lee,
" About whoſe flowry banks on either ſide
" A thouſand nymphs, with mirthful jollitee,
" Were wont to play, from all annoyance free,
" There now no river's courſe is to be ſeen,
" But mooriſh fens, and marches ever green.

" Seems that the gentle river for great grief
" Of my miſhap, which oft I to him plained,
" Or for to ſhun the horrible miſchief
" With which he ſaw my cruel foes me pained,
" And his pure ſtreams with guiltleſs blood oft
" ſtained,
" From my unhappy neighbourhood far fled,
" And his ſweet waters away with him led.

" There alſo, where the winged ſhips were ſeen
" In liquid waves to cut their foamy way,
" And thouſand fiſhers numbred to have been
" In that wide lake, looking for plenteous prey
" Of fiſh, which they with baits uſ'd to betray,
" Is now no lake, nor any fiſher's ſtore,
" Nor ever ſhip ſhall ſail there any more.

" They are all gone, and all with them is gone,
" Ne ought to me remains but to lament
" My long decay, which no man elſe doth mone,
" And mourn my fall with doleful dreriment.
" Yet is it comfort in great languiſhment,
" To be bemoned with compaſſion kind,
" And mitigates the anguiſh of the mind.

" But me no man bewaileth but in game,
" Ne ſheddeth tears from lamentable eye,
" Nor any lives that mentioneth my name
" To be remembred of poſterity,
" Save one, that maugre Fortune's injury,
" And Time's decay, and Envy's cruel tort,
" Hath writ my record in true-ſeeming ſort.

" Cambden! the nourice of Antiquity,
" And lanthorn unto late ſucceeding age,
" To ſee the light of ſimple verity,
" Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
" Of her own people, led with warlike rage;

" Cambden! though time all monuments obſcure,
" Yet thy juſt labours ever ſhall endure.

" But why (unhappy Wight!) do I thus cry,
" And grieve that my remembrance quite is
" raced
" Out of the knowledge of poſterity,
" And all my antique monuments defaced?
" Sith I do daily ſee things higheſt placed,
" So ſoon as Fates their vital thred have ſhorn,
" Forgotten quite, as they were never born.

" It is not long ſince theſe two eyes beheld
" A mighty prince, of moſt renowned race,
" Whom England high in count of honour held,
" And greateſt ones did ſue to gain his grace;
" Of greateſt ones he greateſt in his place,
" Sate in the boſom of his ſovereign,
" And, right and loyal, did his word maintain.

" I ſaw him die, I ſaw him die as one
" Of the mean people, and brought forth on hier;
" I ſaw him die, and no man left to mone
" His doleful fate, that late him loved dear;
" Scarce any left to cloſe his eye-lids near;
" Scarce any left upon his lips to lay
" The ſacred ſod, or *requiem* to ſay.

" O truſtleſs ſtate of miſerable men,
" That build your bliſs on hope of earthly thing,
" And vainly think your ſelves half happy then,
" When painted faces with ſmooth flattering,
" Do fawn on you, and your wide praiſes ſing!
" And when the courting maſter louteth low,
" Him true in heart and truſty to you trow!

" All is but feigned, and with oaker dide,
" That every ſhower will waſh and wipe away:
" All things do change that under heaven abide,
" And after death all friendſhip doth decay:
" Therefore, what-ever man bearſt worldly ſway,
" Living, on God and on thy ſelf rely,
" For when thou dieſt all ſhall with thee die.

" He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
" Save what in heaven's ſtorehouſe he uplaid;
" His hope is fail'd, and come to paſs his dread,
" And evil men (now dead) his deeds uphraid:
" Spight bites the dead, that living never baid.
" He now is gone, the whiles the fox is crept
" Into the hole the which the badger ſwept.

" He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
" And all his greatneſs vapoured to nought,
" That as a glaſs upon the water ſhone,
" Which vaniſht quite ſo ſoon as it was ſought:
" His name is worn already out of thought,
" Ne any poet ſeeks him to revive,
" Yet many poets honour'd him alive.

" Ne doth his Colin, careleſs Colin Clout,
" Care now his idle bagpipe up to raiſe!
" Ne tell his ſorrow to the liſtning rout
" Of ſhepherd grooms, which wont his ſongs to
" praiſe:
" Praiſe whoſo liſt, yet I will him diſpraiſe,
" Until he quit him of this guilty blame:
" Wake, ſhepherd's boy, at length awake for ſhame.

" And whoſo elſe did goodneſs by him gain,
" And whoſo elſe his bounteous mind did try,
" Whether he ſhepherd be or ſhepherd's ſwain,
" (For many did, which do it now deny)
" Awake, and to his ſong a part apply:
" And I, the whilſt you mourn for his deceaſe,
" Will with my mourning plaint your plaint in-
" creaſe.

" He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
" His brother prince, his brother noble peer,
" That whilſt he lived was of none envyde,
" And dead is now, as living, counted dear,
" Dear unto all that true affection bear;
" But unto thee moſt dear, O deareſt Dame!
" His noble ſpouſe, and paragon of fame,

" He, whilſt he lived! happy was through thee,
" And being dead, is happy now much more;
" Living, that linked chaunſt with thee to be,
" And dead, becauſe him dead thou dooſt adore
" As living, and thy loſt dear love deplore:
" So whilſt that thou, fair flower of Chaſtity!
" Dooſt live, by thee thy lord ſhall never die.

" Thy lord ſhall never die, the whiles this verſe
" Shall live, and ſurely it ſhall live for ever;
" For ever it ſhall live, and ſhall rehearſe
" His worthy praiſe, and vertues dying never,
" Though death his ſoul do from his body ſever:
" And thou thy ſelf herein ſhalt alſo live,
" Such grace the heavens do to my verſes give.

" Ne ſhall his ſiſter, ne thy father, die;
" Thy father, that good earl of rare renowu,
" And noble patron of weak poverty!
" Whoſe great good deeds in country and in
" town
" Have purchaſt him in heaven a happy crown,
" Where he now liveth in eternal bliſs,
" And left his ſon t' enſue thoſe ſteps of his.

" He, noble Bud! his grandfire's lively heir,
" Under the ſhadow of thy countenance
" Now gins to ſhoot up faſt, and flouriſh fair
" In learned arts and goodly governance,
" That him to higheſt honour ſhall advance.
" Brave Imp of Bedford! grow apace in bounty,
" And count of wiſdom more than of thy county.

" Ne may I let thy huſband's ſiſter die,
" That goodly lady, ſith ſhe eke did ſpring
" Out of this ſtock and famous family,
" Whoſe praiſes I to future age do ſing,
" And forth out of her happy womb did bring
" The ſacred brood of learning and all honour,
" In whom the heavens pour'd all their gifts upon
" her.

" Moſt gentle ſpirit, breathed from above,
" Out of the boſom of the Maker's bliſs,
" In whom all bounty and all vertuous love
" Appeared in their native propertis,
" And did enrich that noble breaſt of his
" With treaſure paſſing all this worldes worth,
" Worthy of heaven it ſelf, which brought it forth.

" His bleſſed ſpirit, full of power divine,
" And influence of all celeſtial grace,
" Loathing this ſinful earth and earthly ſlime,
" Fled back too ſoon unto his native place;
" Too ſoon for all that did his love embrace;
" Too ſoon for all this wretched world, whom he
" Robb'd of all right and true nobility.

" Yet ere his happy ſoul to heaven went
" Out of this fleſhly goal, he did deviſe
" Unto his heavenly Maker to preſent
" His body as a ſpotleſs ſacrifice,
" And cheſe that guilty hands of enemies [blood;
" Should pour forth th' offring of his guiltleſs
" So life exchanging for his country's good.

" O noble Spirit! live there ever bleſſed, [joy;
" The world's late wonder, and the heaven's new
" Live ever there, and leave me here diſtreſſed
" With mortal cares and cumbrous world's annoy:
" But where thou dooſt that happineſs enjoy,
" Bid me, O bid me quickly come to thee,
" That happy there I may thee always ſee!

" Yet whilſt the Fates afford me vital breath,
" I will it ſpend in ſpeaking of thy praiſe,
" And ſing to thee until that timely death
" By Heaven's doom do end my earthly days:
" Thereto do thou my humble ſpirit raiſe,
" And into me that ſacred breath inſpire,
" Which thou there breatheſt perfect and entire.

" Then will I ſing; but who can better ſing
" Than thine own ſiſter, peerleſs lady bright!
" Which to thee ſings with deep heart's ſorrowing,
" Sorrowing tempered with dear delight?
" That her to hear I feel my feeble ſpright
" Robbed of ſenſe, and raviſhed with joy;
" O ſad joy, made of mourning and annoy!

" Yet will I ſing; but who can better ſing
" Than thou thy ſelf, thine one ſelf's valiance,
" That whilſt thou livedſt madeſt the forests ring,
" And fields reſound, and flocks to leap and dance,
" And ſhepherds leave their lambs unto miſchance,
" To run thy ſhrill Arcadian pipe to hear?
" O happy were theſe days! thrice happy were.

" But now more happy th u, and wretched we,
" Which want the wonted ſweetneſs of thy
" voice,
" Whiles thou now in Elyſian fields ſo free,
" With Orpheus, with Linus, and the choice
" Of all that ever did in rimes rejoyce,
" Converſeſt, and dooſt hear their heavenly lays,
" And they hear thine and thine do better praiſe.

" So there thou liveſt ſinging evermore,
" And here thou liveſt being ever ſong
" Of us which living loved thee afore,
" And now thee worſhip mongſt that bleſſed
" throng
" Of heavenly poets and heroes ſtrong:
" So thou both here and here immortal art,
" And every where through excellent deſert.

" But ſuch as neither of themſelves can ſing,
" Nor yet are ſung of others for reward,
" Die in obſcure oblivion as the thing
" Which never was, ne ever with regard
" Their names ſhall of the later age be heard,
" But ſhall in ruſty darkneſs ever lie,
" Unleſs they mention'd be with infamy.

" What booteth it to have been rich alive?
" What to be great? What to be gracious?
" When after death no token doth ſurvive
" Of former being in this mortal houſe,
" But ſleeps in duſt dead and inglorious?
" Like beaſt, whoſe breath but in his noſtrils is,
" And hath not hope of happineſs or bliſs.

" How many great ones may remembred be,
" Which in their days moſt famouſly did flouriſh,
" Of whom no word we hear, nor ſign now ſee,
" But as things wip'd out with a ſponge do
" periſh,
" Becauſe they living cared not to cheriſh
" No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
" Which might their names for ever memorize?

" Provide, therefore, (ye Princes!) whilſt ye
" live,
" That of the Muſes ye may friended be,
" Which unto men eternity do give;
" For they be daughters of Dame Memory
" And Jove, the father of Eternity,
" And do thoſe men in golden thrones repoſe,
" Whoſe merits they to glorify do choſe.

" The ſeven-fold yron gates of griſly hell,
" And horrid houſe of ſad Proſerpina,
" They able are with power of mighty ſpell
" To break, and thence the ſouls to bring away
" Out of drad darkneſs to eternal day,
" And then immortal make which elſe would die
" In ſoul forgetfulneſs, and nameleſs lie.

" So whylom raiſed they the puiſſant brood
" Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merit,
" Out of the duſt to which the Oetæan wood
" Had him conſum'd, and ſpent his vital ſpirit
" To higheſt heaven, where now he doth inherit
" All happineſs in Hebe's ſilver bow'r,
" Choſen to be her deareſt paramour.

" So raiſ'd they eke fair Leda's warlike twins,
" And interchanged life unto them lent,
" That when th' one dies, th' other then begins
" To ſhew in heaven his brightneſs orient;
" And they, for pity of the ſad wayment

" Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
" Her back again to life ſent for his ſake.

" So happy are they, and ſo fortunate,
" Whom the Pierian ſacred Siſters love,
" That freed from bands of implacable fate,
" And powre of death, they live for ay above,
" Where mortal wreaks their bliſs may not re-
" move,
" But with the gods, for former vertue's meed,
" On nectar and ambroſia do feed.

" For deeds do die, however nobly done,
" And thoughts of men do in themſelves decay,
" But wiſe words, taught in numbers for to run,
" Recorded by the Muſes, live for ay,
" Ne may with ſtorming ſhowers be waſht away;
" Ne bitter breathing winds with harmful blaſt,
" Nor age, nor envy, ſhall them ever waſt.

" In vain do earthly princes then, in vain,
" Seek with pyramides to heaven aſpired,
" Or huge Coloſſes built with coſtly pain,
" Or braſen pillows never to be fired,
" Or ſhrines made of the metal moſt deſired,
" To make their memories for ever live;
" For how can mortal immortality give?

" Such one Mauſolus made, the world's great
" wonder,
" But now no remnant doth thereof remain;
" Such one Marcellus, but was torn with thunder;
" Such one Liſippus, but is worn with rain;
" Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gain.
" All ſuch vain monuments of earthly maſs,
" Devour'd of Time, in time to nought do paſs.

" But Fame, with golden wings aloft doth fly
" Above the reach of ruinous decay,
" And with brave plumes doth beat the azure ſky,
" Admir'd of baſe-born men from far away;
" Then whoſo will with vertuous deeds aſſay
" To mount to heaven, on Pegaſus muſt ride,
" And with ſweet poets' verſe be glorifide.

" For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake
" Could ſave the ſon of Thetis from to die,
" But that blind bard did him immortal make
" With verſes dipt in dew of Caſtalie,
" Which made the Eaſtern conqueror to cry,
" O fortunate young Man! whoſe vertue found
" So brave a tromp thy noble acts to ſound.

" Therefore, in this half happy I do read
" Good Melibæ, that hath a poet got
" To ſing his living praiſes being dead,
" Deſerving never here to be forgot,
" In ſpight of Envy, that his deeds would ſpot:
" Since whoſe deceaſe learning lies unregarded,
" And men of arms do wander unrewarded.

" Theſe two be thoſe two great calamities
" That long ago did grieve the noble ſpright
" Of Salomon with great indignities,
" Who whilom was alive the wiſeſt wight;
" But now his wiſdom is diſproved quight;
" For he that now welds all things at his will,
" Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper ſkill.

" O grief of griefs! O gall of all good hearts!
" To ſee that vertue ſhould deſpiſed be
" Of ſuch as firſt were raiſ'd for vertuous parts,
" And now broad ſpreading like an aged tree,
" Let none ſhoot up that nigh them planted be:
" O! let not thoſe of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
" Alive nor dead, be of the Muſe adorned!

" O vile world's truſt, that with ſuch vain illuſion
" Hath ſo wiſe men bewitcht and overkeſt,
" That they ſee not the way of their confuſion!
" O vainneſs to be added to the reſt,
" That doth my ſoul with inward grief infeſt!
" Let them behold the piteous fall of me,
" And in my caſe their own enſample ſee.

" And whoſo elſe that ſits in higheſt ſeat
" Of this world's glory, worſhipped of all,
" Ne feareth change of time nor Fortun's threat,
" Let him behold the horror of my fall,
" And his own end unto remembrance call,
" That of like ruine he may warned be,
" And in himſelf be mov'd to pity me."

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint,
With doleful ſhrieks ſhe vaniſhed away,
That I through inward ſorrow wexen faint,
And all aſtoniſhed with deep diſmay
For her departure, had no word to ſay,
But ſate long time in ſenſleſs ſad affright,
Looking ſtill if I might of her have ſight.

Which when I miſſed, having looked long,
My thought returned grived home again,
Renewing her complaint with paſſion ſtrong,
For ruth of that ſame woman's piteous pain;
Whoſe words recording in my troubled brain,
I felt ſuch anguiſh wound my feeble heart,
That frozen horror ran through every part.

So inly grieving in my groning breaſt,
And deeply muſing at her doubtful ſpeech,
Whoſe meaning much I laboured forth to wreſt,
Being above my ſlender reaſon's reach,
At length, by demonſtration me to teach,
Before mine eyes ſtrange ſights preſented were,
Like tragick pageants ſeeming to appear.

I.

I ſaw an Image all of maſſie gold,
Placed on high upon an altar fair,
That all which did the ſame from far behold,
Might worſhip it, and fall on loweſt ſtair:
Not that great idol might with this compare,
To which th' Aſſyrian tyrant would have made
The holy brethren falſly to have praid.

But th' altar on the which this Image ſtaid,
Was (O great pity!) built of brittle clay,

That shortly the foundation decaid,
With show'rs of heaven and tempest worn away;
Then down it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scorned of every one which by it went,
That I it seeing dearly did lament.

II.

Next unto this a stately Towre appear'd,
Built all of richest stone that might be found.
And nigh unto the heavens in height uprear'd,
But placed on a plot of sandy ground:
Not that great towre which is so much renown'd
For tongues' confusion in Holy Writ,
King Ninus' work, might be compar'd to it.

But, O vain labours of terrestrial wit,
That builds so strongly on so frail a soil
As with each storm does fall away and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your travail's toil
To be the pray of Time and Fortune's spoil!
I saw this Towre fall suddenly to dust,
That nigh with grief thereof my heart was brust.

III.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradise,
Full of sweet flowres and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more devise,
With pleasures choice to feed his chearful sprights:
Not that which Merlin by his magick slights
Made for the gentle squire to entertain
His fair Belphœbe, could this garden stain.

But O short pleasure, bought with lasting pain!
Why will hereafter any flesh delight
In earthly bliss, and Joy in pleasures vain?
Since that I saw this Garden wasted quight,
That where it was scarce seemed any sight,
That I, which once that beauty did behold,
Could not from tears my melting eyes with-hold.

IV.

Soon after this a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous powre and of exceeding stature,
That none durst view the horror of his face,
Yet was he mild of speech and meek of nature:
Not he which in despight of his Creatour
With railing terms defy'd the Jewish hoast,
Might with this mighty one in hugeness boast.

For from the one he could to th' other coast
Stretch his strong thighs, and th' ocean over-stride,
And reach his hand into his enemies' hoast:
But see the end of pomp and fleshly pride!
One of his feet unwares from him did slide,
That down he fell into the deep abyss,
Where dround with him is all his earthly blis.

V.

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of gold,
Over the sea from one to th' other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' uphold,
But like the coloured rainbow arched wide:
Not that great arch which Trajan edifide,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equal viewing.

But (ah! what boots it to see earthly thing
In glory or in greatness to excel,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruin bring?
This goodly Bridge, one foot not fastned well,
'Gan fail, and all the rest down shortly fell;
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
That grief thereof my spirit greatly pained.

VI.

I saw two Bears, as white as any milk,
Lying together in a mighty cave,
Of mild aspect, and hair as soft as silk,
That salvage nature seemed not to have,
Nor after greedy spoil of blood to crave:
Two fairer beasts might not else-where be found,
Although the compast world were sought around.

But what long abide above this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happiness?
The cave, in which these bears lay sleeping found,
Was but of earth, and with her weightiness
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppress.
That for great sorrow of ther sudden fate
Henceforth all world's felicity I hate.

Much was I troubled in my heavy spright
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaved quight,
And I in mind remained sore agast,
Distraught 'twixt fear and pity; when at last
I heard a voice which loudly to me call'd,
That with the suddain shrill I was appall'd

Behold, (said it) and by ensample see
That all is vanity and grief of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can be
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclin'd,
For all the rest must needs be left behind:
With that it bade me to the other side,
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I.

Upon that famous river's further shore,
There stood a snowy Swan, of heavenly hue
And gentle kind, as ever fowl afore;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white Strimonion brood might no man view;
There he most sweetly sung the prophecy
Of his own death in doleful elegy.

At last, when all his mourning melody
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forwarn'd to die,
With lofty flight about the earth be bounded,
And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly sign;
There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine.

II.

Whilst thus I looked, low adown the lee
I saw an Harp, strung all with silver twine,

And made of gold and coſtly ivory,
Swimming, that whilom ſeemed to have been
The harp on which Dan Orpheus was ſeen
Wild beaſts and forreſts after him to lead,
But was th' Harp of Phillifides now dead.

At length out of the river it was rear'd,
And borne about the clouds to be divin'd,
Whilſt all the way moſt heavenly noiſe was heard
Of the ſtrings, ſtirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both joy and ſorrow in my mind;
So now in heaven a ſign it doth appear,
The Harp, well known beſide the Northern Bear.

III.

Soon after this I ſaw on th' other ſide
A curious Coffar made of heben wood,
That in it did moſt precious treaſure hide,
Exceeding all this baſer worldes good;
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almoſt drowned was, and done to nought,
That ſight thereof much griev'd my penſive thought.

At length, when moſt in peril it was brought,
Two angels down deſcending with ſwift flight,
Out of the ſwelling ſtream it lightly caught,
And 'twixt their bleſſed arms it carried quight
Above the reach of any living ſight;
So now it is transform'd into that ſtar
In whith all heavenly treaſures locked are.

IV.

Looking aſide, I ſaw a ſtately Bed,
Adorned all with coſtly cloth of gold,
That might for any prince's couch be red,
And deckt with dainty flowres, as if it ſhould
Be for ſome bride, her joyous night to hold;
Therein a goodly virgin ſleeping lay,
A fairer wight ſaw never ſummer's day.

I heard a voice that called far away,
And her awaking, bad her quickly dight,
For loe her bridegroom was in ready ray
To come to her, and ſeek her love's delight:
With that ſhe ſtarted up with cheerful ſight,
When ſuddenly both Bed and all was gone,
And I in langour left there all alone.

V.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where ſtood
A Knight all arm'd upon a winged ſteed,
The ſame that bred was of Meduſa's blood,
On which Dan Perſeus, born of heavenly ſeed,
The fair Andromeda from peril freed;
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That ſtreams of blood forth flowed on the graſs.

Yet was he deckt (ſmall joy to him, alas!)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich ſpoils, which late he did purchaſe:
Through brave atchievements from his enemies
Fainting at laſt through long infirmities,
He ſmote his ſteed, that ſtraight to heaven bore,
And left me here his loſs for to deplore.

VI.

Laſtly, I ſaw an Ark of pureſt gold
Upon a brazen pillour ſtanding high,
Which the aſhes ſeemed of a great prince to hold,
Enclos'd therein for endleſs memory
Of him whom all the world did glorify;
Seemed the heavens with th' earth did diſagree
Whether ſhould of thoſe aſhes keeper be.

At laſt, me ſeem'd wing-footed Mercury,
From heaven deſcending to appeaſe their ſtrife,
The ark did bear with him above the ſky,
And to thoſe aſhes gave a ſecond life,
To live in heaven, where happineſs is rife;
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almoſt like to die.

L'ENVOY.

Immortal Spirit of Phillifides!
Which now art made the heaven's ornament,
That whilom waſt the world's chiefeſt riches,
Give leave to him that lov'd thee to lament
His loſs, by lack of thee to heaven hent,
And with laſt duties of this broken verſe,
Broken with ſighs, to deck thy fable herſe.

And ye, fair Lady! th' honour of your days,
And glory of the world, your high thoughts ſcorn,
Vouchſafe this moniment of his laſt praiſe
With ſome few ſilver-dropping tears t' adorn;
And as ye be of heavenly off-ſpring born,
So unto heaven let your high mind aſpire,
And loath this droſs of ſinful world's deſire.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR,

THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLY.

To the Right Worthy and Virtuous Lady,

THE LADY CAREY.

Most brave and bountiful Lady! for ſo excellent favours I have received at your ſweet hands, to offer theſe few leaves as in recompence, ſhould be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefits; therefore I have determined to give my ſelf wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my ſelf, and abſolutely vowed to your ſervices, which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage to have the perſon yielded. My perſon I wot well how little worth it is; but the faithful mind and humble zeal which I bear unto your Ladyſhip, may perhaps be more of price, as may pleaſe you to account and uſe the poor ſervice thereof, which taketh glory to advance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to ſpend it in honouring you; not ſo much for your great bounty to my ſelf, which yet may not be unminded, nor for name or kindred ſake by you vouchſafed, being alſo regardable, as for that honourable name which ye have by your brave deſerts purchaſt to your ſelf, and ſpred in the mouths of all men; with which I have alſo preſumed to grace my verſes, and under your name to commend to the world this ſmall Poem; the which beſeeching your Ladyſhip to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciouſneſs to make a mild conſtruction, I humbly pray for your happineſs.

Your Ladyſhip's ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENSER.

MUIOPOTMOS, &c.

I SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stirr'd up through wrathful Nemesis' despight,
Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,
Drawn into arms and proof of mortal fight
Through proud ambition and heart-swelling hate,
Whilst neither could the other's greater might
And 'sdainful scorn endure, that from small jar
Their wraths at length broke into open war.

The root whereof and tragical effect
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournful'st Muse of Nine!
That wont'st the tragick stage for to direct
In funeral complaints and wailful tine,
Reveal to me, and all the means detect
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchedness. And is there then
Such rancour in the hearts of mighty men?

Of all the race of silver-winged flies
Which do possess the empire of the air,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable nor more fair,
Whilst heaven did favour his felicities,
Than Clarion, the eldest son and heir
Of Muscarol, and in his father's sight
Of all alive did seem the fairest wight.

With fruitful hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his young toward years,
Full of brave courage and bold hardy-hed,
Above th' ensample of his equal peers,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender tears)
That he in time would sure prove such an one
As should be worthy of his father's throne.

The fresh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustful youth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdain to subject his desire
To loathsom sloth, or hours in ease to waste,
But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compass of the airy coast,
And with unwearied wings each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to fly
Up to the clouds, and thence with pinions light
To mount aloft unto the crystal sky,
To view the workmanship of heaven's hight,
Whence down descending, he along would fly
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to find,
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So on a summer's day, when season mild
With gentle calm the world hath quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperion's fiery child
Ascending, did his beams abroad dispred,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smil'd,
Young Clarion with vauntful lustyhed
After his guise did cast abroad to fare,
And thereto 'gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That nought his life from iron death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruel wound,
For it by art was framed to endure
The bit of baleful steel and bitter stound,
No less than that which Vulcane made to shield
Achilles' life from fate of Trojan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairy hide of some wild beast, whom he
In salvage forest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoil, his ornament to be;
Which spreading all his back with dreadful view,
Made all that him so horrible did see,
Think him Alcides with the lyon's skin,
When the Næmean conquest he did win.

Upon his head his gliſtering burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiouſly engraven, he did ſet:
The metal was of rare and paſſing price;
Not Bilbo ſteel, nor braſs from Corinth ſet,
Nor coſtly Oricalch from ſtrange Phœnice,
But ſuch as could both Phœbus' arrows ward,
And th' hailing darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either ſide,
Like two ſharp ſpears, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike brigandine applide
To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore,
The engines which in them ſad death do hide;
So did this Fly outſtretch his fearful horns,
Yet ſo as him their terrour more adorns.

Laſtly, his ſhiny wings, as ſilver bright,
Painted with thouſand colours, paſſing far
All painters' ſkill, he did about him dight:
Not half ſo many ſundry colours are
In Iris' bow, ne heaven doth ſhine ſo bright,
Diſtinguiſhed with many a twinkling ſtar,
Nor Juno's bird, in her eye-ſpotted train,
So many goodly colours doth contain.

Ne (may it be withouten peril ſpoken)
The archer god the ſon of Cytheree,
That joys on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped ſpoils of bleeding hearts to ſee,
Bears in his wings ſo many a changeful token.
Ah! my liege Lord, forgive it unto me,
If ought againſt thine honour I have told;
Yet ſure thoſe wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a lady fair, in court full oft
Beholding them, him ſecretly envide,
And wiſht that two ſuch fans, ſo ſilken ſoft,
And golden fair, her love would her provide;
Or that when them the gorgeous Fly had doft,
Some one that would with grace he gratifide,
From him would ſteal them privily away,
And bring to her ſo precious a prey.

Report is that Dame Venus, on a day
In ſpring, when flowres do cloath the fruitful ground,
Walking abroad with all her nymphs to play,
Rade her fair damſels, flocking her around,
To gather flowres, her forehead to array;
Emongſt the reſt a gentle nymph was found,
Hight Aſtery, excelling all the crew
In courteous uſage and unſtained hue;

Who being nimbler-jointed than the reſt,
And more induſtrious, gathered more ſtore
Of the field's honour than the others beſt,
Which they in ſecret hearts envying ſore,
Told Venus, when her as the worthieſt
She praiſ'd, that Cupid (as they heard before)
Did lend her ſecret aid in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the goddeſs gathering jealous fear,
Not yet unmindful how not long ago
Her ſon to Pſyche ſecret love did bear,
And long it cloſe conceal'd, till mickle wo
Thereof aroſe, and many a rueful tear,
Reaſon with ſudden rage did overgo,
And giving haſty credit to th' accuſer,
Was led away of them that did abuſe her.

Eftſoons that damſel by her heavenly might
She turn'd into a winged Butterfly,
In the wide air to make her wandring flight;
And all thoſe flowres with which ſo plenteouſly
Her lap ſhe filled had, that bred her ſpight,
She placed in her wings, for memory
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were;
Since which that Fly them in her wings doth bear.

Thus the freſh Clarion being ready dight,
Unto his journey did himſelf addreſs,
And with good ſpeed began to take his flight:
Over the fields in his frank luſtineſs,
And all the champaign o'er he ſoared light,
And all the country wide he did poſſeſs,
Feeding upon their pleaſures bounteouſly.
That none gainſaid, nor none did him envy.

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
With his air-cutting wings he meaſured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountains bare unſeen,
Nor the rank graſſie fens' delights untride:
But none of theſe, however ſweet they been,
More pleaſe his fancy, nor him cauſe t' abide;
His choiceful ſenſe with every change doth flit;
No common things may pleaſe a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unſtaid deſire
Him wholly carried, to refreſh his ſprights;
There laviſh Nature, in her beſt attire,
Pours forth ſweet odors and alluring ſights;
And Art, with her contending, doth aſpire
T' excel the natural with made delights;
And all that fair or pleaſant may be found
In riotous exceſs doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes ſurvey, with curious buſie eye,
Of every flower and herb there ſet in order;
Now this, now that, he taſteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth diſorder,
Ne with his feet their ſilken leaves deface,
But paſtures on the pleaſures of each place.

And evermore, with moſt variety,
And change of ſweetneſs (for all change is ſweet)
He caſts his glutton ſenſe to ſatisfie,
Now ſucking of the ſap of herbs moſt meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
Now in the ſame bathing his tender feet;
And then he percheth on ſome branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moiſt wings to dry.

And then again he turneth to his play,
To ſpoil the pleaſures of that paradiſe:
The wholſom ſage, and lavender ſtill gray,
Rank-ſmelling rue, and cummin, good for eyes,
The roſes reigning in the pride of May,
Sharp iſop, good for green wounds' remedies,
Fair marigolds, and bees-alluring thime,
Sweet marjoram, and daiſies decking prime:

Cool violets, and orpine growing ſtill,
Embathed balm, and cheerful galingale,
Freſh coſtmary, and breathful camomil,
Dull popy, and drink-quickning ſetuale,
Vein-healing verven, and head-purging dill,
Sound ſavory, and bazil, harty-hale,
Fat colworts, and comforting perſeline,
Cold lettice, and refreſhing roſmarine;

And whatſo elſe of vertue good or ill
Grew in this garden, fetch'd from far away,
Of every one he takes, and taſtes at will,
And on their pleaſures greedily doth prey;
Then when he hath both plaid and fed his fill,
In the warm ſun he doth himſelf embay,
And there him reſts in riotous ſuffiſance
Of all his gladfulneſs and kingly joyance.

What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of Nature,
To reign in th' air from earth to higheſt ſky;
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take whatever thing doth pleaſe the eye?
Who reſts not pleaſed with ſuch happineſs,
Well worthy he to taſte of wretchedneſs.

But what on earth can long abide in ſtate?
Or who can him aſſure of happy day?
Sith morning fair may bring foul evening late,
And leaſt miſhap the moſt bleſs alter may?
For thouſand perils lie in cloſe await
About us daily, to work our decay,
That none, except a god, or God him guide,
May them avoid, or remedy provide.

And whatſo heavens in their ſecret doom
Ordained have, how can frail fleſhly wight
Fore-caſt, but it muſt needs to iſſue come?
The ſea, the air, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' armies of their creatures all and ſome
Do ſerve to them, and with importune might
War againſt us, the vaſſals of their will:
Who then can ſave what they diſpoſe to ſpill?

Not thou, O Clarion! though faireſt thou
Of all thy kind, unhappy happy Fly!
Whoſe cruel fate is woven even now
Of Jove's own hand, to work thy miſery;
Ne may thee help the many a hearty vow
Which thy old ſire with ſacred piety
Hath poured forth for thee, and th' altars ſprent;
Nought may thee ſave from heaven's avengement.

It fortuned (as Heavens had behight)
That in this garden where young Clarion
Was wont to ſolace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of fair things, th' author of confuſion,
The ſhame of Nature, the bondſlave of Spight,
Had lately built his hateful manſion,
And lurking cloſely, in await now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he ſpide the joyous Butterfly
In this fair plot diſpacing to and fro,
Fearleſs of foes and hidden jeopardy,
Lord! how he 'gan for to heſtir him tho,
And to his wicked work each part apply!
His heart did yern againſt his hated ſo,
And bowels ſo with rankling poiſon ſwell'd,
That ſcarce the ſkin the ſtrong contagion held.

The cauſe why he this Fly ſo maliced
Was (as in ſtories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The moſt fine fingred workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his means was vanquiſhed
Of Pallas, and in her own ſkill confound,
When ſhe with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her ſhame, and ſorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddeſs, having heard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fill'd,
Came down to prove the truth, and due reward
For her praiſe-worthy workmanſhip to yield;
But the preſumptuous damſel raſhly dar'd
The goddeſs' ſelf to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious ſkill
Of works with loom, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refuſe,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make;
So to their work they ſit, and each doth chuſe
What ſtory ſhe will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how Jove did abuſe
Europa like a bull, and on his back
Her through the ſea did bear, ſo lively ſeen,
That it true ſea and true bull ye would ween.

She ſeem'd ſtill back unto the land to look,
And her play-fellows' aid to call, and fear
The daſhing of the waves, that up ſhe took
Her dainty feet, and garments gathered near;
But (Lord!) how ſhe in every member ſhook,
When as the land ſhe ſaw no more appear,
But a wild wilderneſs of waters deep,
Then 'gan ſhe greatly to lament and weep.

Before the bull ſhe pictur'd winged love,
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a dove;
The one his bow and ſhafts, the other ſpring
A burning tead about his head did move,
As in their ſire's new love both triumphing;
And many nymphs about them flocking round,
And many Tritons, which their horns did ſound.

And round about her work she did empale,
With a fair border, wrought of sundry flow'rs,
Enwoven with an ivy-winding trayle;
A goodly work, full fit for kingly bow'rs,
Such as dame Pallas, such as Envy pale,
That all good things with venemous tooth devours,
Could not accuse. Then 'gan the goddess bright
Her self likewise unto her work to dight.

She made the story of the old debate
Which she with Neptune did for Athens try;
Twelve gods do sit around in royal state,
And Jove in midst with awful majesty,
To judge the strife between them stirred late;
Each of the gods by his like visnomy
Eath to be known, but Jove above them all,
By his great looks and power imperial.

Before them stands the god of seas in place,
Claiming that sea-coast city as his right,
And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace,
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The sign by which he challengeth the place,
That all the gods, which saw his wondrous might
Did surely deem the victory his due;
But seldom seen forejudgment proveth true.

Then to her self she gives her Ægide shield,
And steel-head spear, and marion on her head,
Such as she oft is seen in warlike field;
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dred
She smote the ground, the which straight forth did yield
A fruitful olive-tree, with berries spred,
That all the gods admir'd; then all the story
She compass'd with a wreath of olives hoary.

Emongst those leaves she made a Butterfly
With excellent device and wondrous slight,
Fluttring among the olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight;
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down with which his back is dight,
His broad out-stretched horns, his airy thighs,
His glorious colours, and his glistering eyes.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainsaid,
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, sign of one dismaid,
The victory did yield her as her share;
Yet did she inly fret and felly burn,
And all her blood to poisonous rancour turn;

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of drerihed,
Pined with grief of folly late repented:
Eftsoons her white strait legs were altered
To crooked crawling shanks, of marrow empted,
And her fair face to foul and loathsom hue,
And her fine corps to a bag of venom grew.

This cursed creature, mindful of that old
Enfestred grudge the which his mother felt,
So soon as Clarion he did behold,
His heart with vengeful malice inly swelt,
And weaving straight a net with many a fold
About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely spun that scarce they could be spide.

Not any damsel, which her vaunteth most
In skilful knitting of soft silken twine,
Nor any weaver, which his work doth boast
In diaper, in damask, or in lyne;
Nor any skill'd in workmanship embost;
Nor any skill'd in loups of fingring fine,
Might in their diverse cunning ever dare
With this so curious net-work to compare.

Ne do I think that that same subtile gin
The which the Lemnian god fram'd craftily,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compass in,
That all the gods, with common mockery,
Might laugh at them, and scorn their shameful sin,
Was like to this: this same he did apply
For to entrap the careless Clarion,
That rang'd each where without suspicion.

Suspicion of friend, nor fear of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walk'd at will and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedom principal:
Little wist he his fatal future woe,
But was secure; the liker he to fall!
He likest is to fall into mischance
That is regardless of his governance.

Yet still Aragnol (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Dress'd in good order as he could devise.
At length the foolish Fly, without foresight,
As he that did all danger quite despise,
Towards those parts came flying carelessly,
Where hidden was his fatal enemy.

Who seeing him, with secret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in every vein,
And his false heart, fraught with all treason's store,
Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtain:
Himself he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitful train
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne any noise, ne any motion, made.

Like as a wily fox, that having spide
Where on a sunny bank the lambs do play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lies in ambushment of his hoped prey,
Ne stirreth limb, still seeing ready tide
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little younglings unawares;
So to his work Aragnol him prepares.

Who now ſhall give unto my heavy eyes
A well of tears, that all may overflow?
Or where ſhall I find lamentable cryes
And mournful tunes enough my grief to ſhow?
Help, O thou tragick Muſe! me to deviſe,
Notes ſad enough t' expreſs this bitter throw,
For loe! the drery ſtown'd is now arrived,
That of all happineſs hath us deprived.

The luckleſs Clarion, whether cruel Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultleſs him miſled,
Or ſome ungracious blaſt out of the gate
Of Æole's reign perforce him drove on hed,
Was (O ſad hap, and hour unfortunate!)
With violent ſwift flight forth carried
Into the curſed cobweb which his foe
Had framed for his final overthrow.

There the fond Fly entangled, ſtruggled long,
Himſelf to free thereout; but all in vain;
For ſtriving more, the more in laces ſtrong
Himſelf he tide, and wrapt his winges twain
In limy ſnares the ſubtil loops among,
That in the end he breathleſs did remain,
And all his youthly forces idly ſpent,
Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which when the grieſly tyrant did eſpy
Like a grim lion ruſhing with fierce might
Out of his den, he ſeized greedily
On the reſiſtleſs prey, and with fell ſpight,
Under the left wing ſtrook his weapon fly
Into his heart, that his deep-groaning ſpright
In bloody ſtreams forth fled into the air,
His body left the ſpectacle of care.

BRITAIN's IDA.

IN SIX CANTOS.

To the right noble Lady,

MARY,

Daughter to the moſt illuſtrious Prince,

GEORGE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Most noble Lady! I have preſumed to preſent this Poem to your honourable hand, encouraged only by the worth of the famous Author, (for I am certainly aſſured, by the ableſt and moſt knowing men, that it muſt be a work of Spenſer's, of whom it were pity that any thing ſhould be loſt) and doubting not but your Ladyſhip will graciouſly accept, though from a mean hand, this humble preſent, ſince the man that offers it is a true honourer and obſerver of your ſelf and princely family, and ſhall ever remain

The humbleſt of your devoted ſervants,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

BRITAIN's IDA.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

The youthly ſhepherds wonning here,
And beauties rare diſplaid, appear;
What exerciſe he chief affects,
His name and ſcornful love neglects.

I.

In Ida vale, (who knows not Ida vale?)
When harmleſs Troy yet felt not Græcian ſpite,
An hundred ſhepherds wonn'd, and in the dale,
While their fair flocks the three-leav'd paſtures bite,
The ſhepherds boys, with hundred ſportlings light,
Gave wings unto the time's too ſpeedy haſte:
Ah, fooliſh Lads! that ſtrove with laviſh waſte
So faſt to ſpend the time that ſpends your time as faſt.

II.

Amongſt the reſt, that all the reſt excell'd,
A dainty boy there wonn'd, whoſe harmleſs years
Now in their freſheſt budding gently ſwell'd;
His nymph-like face ne'er felt the nimble ſheers,
Youth's downy bloſſom through his cheek appears;
His lovely limbs (but love he quite diſcarded)
Were made for play (but he no play regarded)
And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

III.

High was his fore-head, arch'd with ſilver mould,
(Where never anger churliſh wrinkleth dighted)
His auburn locks hung like dark threds of gold,
That wanton airs (with their fair length incited)
To play amongſt their wanton curles delighted;
His ſmiling eyes with ſimple truth were ſtor'd:
Ah! how ſhould truth in thoſe thief eyes be ſtor'd,
Which thouſand loves had ſtoln, and never one reſtor'd?

IV.

His lilly-cheek might ſeem an ivory plain,
More purely white than frozen Appenine,
Where lovely Baſhfulneſs did ſweetly reign,
In bluſhing ſcarlet cloth'd in purple fine.
A hundred hearts had this delightful ſhrine,
(Still could it ſelf) inflam'd with hot deſire,
That well the face might ſeem in divers tire,
To be a burning ſnow, or elſe a freezing fire.

V.

His cheerful looks and merry face would prove
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
A dainty play-fellow for naked Love;
Of all the other parts enough is ſaid,
That they were fit twins for ſo fair a head:
Thouſand boys for him, thouſand maidens dy'd;
Die they that liſt, for ſuch his rigorous pride,
He thouſand boys (ah, Fool!) and thouſand maids deny'd.

VI.

His joy was not in muſick's ſweet delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning art)
Or daintier ſongs to daintier ears t'indite,
But through the plains to chaſe the nimble hart
With well-tun'd hounds; or with his certain dart
The tuſked boar or ſavage bear to wound;
Mean time his heart with monſters doth abound;
Ah, Fool! to ſeek ſo far what nearer might be found.

VII.

His name (well known unto thoſe wöody ſhades,
Where unrewarded lovers oft complain them
Anchiſes was: Anchiſes oft the glades
And mountains heard, Anchiſes had diſdain'd them;
Not all their love one gentle look had gain'd them,
That rocky hills, with ecchoing noiſe conſenting,
Anchiſes plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
Harder than rocky hills laught at their vain lamenting.

BRITAIN's IDA.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

Dione's garden of Delight,
With wonder holds Anchiſes' ſight;
While from the bower ſuch muſick ſounds,
As all his ſenſes near confounds.

I.

One day it chaunc't as he the deer purſu'd,
Tired with ſport, and faint with weary play,
Fair Venus' grove not far away he view'd,
Whoſe trembling leaves invite him there to ſtay,
And in their ſhades his ſweeting limbs diſplay;
There in the cooling glade he ſoftly paces,
And much delighted with their even ſpaces,
What in himſelf he ſcorn'd, he prais'd their kind imbraces.

II.

The wood with Paphian myrtles peopled,
(Whoſe ſpringing youth felt never winter's ſpiting)
To laurels ſweet were ſweetly married,
Doubling their pleaſing ſmells in their uniting;
When ſingle much, much more when mix'd delighting;
No foot of beaſt durſt touch this hallow'd place,
And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
Entred with fear, but ſoon turn'd back his frighted face.

III.

The thick-lock'd boughs ſhut out the tell-tale ſun,
(For Venus hated his all-blabbing light,
Since her known fault, which oft ſhe wiſh'd undon)
And ſcatter'd rays did make a doubtful ſight,
Like t the firſt of day or laſt of night:
The fitteſt light for lover's gentle play:
Such light beſt ſhews the wandring lover's way,
And guides his erring hand: night is Love's holy-day.

IV.

So far in this ſweet labyrinth he ſtray'd
That now he views the garden of Delight,
Whoſe breaſt with thouſand painted flowers array'd,
With divers joy captiv'd his wandring ſight;
But ſoon the eyes rendred the ears their right;
For ſuch ſtrange harmony he ſeem'd to hear,
That all his ſenſes flock'd into his ear,
And every faculty wiſh'd to be ſeated there.

V.

From a cloſe bower this dainty muſick flow'd,
A bowre apparel'd round with divers roſes,
Both red and white, which by their liveries ſhow'd
Their miſtriſs fair, that there her ſelf repoſes;
Seem'd that would ſtrive with thoſe rare muſick cloſes,
By ſpreading their fair boſoms to the light,
Which the diſtracted ſenſe ſhould moſt delight;
That raps the melted ear, this both the ſmell and ſight.

VI.

The boy 'twixt fearful hope and wiſhing fear
Crept all along (for much he long'd to ſee
The bower, much more the gueſt ſo lodged there)
And as he goes he marks how well agree
Nature and Art in diſcord unity,
Each ſtriving who ſhould beſt perform his part,
Yet Art now helping Nature, Nature Art,
While from his ears a voice thus ſtole his heart:

VII.

" Fond Men! whoſe wretched care the life ſoon
" ending,
" By ſtriving to increaſe your joy do ſpend it,
" And ſpending joy, yet find no joy in ſpending;
" You hurt your life by ſtriving to amend it,
" And ſeeking to prolong it ſooneſt end it;
" Then while fit time affords thee time and
" leaſure,
" Enjoy while yet thou may'ſt thy life's ſweet
" pleaſure;
" Too fooliſh is the man that ſtarves to feed his
" treaſure.

VIII.

" Love is life's end; an end, but never ending;
" All joys, all ſweets, all happineſs, awarding;
" Love is life's wealth (ne'er ſpent, but ever
" ſpending)
" More rich by giving, taking by diſcarding;
" Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding;
" Then from thy wretched heart fond care re-
" move,
" Ah! ſhouldſt thou live but once love's ſweets
to prove,
" Thou wilt not love to live, unleſs thou live to
" love."

IX.

To this ſweet voice a dainty muſick fitted
Its well-tun'd ſtrings, and to her notes conſorted,
And while with ſkilful voice the ſong ſhe dittied,
The blabbing Eccho had her words retorted;
That now the boy, beyond his ſoul tranſported,
Through all his limbs feels run a pleaſant ſhaking,
And 'twixt a hope and fear, ſuſpects miſtaking,
And doubts he ſleeping dreams, and broad awake
fears waking.

BRITAIN's IDA.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

Fair Cytherea's limbs beheld,
The ſtraying lad's heart ſo inthral'd,
That in a trance his melted ſpright
Leaves th' ſenſes ſlumbring in delight.

I.

Now to the bower he ſent his thieviſh eyes
To ſteal a happy ſight; there do they find
Fair Venus, that within half naked lies,
And ſtraight amaz'd (ſo glorious beauty ſhin'd)
Would not return the meſſage to the mind;
But full of fear and ſuperſtitious awe,
Could not retire or back their beams with-draw,
So fix'd on too much ſeeing made they nothing ſaw.

II.

Her goodly length ſtretch'd on a lilly-bed,
(A bright foil of a beauty far more bright)
Few roſes round about were ſcattered,
As if the lillies learnt to bluſh, for ſpight
To ſee a ſkin much more than lilly-white:
The bed ſank with delight ſo to be preſſed,
And knew not which to think a chance more bleſſed,
Both bleſſed ſo to kiſs, and ſo again be kiſſed.

III.

Her ſpacious fore-head, like the cleareſt moon,
Whoſe full-grown orb begins now to be ſpent,
Largely diſplay'd in native ſilver ſhone,
Giving wide room to beauty's regiment,
Which on the plain with love triumphant went;
Her golden hair a rope of pearl imbrac'd,
Which with their dainty threds oft-times enlac'd,
Made the eye think the pearl was there in gold inchas'd.

IV.

Her full large eye, in jetty black array'd,
Proud beauty not confin'd to red and white,
But oft herſelf in black more rich diſplay'd;
Both contraries did yet themſelves unite,
To make one beauty in different delight;
A thouſand Loves ſate playing in each eye,
And ſmiling Mirth, kiſſing fair Courteſy,
By ſweet perſwaſion wan a bloodleſs victory.

V.

The whiteſt white ſet by her ſilver cheek
Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead;
The freſheſt purple freſher dyes muſt ſeek,
That dares compare with them his fainting red:
On theſe Cupido winged armies led
Of little Loves that with bold wanton train
Under thoſe colours, marching on the plain,
Force every heart, and to low vaſſalage conſtrain.

VI.

Her lips, moſt happy each in other's kiſſes,
From their ſo wiſh'd imbracements ſeldom parted,
Yet ſeem'd to bluſh at ſuch their wanton bliſſes;
But when ſweet words their joying ſweets diſparted,
To th' ear a dainty muſick they imparted:
Upon them ſitly ſate, delightful ſmiling,
A thouſand ſouls with pleaſing ſtealth beguiling:
Ah! that ſuch ſhews of joys ſhould be all joys exiling!

VII.

The breath came ſlowly thence, unwilling leaving
So ſweet a lodge; but when ſhe once intended
To feaſt the air with words, the heart deceiving,
More faſt it thronged ſo to be expended;
And at each word a hundred Loves attended,
Playing th' breath, more ſweet than is that firing
Where that Arabian only bird expiring
Lives by her death, by loſs of breath more freſh reſpiring.

VIII.

Her chin, like to a ſtone in gold inchas'd,
Seem'd a fair jewel wrought with cunning hand,
And being double, doubly the face grac'd:
This goodly frame on her round neck did ſtand;
Such pillar well ſuch curious work ſuſtain'd;
And on his top the heavenly ſphear up-rearing,
Might well preſent, with daintier appearing,
A leſs but better Atlas, that fair heaven bearing.

IX.

Lower two breaſts ſtand all their beauties bearing,
Two breaſts as ſmooth and ſoft; but, ah, alas!
Their ſmootheſt ſoftneſs far exceeds comparing;
More ſmooth and ſoft, but nought that ever was,
Where they are firſt, deſerves the ſecond place;
Yet each as ſoft and each as ſmooth as other;
And when thou firſt try'ſt one, and then the other,
Each ſofter ſeems than each, and each than each ſeems ſmoother.

X.

Lowly between their dainty hemiſpheres,
(Their hemiſpheres the heav'nly globes excelling)
A path more white than is the name it bears,
The Lacteal Path, conducts to the ſweet dwelling
Where beſt Delight all joys ſits freely dealing;
Where hundred ſweets, and ſtill freſh joys attending,
Receive in giving, and ſtill love diſpending,
Grow richer by their loſs, and wealthy by expending.

XI.

But ſtay, bold Shepherd! here thy footing ſtay,
Nor truſt too much unto thy new-born quill,
As farther to thoſe dainty limbs to ſtray,
Or hope to paint that vale or beauteous hill
Which paſt the fineſt hand or choiceſt ſkill;
But were thy verſe and ſong as finely fram'd
As are thoſe parts, yet ſhould it ſoon be blam'd,
For now the ſhameleſs world of beſt things is aſham'd.

XII.

That cunning artiſt that old Greece admir'd,
Thus far his Venus fitly pourtrayed,
But there he left, nor farther ere aſpir'd;
His Dædale hand, that nature perfected
By Art, felt Art by Nature limited.
Ah! well he knew, though his fit hand could give
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
Yet would theſe lively parts his hand of ſkill deprive.

XIII.

Such when this gentle boy her cloſely view'd,
Only with thinneſt ſilken veil o'er-laid,
Whoſe ſnowy colour much more ſnowy ſhew'd
By being next that ſkin, and all betray'd,
Which beſt in naked beauties are array'd,
His ſpirits, melted with ſo glorious ſight,
Ran from their work to ſee ſo ſplendid light,
And left the fainting limbs ſweet ſlumbring in delight.

BRITAIN's IDA.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

The swouning swain recovered is
By th' goddess, his soul rapt in bliss;
Their mutual conference, and how
Her service she doth him allow.

I.

Soft sleeping Venus, waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the sinking boy espies;
Withall she stares, and wondereth withall;
She thinks that there her fair Adonis dies,
And more she thinks the more the boy she eyes:
So stepping nearer, up begins to rear him;
And now with Love himself she will confer him,
And now before her love himself she will prefer him.

II.

The lad, soon with that dainty touch reviv'd,
Feeling himself so well, so sweetly seated,
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,
Or else his flitting soul to heav'n translated,
Was there in starry throne and bliss installed;
Oft would he die, so to be often sav'd;
And now with happy wish he closely crav'd
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingrav'd.

III.

The Paphian princess (in whose lovely breast
Spiteful disdain could never find a place)
When now she saw him from his fit released,
(To Juno leaving wrath and scolding base)
Comforts the trembling boy with smiling grace:
But oh! those smiles (too full of sweet delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former sight;
So seeking to revive, more wounds his feeble sprite.

IV.

Tell me, fair Boy! (said she) what erring chance
Hither directed thy unwary pace!
For sure Contempt or Pride durst not advance
Their foul aspect in thy so pleasant face:
Tell me what brought thee to this hidden place?
Or lack of love, or mutual answering fire?
Or hindred by ill chance in thy desire?
Tell me what is't thy fair and wishing eyes require?

V.

The boy, whose sense was never yet acquainted
With such a musick, stood with ears erected,
And sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted,
More of those sugred strains long time expected;
Till seeing she his speeches not rejected,
First sighs arising from his heart's low center,
Thus 'gan reply, when each word bold would venter,
And strive the first that dainty labyrinth to enter.

VI.

" Fair Cyprian Queen," (for well that heavenly face
Proves thee the mother of all-conquering Love)
" Pardon, I pray thee, my unweeting pace,
" For no presumptuous thoughts did hither move
" My daring feet to this thy holy grove;
" But luckless chance (which if you not gain-say,
" I still must rue) hath caus'd me here to stray,
" And lose myself (alas!) in losing of my way.

VII.

" Nor did I come to right my wronged fire;
" Never till now I ſaw what ought be lov'd;
" And now I ſee, but never dare aſpire
" To move my hope, where yet my love is mov'd;
" Whence though I would, I would it not re-
" mov'd;
" Only ſince I have plac'd my love ſo high,
" Which ſure thou muſt, or ſure thou wilt deny,
" Grant me yet ſtill to love, though in my love
" to die."

VIII.

But ſhe that in his eyes Love's face had ſeen,
And flaming heart, did not ſuch ſuit diſdain,
(For cruelty fits not ſweet Beauty's queen)
But gentle could his paſſion entertain,
Though ſhe Love's princeſs, he a lowly ſwain:
Firſt of his bold intruſion ſhe acquits him,
Then to her ſervice (happy Boy!) admits him,
And, like another Love, with bow and quiver fits him.

IX.

And now with all the Loves he grew acquainted,
And Cupid's ſelf, with his like face delighted,
Taught him a hundred ways with which he daunted
The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted.
Forcing to love that moſt his love deſpighted:
And now the practique boy did ſo approve him,
And with ſuch grace and cunning art did move him,
That all the pretty Loves and all the Graces love him.

BRITAIN's IDA.

CANTO V.

The Argument.

The lover's ſad deſpairing plaints
Bright Venus with his love acquaints;
Sweetly importun'd, he doth ſhow
From whom proceedeth this his woe.

I.

YET never durſt his ſaint and coward heart
(Ah, Fool! faint heart fair lady ne'er could win)
Aſſail fair Venus with his new-learnt art,
But kept his love and burning flame within,
Which more flam'd out the more he preſt it in;
And thinking oft how juſt ſhe might diſdain him,
While ſome cool myrtle ſhade did entertain him,
Thus ſighing would he ſit, and ſadly would he plain him:

II.

" Ah, fond and hapleſs Boy! nor know I whether
" More fond or hapleſs more, that all ſo high
" Haſt plac'd thy heart, where love and Fate to-
" gether
" May never hope to end thy miſery,
" Nor yet thy ſelf dare wiſh a remedy:
" All hindrances (alas!) conſpire to lett it;
" Ah, fond and hapleſs Boy! if canſt not get it,
" In thinking to forget, at length learn to for-
" get it.

III.

" Ah, far too fond, but much more hapleſs
" Swain!
" Seeing thy love can be forgetten never,
" Serve and obſerve thy love with willing pain;
" And though in vain thy love thou do preſever,
" Yet all in vain do thou adore her ever.
" No hope can crown thy thoughts ſo far aſpiring,
" Nor dares thy ſelf deſire thine own deſiring,
" Yet live thou in her love, and die in her ad-
" miring."

IV.

Thus oft the hopeleſs boy complaining lies;
But ſhe, that well could gueſs his ſad lamenting,
(Who can conceal Love from Love's mother's
eyes;
Did not diſdain to give his love contenting;
Cruel the ſoul that feeds on ſouls tormenting;
Nor did ſhe ſcorn him, though not nobly born,
(Love is nobility) nor could ſhe ſcorn
That with ſo noble ſkill her title did adorn.

V.

One day it chanc'd, thrice happy day and chance!
Whiles Loves were with the Graces ſweetly
ſporting.
And to freſh muſick ſounding play and dance,
And Cupid's ſelf, with ſhepherds' boys conſorting.
Laugh'd at their pritty ſport and ſimple courting.
Fair Venus ſeats the fearful boy cloſe by her,
Where never Phœbus' jealous looks might eye her
And bids the boy his miſtreſs and her names
deſcry her.

VI.

Long time the youth up-bound in ſilence ſtood,
While hope and fear with hundred thoughts
begun,
Fit prologue to his ſpeech, and fearful blood
From heart and face with theſe poſt-tydings run.
That either now he's made, or now undon;
At length his trembling words, with fear made
weak,
Began his too long ſilence thus to break,
" While from his humble eyes firſt reverence
" ſeem'd to ſpeak.

VII.

" Fair Queen of Love! my life thou mayſt com-
" mand,
" Too ſlender price for all thy former grace
" Which I receive at thy ſo bounteous hand,
" But never dare I ſpeak her name and face;
" My life is much leſs priz'd than her diſgrace;
" And for I know if I her name relate
" I purchaſe anger, I muſt hide her ſtate,
" Unleſs thou ſwear by Styx I purchaſe not her
" hate."

VIII.

Fair Venus well perceiv'd his ſubtile ſhift,
And, ſwearing gentle patience, gently ſmil'd,
While thus the boy purſu'd his former drift:
" No tongue was ever yet ſo ſweetly ſkill'd,
" Nor greateſt orator ſo highly ſtil'd,
" Though helpt with all the choiceſt art's direc-
" tion,
" But when he durſt deſcribe her heaven's per-
" fection,
" By his imperfect praiſe diſpraiſ'd his imper-
" fection.

IX.

" Her form is as herſelf, perfect celeſtial,
" No mortal ſpot her heavenly form diſgraces:
" Beyond compare ſuch nothing is terreſtrial?
" More ſweet than thought or pow'rful wiſh
" embraces;
" The map of heaven the ſum of all her graces:
" But if you wiſh more truly limb'd to eye her,
" Than fainting ſpeech or words can well deſcry her,
" Look in a glaſs, and there more perfect you
" may ſpy her."

BRITAIN's IDA.

CANTO VI.

The Argument.

The boy's ſhort wiſh, her larger grant,
That doth his ſoul with bliſs enchant;
Whereof impatient uttering all,
Inraged Jove contrives his thrall.

I.

" Thy crafty art (reply'd the ſmiling queen)
" Hath well my chiding and not rage prevented,
" Yet might'ſt thou think that yet 'twas never
" ſeen
" That angry rage and gentle love conſented,
" But if to me thy true love is preſented,
" What wages for thy ſervice muſt I owe thee?
" For by the ſelf-ſame vow I here avow thee,
" Whatever thou require I frankly will allow
" thee."

II.

" Pardon (replies the boy) for ſo affecting
" Beyond mortality, and not diſcarding [pecting;
" Thy ſervice, was much more than my ex-
" But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
" Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding,
" Thy love I dare not aſk, or mutual fixing,
" One kiſs is all my love and pride's aſpiring,
" And after ſtarve my heart, for my too much
" deſiring."

III.

" Fond Boy! (ſaid ſhe) too fond, that aſk'd no
" more;
" Thy want by taking is no whit decreaſed,
" And giving ſpends not our increaſing ſtore."
Thus with a kiſs his lips ſhe ſweetly preſſed;
Moſt bleſſed kiſs! but hope more than moſt
bleſſed.
The boy did think heaven fell while thus he joy'd,
And while joy he ſo greedily enjoy'd,
He felt not half his joy by being over-joy'd.

IV.

" Why ſigh'ſt? fair Boy! (ſaid ſhe) doſt thou re-
" pent thee
" Thy narrow wiſh in ſuch ſtraight bonds to
" ſtay?"
" Well may I ſigh, (ſaid he) and well lament me,
" That never ſuch a debt may hope to pay."
" A kiſs, (ſaid ſhe) a kiſs will back repay."
" Wilt thou (reply'd the boy, too much delighted)
" Content thee with ſuch pay to be requited?"
She grants; and he his lips, heart, ſoul, to pay-
ment cited.

V.

Look as a ward, from time his lands detain'd,
And ſubject to his guardian's cruel lore,
Now ſpends the more, the more he was reſtrain'd;
So he; yet though in laying out his ſtore
He doubly takes, yet finds himſelf grow poor;
With that he marks, and tells her out a ſcore,
And doubles them, and trebles all before.
Fond boy! the more thou payſt thy debt ſtill
grows the more.

VI.

At length, whether theſe favours ſo had fir'd him
With kindly heat, inflaming his deſiring,
Or whether thoſe ſweet kiſſes had inſpir'd him,
He thinks that ſomething wants for his requiring,
And ſtill aſpires, yet knows not his aſpiring;
But yet though that he knoweth ſo ſhe gave,
That he preſents himſelf her bounden ſlave,
Still his more wiſhing face ſeem'd ſomewhat elſe
to crave.

VII.

And boldned with ſucceſs and many graces,
His hand, chain'd up in fear, he now releaſ'd,
And aſking leave, courag'd with her embraces,
Again it priſon'd in her tender breaſt:
Ah, bleſſed priſon! priſ'ners too much bleſt!
There with thoſe ſiſters long time doth he play,
And now full boldly enters Love's highway,
While down the pleaſant vale his creeping hand doth ſtray.

VIII.

She, not diſpleaſ'd with this his wanton play,
Hiding his bluſhing with a ſugred kiſs,
With ſuch ſweet heat his rudeneſs doth allay,
That now he perfect knows whatever bliſs
Elder Love taught, and he before did miſs;
That moult with joy, in ſuch untry'd joys trying,
He gladly dies; and death new life applying,
Gladly again he dies, that oft he may be dying.

IX.

Long thus he liv'd, ſlumbring in ſweet delight,
Free from ſad care and fickle world's annoy,
Bathing in liquid joys his melted ſprite;
And longer mought, but he (ah, fooliſh Boy!)
Too proud, and too impatient of his joy,
To woods, and heaven, and earth, his bliſs imparted,
That Jove upon him down his thunder darted,
Blaſting his ſplendant face, and all his beauty ſwarted.

X.

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong;
Unworthy he to have ſo worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue;
Light joys float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinks deep, and th' heart's low center doth embrace
Might I enjoy my love till I unfold it,
I'd loſe all favours when I blabbing told it:
He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it.

GLOSSARY,

Explaining the

OLD AND OBSCURE WORDS

IN

SPENSER's WORKS.

A:

Abace, in the two old quartos; but in the folios *Abaſe*, to lower, to let fall.
Abear, to bear, carry, demean, behave.
Abet, to vindicate, and, to maintain.
Abide, *Aby*, *Abyde*, to abide, ſuffer, endure.
Abode, ſtaying, or delay
Abray out of ſleep, raiſe, awake. *Abrayd*, awaked.
Abuſion, fraud, abuſe.
Accloy, to cloy, fill up. *Accloyes*, chokes up, fills up.
Accoſting, in falconry, to crouch or ſtoop.
Accoſte, to approach.
Accoy'd, ſoothed, appeaſed.
Accoyled, ſtood around, gathered together.
Accrewed, increaſed, united, collected.
Achates, 1ſt and 2d quartos. The folios *Cates*, *i. e.* proviſions
Adaw, to daunt. Sometimes ſignifies to abate.
Addeme, adjudge, deem.
Addreſs, to dreſs, prepare, order, make ready.
Admirance, admiration.
Adoe, buſineſs.
Adorne, (ſubſtantively) adorning, ornament.
Adredd, *Adrad*, frightened, to be afraid, to dread.
Advance, to haſten, to ſet forward.
Adviſe, to conſult, deliberate, conſider.
Adviſement, counſel, advice, circumſpection.
Award, award, judgment, ſentence,
Affect, affection, paſſion.
Affrap, to encounter, to ſtrike down.
Affray, terror, tumult. To *affray*, to terrify.
Affrended, made friends.
Affret, rencounter, haſty meeting.
Affronting, oppoſing front to front; meeting face to face.
Affy, betroth. *Affide*, betrothed, affianced.
Aggrace, favour, kindneſs.
Aggrate, to gratify, to pleaſe.
Aghaſt, frightened, aſtoniſhed.
Agraſſe, did ſo much aggrace; ſhewed ſo much grace and favour.

Agrife, to dread and fear greatly; to aſtoniſh, to give abhorrence.
Aguiſe, to put on an appearance; to ſet off after a new manner.
Albe, albeit, although.
Algates, by all means, any way, wholly, nevertheleſs.
All, altogether, wholly; alſo uſed for although.
Alla Turchesca, in the Turkiſh manner.
Allege, alleviate, lighten.
Allegeaunce, alleviation, eaſe, comfort.
Alew, howling, lamentation.
Aloofe, at ſome diſtance.
Alow, low; the *a* added.
Amate. 1. to ſubdue, to daunt, to diſtreſs, to terrify. 2. To aſſociate with, to keep company.
Amenage, manage, carriage.
Amenaunce, carriage, behaviour.
Amearſd, fined.
Amis, apparel, garment.
Amoves, moves; the particle *a* is added.
Annoyes, annoyances.
Anticks, antique odd figures of men, beaſts, birds, &c.
Apay, to pay, content, ſatisfy, requite.
Apall, to diſcourage, daunt, terrify.
Appeach, impeach, accuſe, cenſure.
Areare, backwards; a lagging or backward pace.
Aread, *Areed*, ſhew, adviſe, declare, tell.
Areeds, advices, diſcourſes.
Arew, in a row together, all together.
Arke, cheſt or coffer.
Arraught, did reach, ſeize on; reached, ſnatched, ſeized.
Array, order, apparel, dreſs.
Arret, ſometimes ſignifies decree.
Aſkaunce, to look aſkance, enviouſly, obliquely, ſideways, awry.
Aſſuage, to appeaſe.
Aſſay, proof, trial, attempt, attack.
Aſſoile, to free, to quit. *Aſſoiled*, abſolved, diſcharged.
Aſtond, *aſtound*, aſtoniſhed.
Aſſot, to beſot, deceive, make a fool of.
Aſtart, to ſtartle.
Atchievement, enterpriſe, or performance.
Ats, did eat.
Atone, *i. e.* friends again, at one; *Atoned*, reconciled.
Attacht, apprehended, laid hold on.
Attaint, it did attaint; it ſeemed to abſorb it, and to put it out by its ſuperior ſplendor.
Attonce, once for all; at one and the ſame time.
Attone, bereaved, taken away altogether.
Attrapt, attrapped, adorned.
Atween, between.
Avale, to lower, abate, bring down deſcend.
Avaunting, vaunting, the *a* ſuperadded. According to *Hughes* it ſignifies advancing.
Avenge, vengeance. *Avengement*, revenge.
Avize, *Avyſe*, *Aviſe*, to perceive, to conſider. To behold, to obſerve, to be ſenſible of *Hughes*.
Aumayld, enamelled.
Avour, confeſſion, acknowledgment.
Awarned, warned, premoniſhed.
Awhape, to aſtoniſh, to terrify.
Aye, ever.
Aygulets, tagged points.

B.

Bad, aſked, entreated, prayed.
Baffuld, baffled, beat, defeated.
Baiſemains, compliments, reſpects.
Bale, evil, miſchief, miſery, ſorrow, burden.
Baleful, ſorrowful, unfortunate, full of harm.
Balke, to diſappoint, baffle, fruſtrate.
Banes, curſes. To *Ban*, to curſe. *Band*, did curſe.
Barbes, boſſes or ornaments in the trappings of a horſe.
Barbed, emboſſed.
Barbican, an outer-work, gate, or watch-tower.
Baſe, unto the baſe, below, bottom.
Baſes, any coverings for the legs.
Baſen, as, Big looks baſen wide [*Mother Hubbard's Tale*] *i. e.* extended as with wonder.
Baſhed, abaſhed.
Baſenet, a helmet.
Baſted, wrought, ſlightly, ſewed.
Bate, did *beat*, *Hughes*. Did *bite*, *Upton*.
Bauldrick, a belt; *Bauldrick of the heavens*; the zodiack, in which are the twelve ſigns.
Bay, to bark, Faery Queene, Book i. Canto 7. Stanza 3. it ſignifies to bathe, cheriſh, or foment. To hold or keep at *bay*, is the hunter's phraſe of the ſtag, when the hounds are *baying*, or barking at him.
Beacon, a raiſed building of combuſtible matter, to be fired, in order to give notice to diſtant people of invaſions. *Upton*.
Beadmen, prayer-men.
Beadroll, properly a catalogue of prayers, but uſed for a catalogue in general.
Beard him; affront him to his face; brave him.
Beare, a bier.
Beathed in fire, hardened in the fire.
Beauperes, equals, fair companions.
Beavy, a company.
Bed, for *bid*, to pray.
Bedight, dreſſed, adorned.
Bedyde, dyed.
Beheſt, command.
Behight, or *behote*, called, named; and ſometimes bid, promiſed, gave.
Belamay, fair friend.
Belamoure, a lover.
Belayd, laid over.
Beldame, good lady, good dame.
Bell-accoyle, fair reception, kind ſalutations.
Bellgards, beautiful looks.
Bellibone, fair maid.

Bends, bars placed croſs-ways,
Benempt, bequeathed, named.
Bent, the propenſity or inclination; ſometimes yielding or complying.
Bents, ruſhes, bent graſs; bulruſhes.
Bere, ſometimes ſignifies weight, preſſure, or bearing.
Bereave, to bereave, to take away.
Beſeek, beſeech.
Beſeem, to become, to grace, to look ſeemly.
Beſeen, *well beſeen*, *i. e.* courteſy, bearing a good aſpect, handſome treatment.
Beſprint, or *Beſprent*, beſprinkled.
Beſtead, beſet, oppreſſed; *ill beſtead*, bad plight, condition.
Bet, did beat.
Betake, took into his hand, beſtow upon.
Beteem, deliver, beſtow.
Betide, happen to, befal.
Bever, the ſight or viſor of a head-piece.
Bewray, to diſcover.
Bickerment, contention, ſtrife.
Bidding his beads, ſaying his prayers.
Bilive, forthwith, immediately.
Bittur, a bittern.
Blatant Beaſt, Detraction repreſented as a monſter.
Blaze, to divulge or ſpread abroad.
Bleard, dimmed, darkened.
Blemiſhment, blemiſh, ſtain.
Blend, not only to mix, but to ſpoil with mixing, to confound. It alſo ſometimes ſignifies to blind.
Bleſs, Spenſer has uſed this word to ſignify the waving or brandiſhing of a ſword.
Blin, to ceaſe, give over.
Bliſt for *Bleſt*, bleſſed, B. iv. C. 7. St. 46. But in B. 6. C. 8. St. 13. *all about ſo bleſt*, *i. e.* injured, wounded.
Bloſme, bloſſom. Pronounce it *bloom*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 2.
Bode, did abide.
Bolt, an arrow.
Bond, bound; kept as bond-ſlaves.
Bonnibel, a fair maid.
Boon, favour, requeſt, petition.
Boot, advantage, help, profit.
Bootleſs, unavailing, unprofitable.
To bord, to accoſt, to approach. *Bord*, a jeſt.
Bordragings, ravagings or incurſions on the borders.
Borrel, rude, clowniſh.
Boſſe, a protuberance, in the middle of the ſhield.
Boughts, circular folds or windings.
Boulted, ſifted.
Bourn, a brook or rivulet.
Bouzing can, a large drinking pot.
Bowre, often uſed for an inner chamber or private apartment.
Braſt, or *Brac'd*, burſt.
Brade, for broad,
Brag, proudly.
Brakes, buſhes, brambles, fern.
Brame, vexation; *Breem*, fierce.
Brand, ſometimes a fire-brand, ſometimes a ſword.

Branſles, brawls, a ſort of tune.
Brave, not only valiant and bold, but fine and ſpruce.
Brawned bours, well ſinewed arms.
Bray, ſound ſhrill.
Braided, knitted, plaited, wreathed.
Brent, burnt.
Brigants, robbers, free-booters.
Brockage, [*Moth. Hub. Tale*] pimping.
Brond, *Brond-iron*, vide *Brand*.
Brooke, bear, endure, digeſt.
Brunt, violent attack, accident.
Bruſh, ſmall wood, bruſh wood.
Bruteneſs, ſottiſhneſs, ſtupidity, brutiſhneſs.
To *buckle*, to buckle on armour; to prepare for battle.
Buffe, a blow, buffet.
Bug, a bug-bear.
Bugle, a ſmall bugle-horn.
Burganet, a helmet.
Burgein, to ſpring forth or bud.
Buſkets, little buſhes.
But, unleſs, except.
Buxome, yielding.
Bylive. See *Bilive*.
Bynempt. See *Benempt*.

C.

Camis, *Camus*, a thin gown.
Can, is often uſed as 'gan, began.
Canon-bit, that part of the bit which is let into the horſe's mouth; the ruling bit.
Capias, a ſpecial warrant.
Capon, a cock cut; metaphorically a cow-herd.
Caprefole, woodbine, honey-ſuckle.
Captivaunce, captivity.
Carke, care.
Carle, a clown, a churl.
Carol, to ſing ſongs of joy.
Carven, to cut.
To *Caſt* in one's mind, to think, to contrive. *Caſt* is alſo uſed for time, or a throw.
A Caſt of faulcons, a ſet of falcons.
Caſtory, beaver's oil.
Cauſen, to argue or debate.
Cav'd, made hollow.
Caytive, *Caitive*, mean, vile, captive, ſlave.
Certes, certainly.
Ceſſe, ceaſe.
Ceſure, a cutting off.
To *Chaffer*, to bargain, to traffic, to exchange.
Chamelot, ſtuff mixed with camel's hair, camlet.
Chamfred, bent, crooked.
Chaſt, chaced.
Chaufe, anger, heat, wrath.
Chaunticlere, ſo named from *chaunting* or *ſinging* with a clear and ſilver voice.
Chayre, charily, with great care and caution.
Checklaton, a kind of chequered or motley ſtuff.
Checkmate, a word borrowed from the game of cheſs.

Cheere, countenance, air, mien.
Chevalrie, knighthood, knightly exploits.
Chevisaunce, atchievement, enterprise, feat, performance.
Chylded, brought forth.
Cleped, called, named.
Clouch, gathered together.
Colled, embraced.
Commen, commune, discourse together. Also to come.
Compast creast, his crest compassed around, or well rounded, proportioned, or framed.
Complot, a plot, combination, or contrivance.
Comportance, behaviour, carriage.
Compylde, brought together.
Con, to learn, to know.
Conceipt, imagination, fancy.
Concrew, to grow together.
Connd, learned.
Condigne, worthy.
Cougee, bow, reverence.
Contecke, contention.
Contrive, spend, consume.
Convenable, agreeable.
Coosen passions, kindred passions.
Coportion, a portion or share with you.
Corb, crooked.
Corbes, ornaments in building.
Cordwayne, Spanish leather.
Coronal, crown, garland.
Cosset, a lamb brought up without the ewe.
Cotes, sheep-folds.
Cott, floating cottage.
Could, as *Could his good to all*; *i. e.* dispensed his bounty.
Count, account, reckoning.
Countercast, a counter contrivance or cunning.
Counterchange, mutual exchange.
Counterfeasaunce, counterfeiting.
Counterstoke, an opposite stroke.
Couplement, union, marriage, coupling together.
Cour'd, for covered.
Court, courteousness.
Couth, to know or be skillful in.
Cragg, neck.
Crakes, boastings.
Cranks, same as *Crankles*; *i. e.* turnings, windings.
Craples, claws.
Craven, coward, or cowardly.
Credence, belief.
Cruddy-blood, crudled coagulated.
Crumenal, purse.
Culver, (Saxon word.) dove, pigeon.
Culverin, a piece of ordnance.
Curat, *Curiets*, *Curats*, thus differently spelled; armour for the back and breast.

D.

Damnifyde, injured, impaired.
Dan, an old title signifying master.
Darrayne, to hazard, venture, attempt, or prepare to fight.
Darred larke, alluding to catching of larks; what they call a *daring glass*.
Dayes-man, umpire, arbitrator.
Daynt, dainty, delicate.
Dayr'house, dairy-house.
Dealth, dealeth, gives.
Dearnly, *Dernly*, eagerly, earnestly.
Debonaire, sprightly, courteous.
Decrewed, decreased.
Defeasaunce, defeating.
Deffly, finely or nimbly.
Define, to end, to determine or decide.
Defould, defiled or brought to shame.
Delices, delight, pleasure.
Delve, a pit or hollow place.
Demeane, *Demayne*, demeanour, carriage, behaviour; sometimes it signifies to debate, *Demeanure*, *Demeanure*, as above.
Deemen, deem, suppose.
Dempt, deemed.
Depeinten, painted.
Derring doe, bold deeds, manhood, chevalry.
Descrive, describe.
Despitous, spiteful, malicious.
Desse, a seat.
Devisful, full of rare devices or invention.
Devoir, duty.
Dight, to order, prepare, dress, adorn.
Dilate, enlarge upon.
Dirk, dark, or to darken.
Disadvaunce, to withdraw, to stop.
Disaventurous, ill adventurous, unhappy, unlucky.
Disease, for uneasiness.
Discided, cut in two parts.
Discure, discover.
Discust, shaken off, to remove, or put away.
Disentrayled, drawn along floatingly.
Disleal knight, perfideous, traiterous.
Disloigned, disloined, remote, far.
Dysple, discipline, correction.
Disport, sport, diversion, pastime.
Dispredden, spread, diffused around.
Dispurveyance, want of provision.
Disseized, made to quit or relinquish, dispossessed of
Dissolute, languid, broken, B. i. C. 7. St. 51.
Disthronized, dethroned.
Distraine, *i. e.* draw it, or break it asunder.
Distinct, varied.
Distraught, drawn aside, distracted,
Dites, orders, directions.
A *Ditt*, a ditty, a song.
Doale, a dealing out.
Doe, *doe him not to dye*, put him not to death.
Defte, do off, put off.
Dolor, *Dolour*, grief, pain, sorrow.
Doole, dole, complaint, sorrow, pain, grief.
Don, to do on, to put on.
Dortours, dormitories, or lodgings for Monks.
Doted, doting, impaired.
Doughtie, stout, valiant, courageous.
Drad, *dread*, *dreed*, dreaded; to be feared, honoured, reverenced.
Drapets, linen clothes.

Draught, a military detachment, B. ii. C. 20. St. 51.
Dreare, *Drere*, ſorrow, ſadneſs.
Drent, drenched or drowned.
Dreriment, heavineſs, ſorrowfulneſs.
Drerihedd, a ſorrowful and dreary ſtate.
Dreſt, ordered, prepared.
Drevill, a driveller, a fool
Drift, impulſe, force, or driving on.
Drowſyhedd, drowſineſs.
Dureſſe, confinement, impriſonment. hardſhip.

E.

Earne, *Erne*, to yern, to be moved with compaſſion.
Earſt, *Erſt*, firſt, firſt of all, at firſt, before, formerly.
Eath, eaſy.
Eeke, *Eke*, alſo; it ſignifies likewiſe to add, to increaſe, to augment.
Effierced, made fierce and mad.
Efforce, to force open, alſo to violate.
Effraide, frightened, afraid.
Eft, again, likewiſe, ſoon.
Eftſoones, again, preſently, quickly, forthwith.
Eglantine, ſweet brier, or wild roſe.
Eld, old age.
Elf, a Fairy. *Elfin*, the adjective of *Elf*.
Elles, elſe, already.
Embace, to leaſen, make baſe.
Embard, ſhut up.
Embattled cart, a warlike chariot.
Embay, to bath; alſo to cheriſh and delight.
Embayld, incloſed; alſo to make up into bales or packs.
Emboſs, has different ſignifications—*Arms emboſt*, arms of emboſſed work. *Emboſt with gold*, raiſed as in relievo. *Emboſt with pearles*, raiſed or overlaid. *In caſe emboſt*, hid concealed. *The ſalvage beaſt emboſt in weary chace*, meaning hard run and wearied out. *To emboſſe his ſpeare in his body*, *i. e.* to lodge, to incloſe. But the moſt difficult place ſeems in B. iii. C. 1. St 64. *Emboſſe themſelves in ſo glorious ſpoile*, probably from the Italian *Imboſcarſi*, *i. e.* by ambuſcade to avail themſelves of ſo glorious a ſpoil. *Upton*.
Embowed, imbewed, arched; covered archwiſe.
Emboyled, emboyling wrath, B. ii. C. 5. St. 18. the ſame as boyled, boyling.
Embrave, adorn, make brave or fine; to dreſs.
Eme, an uncle by the mother's ſide.
Emparlance, a law term, uſed in petitioning the court for reſpite.
Empeach, to hinder.
Emperill, quartos; folios *Imperill*, endanger.
Emperiſht, periſhed, gone to ruin.
Empight, placed, fixed.
Emprize, enterprize, undertaking.
Enaunter, leſt that.
Enchaſed, engraven.
Encheaſon, occaſion, accident.
Endoſſe, to write on the back, to engrave.
Endurd, hardened.
Enduren, indure, continue.
Enfeloned, hurried on by wicked and ſelonious intents.
Enfouldred ſmoke, ſmoke mixed with flame.
Englut, ſatiate, glut.
Engore, to pierce, to prick; to make bloody or gory.
Engorged yre, anger ariſing to the very gorge or throat; anger which cannot be ſuppreſſed.
Engraffed, ingrafted, implanted.
Engroſſe, made thick.
Enhaunſt, raiſed, lifted up.
Enrace, enroot, implant.
Enriven, torn aſunder.
Enſeams, *i e.* fattens.
Enſew, follow. *Enſude*, followed.
Enſnarle, inſnare, intangle as a ſkain of ſilk.
Entayled with anticks, engraven or carved with images.
Enterdeale, meditation.
Enterprize, ſometimes ſignifies to give reception to one.
Entertake, to entertain.
Entrailed, intermingled, interlaced, interwoven.
Enure, accuſtom to, make uſe of, practiſe.
Errant Knights, who travel about the world ſeeking adventure
Eſchewed, avoided. *Eſchew*, avoid.
Eſloyne, withdraw to a diſtance; ſeparate.
Eſpial, ſight, ſpying.
Eſſoyne, excuſe for not appearing.
Evengely, goſpel.
Exeftes, efts, newts, or evets, *Upton*. Lizzards, *Hughes*.
Exeghen bow, a bow of yew.
Exanimate, lifeleſs, dead.
Excheat, accident, or a property fallen to any one in any thing.
Expreſt, preſſed out, ſqueezed out.
Exterpie, to extirpate, to root out.
Extreat, extraction, drawing out.
Eyas Hawke, a term in falconry, ſignifying a young hawk newly fledged, and fit for flight.
Eyne, *Ene*, eyes.

F.

Fade, to vaniſh, to periſh, to go away.
Faine, *doeſt faine*, art deſirous.
Faſed, falſified, deceived.
Fare, to go. *Faring*, going on.
Fatal read, prophetical advice. *Fatal errour*, a wandring voyage ordered by the Fates
Fay, faith, truth; ſometimes it ſignifies a Fairy.
Faytor, doer. *Falſe faytor*, a deceiver.
Fealty, fealty or homage.
Fearen, to frighten.
Feculent, foul, full of dregs.
Fell, fierce, cruel; alſo gall. *Felly*, fiercely cruelly.
Felloneſt, moſt fierce.
Feminitee, womanhood, ſtate and dignity of a woman.
Fere, a companion. *Ferres*, companions.

Ferme, as *fleſhly ferme*, fleſhly priſon.
Feſt, feaſt, for the rhyme.
Fet, *Fett*, fetch.
Feutred his ſpeare, to ſet his ſpeare in his reſt.
Field, is often uſed for fight, combat, battle.
Fiaunt, warrant.
Fine, end.
Firmes his eye, keeps his eye ſteady and firm.
Flatling, flat.
Flight, arrow.
Flit, *Fleet*, ſwift, *Upton*. To fluctate, to be in motion, *Hughes*.
Flourets, bloſſoms, or little flowers.
Foeman, foes.
Foile, leaf. *Golden foile*, leaf gold.
Foind, puſhed.
Folke-mot, a meeting or aſſembly of folk or people.
Foltring tongue, faltering, falling, or tripping.
Fon, fool. *Fond*, fooliſh.
Fond, did find, for the rhyme.
Fone, foes.
Fordoo, undo, deſtroy, ruin.
Forly, near to.
Forehent, ſeized, caught hold of.
Forelent, lent before hand.
Foreſay, renounce, *Upton*. *Foreſaid*, forbid, *Hughes*.
Foreſtall, to interrupt.
Forethink, to repine or be concerned at any thing.
Forewent, forſook, went out of their way.
Forgone, loſt, neglected, forſaken,
Forlore, *Forlorne*, loſt, forſaken, wretched.
Forpined, much pined, conſumed.
Forray, to ravage, ſpoil.
Forſlackt, delayed.
Forſlow, delay.
Forſwat, exhauſted with ſweat.
Forſwonk, wearied, over-laboured.
Forthy, therefore, wherefore, why.
Fortilage, ſort.
Forworn, much worn.
Feſter, for foreſter.
Fouldring, thundering, blaſting with lightning.
Foyſon, plenty.
Franchiſe, to free or ſet at liberty.
Franion, one of too free or looſe behaviour.
Frankelin, a freeman or gentleman.
Fray, to frighten.
Freakes, whimſeys, mad actions.
Frenze, ſtranger.
Fretts, to eat, conſume. It is uſed in another ſenſe; to *frets*, to adorn; *fretted*, adorned.
Frize, a warm kind of woollen cloathing.
Frory, frore, frozen.
Frounce, curl, criſp.
Frowzy, frowzy, moſſy, muſty.
Fry of children, fry, ſpawn.
Furniment, furniſhing, furniture.

G.

Gage, pledge, pawn, ſecurity.
Gaiage, a wooden ſhoe.
Game, *'twixt earneſt and game*, betwixt earneſt and jeſt.
Gan, for began.
Garres, cauſes; as, *garres thee greet*.
Gate, a way.
Gazement, gazing.
Geare, ſtuff, attire, furniture, equipage dreſs.
Geaſon, uncommon, perplexing.
Gelt, a gelding, *Upton*. *Gelt*, gold, *Hughes*.
Gentleſſe, the behaviour of a gentleman.
German, brother or near kinſman.
Gerne, yawn.
Geſts, deeds, actions, exploits, feats.
Giambeaux, boots, greaves, armour for the legs.
Gibe and geare, joke and jeer.
Gin, begin. *Gin*, engine, contrivance.
Giuſts, juſts or tournaments; more particularly ſingle combat on horſeback with ſpears and ſwords.
Glade, a paſſage; generally for a paſſage cut through a wood.
Glave, a ſword.
Glee, mirth.
Glen, a valley.
Glib, a curled buſh of hair hanging down over the eyes.
Glitterand, glittering.
Glode, did glide, glance, or ſwiftly paſs.
Glozing ſpeeches, flattering, deceitful.
Gnarre, to gnarl or bark.
Gondelay, properly a Venetian wherry.
Goodlyhead, goodlineſs,
Gore, pierce.
Gorge, throat.
Gorget, armour defending the throat.
Grange, a granery, barn, farm.
Grayle, ſome particles, or gravel. Alſo uſed in B. ii. C. 10. St. 53. for the ſacred diſh in the laſt ſupper of our Saviour.
Greave, for grove.
Gree, liking, ſatisfaction, pleaſure.
Greet, to exclaim, cry out, complain.
Gride, *Gryde*, to ſtrike, wound, pierce, or cut through.
Grieſful, full of grief.
Griple, one that ſnatches greedily, a griping miſer.
Groom, ſhepherd, herdſman.
Groynd, grunted.
Guariſh, to garniſh, to dreſs out gorgeouſly.
Gueld, a guildhall.
Guerdon, reward, recompenſe, prize.
Guilers, cheats.
Guiſe, *Guize*, way, faſhion, manner, *Upton*, Form, habit, condition, *Hughes*
Gyre, circling, turning round.

H.

Haberjeon, armour covering the neck and breaſt, *Upton*. Armour covering the head and ſhoulders, *Hughes*.
Habiliments, apparel, clothing.

Hable, fit, ready, able, apt, nimble.
Hacqueton, a piece of armour.
Hafendeale, in partition.
Halidom, Holy Dame; an oath by the Virgin Mary.
Han, for have.
Harbrough, harbour.
Hardy, brave, bold. *Hardiment*, courage, boldneſs.
Hardyhood, *Hardyhead*, a brave ſtate of mind.
Harrow, to lay waſte, to deſtroy.
Harrow! an interjection and exclamation, ſhewing diſtreſs.
Haſk, a wicker baſket to carry fiſh.
Hauberg Hauberque. Vide *Haberjeon*.
Haught corage, highmind.
Haulſt, embraced.
Heaſt, *Heſt*, or *Behеſt*, command, precept.
Heben bow, a bow made of ebony.
Hedeguies, a ſort of country dances.
Hem, them.
Hidder and ſhidder, he and ſhe.
Hend, to take hold of.
Hent, ſeized.
Herbars, herbs, plants,
Herried, *Heried*, to praiſe, to celebrate.
Herſal, rehearſal.
Hie, to go, to haſten.
Hide, haſtened.
Hight, named, called.
Hild, covered.
Hilding, a term of reproach.
Hold, B. ii. C. 2. St. 44. the hold of the caſtle is put for the caſtle itſelf.
Hole, ſo ſpelled in the 1ſt and 2d quartoes, in the folios *whole*, B. iii. C. 12. St. 38.
Hood, condition, ſtate. Frequently uſed in compounds, as knighthood, prieſthood, widowhood, &c.
Hore, hoar, hoary, *Upton*. White; ſometimes it ſignifies ſquallid, filthy rough, *Hughes*.
Heſtry, an inn.
Hot, *Hote*, from *Hight*, was named, called.
Houſling fire, ſacramental fire.
Hove, for heave.
Hoving, hovering, floating.
Humbleſſe, humility.
Hurlen forth, ruſh forth.
Hurtle, to ruſh with violence.
Hurtling, ruſhing, thruſting.
Hymen iö Hymen, the nuptial ſong at weddings, invocating the god Hymenæus.

I.

Javel, ſeems to ſignify a ſlandering fellow.
Idleſſe, idleneſs.
Ieſſes, ſtraps of leather faſtened on the hawk's legs when held in the fiſt.
Impacable, ſo the quartos and folios; but *Hughes implacable*.
mpe, child or offſpring.
Impeach, ſometimes uſed by Spenſer in the ſenſe of the French word *empecher*, to hinder.
Importable, not to be borne.
In, *Inn*, *Inne*, an inn, a chamber, a houſe.
Incontinent, immediately, inſtantly, forthwith.
Indigne, unworthy.
Infant, the Prince, B. ii. C. 8. St. 56, &c.
Inferd, brought on.
Infeſt, deadly.
Ingate, entrance.
Ingowes, ingots.
Intendement, attention, underſtanding, thought.
Intereſſe, intereſt.
Intreat, ſpeak of, treat of.
Intuſe, contuſion, bruiſe.
Iollyhead, a ſtate of jollity.
Iouiſance, *Ioyaunce*, rejoicing, diverſion.
Ire, *Yre*, wrath, anger.

K.

Keep, care, heed, cuſtody, charge. *Keeping*, guard.
Keight, caught.
Ken, *Kenn*, to know, to ſpy, to diſcover.
Kend, *Kent*, knew, kenned.
Kerns, countrymen or boors.
Keſars, *Keaſars*, Emperors, Cæſars, Czars.
Keſt, caſt.
Keſtrel, a ſort of hawk of the baſer breed.
Kidſt, doſt know.
Kight, a kite.
Kilt, for killed.
Kirtle, a woman's gown.
Kond, kend, knew.
Kynd, nature. *Kyndle*, natural.
Kynded, begotten.
Kyne, cows or herds.

L.

Lad, led, did lead.
Laid, taint.
Lare, *Laire*, laire of a deer.
Latched, caught.
Lay, a ſong. *Layes*, ſongs, poems.
Lay, the earth or ground.
Lazſtall, a place to lay dung or rubbiſh.
Lazars, leprous perſons.
Leach, ſurgeon or phyſician.
Leare Leares, *Leres*, doctrine, learning, ſcience.
Leaſing, lying.
Leavd, levied, raiſed.
Ledden, language, dialect.
Leef, or *Lief*, willing. *As lief*, more willing.
Leeſe, leſt.
Legierdemayne, ſleight of hand.
Leman, ſweetheart, concubine, miſtreſs.
Lenger, longer.
L'Envoy, the epilogue after a copy of verſes.
Leſt, liſten.
Lever, rather.
Leven, lightning.

Levin-brond, thunderbolt.
Lewdly, ignorantly.
Libbard, leopard.
Lich, like.
Liefe, dear. *Liefer*, *Lever*, dearer. *Liefeſt*, dearest.
Liege-lord, fovereign-lord. *Liege-man*, who owes allegiance to the liege lord.
Lig, or *Liggen*, to lie.
Lignage, lineage or deſcent.
Lilled out his tongue, for lolled out, &c.
Lime hound, a blood hound.
Limiter, one that goes about ſelling indulgences.
Lin, to lean, give away. Sometimes to ceaſe or give over.
Lincolne greene, a ſpecies of cloth manufactured at Lincoln.
Liſts, ground incloſed for tilts or tournaments.
Lite, alight, get off horſe.
Lived mortally, i. e. lived among mortals.
Livelod, livelihood, maintenance.
Livelyhed, livelineſs, life, ſpirit.
Livery and ſeiſin, law phraſes.
Lone, a thing lent, a loan.
Long, belong.
Loord, as, *lazy Loord*, idle fellow.
Lordings, Sirs, Maſters. A dim. of Lord.
Lore, learning, inſtruction.
Lore, for *Lorn*, left, loſt.
Lorel, *Loſel*, a liar, cheat, a looſe fellow.
Lover, or *Loover*, a chimney or opening in the roof of a cottage.
Lout, to bow ſervilely, to crouch.
Lugs, perches,
Luſk, *luſkiſh*, *luſkiſhneſs*, a lazy diſpoſition.
Luſtleſſe, liſtleſsly.
Luſtyhed, luſtineſs, vigour.
Luſtleſs, weak, not luſty.
Lyte, light on, ſettle, fall on.
Lythe, ſoft.

M.

Mage, magician, enchanter,
Magnes ſtone, the load-ſtone.
Maboune, Mahomet. By *Maboune*, a Saracen oath.
Make, a mate, conſort. To *make* (verb) to compoſe verſes.
Malefices, evil deeds.
Malicing, bearing of malice.
Maligne, maliciouſly, abuſe.
Maltalent, ill will, ſpite.
Mand, manned, furniſhed, filled.
Manner, behaviour, carriage.
Mantleth, diſplayeth his wings. A term in falconry.
Many, company, B. iii. C. 9. St. 11. &c.
Marge, margin, brim.
Mark white, the white mark,
Martelled, hammered, beat.
Mas, uſed for divine ſervice.
Mated, conquered, ſubdued.
Maugre, in ſpite of, againſt one's will, notwithſtanding,
Mayle, a coat of mail.
Mazed, ſtunned.
Mazer bowl, properly a bowl of maple.
Meane, means, conditions, occaſion.
Meare, a meer, limit, or boundary.
Medle, to mingle.
Meed, reward, prize.
Mell, to intermeddle.
Mene, did mean, intended.
Ment, mingled.
Merciable, merciful.
Mercifyde, pitied.
Merimake, merriment.
Mespriſe, neglect, contempt, ſcorn.
Met, meet.
Mew, a place to mew hawks. Any place ſhut up.
Mickle, much,
Mieve, for move.
Mincing minion, finical affected darling.
Minime, a minim in muſic.
Miniments, toyes, trifles.
Miniſhed, for diminiſhed.
Mirk, dark, obſcure.
Mirkſome air, obſcure, fowl.
Miſcreated, created amiſs, ill begotten.
Miſcreant, originally ſignifies Infidel, or one of a wrong belief.
Miſſdone, for miſdo, *i. e.* to do amiſs.
Miſfare, misfortune.
Miſleeke, diſlike.
Miſter, manner, ſort, art, myſtery.
Miſtereth not, needs not.
Miſtrayned, wrongly trained, inſtructed amiſs; or miſled, drawn aſide.
Miſween, to misjudge, interpret wrongly.
Miſwent, gone aſtray.
Mo, *moe*, more.
Mochel, much.
Moldwarps, moles,
Mome, a ſtupid fellow.
Monaſtere, a monaſtery.
Mone, ſorrow.
Morion, head-peace, helmet.
Mote, muſt, might.
Mott, did mete or meaſure.
Moulds, grows mouldy.
Mountenaunce, the amount of any thing, quantity, diſtance.
Mowes, making of mouths.
Muchel, much.
Munificence, ſubſidies, aid benevolence.
Mured, incloſed.
Muzd, muſed,

N.

Nar, near, or nearer.
Nas, has not.
Nathleſs, *Natheleſs*, not the leſs, nevertheleſs.
Nathemore, *Nathemoe*, never the more.

Ne, neither, not.
Needments, neceſſaries.
Nempt, named.
Nett, neat, clean.
Newell, novelty.
Newfangleneſſe, a love of novelty and changes.
Nill, will not. Cont. for *ne will*.
Nimbleſſe, nimbleneſs.
Nobleſſe, nobility.
Nonce, *for the nonce*, for the occaſion.
Not, *note*, know not. Cont. for *ne wot*.
Nould, would not.
Noule, the crown of the head.
Nouriture, nurture, education.
Nourſle, to nourſe.
Noyance, harm.
Noyd, annoyed or hurt.
Noyous, hurtful or baleful.

O.

Obſequy, funeral rites.
Offal, refuſe, droſs.
Ordele, a trial by fire, water, or combat.
Overcame, came over it.
Overcraw, to crow over, to inſult.
Overhent, overtook.
Overgraſt, overgrown with graſs.
Overraught, reaching over.
Overred, did read it over.
Overwent, overwhelmed.
Overweening, ſelf-conceited, opinionated.
Ought, owned.
Ought the more, the more at all.
Out-well, flow out, yield out, diſcharge.
Out of hand, forthwith.
Out-win, get out, win the way out.
Owches, boſſes, or buttons of gold.

P.

Pace, go.
Painim, pagan, infidel.
Paire, impaire, diminiſh.
Palfrey, a horſe; moſt commonly a lady's pad.
Pall, a robe.
Paled part per part, a phraſe in heraldry.
Palmer, a pilgrim.
Panachaea, an univerſal medicine.
Pannikell, the ſkull, the crown of the head.
Paragon, an example, pattern; companion, or fellow.
Paramour, a lover.
Paravaunt, peradventure, by chance.
Parbreake, vomit.
Parture, departure.
Pas, go. Alſo ſurpaſs, exceed.
Paſe, B. iii. C. 1. St. 19. ſignifies here, country, land, region.
Pavone, peacock.
Paunce, a pancy, or violet.
Payne, pains, endeavour.
Peark, briſk.
Pecce, a fort, a ſtrong place, citadel, B. i. C. 10. St. 59. &c.
Peiſe, poiſe. *Payſd*, poiſed.
Perdie, Fr. *par. Dieu*, an old oath.
Pere, companion. *Peres*, companions, equals.
Peregal, equal.
Perforce, by force.
Perling, purling, trickling down.
Perlous, perilous, dangerous.
Perſaunt, piercing.
Perſue, purſuing, purſuit, or chace.
Pheer, companion.
Phyſnomy, phyſiognomy.
Picturals, paintings.
Pight, placed, pitched, fixed.
Pill, to rob, to pillage.
Pine, to pine, to waſte away.
Pionings, works of pioneers.
Plaine, to complain.
Plaint, complaint.
Pleaſaunce, pleaſure.
Pleſh, for the rhyme, a plaſh.
Plight, circumſtance, condition.
Point, armed completely, *Hughes*. *Car'd not for God or man a point*, not at all, not a tittle, *Upton*. Armed at all points, *ib*.
Poize, weight.
Polaxe, or battle-axe.
Pols and pils, plunders and pillages.
Port, behaviour, carriage.
Portaunce, comportment, carriage.
Portcullis, a falling gate; a gate to let down or draw up at pleaſure.
Porteſſe, a breviary, or prayer-book.
Pouldred, reduced to powder.
Pouſſe, peaſe.
Poynant, poignant, ſharp, piercing.
Practicke paine, the cunning practice, plot, and endeavour.
Prank, *Some prank their ruffes*, *i. e.* exhibit forth; and proudly ſhew. *Prankt in reaſon's garb*, pompouſly ſet forth, arrogantly tricked out.
Preace, preſs, throng, crowd.
Preſt, prepared, ready at hand. Sometimes for preſſed.
Pretended, ſhewn forth, held out.
Prick, to prick as with ſpurs.
Pricking on the plaine, riding on the plain.
Priefe, proof.
Prive, prove.
Priſe, ſcuffle, fight.
Procurd, ſolicited, entreated.
Propenſe, weigh, conſider, premeditate.
Protenſe, extenſion, drawing out.
Prow, brave; *Prower*, braver; *Prowеſt*, braveſt.
Puiſſaunce, valour, power, might. *Puiſſant*, powerful, mighty.
Purfled, flouriſhed with a needle, *Hughes*. Embroidered, or decorated as with embroidery *Upton*.
Purpoſe, diſcourſe, talk, words.
Purvay, provide.
Puttockes, bitterns, kites. So Gloſs. to Chaucer.

Pyned ghoſt. Vide *Pine.*
Pyonings. Vide *Pionings.*

Q.

Quadrate, a ſquare.
Quaid, ſubdued. Perhaps inſtead of quailed or quelled.
Quaile, to ſubdue, to quell, *Upton.* *Quail*, to languiſh, *Hughes.*
Quaint, nice, curious.
Quarle, B. ii. C. 11. St. 33. contracted from *Quarrel*, ſhaft, arrow.
Quarrey, prey
Quart, the weſtern diviſion; the fourth part.
Quayd. Vide *Quaid.*
Queem, or *Queam*, pleaſe.
Quient, quenched.
Quient elect, quaintly or oddly choſen.
Quell, ſometimes uſed for *to die.*
Queſt, adventure, exploit.
Quich, to quicken, to ſtir.
Quight, to deliver, to free.
Quip, taunt, flout.
Quite, to requite.
Quited, requited, returned.
Quook, did quake, did ſhake, did tremble.

R.

Race. Vide *Raſt.*
Rad, for did read; or gueſſed.
Raft, *Reft*, bereft, bereaved, *Upton.* Rent, tore, *Hughes.*
Raid. Vide *Ray.*
Raile, *adowne their ſides did raile*, *i. e.* flow or run along.
Raine, region. *Rayne*, rule or kingdom.
Ramp, to paw, or fly out, like a mad horſe.
Rank, in order,
Ranſacht, plundered, rifled, violated.
Rapt, in rapture.
Raſh, *mailes did raſh*, did break, did ſhiver in pieces.
Raſt, *Razed*, eraſed, effaced.
Rathe, early.
Raught, reached, did reach.
Ravin, rapine, ſpoil, ravening.
To *Ray*, diſcolour, beray.
Ray, for *Aray*, ornament, furniture. Alſo for in ray, in array, in order and rank.
Read, *Reed*, to adviſe, warn, pronounce, declare, interpret, gueſs, divine. Likewiſe counſel, advice, propheſy.
Reave, to bereave, or take away violently.
Reedifyde, rebuild.
Rebut, rebound, recoil, repel.
Reck, care, reckon, account.
Reclayme, call back.
Recoure, recover.
Recule Recuile, to recoil, go back, or give way.
Recre nt, out of hope, untruſty, cowardly.
Redoubted, reverenced, honoured, feared.
Redounding tears, abounding and flowing over.
Regiment, rule, government.
Relate, bring back.
Relent his pace, to ſlacken, to ſtay.
Reliven, to live again.
Remercied, thanked.
Rencounter, accidental fight, or adventure.
Renforſt, reinforced.
Renfierſt, reinfierced, again made fierce and bold.
Renns, for runs.
Renverſt, turn'd upſide down, overturned.
Replevie, to redeem, to recover by a replevy.
Repriefe, reproof.
Reprize, to make repriſals.
Reſeized, reinſtated, in poſſeſſion again.
Reſiant, lodged, placed, reſident.
Retrate, *Retraitt*, picture, portrait; air of the face. Alſo retreat, fall back, give ground.
Retyrd, drawe out.
Reverſe, recall, return.
Reverſt, dreſs again, to clothe again.
To *Rew*, rue, pity. *Rew*, a row. In a *Rew*, in a row.
Ribauld, a debauched fellow.
Rife, frequent; fully, abundantly.
Rift, gap, cleft, chink, or crack.
To *Rive*, to cleave aſunder. *Riven*, rent, ſplit, torn aſunder.
Rode, inroad.
Ronts, young bullocks.
Roode, a croſs.
Roſiere, a roſe tree.
Rote, harp, or crowd.
Rove, *didſt rove*, *i. e.* didſt ſhoot thy roving arrows
Rowndell, a round bubble.
Royne, to bite or gnaw.
Rue. Vide *Rew.*
Ruffs, ornaments for the neck, of plain or *ruffled* muſlin or cambrick.
Ruinate, brought to ruin, overthrown.
Ruing, pitying. *Ruefully*, pitifully.
Ruth, pity.
Rybauld. Vide *Ribauld.*
Ryfe. Vide *Rife.*
Ryved. Vide *Rive.*

S.

Sad, grave.
Safe her, her excepted.
Salewd, ſaluted.
Saliaunce, ſally, or aſſault.
Salve his hurts, to cure, to remedy.
Salved, ſaluted.
Sam, ſame; ſometimes it ſignifies together.
Samite, ſatin.
Say, a thin ſort of ſilk ſtuff. *A ſword of better ſay*, of better proof, aſſay.
Scarmoges, ſkirmiſhings.
Scath, harm, miſchief.
Scatterlings, ſcattered rovers or raviſhers.
Scerne, diſcern.
Selave, ſlave.

Sclaunders, ſlanders.
Scord, marked, engraved.
Score, reckoning.
Scorſe, exchange.
Scrine, *Scryne* cheſt coffer.
Scruze, ſqueeze out, preſs out.
Scryde, deſcried.
Sdaine, diſdain. *Sdeigned*, diſdained.
Seare, dry, conſumed, burning, parching.
See, ſeat, habitation.
Seely, ſilly.
Selcouth, uncommon.
Sele, a ſeal-fiſh.
Select ſhapes, choſen elegant.
Sell, ſaddle.
Semblaunt, ſhew, pretence, appearance.
Seminary, a nurſery.
Seneſchall, a preſident, governor, or ſteward.
Sens, uſed for ſince.
Sent, the ſcent, the ſmelling out.
Sew, follow. *Sewing*, following. *Sewde*, followed.
Shallop, a boat.
Shawmes, muſical inſtruments, Pſal. xcviii. 7. *Shawm*, is thought to ſignify a hautboy.
Sheene, B. ii. C. 1. St. 10.
Shend, to diſgrace, to blame, to ſpoil.
Shere, pure, clear.
To *Shrieve*, to act the part of a confeſſor. *Shrift*, or *Shriving*, confeſſion.
Shright, ſhrieked. *Shrightes*, ſhriekings,
Shrill, to ſound ſhrilly.
To *Shrowd*, to ſhelter. *Shrouded in ſleep*, covered, ſheltered.
Shyne, ſhining, brightneſs.
Sib, related, of kin.
Sich, for ſuch.
Siege, ſeat, bench, throne.
Sient, a graff, ſprig, or young ſhoot.
Sight, ſighed.
Sike, ſuch.
Siker, ſure, ſurely.
Sikerneſs, ſureneſs, ſafety.
Simpleſs, ſimplicity.
Sin, uſed for ſince.
Singultes, *Singults*, ſighs, ſobbings.
Sit, *ſits not*, ſuits not. *Ill it ſits*, it ill agrees, ill becomes.
Sith, ſince that.
Sithes, times.
Sithens, ſince that time.
To *Slug*, to grow ſluggiſh.
Smouldry, hot, ſweltering.
Snar, to ſnarl.
Snarled haire, *i.e.* intangled, as a ſkain of ſilk.
Sneb, to ſnub or check.
Snubbes, knobs or knots in wood.
Sods, turfs, clods of earth.
Sold, ſalary, hire; a ſoldier's pay.
Somme, the ſum, ſubſtance.
Soote, ſweet, or ſweetly.
Soothlich, ſoothly, true.
Sort, company. In *ſort*, in ſuch ſort or manner.
Souncing, plunging, falling.
Souldan, *Soudan*, *Soldan*, a king, tyrant, ſovereign.
Sovenaunce, remembrance, recollection.
Sowndes, inlets of the ſea between headlands.
Sowne, ſound. *With ſhricking ſowme*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 30.
Soyle, the prey, the ſoiled beaſt.
Space, walk about, range about.
Spalles, ſhoulders.
Sperre the gate bar, or ſhut the gate.
Sperſed air, for diſperſed air.
Spill, to ſpoil, to deſtroy.
Spilt, ſhed, ſcattered over.
Spire, to breathe.
Sprent, ſprinkled.
Springal, a youth, a ſtripling.
Spyals, eſpials, ſpies.
Spyre, it doth ſpire forth, or grow up to the faireſt flower.
Stadle, ſtaff.
Stales, incitements, devices, tricks.
Stank, weary or faint.
Starke, ſtiff with cold.
Star-read, doctrine of the ſtars; aſtronomy.
Steane, for ſtone.
Sted, place, ſeat, ſtation, ſituation.
Steeme, ſmoke. *Steemed*, had exhaled.
Steemed, eſteemed.
Stent, ſtint, ſtay, ſtop.
Stept, ſteeped, ſocked, wetted.
Sterne, tail.
Sterve, to periſh, to die.
Steven, ſound, noiſe.
Stire, ſtir or move.
Stole, a garment a matron's robe.
Stond, ſtand, ſtation.
Stonied, aſtoniſhed, or ſtunned.
St ond. Vide *Stonied*.
Stound, *Stownd*, ſpace, moment, ſeaſon, hour, time.
Stoup, in falconry, when the hawk on wing ſtrikes at the fowl.
Stour, *Stowre*, fight, ſtir, trouble, misfortune, fit.
Straine, *Strene*, race, deſcent, family, origin.
Strayt, B. ii. C. 7. St. 40.
Streſſe, diſtreſs.
To *Stye*, to aſcend, to mount up.
Subverſt, ſubverted, overthrown.
Succeſſe, ſucceſſion.
Suffuſed eyes, bedewed, ſuffuſed with tears.
Suppreſſing, keeping under.
Suppreſt, raviſhed.
Surbet, wearied.
Surceaſe, ſtop.
Surquedry, pride, preſumption.
Sute, ſuit, petition, requeſt.
Swart, ſwarthy, black.
Swarving, ſwerving, giving way, going from.
Sway, management, direction, rule, motion.
Sweath-bands, ſwathe or ſwaddling-bands.
Swelt, burnt, ſuffocated with heat, fainted.
Swerved, moved, wandered out of his place.
Swinck, labour.
Swound, a ſwoon or fainting fit.

T.

Targe, a buckler or ſhield.
Taſſel, *Toſſel*, a twiſted or buſhy ornament of ſilk, gold, or ſilver.
Taſſel gent, a gentle, tame male hawk.
Teade, a torch.
Teene, *Tine*, *Tyne*, trouble, miſchief, injury.
Tenor, the middle part next the baſe.
Thee, thrive, proſper. *Well mote ye thee*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 33.
Thewes, manners, qualifications, cuſtoms.
Thilk, this, that.
Tho, then.
Thralled, enſlaved.
Thralls, ſlaves.
Thrill, to pierce through.
Throw that laſt bitter throw, pain, pangs. *So mighty throwes*, ſtrokes, blows. *To ſleep athrowe*, a ſmall while or ſpace.
Thruſt, *Thirſtie*, thirſt.
Tickle, ſlippery, unſtable, tickliſh.
Tide, a while, time, ſeaſon, an hour.
Tight, tide.
Tind, kindled, excited.
Tire, rank, row, as a tire of ordnance.
Tort, wrong, injury.
Totty, dizzy, tottering.
Touzd, tudged and hauled about.
Tract, *by tract*, by tracing, by tract and footing.
Trade, tread, trace, or footſtep. Do *Trade*, do walk.
Train, *Trayn*, the train or tail. Likewiſe uſed for treachery, deceit.
Tramels, nets.
Tranſlated, turned them to.
Tranſmew, to transform, tranſmute.
Tranſverſe, awry, out of order.
Traſt, followed as by tract or footing.
Traveile, labour.
Treachour. *Treachetour*, traitor.
Treague, a truce, ceſſation of arms; agreement.
Treen, of a tree, wooden.
Trenchand, *Trenchant*, cutting, ſharp.
Troad, path, footing.
Trow, believe, imagine, conceive.
To *Truſs*, a term in falconry, when the hawk raiſes his prey aloft, and then deſcends with it to the ground.
Turnament, *Turneyment*, *Turney*, a ſort of ſingle combat on horſeback, commonly with lances.
Turribant, a turban.
Tway, two; *in Tway*, in two. *His Twaine*, his couple.
Tweght, twit, upbraid.
Twitin, to blame, to upbraid.
Twyfold, twofold.

V. U.

Vaded, gone.
Valaw, value, worth, valour.
Vantage, profit.
Vaunting, advancing.
Vaunt, to boaſt.
Vellenege, rather *villinege*, the meaneſt and loweſt of tenure.
Venery, hunting of wild beaſts, B. i. C 6. St. 22.
Venger, revenger.
Ventayle, the fore part of the helmet, to give vent or air to the face by lifting up.
Venteth into the wind, ſnuffs the wind.
Vere the maine ſheete, turn, ſhift.
Vetchy bed, (Shep. Cal.) bed of peaſe ſtraw.
Vilde, vile.
Virelays, a kind of ſongs.
Viſnomie, phyſiognomy, viſage, aſpect.
Umbriere, the viſor of the helmet.
Uncouth, unuſual, ſtrange, harſh; odd, deformed.
Underſong, attempt by unfair and indirect means.
Undertime, the afternoon, toward the evening, B. iii. C. 7. St. 13.
Undight, not dight, diſordered; looſened, untied.
Unneath, difficult, ſcarcely, with difficulty. Sometimes it ſignifies almoſt.
Unhele, to diſcover, to bewray.
Unherſt, took them from the herſe or temporary monument where they were uſually hanged, B. v. C. iii. St. 37.
Unkempt, unadorned, or void of grace or elegance.
Unkend, not known.
Unlich, unlike.
Unpurvaide, unprovided, not furniſhed.
Unreſt, diſquiet, uneaſineſs.
Unſoot, unſweet.
Unwares, unexpectedly, uncautiouſly, unwarily.
Unweeting, unknowing, unawares, ignorant.
Unwiſt, not thought of, unknown.
Upbraſt, burſt open.
Upbrayes, upbraidings, reproaches.
Upwreaked, unrevenged.

W.

Wage, a pledge; likewiſe reward, wages.
Waiſt, a ſtray.
War, worſe.
War-bable, able or powerful in war.
Ware, wary, cautious. *Ware*, did wear.
Wareleſs, ſtupified.
War-old, old in war or ſtrife.
Warray, to make war upon, to harraſs with war.
Warrioureſſe, a woman-warrior, an Amazon.
Watchet, pale, blue.
Wawes, waves, *Upton*. *Wawes*, waves, perhaps for woes, *Hughes*.
Way, weigh, value, eſteem.
Wayment, to bewail, lament.
Wayne, *Waine*, chariot.
Weal-away, *Wele-away*, alas!
Ween, *Weenen*, imagine, judge.
Weet, to know. *Weeten*, to wit.
Weetleſt, unknowing,

Weſte, waſted. *Weſte*, waved, avoided, put off.
Weſt, (noun) a ſtray; whatever wanders and is loſt.
Well, did well, ſpring, flow. To *Weld*, to move, to wield, to govern.
Wele, weal, welfare.
Welke, to ſet decreaſe, wither; to grow faint.
Welkin, the ſky, firmament.
Welter, to wallow.
Wend, to go. *Wend*, for.
Weened, imagine.
Went, way, journey, *Upton*. Going, courſe. *Hughes*.
To *weſt*, to ſet in the weſt.
Wex, to increaſe, to grow.
Whally, full of whales.
Whatſo, whatſoever.
Whenſo, whenſoever.
Whilome, *Whylome*, formerly, ſome while ago.
Whiſt, huſhed, ſilenced.
Whit, a little part.
Whot, hot.
Whyleare, erewhile, ſometime before.
Wicked herbes, noxious poiſonous.
Wield, *Weld*, manage, handle, govern, direct, turn, ſway, &c.
Wight, creature, perſon.
Wightly, quickly.
Wimble, ſhifting to and fro.
Wimpled, folded over like a vail.
Wiſe, guiſe, appearance.
To *Wis*, to know. *Wiſt*, thought, knew.
Wite, blame, reproach.
Withhault, withholden, withdrew.
Woe begonne, far gone in woe, overwhelmed.
Wonne, is uſed in two ſenſes; in the firſt, for to overcome, gain the victory, from *to win*. In the ſecond place, for to dwell, to inhabit, from the German *women*.
Won, to uſe, to be wont.
Wont, cuſtom, manner.
Woo, to court, or win by courting.
Wood, mad. *Woodneſs*, madneſs.
Wot, to know. *Woteſt*, knoweſt.
Wowed, wooed, for the rhyme.
Woxed, waxed.
Wraſt, wreſt, for the rhyme.
Wreake, to revenge. *Wroke*, revenged.
Wreakful, revengeful.
Wreſt, wriſt.
Wrizled, wrinkled.
Wroken, wreaked, revenged.
Whyle, beguile.
Whyte. Vide *Wite*.

Y.

Ybet, beaten.
Ybent, bent, inclined, addicted.
Yblent, blinded, or confounded.
Ybrent, burnt.
Yclad, clad, clothed.
Ycleped, called, named.
Ydleſſe, idleneſs.
Ydrad, *Ydred*, dreaded, feared.
Yearne, earn, get, procure.
Yede, *Yeed*, *Yeade*, to go.
Yeoman, ſometimes ſignifies ſervant.
Yerks, yerks, jerks, laſhes.
Yeven, given
Yfere, in company, together.
Yfoſtered, foſtered, nouriſhed, brought up.
Yfraught, freighted, loaden.
Yfretted, the ſame as fretted.
Ygoe, gone.
Yit, yet; for the rhyme.
Ylike, alike.
Ymagery, images, figures.
Ymolt, molten, melten.
Ympe, *Impe*, offſpring.
Ympt, grafted on, fixed on as a graff.
Yod. Vide *Yeed*.
Yold, yielded.
Yond, beyond.
Yore, of yore, anciently, formerly.
Youngth, youth:
Younker, a luſty young man
Ypaid. Vide *Apaid*.
Ypent, pent up, or folded like ſheep.
Ypight, placed.
Yplaſte, placed.
Yplight, plighted.
Yrapt, rapt in ecſtacy.
Yre, ire, anger.
Yrent, rent.
Yrived, rived, riven.
Yroke, *Ywreaken*, *Ywroken*, wreaked, revenged.
Yſame, collected together.
Yſhend, to ſpoil, to diſgrace.
Ywis, *Iwis*, truly, indeed; to my own knowledge. Sometimes uſed expletively, ſometimes ironically.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE;

Containing his

VENUS AND ADONIS,
TARQUIN AND LUCRECE,
SONNETS,
PASSIONATE PILGRIM,
AND
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the ſtage, immortal Shakeſpear roſe;
Each ſcene of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain!

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

After many ages of Gothic ignorance and ſuperſtition, learning and genius viſited our iſland in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It was then that liberty began to dawn; and the mantle of myſtery being removed from religion and literature, the people began to think for themſelves, and to be ſenſible of the ſhame and ignominy of ignorance, and mental ſlavery.

At this æra, ſo remarkable in hiſtory, when the minds of men were awakened to the moſt animated exertions, Shakſpeare aroſe—to ſilence the legendary oracles of the bard and the minſtrel, to regulate the wildneſs of romantic fiction, to put to flight the phantoms of allegory, and to advance original poetry almoſt to perfection.

The appearance of this extraordinary man, among a people yet ſtruggling to emerge from barbarity, is deſcribed by Dr. Johnſon with a felicity of expreſſion that challenges the whole compaſs of modern poetry:

> When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
> Firſt rear'd the ſtage, immortal Shakſpeare roſe;
> Each ſcene of many-colour'd life he drew,
> Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
> Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
> And panting Time toil'd after him in vain!

Of this aſtoniſhing genius, who advanced the ſtudies he cultivated ſo far beyond the attainments of his age, and effuſed ſo much novelty upon his country, few particulars have deſcended to poſterity. The fame of his abilities made a great noiſe in the age in which he flouriſhed, yet his ſtation was not ſuch as to produce many incidents, as it was ſubject to but few viciſſitudes. Rowe, who well underſtood and greatly admired him, has collected what incidents of his life were known in his time, and the account here given reſts chiefly upon his authority, and the conjectures of his ſagacious and erudite commentator Mr. Malone.

Our poet was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickſhire, on the 23d of April 1564. His father, Mr. John Shakſpeare, was an Alderman of that town, and a conſiderable dealer in wool. His mother was the daughter and heir of Robert Arden of Willingcote in the ſame county. Being encumbered with a large family of ten children, Mr. Shakſpeare could afford to give his eldeſt ſon but a ſlender education. He had him bred at the free ſchool, where he acquired what Latin he was maſter of; but how well he underſtood that language, or whether, after his leaving ſchool, he made a greater proficiency in it, has been diſputed, and is a point very difficult to ſettle. It is certain, however, that his father was obliged to withdraw him early from ſchool, in order to have his aſſiſtance in his own employment, towards ſupporting the reſt of the family.

Upon his leaving ſchool, he ſeems to have entirely devoted himſelf to that way of living which his father propoſed; and in order to ſettle in the world in a family manner, thought fit to marry, while he was yet very young, Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a ſubſtantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford.

In this kind of domeſtic obſcurity he continued for ſome time, till by an unhappy juvenile irregularity he was obliged to quit the place of his nativity. He had the misfortune to fall into ill company; among whom were ſome who made a frequent practice of deer-ſtealing, and who engaged him, more than once, in robbing a park belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecot, near Stratford; for which he was proſecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, ſomewhat too ſeverely; and in order to revenge himſelf for this ſuppoſed ill uſage, he made a ballad upon him, which is ſaid to have been ſo very bitter, that the proſecution was redoubled againſt him to that degree, that he was obliged to ſhelter himſelf in London.

At the time of his coming to London, hired coaches were not in uſe, and his firſt expedient to ſupport himſelf is ſaid to have been, to hold the horſes of the gentlemen who came to the play-houſe, that they might be ready again when the performance was over. In this office he became ſo eminent, that he ſoon had more buſineſs than he could manage, and at laſt hired boys under him, who, as long as the practice of riding to the play-houſe continued, retained the appellation of Shakſpeare's boys.

Some of the players, accidentally converſing with him, are ſaid to have been ſo ſtruck with the wit and ſprightlineſs of his converſation, that they recommended him to the houſe; in which he was admitted, at firſt, in a very low ſtation, that of *call-boy*, or prompter's attendant, whoſe employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter as often as the buſineſs of the play requires their appearance on the ſtage.

In time he found higher employment, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf above all his contemporaries, if not as an extraordinary actor, at leaſt as an excellent dramatic writer; whoſe plays were the delight of his own age, and are ſtill the boaſt and admiration of his country.

By what gradations of improvement he roſe from mediocrity to the ſummit of excellence is not eaſily known, for the chronology of his writings is yet unſettled. The higheſt date which Pope has been able to trace, is Romeo and Juliet in 1597, when he was thirty-three years old. The diligence of Mr. Malone has traced the appearance of that play back to 1595, and has rendered it ſufficiently probable that he commenced a writer for the ſtage in 1591, when he was ſomewhat more than twenty-ſeven years old.

All his plays appear to have been performed either at the Globe in Southwark, or at the Theatre in Blackfriars; in both of which he had a property. Queen Elizabeth, whom he celebrates as "a fair veſtal throned by the weſt," had ſeveral of his plays acted at court, and gave him many marks of her favour.

What particular friendſhips he contracted with private men is not certainly known. It is certain he enjoyed the patronage, and probably partook of the munificence of the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated "the firſt heir of his invention." All who have ſpoken of him, concur in celebrating the gentleneſs of his manners and the readineſs of his wit. "As he was a happy imitator of nature (ſay his fellow-comedians) ſo he was a moſt gentle expreſſer of it. His mind and hand went together." Aubrey ſays "he was a handſome well ſhaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleaſant and ſmooth wit." The writings of Drayton, Jonſon, and other co-temporary poets, bear teſtimonies to his admirable wit and amiable manners, bordering on idolatry. Unaſſuming himſelf, the honours he received were unſought, and accompanied with the rare felicity of being enjoyed without envy.

There is no certain account when he quitted the ſtage for a private life. In 1603 his name appears among the actors in Jonſon's Sejanus. In the ſame year a licence by King James I. is granted to him with Burbage, Heminge, Condell, &c. to exerciſe the art of playing comedies, tragedies, &c. It is probable he had then no thoughts of retiring; and it is certain he did not write Macbeth till after the acceſſion of that monarch, whoſe doctrine of witches he there embraces.

There is a tradition that he ſpent the latter part of his life in eaſe and retirement, at his native Stratford, where he had acquired a property worth about 200 l. a year.

At his houſe of New-place in that town he died on the 23d of April 1616, when he had exactly completed his 52d year. No account has been tranſmitted of the malady which at ſo early a period of life deprived his country of its brighteſt ornament. He was buried in the great church at Stratford, where a mural monument is erected to his memory. In 1741 a monument was raiſed to him in Weſtminſter Abbey, among the worthies of his country.

He had three children; a ſon, named Hamnet, and two daughters, Suſanna and Judith. Hamnet, who was a twin-child born at the ſame time with Judith, died in 1596, in the twelfth year of his age. Judith, his youngeſt daughter, was married to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom ſhe had three ſons, who all died without iſſue. She died in 1662, aged 77. Suſanna, his eldeſt daughter, and his favourite, was married to Dr. John Hall, a phyſician, of good reputation. She died in 1649, aged ſixty-ſix. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married firſt to Thomas Naſhe Eſq; and afterwards to Sir John Barnard of Abington, but died likewiſe without iſſue.

His dramatic writings were firſt publiſhed together by his fellow comedians in 1623, and ſince re-publiſhed by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Capel, Johnſon, Steevens, Reed, and Malone, with an accumulation of emendatory criticiſm and philological learning, unparalleled in the illuſtration of any of the claſſical writers of antiquity.

Our nation, which demonſtrates its taſte in nothing ſo juſtly as in the admiration it pays to his writings, is yet without a ſplendid edition of his works. The edition, with engravings, undertaken by Alderman Boydell, promiſes to remedy this defect, in rivalling the moſt brilliant decorations that have been laviſhed on the diſtinguiſhed poets of other countries. It is not, however, to be accompanied with notes; an omiſſion which Mr. Malone (to whom the admirers of Shakſpeare have the greateſt obligations) is expected to ſupply in his promiſed edition in 4to, with illuſtrations ſubjoined on the ſame page.

It belongs only to the plan of this work to furniſh the public with a correct edition of his poems, which are here, for the firſt time, received into an arrangement of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

In the earlier part of his life, his poems ſeem to have gained him more reputation than his plays; at leaſt they are oftener mentioned or alluded to by his contemporaries. "As the ſoul of Euphorbus "(ſays Meres in his *Wit's Treaſury*, 1598) was thought to live in Pythagoras, ſo the ſweet witty "ſoul of Ovid lives in melliſluous honey-tongued Shakſpeare. Witneſs his Venus and Adonis; his "Lucrece; his ſugred Sonnets among his private friends."

The poem of Venus and Adonis, he has told us himſelf, in his dedication to the Earl of Southampton, was his firſt compoſition. It was firſt printed in 1593, and ſo much admired in his life-time, that in thirteen years after its firſt appearance, ſix impreſſions of it were printed. The ſubject was probably ſuggeſted to him by Spenſer's deſcription of the hangings in the *Lady of Delight's Caſtle*, in the third book of the *Faery Queene*; or by a ſhort poem, intituled, *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*, written by Henry Conſtable. He has choſen to deviate from the mythological ſtory which Spenſer ſet before him; following probably the model preſented to him by the poem, which repreſents Adonis as inſenſible to the careſſes of tranſcendent beauty.

The Rape of Lucrece was firſt printed in 1594, and dedicated, like the former, to the Earl of Southampton. It was again publiſhed in 1598, 1600, 1607, and 1616. The ſtory on which the poem is founded is related by the Roman hiſtorians. The Legend of Lucretia is alſo found in Chaucer, and in Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, and in ſeveral ballads of that time; ſome of which, Mr. Warton thinks, probably ſuggeſted to him this ſtory: "Lucretia" (he adds) "was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the gothic ages."

Theſe two poems deſerve attention, as being the only part of his writings which he publiſhed himſelf. The length of them may be juſtly objected to. The circumlocution with which the tale is told, in each of them, more particularly in the Rape of Lucrece, is weariſome: But it was the practice of his age to write a great number of verſes on a very ſlight ſubject; and he has in this, as

in many other inſtances, adapted himſelf to the taſte of the times. In poetic merit they are ſuperior to any pieces of the ſame kind by Daniel or Drayton, the moſt celebrated writers of narrative poetry then known. Of the two, Venus and Adonis deſerves ſuperior praiſe. "The paſſion of Venus "for Adonis" (ſays Fenton) "is deſcribed by our admirable Shakſpeare in language only inferior "to the fineſt writers of antiquity."

The Sonnets were firſt printed by Thomas Thorpe in 1609. They were again publiſhed in 1640. In this edition (which has been followed by Dr. Sewell, and other modern editors) the order of the original copy was not adhered to; and fantaſtic titles were prefixed to different portions: *The Glory of Beauty*, *The Force of Love*, &c. The general ſtile of theſe poems leaves not the ſmalleſt doubt of their authenticity. One hundred and twenty-ſix of them are inſcribed to a friend; the remaining twenty-eight (a ſmall proportion of ſo many) to a miſtreſs. Many of them are not ſo ſimple and clear as they ought to be; yet ſome are written with perſpicuity and energy: Their great defect is want of variety.

The collection of Sonnets intituled the Paſſionate Pilgrim, (for what reaſon it is not eaſy to diſcover) was firſt publiſhed in 1599; with ſome love epiſtles from Ovid by Heywood; and other pieces falſely aſcribed by the printer to Shakſpeare. Some of them ſeem to have been eſſays on the ſubject of Venus and Adonis, before the ſcheme of his work was completely adjuſted. In Mr. Malone's edition (which is followed here) all thoſe which relate to that ſubject are claſſed together. The tranſlations from Ovid were republiſhed as Shakſpeare's in the edition 1640; nor was the fallacy detected till the year 1766, when it was pointed out by Dr. Farmer in his very ingenious "Eſſay on the learning of Shakſpeare." They are now rejected; as is alſo a celebrated Madrigal aſcribed to Shakſpeare, but written by Marlowe, beginning with the words "Come live with me "and be my dear." The majority of theſe unconnected ſcraps were probably never deſigned for the public; many of them, however, bear the ſtrongeſt marks of Shakſpeare's hand.

The Lover's Complaint was firſt printed in 1609, at the end of an edition of his Sonnets; the opening of the poem is uncommonly picturesque, and every part of it has more of the ſimplicity and pathetic tenderneſs of the ſmaller pieces of Spenſer than any other poem of that age. Like the ancient ſong deſcribed by himſelf in his *Twelfth Night*:

> ——— It is ſilly ſooth,
> And dallies with the innocence of youth
> Like the old age.

In examining the poems of Shakſpeare, it would be doing him injuſtice to try them by a compariſon with more modern and poliſhed productions. They are to be tried by the ſtandard of poetical excellence eſtabliſhed in his own age; and after peruſing the productions of the contemporary and preceding writers, he will have little to fear from the unprejudiced deciſion of his judges.

In comparing Shakſpeare with himſelf, let it be remembered, that his two principal poems were written when he was very young, and that his diſpoſition was more inclined to dramatic than narrative poetry; his genius for the one being a gift from heaven, his abilities for the other, of a leſs ſplendid and tranſcendent kind, approaching nearer to thoſe of other mortals.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua.
Ovid. Amor. l. 1 *El.* 15.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I ſhall offend, in dedicating my unpoliſhed lines to your Lordſhip; nor how the world will cenſure me, for chooſing ſo ſtrong a prop to ſupport ſo weak a burden: Only if your honour ſeem but pleaſed, I account my ſelf highly praiſed, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with ſome graver labour. But if the firſt heir of my invention prove deformed, I ſhall be ſorry it had ſo noble a godfather, and never after ear ſo barren a land, for fear it yield me ſtill ſo bad a harveſt. I leave it to your honourable ſurvey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wiſh may always anſwer your own wiſh, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

W. SHAKSPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Even as the ſun, with purple-colour'd face,
Had ta'en his laſt leave of the weeping morn,
Roſe-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chace:
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to ſcorn.
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd ſuitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than my ſelf! (thus ſhe began)
The fields chief flower! ſweet above compare!
Stain to all nymphs! more lovely than a man!
More white and red, than doves or roſes are!
Nature, that made thee, with her ſelf at ſtrife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchſafe thou wonder! to alight thy ſteed,
And reign his proud head to the ſaddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thouſand honey ſecrets ſhalt thou know.
Here come and ſit, where ſerpent never hiſſes,
And being ſet, I'll ſmother thee with kiſſes.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed ſatiety,
But rather famiſh them amid their plenty;
Making them red and pale with freſh variety:
Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twenty.
A ſummer's day will ſeem an hour but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

With this ſhe ſeizeth on his ſweating palm,
The preſident of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her paſſion calls it balm;
Earth's ſovereign ſalve to do a goddeſs good.
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Courageouſly to pluck him from his horſe.

Over one arm the luſty courſer's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who bluſh'd and pouted in a dull diſdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy.
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire;
He red for ſhame, but froſty in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle, on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens (O how quick is love!)
The ſteed is ſtalled up, and even now
To tie the rider ſhe begins to prove.
Backward ſhe puſh'd him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And govern'd him in ſtrength, though not in luſt.

So ſoon was ſhe along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but ſoon ſhe ſtops his lips:
And kiſſing ſpeaks, with luſtful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall never open.

He burns with baſhful ſhame; ſhe with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:
Then with her windy ſighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again ſhe ſeeks.
He ſays ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſs;
What follows more, ſhe ſmothers with a kiſs.

Even as an empty eagle, ſharp by faſt,
Tires with her beak on feathers, fleſh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haſte,
Till either gorge be ſtuft, or prey be gone:
Even ſo ſhe kiſt his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forc'd to conſent, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face:
She feedeth on the ſteam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moiſture! air of grace!
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So faſten'd in her arms Adonis lies:

Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still ſhe entreats, and prettily entreats:
For to a pretty ear ſhe tunes her tale.
Still he is ſullen, ſtill he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimſon ſhame, and anger aſhy pale.
Being red ſhe loves him beſt, and being white,
Her breaſt is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, ſhe cannot chooſe but love,
And by her fair immortal hand ſhe ſwears,
From his ſoft boſom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears;
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one ſweet kiſs ſhall pay this countleſs debt.

Upon this promiſe did he raiſe his chin,
Like a Dive-dapper peering thro' a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what ſhe did crave;
But when his lips were ready for his pay,
He winks and turns his lips another way.

Never did paſſenger, in ſummer's heat,
More thirſt for drink, than ſhe for this good turn;
Her help ſhe ſees, but help ſhe cannot get,
She barks in water, yet in fire muſt burn.
Oh pity, gan ſhe cry, flint-hearted boy!
Tis but a kiſs I beg, why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I intreat thee now,
Ev'n by the ſtern and direful god of war,
Whoſe ſinewy neck in battel ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar:
Yet hath he been my captive and my ſlave,
And begg'd for that, which thou unaſk'd ſhalt have.

Over my alters hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd ſhield, his uncontrolled creſt;
And for my ſake hath learn'd to ſport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile and jeſt;
Scorning his churliſh drum, and enſign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus him, that over-rul'd, I over-ſway'd;
Leading him priſoner in a red-roſe chain.
Strong temper'd ſteel, his ſtronger ſtrength obey'd,
Yet was he ſervile to my coy diſdain.
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maſtring her, that foil'd the god of fight!

Touch but my lips with thoſe fair lips of thine,
(Tho' mine be not ſo fair, yet are they red)
The kiſs ſhall be thine own, as well as mine;
What ſeeſt thou on the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eye-balls, where thy beauty lies,
Then why not lips on lips, ſince eyes on eyes?

Art thou aſham'd to kiſs? Then wink again,
And I will wink, ſo ſhall the day ſeem night,
Love keeps his revels, where there be but twain;
Be bold to play, our ſport is not in ſight.
Theſe blue-vein'd violets, whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender ſpring upon thy tempting lip,
Shews thee unripe; yet may'ſt thou well be taſted:
Make uſe of time, let not advantage ſlip,
Beauty within itſelf ſhould not be waſted.
Fair flowers, that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and conſume themſelves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice,
O'erworn, deſpiſed, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-ſighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice:
Then might'ſt thou pauſe, for then I were not for thee,
But, having no defects, why doſt abhor me?

Thou can'ſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty, as the ſpring, doth yearly grow;
My fleſh is ſoft and plump, my marrow burning;
My ſmooth moiſt hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm diſſolve, or ſeem to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green;
Or, like a nymph, with long diſhevel'd hair,
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeen.
Love is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſs to ſink, but light, and will aſpire.

Witneſs this primroſe bank whereon I lie,
Theſe forceleſs flowers, like ſturdy trees, ſupport me:
Two ſtrengthleſs doves will draw me through the ſky
From morn till night, even where I liſt to ſport me.
Is love ſo light, ſweet boy, and may it be,
That thou ſhouldſt think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand ſeize love upon thy left?
Then woo thy ſelf, be of thy ſelf rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narciſſus ſo himſelf, himſelf forſook,
And dy'd to kiſs his ſhadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taſte, freſh beauty for the uſe,
Herbs for their ſmell, and ſappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themſelves are growth's abuſe:

Seeds ſpring from ſeeds, and beauty breedeth
beauty;
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
Unleſs the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thy ſelf art
dead:
And ſo in ſpight of death, thou doſt ſurvive,
In that thy likeneſs ſtill is left alive.

By this the love-ſick queen began to ſweat,
For where they lay, the ſhadow had forſook them:
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them:
Wiſhing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus ſide.

And now Adonis with a lazy ſpright,
And with a heavy, dark, diſliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'erwhelming his fair ſight,
Like miſty vapours, when they blot the ſky;
Souring his cheeks, cries fie, no more of love,
The ſun doth burn my face, I muſt remove.

Ah me! (quoth Venus) young, and ſo unkind!
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gone?
I'll ſigh celeſtial breath, whoſe gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this deſcending ſun.
I'll make a ſhadow for thee of my hairs,
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my
tears.

The ſun that ſhines from heaven ſhines but
warm,
And, loe, I lie between the ſun and thee!
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me.
And, were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heav'nly, and this earthly ſun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as ſteel?
Nay more than flint, for ſtone at rain relenteth:
Art thou a woman's ſon, and canſt not feel
What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?
Oh! had thy mother born ſo bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died un-
kind.

What am I, that thou ſhouldſt contemn me thus?
Or what great danger dwells upon my ſuit?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poor kiſs!
Speak fair: but ſpeak fair words, or elſe be mute.
Give me one kiſs, I'll give it thee again,
And one for int'reſt, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeleſs picture, cold and ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead;
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred.
Thou art no man, though of a man's com-
plection,
For men will kiſs even by their own direction.

This ſaid, impatience choaks her pleading tongue,
And ſwelling paſſion doth provoke a pauſe;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Being judge in love, ſhe cannot right her cauſe.
And now ſhe weeps, and now ſhe fain would
ſpeak,
And now her ſobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head, and then his hand:
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence ſhe ſtruggles to be
gone,
She locks her lilly fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſaith ſhe, ſince I have hemm'd thee
here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be the park, and thou ſhalt be my deer,
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain, or in dale.
Graze on my lips; and if thoſe hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom graſs, and high delightful plain,
Round riſing hillocks, brakes obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from rain.
Then be my deer, ſince I am ſuch a park,
No dog ſhall rouze thee, though a thouſand
bark.

At this Adonis ſmiles, as in diſdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
Love made thoſe hollows, if himſelf were ſlain,
He might be buried in a tomb ſo ſimple:
Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there Love liv'd, and there he could not
die.

Theſe loving caves, theſe round enchanted pits,
Open'd their mouths to ſwallow Venus liking:
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for wits?
Struck dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?
Poor Queen of Love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a check, that ſmiles at thee in ſcorn.

Now which way ſhall ſhe turn? What ſhall ſhe
ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more in
creaſing:
The time is ſpent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releaſing:
Pity ſhe cries, ſome favour, ſome remorſe!
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe.

But, lo! from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, luſty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courſer doth eſpy,
And forth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts, and neighs aloud:
The ſtrong-neck'd ſteed, being ty'd unto a
tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her ſtrait goes he,

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girts he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth, with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resound's like heaven's thunder:
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end:
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which glisters scornfully like fire,
Shews his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is try'd:
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder, that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flatt'ring *holla*, or *his stand I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparison's, or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art, with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did his horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoost, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather.
To bid the wind base he now prepares,
And where he run, or fly, they knew not whither.
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, which heave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind.
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male-content,
He veils his tail; that like a falling plume
Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was asswag'd.

His testy master goes about to take him,
When lo! the unback'd breeder full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows, that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast.
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick love, by pleading may be blest.
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stop'd or river staid,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth asswage:
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind;
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice, that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O! what a sight it was wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy;
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him, as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
His tender cheeks, receive her soft hand's print,
As apt, as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O! what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lilly prison'd in a jail of snow;
Or ivory in an alabaster band,
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe!
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like to silver doves, that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of thoughts began,
O fairest mover on this mortal round!
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound.
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feel it?
Give me my heart (saith she) and thou shalt have it.
O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it;
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go,
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire
Affection is a coal, that must be cool'd;
Else suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel, though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, ty'd to a tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But when his glutton eyes so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O! learn to love, the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My love to love, is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.
The colt that's back'd, and burden'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing. Let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,
To love's alarm, it will not ope the gate.
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flatt'ry;
For where a heart is hard, they make no batt'ry

What, can'st thou talk? (quoth she) hast thou a tongue?
O! would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong?
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing.
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding!
Earth's deep sweet musick! and heart's deep sore-wounding!

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty, and invisible:
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me, that were but sensible.
Though neither eyes, nor ears, to hear, nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch;
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much:
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

But oh! what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
And bid suspicion double-lock the door?
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd,
Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdmen, and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth;
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her, e'er his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down;
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And in amaze break off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning Love did wittily prevent,
Fair fall the wit, that can so well defend her:
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard.
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt, that his unkindness marr'd;
He kisses her, and she, by her good will,
Would never rise, so would he kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day,
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth;
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine:
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows repine,
But hers, which through the crystal, tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen, by night.

O! where am I! (quoth she) in earth, or heaven!
Or in the ocean drench'd: or in the fire!
What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?
Do I delight to die? or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and Life was Death's annoy:
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O! thou didst kill me, kill me once again:
Thy eyes, shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine:
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure!
O never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers having writ on death,
May say, the Plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips! sweet seals! in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make still to be sealing?
To sell myself, I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing:
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
Set thy seal manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leisure one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Fair Queen (quoth he) if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years,
Before I know myself, seek not to know me.
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears;
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter with weary gate,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west!
The owl (Night's herald) shrieks, 'tis very late,
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest:
The cole-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say good night, and so say you:
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
Good night (quoth she) and e'er he says adieu,
The honey fee of parting tendred is.
Her arms to lend his neck a sweet embrace,
Incorp'rate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught her yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth:
Whose vultur thought doth pitch the prize so high,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage:
Planting oblivion, beating reason back;
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling;
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax ſo frozen, but diſſolves with tempring
And yields at laſt to every light impreſſion?
Things out of hope are compaſt oft with vent'r-
ing,
Affection faints not, like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then wooes beſt, when moſt his choice is
froward.

When he did frown, O had ſhe then gave over!
Such Nectar from his lips ſhe had not ſuckt:
Foul words and frowns muſt not repel a lover,
What though the roſe have pricks; yet it is
pluckt.
Were beauty under twenty locks kept faſt,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at
laſt.

For pity now ſhe can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her, that he may depart.
She is reſolv'd no longer to reſtrain him;
Bids him farewel, and look well to her heart,
The which by Cupid's bow ſhe doth proteſt,
He carries thence incaged in his breaſt.

Sweet boy, ſhe ſays, this night I'll waſte in ſorrow,
For my ſick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's maſter, ſhall we meet to-morrow?
Say, ſhall we, ſhall we, wilt thou make the
match?
He tells her no, to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſudden pale,
Like lawn being ſpread upon the bluſhing roſe,
Uſurps her cheeks, ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms ſhe throws,
She ſinketh down ſtill hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, ſhe on her back.

Now is ſhe in the very liſts of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter.
All is imaginary, ſhe doth prove,
He will not manage her although he mount her;
The worſe than Tantalus is her annoy,
To clip Elyſium, and to lack her Joy.

Even as poor birds deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do ſurfeit by the eye, and pine the maw;
Even ſo ſhe languiſheth in her miſhaps,
As thoſe poor birds, that helpleſs berries ſaw,
The warm effects which ſhe in him finds miſſ-
ing,
She ſeeks to kindle with continual kiſſing.

But all in vain, good Queen, it will not be,
She hath aſſay'd, as much as may be prov'd,
Her pleading hath deſerved a greater ſee,
She's love, ſhe loves, and yet ſhe is not lov'd!
Fie, fie, he ſays, you cruſh me, let me go,
You have no reaſon to with-hold me ſo.

Thou hadſt been gone (quoth ſhe) ſweet boy, e'er
this,
But that thou told'ſt me thou would'ſt hunt the
boar.

O! be adviſ'd, thou know'ſt not what it is,
With javelin's point a churliſh ſwine to gore,
Whoſe tuſhes never ſheath'd, he whitteth ſtill,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle ſet
Of briſtly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, ſhine when he doth
fret,
His ſnout digs ſepulchres where e'er it goes;
Being mov'd, he ſtrikes whate'er is in his way
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawny ſide with hairy briſtles armed,
Are better proof, that thy ſpears point can enter;
His ſhort thick neck cannot be eaſily harmed,
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture.
The thorny brambles and embracing bruſhes,
As fearful of him part, through whom he
ruſhes.

Alas! he nought eſteems that face of thine,
To which love's eye pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy ſoft hand, ſweet lips, and cryſtal eyne,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root theſe beauties, as he roots the
mead.

O! let him keep his loathſome cabin ſtill!
Beauty hath nought to do with ſuch foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They, that thrive well, take counſel of their
friends.
When thou didſt name the boar, not to diſ-
ſemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble

Didſt thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'ſt thou not ſigns of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my boſom, whereon thou doſt lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But like an earthquake ſhakes thee on my
breaſt.

For where love reigns, diſturbing jealouſy
Doth call himſelf affection's centinel;
Give falſe alarms, ſuggeſteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, kill, kill.
Diſtempring gentle love with his deſire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This four informer, this bate-breeding ſpy,
This canker, that eats up love's tender ſpring,
This carry-tale, diſſentious jealouſy,
That ſometimes true news, ſometimes falſe doth
bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death ſhould fear.

And more than ſo, preſenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whoſe ſharp fangs, on his back doth lie
An image like thyſelf, all ſtain'd with gore;

Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shad,
Doth make 'em drop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do? seeing thee so indeed?
That trembling at th' imagination, [bleed,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart
And fear doth teach it divination.
I prophecy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare;
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty;
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare,
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flocks of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
And sometime, where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud-pursuers in their yell;
And sometime forteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot-scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous city, till they have singled,
With much ado, the cold fault cleanly out:
Then do they spend their mouths; echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this poor Watt far off, upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with list'ning ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn and return, indenting with the way.
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
For misery is trodden on by many;
And, being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly and hear a little more,
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself, thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For Love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave? No matter where (quoth he)
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends: [she)
The night is spent. Why, what of that? (quoth
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends.
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.
In night (quoth she) Desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, Oh, then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make rich men thieves, so do thy lips
Make modest *Dian* cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason,
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven, that were divine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the Sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature;
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of sad mischances, and much misery.

As burning fever, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, impostlumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's sight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal. The lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity,
Which by the rights of Time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in their obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thy self, thy self art made away,
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do slay.
Or butcher-fire, that raves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets;
But gold, that's put to use, more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiſs I gave you is beſtow'd in vain,
And all in vain you ſtrive againſt the ſtream.
For by this black-fac'd night, deſires foul nurſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you worſe and worſe,

If Love hath lent you twenty thouſand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaids ſongs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown.
For know, my heart ſtands armed in my ear,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there:

Leſt the deceiving harmony ſhould run
Into the quiet cloſure of my breaſt;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bed-chamber to be barr'd of reſt.
No, Lady, no, my heart longs not to groan,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth unto danger.
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every ſtranger.
You do it for increaſe. O ſtrange exceſs!
When Reaſon is the bawd to Luſt's abuſe.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since ſweating Luſt on earth uſurps his name;
Under whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed
Upon freſh beauty, blotting it with blame:
Which the hot tyrant ſtains, and ſoon bereaves,
As catterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like ſun-ſhine after rain;
But luſt's effect is tempeſt after ſun:
Love's gentle ſpring doth always freſh remain;
Luſt's winter comes, e'er ſummer half be done.
Love furfeits not; Luſt like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; Luſt full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay;
The text is old, the orator too green:
Therefore in ſadneſs now I will away,
My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themſelves for having ſo offended.

With this, he breaketh from the ſweet embrace
Of thoſe fair arms, which bound him to her breaſt:
And homeward through the dark lawns runs apace,
Leaves Love upon her back deeply diſtreſs'd.
Look how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the ſky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him ſeen no more,
Whoſe ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the mercileſs and pitchy night,
Fold in the object, that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropt a precious jewel in the flood;
Or ſtoniſh'd, as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in ſome miſtruſtful wood:
Even ſo confounded in the dark ſhe lay,
Having loſt the fair diſcovery of her way.

And now ſhe beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as ſeeming trouble
Make verbal repetition of her moans:
Paſſion on paſſion deeply is redoubled.
Ay me! ſhe cries, and twenty times, Woe, Woe!
And twenty echo's twenty times cry ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And ſings extemp'rally a woful ditty:
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wiſe in folly, fooliſh witty:
Her heave anthem ſtill concludes in woe!
And ſtill the choir of echo's anſwers ſo.

Her ſong was tedious and out-wore the night,
For lovers hours are long though ſeeming ſhort:
If pleas'd themſelves, others they think delight
In ſuch-like circumſtance, with ſuch-like ſport.
Their copious ſtories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withal,
But idle ſounds, reſembling paraſites?
Like ſhrill tongu'd tapſters anſwering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantaſtic wits.
She ſaid, 'tis ſo: They anſwer all, 'tis ſo,
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Lo! hear the gentle lark, weary of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſilver breaſt
The ſun ariſeth in his majeſty:
Who doth the world ſo gloriouſly behold,
The cedar tops and hills ſeem burniſh'd gold.

Venus ſalutes him with this fair good-morrow:
O! thou clear god, and Patron of all Light!
From whom each lamp, and ſhining ſtar doth borrow
The beauteous influence, that makes him bright
There lives a ſon, that ſuck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſted to a myrtle grove,
Muſing the morning is ſo much o'erworn;
And yet ſhe hears no tidings of her Love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn,
Anon ſhe hears them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runs, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the neck, ſome kiſs her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her ſtay;
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,

Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

y this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder,
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
he fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds,
Appalls her senses, and her sp'rit confounds.

or now she knows it is no gentle chase,
ut the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud;
ecause the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain curt'sy, who shall cope him first.

his dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
hrough which it enters, to surprise her heart;
Who overcome by doubt, and bloodless fear,
Vith cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

hus stands she in a trembling extasy,
Till cheering up her senses sore dismaid,
he tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy:
nd childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more:
And with that word, she spy'd the hunted boar.

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither.
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways,
She treads the paths that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is marred with delays:
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respect, yet not at all respecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaister.
And here she meets another sadly scowling.
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice;
Another, and another, answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratcht ears, bleeding as they go.

Look! how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies;
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies:
So she, at these sad signs, draws up her breath,
And sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love (thus chides she Death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean?
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath?
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, O no! it cannot be
Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it.
O! yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart,
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Had'st thou but beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon-dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
These eyes, that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, which like sluices stopt
The crystal tide, that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom drop'd.
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver-rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O! how her eyes and tears did lend, and borrow!
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow:
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry.
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief:
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief.
But none is best, then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollow;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well.
The dire imagination she did follow,

This found of hope doth labour to expell :
For now reviving Joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being priſon'd in her eye, like pearls in glaſs :
Yet ſometimes falls an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts, as ſcorning it ſhould paſs
To waſh the foul face of the ſluttiſh ground,
Who is but drunken, when ſhe ſeemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing Love ! how ſtrange it ſeems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Deſpair and hope make thee ridiculous !
The one doth flatter thee, in thoughts unlikely.
With likely thoughts, the other kills thee quickly.

Now ſhe unweaves the web that ſhe had wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame :
It was not ſhe that call'd him all to nought,
Now ſhe adds honour to his hateful name :
She 'clceps him King of Graves, and Grave for Kings,
Imperial Supreme of all Mortal Things.

No, no, (quoth ſhe) ſweet Death ! I did but jeſt;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody heaſt,
Which knows no pity, but is ſtill ſevere.
Then, gentle Shadow ! (truth I muſt confeſs)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my Love's deceaſe.

'Tis not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue :
Be wreak'd on him (inviſible commander !)
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy ſlander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Cou'd rule them both without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her raſh ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate :
Tells him of trophies, ſtatues, tombs, and ſtories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove ! quoth ſhe, how much a fool was I,
To be of ſuch a weak and ſilly mind ?
To wail his death, who lives, and muſt not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !
For he being dead, with him is Beauty ſlain,
And Beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fye ! fye ! fond Love, thou art ſo full of fear,
As one with treaſure laden, hem'd with thieves :
Trifles (unwitneſſed with eye, or ear)
Thy coward heart, with falſe bethinking grieves.
Even at this word ſhe hears a merry horn,
Whereat ſhe leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As faulcon to the lure, away ſhe flies :
The graſs ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her haſte unfortunately ſpies
The foul boar's conqueſt on her fair delight.
Which ſeen, her eyes, as murder'd with view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelves withdr

Or as the ſnail, whoſe tender horns being hit,
Shrinks back in his ſhelly cave with pain,
And there, all ſmother'd up, in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing, to creep forth again :
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled,
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

Where they reſign'd their office and their light
To the diſpoſing of her troubled brain :
Who bids them ſtill conſort with ugly Night,
And never wound the heart with looks again :
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their ſuggeſtions gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary ſubject quakes,
As when the wind impriſon'd in the ground,
Struggling for paſſage, Earth's foundation ſhak
Which with cold terrors doth men's mind co
found,
This mutiny each part doth ſo ſurprize,
That from their dark beds once more leap h
eyes.

And, being open through unwilling ſight
Upon the wide wound, that the boar had trench
In his ſoft flank, whoſe wonted lilly white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, w
drench'd.
No flower was nigh, no graſs, herb, leaf,
weed,
But ſtole his blood, and ſeem'd with him
bleed.

This ſolemn ſympathy poor Venus noteth,
Over one ſhoulder doth ſhe hang her head ;
Dumbly ſhe paſſions, frantickly ſhe doteth ;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is ſtop'd, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad that they have wept ti
now.

Upon his hurt ſhe looks ſo ſtedfaſtly,
That her ſight dazzling, makes the wound ſeen
three ;
And then ſhe reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gaſhes where no breach ſhoul
be :
His face ſeems twain, each ſeveral limb i
doubled,
For oft the eye miſtakes, the brain being
troubled.

My tongue cannot expreſs my grief for one ;
And yet (quoth ſhe) behold the two Adons dead !
My ſighs are blown away, my ſalt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :

Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes as fire,
So ſhall I die by drops of hot deſire.

Alas! poor World, what treaſure haſt thou loſt!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whoſe tongue is muſic now? what canſt thou boaſt
Of things long ſince, or any thing enſuing?
The flowers are ſweet, their colours freſh and trim,
But true ſweet Beauty liv'd, and dy'd in him.

Bonnet, or veil, henceforth no creature wear;
Nor ſun, nor wind will ever ſtrive to kiſs you:
Having no fair to loſe, you need not fear;
The ſun doth ſcorn you, and the wind doth hiſs you.
But when Adonis liv'd, ſun and ſharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his Fair.

And therefore wou'd he put his bonnet on,
Under whoſe brim the gaudy ſun wou'd peep;
The wind wou'd blow it off, and being gone
Play with his locks, then wou'd Adonis weep;
And ſtrait in pity of his tender years,
They both wou'd ſtrive who firſt ſhou'd dry his tears.

To ſee his face the lion walk'd along
Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he wou'd not fear him;
To recreate himſelf when he hath ſung,
The tyger wou'd be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had ſpoke, the wolf wou'd leave his prey,
And never fright the ſilly lamb that day.

When he beheld his ſhadow in a brook,
There fiſhes ſpread on it their golden gills:
When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure took,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his ſight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-ſnouted boar,
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a grave,
Ne'er ſaw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witneſs the entertainment that he gave.
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſs him, and hath kill'd him ſo.

'Tis true, 'tis true, thus was Adonis ſlain,
He ran upon the boar with his ſharp ſpear,
Who wou'd not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiſs thought to perſuade him there:
And nouſling in his flank, the loving ſwine
Sheath'd unaware his tuſk in his ſoft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I muſt confeſs,
With kiſſing him, I ſhould have kill'd him firſt.
But he is dead, and never did he bleſs
My mouth with his; the more am I accurs'd.

With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whiſpers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woful words ſhe told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps burnt out in darkneſs lies.

Two glaſſes where her ſelf her ſelf beheld
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue loſt, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect.
Wonder of time! (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight.
That, you being dead, the day ſhou'd yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I propheſy,
Sorrow, on love, hereafter ſhall attend;
It ſhall be waited on with jealouſy,
Find ſweet beginning but unſavoury end,
Ne'er ſettled equally too high, or low;
That all Love's pleaſures ſhall not match his woe.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
The bottom poiſon, and the top o'erſtraw'd
With ſweats, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile.
The ſtrongeſt body ſhall it make moſt weak,
Strike the wiſe dumb, and teach the fool to ſpeak.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepid age to tread the meaſures;
The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, inrich the poor with treaſures;
It ſhall be raging mad, and ſilly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of fear;
It ſhall not fear, where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt;
It ſhall be merciſull, and too ſevere,
And moſt deceiving when it ſeems moſt juſt:
Perverſe it ſhall be, when it ſeems moſt toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be the cauſe of war and dire events,
And ſet diſſention 'twixt the ſon and ſire;
Subject and ſervile to all diſcontents,
As dry combuſtious matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime, death doth my Love deſtroy,
They that love beſt, their Love ſhall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her ſide lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay ſpill'd,
A purple flower ſprung up chequer'd with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood,
Which in round drops upon their whiteneſs ſtood.

She bows her head the new-ſprung flower to ſmell
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath:
And ſays, within her boſom it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelf is reſt from her by death:
She crops the ſtalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping ſap, which ſhe compares to tears.

Poor Flower! (quoth ſhe) this was thy father's guiſe,
(Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet-ſmelling ſire)
For every little grief to wet his eyes,
To grow unto himſelf was his deſire,
And ſo 'tis thine; but know it is as good
To wither in my breaſt, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers's bed, here is my breaſt,
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right;
Low in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing heart ſhall rock thee day and night:
There ſhall not be one minute of an hour,
Wherein I will not kiſs my ſweet Love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſilver doves, by whoſe ſwift aid,
Their miſtreſs mounted, through the empty ſkies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their courſe to Paphos, where their Queen
Means to immure herſelf, and not be ſeen.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To the Right Honourable

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE love I dedicate to your Lordſhip, is without end: whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a ſuperfluous moity. The warrant I have of your honourable diſpoſition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines, makes it aſſur'd of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty ſhould ſhew greater: mean time as it is, it is bound to your Lordſhip: To whom I wiſh long life, ſtill lengthen'd with all happineſs.

Your Lordſhip's in all duty,

W. SHAKSPEARE.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

The Argument.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his exceſſive pride, ſurnam'd Superbus) after he had cauſed his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Roman laws and cuſtoms, not requiring or ſtaying for the people's ſuffrages, had poſſeſſed himſelf of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his ſons, and other noblemen of Rome, to beſiege Ardea. During which ſiege, the principal men of the army, meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the King's ſon, in their diſcourſes after ſupper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extoli'd the incomparable chaſtity of his wife Lucrece. In that pleaſant humour they all poſted to Rome; and intending, by their ſecret and ſudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouch'd, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) ſpinning amongſt her maids, the other ladies were found all dancing and revelling, or in ſeveral diſports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time, Sextus Tarquinius being inflam'd with Lucrece's beauty, yet ſmothering his paſſions for the preſent, departed with the reſt back to the camp; from whence he ſhortly after privily withdrew himſelf, and was (according to his ſtate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The ſame night, he treacherouſly ſtealeth into her chamber, violently raviſhed her; and early in the morning ſpeedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, haſtily diſpatcheth meſſengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attir'd in mourning habit, demanded the cauſe of her ſorrow. She firſt taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal ſuddenly ſtabb'd herſelf. Which done, with one conſent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: And bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of the vile deed; with a bitter invective againſt the tyranny of the King; wherewith the people were ſo mov'd, that with one conſent, and a general acclamation; the Tarquins were all exil'd, and the State-government changed from Kings to Conſuls.

From the beſieg'd Arden all in poſt,
Born by the truſtleſs wings of falſe deſire,
Luſt-breathing Tarquin leaves the Roman hoſt,
And to Collatium bears the lightleſs fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lurks to aſpire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the waſte
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaſte.

Haply that name of chaſte unhaply ſet,
This bateleſs edge on his keen appetite:
When Collatine unwiſely did not let
To praiſe the clear unmatched red and white;
Which triumph'd in that ſky of his delight;
Where mortal ſtar, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aſpects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state:
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent,
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king, nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O Happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done!
As is the morning's silver melting dew,
Against the golden splendor of the sun:
An expir'd date cancell'd e'er well begun.
Honour and beauty in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortrest from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apology be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sov'reignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be.
Perchance, that envy of so rich a thing
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitcht thoughts, that meaner men should vant
The golden hap, which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all too timeless speed, if none of those,
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal, which in his liver glows.
O! rash false heat wrapt in repentant cold!
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd,
Which of them both should underprop her fame.
When Virtue bragg'd, Beauty would blush for shame;
When Beauty boasted blushes, in despight
Virtue wou'd stain that o'er with silver white.

But Beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus doves, doth challenge that fair field;
Then Virtue claims from Beauty beauty's red,
Which Virtue gave the golden age to guild
Her silver cheeks, and call'd it then her shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece's face was seen,
Argu'd by Beauty's red and Virtue's white;
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from World's minority their right;
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:
The sov'reignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lillies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye incloses,
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal, that prais'd her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show.
Therefore that praise, which Collatine doth owe,
Inchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspected the false worshipper.
"For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream of evil,
"Birds never lim'd, no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good chear,
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm expresst.

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty,
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye:
Which having all, all could not satisfy;
But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks;
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books.
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.
Her joy with heav'd up hand she doth express,
And wordless, so greets heav'n for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there;
No cloudy show of stormy blustring weather,
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear,
Till sable night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison shuts the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending wearyness with heavy sprite;

For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night.
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which, doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining,
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining;
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining:
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are of gain so fond,
That what they have not (that which they possess;)
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so by hoping more, they have but less;
Or gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth and ease, in waining age:
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour, in fell battels rage,
Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in venturing all, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something, nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust:
And for himself, himself he must forsake;
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself, himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues the wretched hateful lays?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls, and wolves death-boding cries:
Now serves the season, that they may surprize
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still
While lust and murder wakes to stain, and kill.

And now this lustful lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,
Is madly toss't between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm:
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brainsick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be load-star to his lustful eye,
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly;
'As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
'So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

Here pale with fear, he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprize;
And in his inward Mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully he doth despise
His naked armour of still slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controuls his thoughts unjust.

"Fair torch burn out thy light, and lend it not
"To darken her, whose light excelleth thine:
"And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
"With your uncleanness, that which is divine.
"Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
"Let fair humanity abhor the deed,
"That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

"O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms!
"O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
"O impious act, including all foul harms
"A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
"True valour still a true respect should have.
"Then my digression is so vile, so base,
"That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
"And be an eye sore in my golden coat:
"Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
"To cypher me how fondly I did dote:
"That any posterity, sham'd with the note,
"Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin,
"To wish that I their father had not been.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
"A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
"Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?
"Or sells eternity, to get a toy?
"For one sweet grape, who will the wine destroy?
"Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
"Would with the sceptre strait be strucken down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
"Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
"Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
"This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,
"This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
"This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
"Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

" O what excuſe can my invention make,
" When thou ſhalt charge me with ſo black a
" deed!
" Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints
" ſhake?
" Mine eyes forgo their light, my falſe heart
" bleed?
" The guilt being great, the fear doth ſtill exceed,
" And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
" But coward-like with trembling terror die.

" Had Collatinus kill'd my ſon or ſire,
" Or lain in ambuſh to betray my life;
" Or were he not my dear friend, this deſire
" Might have excuſe to work upon his wife,
" As in revenge or quital of ſuch ſtrife;
" But as he is my kinſman, my dear friend,
" The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe, nor
" end.

" Shameful it is, if the fact be known;
" Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving.
" I'll beg her love; but ſhe is not her own:
" The worſt is but denial, and reproving.
" My will is ſtrong, paſt reaſon's weak remov-
" ing.
" Who fears a ſentence, or an old man's ſaw,
" Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus (graceleſs) holds he diſputation,
'Tween frozen conſcience and hot-burning will;
And with good thoughts makes diſpenſation,
Urging the worſer ſenſe for vantage ſtill:
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth ſo far proceed,
That what is vile ſhews like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, ſhe took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing ſome hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies,
O how her fear did make her colour riſe!
Firſt, red as roſes, that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roſes took away.

And now her hand in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear:
Which ſtruck her ſad, and then it faſter rock'd,
Until her huſband's welfare ſhe did hear
Whereat ſhe ſmiled with ſo ſweet a cheer,
That had Narciſſus ſeen her as ſhe ſtood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuſes?
All orators are dumb, when beauty pleadeth
Poor wretches have remorſe in poor abuſeth;
Love thrives not in the heart that ſhadows dreadeth.
Affection is my captain, and he leads;
And when his gaudy banner is diſplay'd,
The coward fights, and will not be diſmay'd.

Then childiſh fear avant! debating die!
Reſpect and reaſon wait on wrinkled age!
My heart ſhall never countermand mine eye,
Sad pauſe, and deep regard beſeems the ſage;
My part is youth, and beats theſe from the ſtage.
Deſire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears ſinking where ſuch treaſure lies?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, ſo heedful fear
Is almoſt choak'd by unreſiſted luſt.
Away he ſteals with open liſt'ning ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond miſtruſt;
Both which, as ſervitors to the unjuſt,
So croſs him with their oppoſite perſuaſion,
That now he vows a league, and now in-
vaſion.

Within his thought her heavenly image ſits,
And in the ſelf-ſame ſeat ſits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wit;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view ſo falſe will not incline:
But with a pure appeal ſeeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worſer part.

And therein heartens up his ſervile powers,
Who flatter'd by their leaders jocund ſhow,
Stuff up his luſt, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain ſo their pride doth grow,
Paying more ſlaviſh tribute than they owe.
By reprobate deſire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping Thief to ſome regard:
The threſhold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wand'ring weazels ſhreek to ſee him
there,
They fright him, yet he ſtill purſues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place,
The wind wars with his torch to make him ſtay,
And blows the ſmoke of it into his face,
Extinguiſhing his conduct in this caſe,
But his hot heart, which fond deſire doth ſcorch
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted by the light, he ſpies
Lucrecia's glove, wherein her needle ſticks;
He takes it from the ruſhes where it lies,
And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks:
As who ſhould ſay, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haſte,
Thou ſeeſt our miſtreſs' ornaments are chaſte.

But all theſe poor forbiddings could not ſtay him,
He in the worſt ſenſe conſtrues their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial,
Or as thoſe bars, which ſtop the hourly dial;
Who with a lingring ſtay his courſe doth
let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, ſo, quoth he, theſe lets attend the time,
Like little froſts, that ſometime threat the Spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the ſneaped birds more cauſe to ſing,
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, ſtrong pirates, ſhelves and ſands.
The merchant fears, e'er rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That ſhuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the bleſſed thing he fought.
So from himſelf impiety hath wrought;
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens ſhould countenance his ſin.

But in the mid'ſt of his unfruitful prayer,
Having ſollicited th' eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compaſs his fair fair,
And they would ſtand auſpicious to the hour;
Even there he ſtarts, quoth he, I muſt deflour!
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then aſſiſt me in the act?

Then love and fortune be my gods, my guide,
My will is back'd with reſolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be try'd,
The blackeſt ſin is clear'd with abſolution;
Againſt love's fire, fear's froſt hath diſſolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and miſty night
Covers the ſhame, that follows ſweet delight.

This ſaid, the guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide;
The dove ſleeps faſt, that this night-owl will catch;
Thus treaſon works e'er traitors be eſpy'd.
Who ſees the lurking ſerpent, ſteps aſide;
But ſhe ſound-ſleeping, fearing no ſuch thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal ſting.

Into the chamber wickedly he ſtalks,
And gazeth on her yet unſtained bed:
The curtains being cloſe, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head,
By their high treaſon in his heart miſled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full ſoon,
To draw the cloud that hides the ſilver moon.

Look as the fair, and fiery-pointed ſun,
Ruſhing from forth a cloud, bereaves our ſight;
Even ſo the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that ſhe reflects ſo bright,
That dazzleth them, or elſe ſome ſhame ſuppoſed;
But blind they are, and keep themſelves inclofed.

O had they in that darkſome priſon died!
Then had they ſeen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again by Lucrece' ſide,
In his clear bed might have repoſed ſtill.
But they muſt ope, this bleſſed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece, to their ſight
Muſt fell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lilly hand her roſy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſs;
Who therefore angry, ſeems to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either ſide to want his bliſs:
Between whoſe hills, her head intombed is;
Where like a virtuous monument ſhe lies,
To be admir'd of leud unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was
On the green coverlet, whoſe perfect white
Shew'd like an April daiſy on the graſs,
With pearly ſweat, reſembling dew of night.
Her eyes like marigolds had ſheath'd their light,
And canopy'd in darkneſs ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair like golden threads play'd with her breath;
O modeſt wantons! wanton modeſty!
Shewing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.
Each in her ſleep themſelves ſo beautify,
As if between them twain there were no ſtrife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breaſts like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
Theſe worlds in Tarquin, new ambition bred,
Who like a foul uſurper went about,
From this fair throne to have the owner out.

What could he ſee, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but ſtrongly he deſired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaſter ſkin,
Her coral lips, her ſnow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conqueſt ſatisfy'd:
So o'er this ſleeping ſoul doth Tarquin ſtay,
His rage of luſt by gazing qualify'd,
Slack'd, not ſuppreſt; for ſtanding by her ſide,
His eye which late this mutiny reſtrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like ſtraggling ſlaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vaſſals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and raviſhment delighting,
Nor childrens tears, nor mothers groans reſpecting,
Swell in their pride, the onſet ſtill expecting.
Anon his beating heart alarum ſtriking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart chears up his burning eye;
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoaking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breasts, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They must'ring to the quiet cabinet,
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries.
She much amaz'd, breaks up her lock'd-up eyes;
Who peeping forth, this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controul'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking,
What terror 'tis? but she in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight, which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies:
She dares not look, yet winking their appears
Quick-shifting antics ugly in her eyes,
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram! to batter such an ivory wall)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distrest,
Wounding it self to death, rise up, and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanor seeks to shew;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face,
That ev'n for anger makes the lilly pale,
And the red-rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale.
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort, the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestal thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will, that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might.
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting.
All this before-hand counsel comprehends;
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends.
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course controul,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which like a falcon tow'ring in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings shade,
Whose crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies:
So under the insulting Falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowls hear falcon's bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee,
If thou deny, then force must work my way;
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blur'd with nameless bastardy;
And thou the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend,
The fault unknown is, as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so apply'd,
His venom in effect is purify'd.

Then for thy husband, and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit, bequeath not to their lot
The shame, that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot,
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:
For marks describ'd in mens nativity,
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice, dead-killing eye,
He roufeth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,

Like a white hind under the gripe's ſharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderneſs, where are no laws,
To the rough beaſt, that knows no gentle right,
Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

Look when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim miſt th' aſpiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb ſome gentle guſt doth get,
Which blow theſe pitchy vapours from their hiding,
Hindring their preſent fall by this dividing.
So his unhallow'd haſte her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet foul night-waking cat he doth but dally,
While in his hold-faſt foot the weak mouſe pant-
Her ſad behaviour feeds his vulture folly, [eth
A ſwallowing gulf, that e'en in plenty wanteth.
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining; [ing.
Tears harden luſt, tho' marble wear with rain-

Her pity-pleading eyes are ſadly fix'd
In the remorſeleſs wrinkles of his face:
Her modeſt eloquence with ſighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midſt the ſentence ſo her accent breaks,
That 'twice ſhe doth begin e'er once ſhe ſpeaks.

She conjures him, by high almighty Jove;
By knighthood, gentry, and ſweet friendſhip's oath;
By her untimely tears, her huſband's love;
By holy human law, and common troth;
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both:
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And ſtoop to honour, not to foul deſire.

Quoth ſhe, reward not hoſpitality
With ſuch black payment as thou haſt pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee,
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended:
End thy ill aim, before thy ſute be ended.
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,
To ſtrike a poor unſeaſonable doe.

My huſband is thy friend, for his ſake ſpare me;
Thyſelf art mighty, for thine own ſake leave me;
Myſelf a weakling do not then inſnare me;
Thou look'ſt not like deceit, do not deceave me,
My ſighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man was mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my ſighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
To ſoften it with their continual motion;
For ſtones diſſolv'd to water do convert.
O! if no harder than a ſtone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compaſſionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeneſs I did entertain thee,
Haſt thou put on his ſhape to do him ſhame?
To all the hoſt of heaven I complain me;
Thou wrong'ſt his honour, wound'ſt his princely name:
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt; and if the ſame,
Thou ſeem'ſt not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings, like gods, ſhould govern every thing.

How will thy ſhame be ſeeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring?
If in thy hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch outrage,
What dar'ſt thou not, when once thou art a king?
O! be remembred, no outrageous thing
From vaſſal actors can be wip'd away,
Then kings miſdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarch's ſtill are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce muſt bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove.
For princes are the glaſs, the ſchool, the book,
Where ſubjects eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the ſchool where luſt ſhall learn?
Muſt he in thee read lectures of ſuch ſhame?
Wilt thou be glaſs wherein it ſhall diſcern
Authority for ſin, warrant for blame?
To privilege diſhonour in thy name,
Thou back'ſt reproach againſt long-living laud,
And mak'ſt fair reputation but a bawd.

Haſt thou command? by him that gave it thee
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy ſword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canſt thou fulfil,
When pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may ſay,
He learn'd to ſin, and thou didſt teach the way.

Think but how vile a ſpectacle it were,
To view thy preſent traſpaſs in another:
Men's faults do ſeldom to themſelves appear,
Their own tranſgreſſions partially they ſmother:
This guilt would ſeem death-worthy in thy brother.
O! how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That from their own miſdeeds aſkaunce their eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up hands appeal,
Not to ſeducing luſt thy raſh relier;
I ſue for exil'd majeſty's repeal,
Let him return and flattering thoughts retire.
His true reſpect will priſon falſe deſire,
And wipe the dim miſt from thy doting eyne,
That thou ſhalt ſee thy ſtate, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrouled tide
Turn not, buts ſwells the higher by this let;
Small lights are ſoon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty ſtreams that pay a daily debt
To their ſalt ſovereign with their freſh falſe haſte,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taſte.

Thou art (quoth she) a sea, a sovereign king,
And lo! there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills should change thy good,
The sea within a puddle's womb is hersed
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they their fouler grave;
Thou loathed in thy shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state.—
No more, quoth he, by heaven I will not hear
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate, [thee:
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyranize.
The wolf has seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice controul'd,
Intombs her outcry in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears,
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof, could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again;
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain.
Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
And lust the thief far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound, or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell, or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight:
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fears this night;
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O! deeper sin, than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
E'er he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or reign his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire all recreant, poor and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with grace.
For there it revels, and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd; [grac'd:
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controuled still,
But her foresight could not fore-stall their will.

E'en in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain:
Bearing away the wound, that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain:
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence,
She like a weary'd lamb lies panting there:
He scowls and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear:
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays exclaiming on the direful night,
He runs and chides his vanish'd loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless cast away:
He in his speed looks for the morning-light;
She prays she never may behold the day:
For day (quoth she) night-scapes doth open lay;
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace, which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold.
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame they feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind:
She wakes her heart, by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breaths she forth her
spight
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night! image of hell!
Dim register! and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing Chaos! nurse of Blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour of defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason, and the ravisher!

O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time:
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height; yet e'er he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air,
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
E'er he arrive his weary noon-tide prick:
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoaky ranks his smother'd
light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would disdain;
Her twinkling handmaids too (by him defil'd)
Through night's black bosom should not peep
again.
So should I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers that make short their pilgrimage.

Where now? have I no one to blush with me?
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with
mine;
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy.
But I alone, alone must sit and pine;
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine;
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O Night! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke!
Let not the jealous day behold that face,
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloke
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace.
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults, which in thy reign are
made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day;
The light will shew character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet Chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow.
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cypher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name:
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame.
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tye the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspoted;
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I, e'er this, was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding private scar!
Reproach is stampt in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mote afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas! how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them,
knows?

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me, by strong assault, it is bereft:
My honey lost, and I a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandring wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck?
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him.
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd for evil!
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckows hatch in sparrow's nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man, that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold: [fits;
But still like pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless bans the harvest of his wits,
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment, that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for, turn to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisseth where the sweet birds sing;
What vertue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good, that we can say is ours;
But ill-annexed opportunity,
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O! opportunity! thy guilt is great;
'Tis thou, that execut'st the traitor's treason:
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season:
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy her,
Sits sin to seize the souls, that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd:
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abetter, thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief!
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame;
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul, which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee?
But they ne'er met with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murders rages;
Thy heinous hours wait on them, as their pages.

When truth and vertue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but sin ne'er gives a fee;
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaid,
As well to hear, as grant what he hath said:
My Collatine would else have come to me,
When Tarquin did; but he was staid by thee,

Guilty thou art of murder, and of theft;
Guilty of perjury, and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Misshapen Time, copesemate of ugly Night;
Swift subtle Post, carrier of grisly Care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false Delight,
Base watch of woes, Sin's pack-horse, Vertue's snare:
Thou nurs'st all, and murder'st all that are.
O! hear me then, injurious shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betray'd the Hours, thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to find the hate of foes,
To eat up Error by Opinion bred;
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory, is to calm contending kings;
To unmask falshood, and bring truth to light;
To stamp the seal of time on aged things;
To wake the morn, and centinel the night;
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments;
To feed oblivion with decay of things;
To blot old books, and alter their contents;
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens wings;
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel.
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel:

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter;
To make the child a man, the man a child;
To slay the tyger, that doth live by slaughter;
To tame the unicorn, and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
To cheer the plowman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age,
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends;
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends.
O! this dread night! would'st thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun this wrack.

Thou ceaseless lacky to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight;
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances;
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans:
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,

To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts harder than ſtones;
And let mild women to him loſe their mildneſs;
Wilder to him than tygers in their wildneſs.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair;
Let him have time againſt himſelf to rave;
Let him have time of time's help to deſpair;
Let him have time to live a loathed ſlave;
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to ſee one, that by alms doth live,
Diſdain to him diſdained ſcraps to give.

Let him have time to ſee his friends his foes,
And merry fools, to mock at him reſort:
Let him have time to mark how ſlow time goes,
In time of ſorrow; and how ſwift and ſhort
His time of folly, and his time of ſport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail th' abuſing of his time.

O! Time! thou tutor both to good and bad!
Teach me to curſe him, that thou taught'ſt this ill;
At his own ſhadow let the thief run mad,
Himſelf, himſelf ſeek every hour to kill:
Such wretched hands ſuch wretched blood ſhould ſpill!
For who ſo baſe would ſuch an office have,
As ſlanderous death-man to ſo baſe a ſlave?

The baſer is he coming from a king,
To ſhame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing,
That makes him honour'd or begets him hate;
For greateſt ſcandal waits on greateſt ſtate.
The moon being clouded preſently is miſt;
But little ſtars may hide them, when they liſt.

The crow may bathe his cole-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the ſnow-white ſwan deſire,
The ſtain upon his ſilver down will ſtay.
Poor grooms are ſightleſs Night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wherefoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out idle words, ſervants to ſhallow fools!
Unprofitable ſounds, weak arbitrators!
Buſy your ſelves in ſkill-contending ſchools;
Debate, where leiſure ſerves, with dull debators:
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me I force not argument a ſtraw,
Since that my caſe is paſt the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and unſearchful Night!
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I ſpurn at my confirm'd deſpight:
This helpleſs ſmoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

Poor hand! why quiver'ſt thou at this decree?
Honour thy ſelf to rid me of this ſhame:
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'ſt in my defame;
Since thou couldſt not defend thy loyal dame,
And waſt afraid to ſcratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thy ſelf, and her for yielding ſo.

This ſaid, from her betumbled couch ſhe ſtarteth,
To find ſome deſperate inſtrument of death;
But this no ſlaughter houſe, no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for paſſage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips ſo vaniſheth,
As ſmoke from Ætna, that in air conſumes,
Or that which from diſcharged cannon fumes.

In vain (quoth ſhe) I live, and ſeek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapleſs life:
I fear'd by Tarquin's faulchion to be ſlain;
Yet for the ſelf-ſame purpoſe ſeek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife;
So am I now: Oh no! that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

Oh! that is gone, for which I ſought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die;
To clear this ſpot by death (at leaſt) I give
A badge of fame to Slander's livery,
A dying life to living infamy.
Poor helpleſs help, the treaſure ſtol'n away,
To burn the guiltleſs caſket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine! thou ſhalt not know
The ſtained taſte of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection ſo,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This baſtard graff ſhall never come to growth.
He ſhall not boaſt, who did thy ſtock pollute,
That thou art doating father of his fruit.

Nor ſhall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy ſtate:
But thou ſhalt know thy intereſt was not bought,
Baſely with gold, but ſtol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the miſtreſs of my fate,
And with my treſpaſs never will diſpenſe,
Till life to death acquit my firſt offence.

I will not poiſon thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuſes;
My fable ground of ſin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this falſe night's abuſes:
My tongue ſhall utter all; mine eyes, like ſluices,
As from a mountain ſpring that feeds a dale,
Shall guſh pure ſtreams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly ſorrow;
And ſolemn Night with ſlow ſad gate deſcended

To ugly hell; when lo! the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes, that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames her self to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks, O! eye of eyes!
Why pry'st thou through my window? Leave thy peeping; [sleeping.
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light;
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees.
True grief is fond, and testy as a child,
Who way-ward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one, the other wild
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views;
And to her self all sorrow doth compare,
No object but her passions strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues.
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds, that tune their mornings joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy?
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society.
True sorrow then is feelingly surpriz'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food:
To see the salve doth make the wound ake more;
Great grief grieves most at that will do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Which, being stopt, the bounding banks o'erflows:
Grief dallied with, nor law, nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes intomb
Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts;
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb;
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests:
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears,
Distress likes dumps, when time is kept with tears.

Come Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the Diapason bear.
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

And while against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking; wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold;
Some dark deep desart seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat, nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly;
Or one incompast with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily:
So with her self is she in mutiny,
To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproaches debtor.

To kill my self, quoth she, alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body, or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to my self was nearer,
When both were kept from heaven, and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peal'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peal'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted;
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy,
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly ingirt with daring infamy.
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him, that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife,
That wounds my body so dishonoured :
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
The one will live, the other being dead :
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred.
For in my death I murder shameful scorn ;
My shame so dead, mine Honour is new born.

Dear lord of that dear Jewel I have lost !
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be :
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me.
My self thy friend, will kill my self thy foe ;
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make :
My soul and body to the skies, and ground ;
My resolution (Husband) do you take ;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound ;
My shame be his, that did my fame confound ;
And all my fame that lives, disburs'd be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou Collatine shall oversee this will,
How was I overseen, that thou shalt see it ?
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, so be it ;
Yield to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee ;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes ;
With untun'd tongue she hoarsly call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies,
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so,
As winter meads, when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty ;
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why, her face wore sorrow's livery)
But durst not ask of her audaciously,
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so ;
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye :
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky ;
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench'd their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling ;
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;
Grieving themselves to guess at other smarts ;
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore they are form'd as marble will :
The weak oppress, th' impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stampt the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champain plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep ;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove remain
Cave-keeping evils, that obscurely sleep ;
Through chrystal walls each little mote will peep :
Tho' men can cover crimes with bold-stern looks,
Poor womens faces are their own faults books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chides rough winter, that the flower has kill'd :
Not that's devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame : O let it not be hild
Poor womens faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With mens abuses ; those proud lords to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death and shame that might ensue,
By that her death to do her husband wrong ;
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread,
And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor Counterfeit of her complaining.
My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining ?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood ;
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went (and there she staid
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence ?
Madam, e'er I was up (reply'd the maid)
The more to blame my sluggard negligence :
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;
My self was stirring e'er the break of day,
And e'er I rose was Tarquin gone away.

But lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.
O peace ! (quoth Lucrece if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less ;
For more it is than I can well express :
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt, than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen;
Yet save that labour, for I have them here:
(What should I say?) one of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill;
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight,
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: Thou, worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife, that greeteth thee;
Health to thy person, next vouchsafe t' afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come, and visit me.
So I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, tho' my words are brief.

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly:
By this short schedule Colatine may know
Her grief but not her grief's true quality;
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hords, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion, which the world might bear her:
To shun this blot she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more, than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion, that it doth behold:
When every part a part of woe doth bear,
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear.
Deep sounds make lesser noise, than shallow fords;
And sorrow ebbs being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord with more than haste;
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast,
As lagging fouls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she deems;
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low,
And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,
Receives the scroll without or yea, or no,
And forthwith bashful innocence doth hie.
But they, whose guilt within their bosom lies,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom (God wot) it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity;
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd.
She thought he blush'd as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone;
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan;
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dire drop seem'd a weeping tear
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife.
The red blood reek'd to shew the painter's strife,
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men thro' loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust.
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders, grace and majesty,
You might behold triumphing in their faces:
In youth quick-bearing and dexterity:

And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartleſs peaſants did ſo well reſemble
That one would ſwear he ſaw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax, and Ulyſſes, O! what art
Of phyſiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cypher'd either's heart;
Their face, their manners moſt expreſſly told.
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigor roll'd.
But the mild glance that ſly Ulyſſes lent,
Shew'd deep regard, and ſmiling government.

There pleading might you ſee grave Neſtor ſtand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making ſuch ſober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the ſight:
In ſpeech it ſeem'd, his beard all ſilver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the ſky.

About him were a preſs of gaping faces,
Which ſeem'd to ſwallow up his ſound advice;
All jointly liſtning, but with ſeveral graces,
As if ſome mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, ſome low, the painter was ſo nice.
The ſcalps of many almoſt hid behind,
To jump up higher ſeem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His noſe being ſhadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back all blown and red;
Another ſmother'd, ſeems to pelt and ſwear;
And in their rage, (ſuch ſigns of rage they bear),
As but for loſs of Neſtor's golden words,
It ſeem'd they would debate with angry ſwords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, ſo compact ſo kind,
That for Achilles' image ſtood his ſpear,
Grip'd in an armed hand, himſelf behind
Was left unſeen, ſave to the eye of mind;
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of ſtrong-beſieged Troy,
When their brave hope, bold Hector march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, ſharing joy
To ſee their youthful ſons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they ſuch odd action yield,
That thro' their light joy ſeemed to appear,
(Like bright things ſtain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the ſtrond of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran;
Whoſe waves to imitate the battel fought
With ſwelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled ſhore, and than
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and ſhoot their ſome at Simois banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come
To find a face where all diſtreſs is ſtell'd.
Many ſhe ſees, where cares have carved ſome,
But none where all diſtreſs and dolour dwell'd,
Till ſhe deſpairing Hecuba beheld,
Staſing on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pirrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim cares reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were diſguiſ'd;
Of what ſhe was, no ſemblance did remain;
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein.
Wanting the ſpring, that thoſe ſhrunk pipes had fed,
Shew'd life impriſon'd in a body dead.

On this ſad ſhadow Lucrece ſpends her eyes,
And ſhapes her ſorrow to the beldam's woes;
Who nothing wants to anſwer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes.
The painter was no god to lend her thoſe;
And therefore Lucrece ſwears he did her wrong,
To give her ſo much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor Inſtrument (quoth ſhe) without a ſound!
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop ſweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus, that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns ſo long;
And with my knife ſcracht out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks, that are thine enemies.

Shew me the ſtrumpet, that began this ſtir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of luſt, fond Paris did incur
This load of wrath, that burning Troy did bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in Troy, for trespaſs of thine eye,
The ſire, the ſon, the dame, and daughter die.

Why ſhould the private pleaſure of ſome one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let ſin alone committed, light alone
Upon his head, that hath tranſgreſſed ſo.
Let guiltleſs ſouls be freed from guilty woe.
For one's offence why ſhould ſo many fall,
To plague a private ſin in general?

Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies!
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus ſounds!
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies!
And friend to friend gives unadviſed wounds!
And one man's luſt theſe many lives confounds!
Had dotting Priam check'd his ſon's deſire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troys painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.
So Lucrece set a work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness, and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, tho' full of cares, yet shew'd content.
Onward to Troy with these blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill,
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show,
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale, the fair that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just;
And therein so insconc'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
False creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew; [glory
Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry.
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill:
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill.
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes, the picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
She would have said, can lurk in such a look;
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot, took:
It cannot be, she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, It cannot be I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind.

For e'en as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober sad, so weary and so mild,
(As if with grief or travel he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed, so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice; as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin, so my Troy did perish.

Look, look how listning Priam wets his eyes
To see those borrow'd tears, that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drop fire, no water thence proceeds. [pity,
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter Fools and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinons tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here all enrag'd such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast;
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest,
Whose deed hath made herself, herself detest.
At last she soulingly with this gives o'er,
Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining;
Short time seems long, in sorrows sharp sustaining.
Tho' woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath over-slipt her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought,
By deep surmise of others detriment,
Losing her woes in shews of discontent.
It easeth some, tho' none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger comes, back,
Brings home his lord, and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black,
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
These watergalls in her dim element,
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes though sod in tears, look red, and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondring each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love! what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear Dear! this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrows fire,
E'er once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan, in her watry nest,
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending;
In me more woes than words are now depending:
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say,
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul inforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd, awake thou Roman dame!
And entertain my love else-lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust; and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome,
Th' adult'rate death of Lucrece, and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
(And far the weaker with so strong a fear)
My bloody judge forbad my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear,
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

O! teach me how to make mine own excuse,
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind:
That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
To accessary yieldings; but still pure,
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damn'd up with woe,
With sad set eyes and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so,
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye, that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the eddie boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait, that forc'd him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear Lord! thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power, no flood by raining slacketh;
My woe too sensible, thy passion maketh
More feeling painful; let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she, that was thy Lucrece—now attend me;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late; yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But e'er I name him, you fair Lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those, that came with Collatine)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine:
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms;
Knights by their oaths should right poor ladies harms.

At this request, with noble disposition,
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd:
But she that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. O speak! quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?

May my pure mind with the foul act dispence,
My low declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?

With this they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map, which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune carv'd in with tears.
No, no, quoth she, no dame hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuses giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name. He, he, she says:
But more than he, her poor tongue could not speak,
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, He, he, fair Lord, 'tis he
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that hence her soul unsheathed;
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged spright, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew,
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw:
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murd'rous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood in poor revenge held it in chase.

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like the late sack'd island vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watry rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place;
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some wat'ry token shows,
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter! dear daughter! old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here de-
In the child the father's image lies, [priv'd;
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children predecease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass! I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shews me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn.
O! from my cheeks my image thou hast torn!
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see, what once I was.

O! Time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be, that should survive;
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltring feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess the hive:
Then live sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue:
Who mad that sorrow should his use controul,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more.
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter, or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his;
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, she's mine; O mine she is,
Replies her husband; do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say,
He weeps for her; for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O! quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.
Woe! woe! quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
I owned her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd
The dispersed air, who holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, my daughter, and my wife.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece's wound his folly's shew:
He with the Romans was esteemed so,

As ſilly jeering idiots are with kings,
For ſportive words, and uttering fooliſh things.

But now he throws that ſhallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him diſguiſe;
And arm'd his long-hid wits adviſedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, ariſe;
Let my unſounded ſelf, ſuppos'd a fool,
Now ſet thy long-experienc'd wit to ſchool.

Why Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyſelf a blow
For his foul act, by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childiſh humour from weak minds proceeds.
Thy wretched wife miſtook the matter ſo,
To ſlay herſelf, that ſhould have ſlain her foe.

Courageous Roman! do not ſteep thy heart
In ſuch relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouſe our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will ſuffer theſe abominations
(Since Rome herſelf in them doth ſtand diſgrac'd)
By our ſtrong arms from forth her fair ſtreets chas'd.

Now by the capital, that we adore!
And by this chaſte blood ſo unjuſtly ſtain'd!
By heaven's fair ſun, that breeds the fat earth's ſtore!
By all our country's rites in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaſte Lucrece' ſoul, that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife!
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This ſaid, he ſtruck his hand upon his breaſt,
And kiſs'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his proteſtation urg'd the reſt,
Who wondring at him did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they ſwore.

When they had ſworn to this adviſed doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To ſhew the bleeding body throughout Rome,
And ſo to publiſh Tarquin's foul offence,
Which being done, with ſpeedy diligence,
The Roman's plauſibly did give conſent,
To Tarquin's everlaſting baniſhment.

SONNETS.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,

MR. W. H.

ALL HAPPINESS

AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET

WISHETH THE

WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER IN SETTING FORTH,

T T.*

I.

FROM faireſt creatures we deſire increaſe,
That thereby beauty's roſe might never die,
But as the riper ſhould by time deceaſe,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'ſt thy light's flame with ſelf-ſubſtantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyſelf thy foe, to thy ſweet ſelf too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's freſh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy ſpring,
Within thine own bud buriеſt thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'ſt waſte in niggarding.
Pity the world, or elſe this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

* i. e Thomas Thorpe, in whoſe name the ſonnets were firſt entered in Stationers Hall.

II.

When forty winters ſhall beſiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, ſo gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of ſmall worth held:
Then being aſk'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treaſure of thy luſty days;
To ſay, within thine own deep-ſunken eyes,
Were an all-eating ſhame, and thriftleſs praiſe.
How much more praiſe deſerv'd thy beauty's uſe,
If thou could'ſt anſwer—" *This fair child of mine*
" *Shall ſum my count, and make my old excuſe*—"
Proving his beauty by ſucceſſion thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And ſee thy blood warm when thou feel'ſt it cold.

III.

Look in thy glaſs, and tell the face thou vieweſt,
Now is the time that face ſhould form another;
Whoſe freſh repair if now thou not reneweſt,
Thou doſt beguile the world, unbleſs ſome mother.
For where is ſhe ſo fair, whoſe un-eard womb
Diſdains the tillage of thy huſbandry?
Or who is he ſo fond, will be the tomb
Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop poſterity?
Thou art thy mother's glaſs, and ſhe in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age ſhalt ſee,
Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die ſingle, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveline's, why doſt thou ſpend
Upon thyſelf thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequeſt gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, ſhe lends to thoſe are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why doſt thou abuſe
The bounteous largeſs given thee to give?
Profitleſs uſurer, why doſt thou uſe
So great a ſum of ſums, yet canſt not live?
For having traffic with thyſelf alone,
Thou of thyſelf thy ſweet ſelf doſt deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canſt thou leave?
Thy unuſ'd beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,
Which, uſed, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Thoſe hours, that with gentle work did frame,
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very ſame,
And that unfair which fairly doth excell;
For never-reſting time leads ſummer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with froſt, and luſty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'erſnow'd, and bareneſs every where:
Then, were not ſummer's diſtillation left,
A liquid priſoner pent in walls of glaſs,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers diſtill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leeſe but their ſhow; their ſubſtance ſtill lives ſweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy ſummer, e'er thou be diſtill'd:
Make ſweet ſome phial, treaſure thou ſome place
With beauty's treaſure, e'er it be ſelf-kill'd.
That uſe is not forbidden uſury,
Which happies thoſe that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyſelf to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyſelf were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then, what could death do if thou ſhould'ſt depart,
Leaving thee living in poſterity?
Be not ſelf-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conqueſt, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing ſight,
Serving with looks his ſacred majeſty;
And having climb'd the ſteep-up heavenly hill,
Reſembling ſtrong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty ſtill,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-moſt pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyſelf out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on dieſt, unleſs thou get a ſon.

VIII.

Muſic to hear, why hear'ſt thou muſic ſadly?
Sweets with ſweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'ſt thou that which thou receiv'ſt not gladly?
Or elſe receiv'ſt with pleaſure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but ſweetly chide thee, who confounds
In ſingleneſs the parts that thou ſhould'ſt bear.
Mark how one ſtring, ſweet huſband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Reſembling ſire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleaſing note do ſing:
Whoſe ſpeechleſs ſong, being many, ſeeming one,
Sings this to thee, " thou ſingle wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou conſum'ſt thyſelf in ſingle life?
Ah! if thou iſſueleſs ſhalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeleſs wife;
The world will be thy widow and ſtill weep,
That thou no form of thee haſt left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her huſband's ſhape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth ſpend,
Shifts but his place, for ſtill the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waſte hath in the world an end,
And keep unus'd, the uſer ſo deſtroys it.
No love toward others in that boſom ſits,
That on himſelf ſuch murderous ſhame commits.

X.

For ſhame! deny that thou bear'ſt love to any,
Who for thyſelf art ſo unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'ſt, is moſt evident;
For thou art ſo poſſeſs'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainſt thyſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair ſhould be thy chief deſire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love;
Be, as thy preſence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyſelf, at leaſt, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another ſelf, for love of me,
That beauty ſtill may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As faſt as thou ſhalt wane, ſo faſt thou grow'ſt
In one of thine, from that which thou departeſt;
And that freſh blood which youngly thou beſtow'ſt,
Thou may'ſt call thine, when thou from youth converteſt.
Herein lives wiſdom, beauty, and increaſe;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded ſo, the times ſhould ceaſe,
And threeſcore years would make the world away.
Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for ſtore,
Harſh, featureleſs, and rude, barrenly periſh:
Look whom ſhe beſt endow'd, ſhe gave thee more;
Which bounteous gift thou ſhould'ſt in bounty cheriſh:
She carv'd thee for her ſeal, and meant thereby,
Thou ſhould'ſt print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And ſee the brave day ſunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet paſt prime,
And ſable curls, all ſilver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I ſee barren of leaves,
Which erſt from heat did canopy the herd,
And ſummer's green all girded up in ſheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and briſtly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I queſtion make,
That thou among the waſtes of time muſt go,
Since ſweets and beauties do themſelves forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow; [defence,
And nothing 'gainſt time's ſcythe can make
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourſelf! but, love, you are
No longer your's than you yourſelf here live:
Againſt this coming end you ſhould prepare,
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give.
So ſhould that beauty which you hold in leaſe,
Find no determination: then you were
Yourſelf again, after yourſelf's deceaſe, [bear.
When your ſweet iſſue your ſweet form ſhould
Who lets ſo fair a houſe fall to decay,
Which huſbandry in honour might uphold
Againſt the ſtormy guſts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts:—Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your ſon ſay ſo.

XIV.

Not from the ſtars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have aſtronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or ſeaſons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind;
Or ſay, with princes if it ſhall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (conſtant ſtars) in them I read ſuch art,
As truth and beauty ſhall together thrive,
If from thyſelf to ſtore thou would'ſt convert:
Or elſe of thee this I prognoſticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I conſider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge ſtate preſenteth nought but ſhews
Whereon the ſtars in ſecret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increaſe,
Cheered and check'd even by the ſelf-ſame ſky;
Vaunt in their youthful ſap, at height decreaſe,
And wear their brave ſtate out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconſtant ſtay
Sets you moſt rich in youth before my ſight,
Where waſteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to ſullied night;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourſelf in your decay
With means more bleſſed than my barren rhime?
Now ſtand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens yet unſet,
With virtuous wiſh would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So ſhould the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourſelf in eyes of men.
To give away yourſelf, keeps yourſelf ſtill;
And you muſt live, drawn by your own ſweet ſkill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verſe in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your moſt high deſerts?
Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and ſhews not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in freſh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would ſay, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.

So ſhould my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be ſcorn'd, like old men of leſs truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And ſtretched metre of an antique ſong:
But were ſome child of yours alive that time,
You ſhould live twice;—in it, and in my rhime.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a ſummer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do ſhake the darling buds of May,
And ſummer's leaſe hath all too ſhort a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven ſhines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair ſometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing courſe untrimm'd;
But thy eternal ſummer ſhall not fade,
Nor loſe poſſeſſion of that fair thou oweſt;
Nor ſhall death brag thou wander'ſt in his ſhade,
When in eternal lines to time thou groweſt:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can ſee,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own ſweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and ſorry ſeaſons as thou fleet'ſt,
And do whate'er thou wilt, ſwift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading ſweets;
But I forbid thee one moſt heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy courſe untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to ſucceeding men.
Yet, do thy worſt, old Time: deſpite thy wrong,
My love ſhall in my verſe ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Haſt thou, the maſter-miſtreſs of my paſſion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With ſhifting change, as is falſe women's faſhion;
An eye more bright than theirs, leſs falſe in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling, [eth.
Which ſteals men's eyes, and women's ſouls amaz-
And for a woman wert thou firſt created;
Till nature, as ſhe wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpoſe nothing.
But ſince ſhe prick'd thee out for women's pleaſure, [ſure.
Mine be thy love, and thy love's uſe their trea-

XXI.

So it is not with me as with that muſe,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verſe;
Who heaven itſelf for ornament doth uſe,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearſe;
Making a couplement of proud compare, [gems,
With ſun and moon, with earth and ſea's rich
With April's firſt-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not ſo bright
As thoſe gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them ſay more that like of hear-ſay well;
I will not praiſe, that purpoſe not to ſell.

XXII.

My glaſs ſhall not perſuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days ſhould expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the ſeemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breaſt doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyſelf ſo wary,
As I not for myſelf but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep ſo chary
As tender nurſe her babe from faring ill.
Preſume not on thy heart when mine is ſlain;
Thou gav'ſt me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the ſtage,
Who with his fear is put beſide his part,
Or ſome fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whoſe ſtrength's abundance weakens his own heart
So I, for fear of truſt, forget to ſay
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's ſtrength ſeem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb preſagers of my ſpeaking breaſt;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more expreſs'd.
O learn to read what ſilent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath ſteel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perſpective it is beſt painter's art.
For through the painter muſt you ſee his ſkill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my boſom's ſhop is hanging ſtill,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now ſee what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy ſhape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breaſt, where-through the ſun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they ſee, know not the heart

XXV.

Let thoſe who are in favour with their ſtars,
Of public honour and proud titles boaſt,
Whilſt I, whom fortune of ſuch triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour moſt.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves ſpread,
But as the marigold at the ſun's eye;
And in themſelves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.

The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to shew my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to shew it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To shew me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not shew my head where thou may'st prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see.
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweep my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expence of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day, [cover,
When that churl death my bones with dust shall
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;

Anon permit the baſeſt clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celeſtial face,
And from the forlorn world his viſage hide,
Stealing unſeen to weſt with this diſgrace:
Even ſo my ſun one early morn did ſhine,
With all triumphant ſplendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath maſk'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit diſdaineth;
Suns of the world may ſtain, when heaven's ſun ſtaineth.

XXXIV.

Why didſt thou promiſe ſuch a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let baſe clouds o'er-take me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten ſmoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my ſtorm-beaten face,
For no man well of ſuch a ſalve can ſpeak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the diſgrace:
Nor can thy ſhame give phyſic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have ſtill the loſs:
The offender's ſorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the ſtrong offence's croſs.
Ah! but thoſe tears are pearl which thy love ſheds,
And they are rich, and ranſom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou haſt done:
Roſes have thorns, and ſilver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipſes ſtain both moon and ſun,
And loathſome canker lives in ſweeteſt bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authoriſing thy treſpaſs with compare,
Myſelf corrupting, ſalving thy amiſs,
Excuſing thy ſins more than thy ſins are;
For to thy ſenſual fault I bring in ſenſe,
(Thy adverſe party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainſt myſelf a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an acceſſary needs muſt be
To that ſweet thief, which ſourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confeſs that we two muſt be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So ſhall thoſe blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one reſpect,
Though in our lives a ſeparable ſpite,
Which though it alter not love's ſole effect,
Yet doth it ſteal ſweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Leſt my bewailed guilt ſhould do thee ſhame;
Nor thou with public kindneſs honour me,
Unleſs thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not ſo; I love thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To ſee his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dareſt ſpite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of theſe all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned ſit,
I make my love engrafted to this ſtore:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor deſpis'd,
Whilſt that this ſhadow doth ſuch ſubſtance give,
That I in thy abundance am ſuffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is beſt, that beſt I wiſh in thee;
This wiſh I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muſe want ſubject to invent,
While thou doſt breathe, that pour'ſt into my verſe
Thine own ſweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearſe?
Oh give thyſelf the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy peruſal, ſtand againſt thy ſight,
For who's ſo dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyſelf doſt give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muſe, ten times more in worth
Than thoſe old nine, which rhimers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my ſlight muſe do pleaſe theſe curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine ſhall be the praiſe.

XXXIX.

O how thy worth with manners may I ſing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praiſe to mine own ſelf bring?
And what is't but mine own, when I praiſe thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love loſe name of ſingle one,
That by this ſeparation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deſerv'ſt alone.
O abſence, what a torment would'ſt thou prove,
Were it not thy ſour leiſure gave ſweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts ſo ſweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teacheſt how to make one twain,
By praiſing him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What haſt thou then more than thou hadſt before?
No love, my love, that thou may'ſt true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadſt this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receiveſt,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou uſeſt;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyſelf deceiveſt
By wilful taſte of what thyſelf refuſeſt.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou ſteal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Laſcivious grace, in whom all ill well ſhews,
Kill me with ſpites; yet we muſt not be foes.

XLI.

Thoſe pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am ſometime abſent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well beſits,
For ſtill temptation follows where thou art.

Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be aſſail'd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's ſon
Will ſourly leave her till ſhe have prevail'd.
Ah me! but yet thou might'ſt, my ſweet, forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy ſtraying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
Her's, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being falſe to me.

XLII.

That thou haſt her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be ſaid I lov'd her dearly;
That ſhe hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loſs in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuſe ye:—
Thou doſt love her, becauſe thou know'ſt I love her;
And for my ſake even ſo doth ſhe abuſe me,
Suffering my friend for my ſake to approve her.
If I loſe thee, my loſs is my love's gain,
And loſing her, my friend hath found that loſs;
Both find each other, and I loſe both twain,
And both for my ſake lay on me this croſs:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then ſhe loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When moſt I wink, then do mine eyes beſt ſee,
For all the day they view things unreſpected;
But when I ſleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed,
Then thou, whoſe ſhadow ſhadows doth make bright,
How would thy ſhadow's form form happy ſhew
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unſeeing eyes thy ſhade ſhines ſo?
How would (I ſay) mine eyes be bleſſed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect ſhade
Through heavy ſleep on ſightleſs eyes doth ſtay?
All days are nights to ſee, till I ſee thee, [thee me.
And nights, bright days, when dreams do ſhew

XLIV.

If the dull ſubſtance of my fleſh were thought,
Injurious diſtance ſhould not ſtop my way;
For then, deſpite of ſpace, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou doſt ſtay.
No matter then, although my foot did ſtand
Upon the farthеſt earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both ſea and land,
As ſoon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, ſo much of earth and water wrought,
I muſt attend time's leiſure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements ſo ſlow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, ſlight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The firſt my thought, the other my deſire,
Theſe preſent-abſent with ſwift motion ſlide.
For when theſe quicker elements are gone
In tender embaſſy of love to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone,
Sinks down to death, oppreſs'd with melancholy;
Until life's compoſition be recured
By thoſe ſwift meſſengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, aſſured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I ſend them back again, and ſtraight grow ſad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conqueſt of thy ſight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's ſight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him doſt lie,
(A cloſet never pierc'd with cryſtal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And ſays in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A queſt of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famiſh'd for a look,
Or heart in love with ſighs himſelf doth ſmother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feaſt,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
Another time mine eye is my heart's gueſt,
And in his thoughts of love doth ſhare a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyſelf away art preſent ſtill with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canſt move,
And I am ſtill with them, and they with thee;
Or if they ſleep, thy picture in my ſight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under trueſt bars to thruſt,
That, to my uſe, it might unuſed ſtay
From hands of falſehood, in ſure wards of truſt!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Moſt worthy comfort, now my greateſt grief,
Thou, beſt of deareſt, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any cheſt,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle cloſure of my breaſt,
From whence at pleaſure thou may'ſt come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be ſtolen I fear,
For truth proves thieviſh for a prize ſo dear.

XLIX.

Againſt that time, if ever that time come,
When I ſhall ſee thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath caſt his utmoſt ſum
Call'd to that audit by advis'd reſpects,

Againſt that time, when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſs,
And ſcarcely greet me with that ſun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reaſons find of ſettled gravity,
Againſt that time do I enſconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own deſert,
And this my hand againſt myſelf uprear,
To guard the lawful reaſons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou haſt the ſtrength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cauſe.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I ſeek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that eaſe and that repoſe to ſay,
"Thus far the miles are meaſur'd from thy friend!
The beaſt that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not ſpeed, being made from thee:
The bloody ſpur cannot provoke him on
That ſometimes anger thruſts into his hide,
Which heavily he anſwers with a groan,
More ſharp to me than ſpurring to his ſide;
For that ſame groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuſe the ſlow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I ſpeed:
From where thou art why ſhould I haſte me thence?
Till I return, of poſting is no need.
O, what excuſe will my poor beaſt then find,
When ſwift extremity can ſeem but ſlow?
Then ſhould I ſpur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged ſpeed no motion ſhall I know;
Then can no horſe with my deſire keep pace;
Therefore deſire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull fleſh) in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus ſhall excuſe my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful ſlow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whoſe bleſſed key
Can bring him to his ſweet up-locked treaſure,
The which he will not every hour ſurvey,
For blunting the fine point of ſeldom pleaſure.
Therefore are feaſts ſo ſolemn and ſo rare,
Since ſeldom coming, in the long year ſet,
Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my cheſt,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make ſome ſpecial inſtant ſpecial-bleſt,
By new unfolding his impriſon'd pride.
Bleſſed are you, whoſe worthineſs gives ſcope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your ſubſtance, whereof are you made,
That millions of ſtrange ſhadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one ſhade,
And you, but one, can every ſhadow lend.
Deſcribe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty ſet,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the ſpring, and foizon of the year;
The one doth ſhadow of your beauty ſhew,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every bleſſed ſhape we know.
In all external grace you have ſome part,
But you like none, none you, for conſtant heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous ſeem,
By that ſweet ornament which truth doth give!
The roſe looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that ſweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roſes,
Hang on ſuch thorns, and play as wantonly
When ſummer's breath their maſked buds diſcloſes:
But, for their virtue only is their ſhew,
They live unwoo'd and unreſpected fade;
Die to themſelves. Sweet roſes do not ſo;
Of their ſweet deaths are ſweeteſt odours made:
And ſo of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that ſhall fade, my verſe diſtills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, ſhall out-live this powerful rhime;
But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents
Than unſwept ſtone, beſmear'd with ſluttiſh time.
When waſteful war ſhall ſtatues overturn,
And broils root out the work of maſonry,
Nor Marſis ſword nor war's quick fire ſhall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainſt death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praiſe ſhall ſtill find room,
Even in the eyes of all poſterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment that yourſelf ariſe,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not ſaid,
Thy edge ſhould blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow ſharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fullneſs,
To-morrow ſee again, and do not kill
The ſpirit of love with a perpetual dulneſs.
Let this ſad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the ſhore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they ſee
Return of love, more bleſt may be the view:
Or call it winter, which being full of care,
Makes ſummer's welcome thrice more wiſh'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your ſlave, what ſhould I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your deſire?
I have no precious time at all to ſpend,
Nor ſervices to do, till you require.

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilſt I, my ſovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterneſs of abſence ſour,
When you have bid your ſervant once adieu;
Nor dare I queſtion with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs ſuppoſe,
But, like a ſad ſlave, ſtay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make thoſe:
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me firſt your ſlave,
I ſhould in thought control your times of pleaſure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vaſſal, bound to ſtay your leiſure!
Oh let me ſuffer (being at your beck)
The impriſon'd abſence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to ſufferance, bide each check
Without accuſing you of injury.
Be where you liſt; your charter is ſo ſtrong,
That you yourſelf may privilege your time:
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourſelf to pardon of ſelf-doing crime,
I am to wait, though waiting ſo be hell;
Not blame your pleaſure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which labouring for invention bear amiſs
The ſecond burthen of a former child?
O that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courſes of the ſun,
Shew me your image in ſome antique book,
Since mind at firſt in character was done!
That I might ſee what the old world could ſay
To this compoſed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the ſame.
O! ſure I am, the wits of former days
To ſubjects worſe have given admiring praiſe.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled ſhore,
So do our minutes haſten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In ſequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipſes 'gainſt his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth tranſfix the flouriſh ſet on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing ſtands but for his ſcythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verſe ſhall ſtand,
Praiſing thy worth, deſpite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image ſhould keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Doſt thou deſire my ſlumbers ſhould be broken,
While ſhadows, like to thee, do mock my ſight?
Is it thy ſpirit that thou ſend'ſt from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out ſhames and idle hours in me,
The ſcope and tenour of thy jealouſy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not ſo great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my reſt defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy ſake:
For thee watch I, whilſt thou doſt wake elſe-where,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of ſelf-love poſſeſſeth all mine eye,
And all my ſoul, and all my every part;
And for this ſin there is no remedy,
It is ſo grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face ſo gracious is as mine,
No ſhape ſo true, no truth of ſuch account,
And for myſelf mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths ſurmount.
But when my glaſs ſhews me myſelf indeed,
'Bated and chopp'd with tan'd antiquity,
Mine own ſelf-love quite contrary I read,
Self ſo ſelf-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myſelf) that for myſelf I praiſe,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Againſt my love ſhall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand cruſh'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's ſteepy night;
And all thoſe beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vaniſhing or vaniſh'd out of ſight,
Stealing away the treaſure of his ſpring;
For ſuch a time do I now fortify
Againſt confounding age's cruel knife,
That he ſhall never cut from memory
My ſweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty ſhall in theſe black lines be ſeen,
And they ſhall live, and he in them ſtill green.

LXIV.

When I have ſeen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud coſt of out-worn bury'd age;
When ſometime lofty towers I ſee down-raz'd,
And braſs eternal ſlave to mortal rage;
When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore,
And the firm ſoil win of the watry main,
Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate,
Or ſtate itſelf confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot chooſe
But weep to have that which it fears to loſe.

LXV.

Since braſs, nor ſtone, nor earth, nor boundleſs ſea,
But ſad mortality o'erſways their power,
How with this rage ſhall beauty hold a plea,
Whoſe action is no ſtronger than a flower?

O how ſhall ſummer's honey breath hold out
Againſt the wreckful ſiege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtout,
Nor gates of ſteel ſo ſtrong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall time's beſt jewels from time's cheſt lie hid?
Or what ſtrong hand can hold his ſwift foot back?
Or who his ſpoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unleſs this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may ſtill ſhine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all theſe, for reſtful death I cry,—
As, to behold deſert, a beggar born,
And needy nothing trim'd in jollity,
And pureſt faith unhappily forſworn,
And gilded honour ſhamefully miſplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely ſtrumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
And ſtrength by limping ſway diſabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controling ſkill,
And ſimple truth miſcall'd ſimplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill:
Tir'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection ſhould he live,
And with his preſence grace impiety,
That ſin by him advantage ſhould achieve,
And lace itſelf with his ſociety?
Why ſhould falſe painting imitate his cheek,
And ſteal dead ſeeing of his living hue?
Why ſhould poor beauty indirectly ſeek
Roſes of ſhadow, ſince his roſe is true?
Why ſhould he live now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to bluſh through lively veins?
For ſhe hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him ſhe ſtores, to ſhew what wealth ſhe had,
In days long ſince, before theſe laſt ſo bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before theſe baſtard ſigns of fair were borne,
Or durſt inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden treſſes of the dead,
The right of ſepulchres, were ſhorn away,
To live a ſecond life on ſecond head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay;
In him thoſe holy antique hours are ſeen,
Without all ornament, itſelf, and true,
Making no ſummer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dreſs his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature ſtore,
To ſhew falſe art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Thoſe parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues, (the voice of ſouls) gave thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even ſo as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praiſe is crown'd;
But thoſe ſame tongues that give thee ſo thine
In other accents do this praiſe confound,
By ſeeing farther than the eye hath ſhewn.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in gueſs, they meaſure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank ſmell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy ſhew,
The ſolve is this,—that thou doſt common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd ſhall not be thy defect,
For ſlander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is ſuſpect,
A crow that flies in heaven's ſweeteſt air.
So thou be good, ſlander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the ſweeteſt buds doth love,
And thou preſent'ſt a pure unſtained prime.
Thou haſt paſs'd by the ambuſh of young days,
Either not aſſail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praiſe cannot be ſo thy praiſe,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
If ſome ſuſpect of ill maſk'd not thy ſhew,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts ſhouldſt owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you ſhall hear the ſurly ſullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vileſt worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you ſo,
That I in your ſweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then ſhould make you woe.
O if (I ſay) you look upon this verſe,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not ſo much as my poor name rehearſe;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Leſt the wiſe world ſhould look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, leſt the world ſhould taſk you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you ſhould love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unleſs you would deviſe ſome virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own deſert,
And hang more praiſe upon deceaſed I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, leſt your true love may ſeem falſe in this,
That you for love ſpeak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to ſhame nor me nor you.
For I am ſham'd by that which I bring forth,
And ſo ſhould you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year you may'ſt in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon thoſe boughs which ſhake againſt the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang.
In me thou ſeeſt the twilight of ſuch day,
As after ſun-ſet fadeth in the weſt,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's ſecond ſelf, that ſeals up all in reſt.
In me thou ſeeſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
That on the aſhes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it muſt expire,
Conſum'd with that which it was nouriſh'd by.
This thou perceiv'ſt, which makes thy love more ſtrong,
To love that well which thou muſt leave e'er long.

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arreſt
Without all bail ſhall carry me away,
My life hath in this line ſome intereſt,
Which for memorial ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.
When thou revieweſt this, thou doſt review
The very part was conſecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My ſpirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou haſt but loſt the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conqueſt of a wretch's knife,
Too baſe of thee to be remembred.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as ſweet ſeaſon'd ſhowers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold ſuch ſtrife
As 'twixt a miſer and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will ſteal his treaſure;
Now counting beſt to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may ſee my pleaſure:
Sometime, all full with feaſting on your ſight,
And by and by clean ſtarved for a look;
Poſſeſſing or purſuing no delight,
Save what is had or muſt from you be took.
Thus do I pine and ſurfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verſe ſo barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aſide
To new-found methods and to compounds ſtrange?
Why write I ſtill all one, ever the ſame,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almoſt tell my name,
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, ſweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are ſtill my argument;
So all my beſt is dreſſing old words new,
Spending again what is already ſpent:
For as the ſun is daily new and old,
So is my love ſtill telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glaſs will ſhew thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waſte;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'ſt thou taſte.
The wrinkles which thy glaſs will truly ſhew,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's ſhady ſtealth may'ſt know
Time's thieviſh progreſs to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to theſe waſte blanks, and thou ſhalt find
Thoſe children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, ſo ſoft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muſe,
And found ſuch fair aſſiſtance in my verſe,
As every alien pen hath got my uſe,
And under thee their poeſy diſperſe.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to ſing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majeſty.
Yet be moſt proud of that which I compile,
Whoſe influence is thine, and born of thee.
In others' works thou doſt but mend the ſtile,
And arts with thy ſweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and doſt advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilſt I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verſe alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my ſick muſe doth give another place.
I grant, ſweet love, thy lovely argument
Deſerves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robes thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he ſtole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praiſe to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes thee thou thyſelf doſt pay.

LXXX.

O how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better ſpirit doth uſe your name,
And in the praiſe thereof ſpends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, ſpeaking of your fame!
But ſince your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudeſt ſail doth bear,
My ſaucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your ſhalloweſt help will hold me up afloat,
Whilſt he upon your ſoundneſs deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthleſs boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be caſt away,
The worſt was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might shew
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd. [words,
I think good thoughts, whilst others write good
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, *'tis so, 'tis true*,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hind-most, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewel! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shall win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didſt forſake me for ſome fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameneſs, and I ſtraight will halt;
Againſt thy reaſons making no defence.
Thou canſt not, love, diſgrace me half ſo ill,
To ſet a form upon deſired change,
As I'll myſelf diſgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance ſtrangle, and look ſtrange;
Be abſent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy ſweet beloved name no more ſhall dwell;
Leſt I (too much profane) ſhould do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, againſt myſelf I'll vow debate,
For I muſt ne'er love him whom thou doſt hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to croſs,
Join with the ſpite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loſs: [row,
Ah! do not, when my heart hath ſcap'd this for-
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me laſt,
When other petty griefs have done their ſpite,
But in the onſet come; ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of Fortune's might;
And other ſtrains of woe, which now ſeem woe,
Compar'd with loſs of thee, will not ſeem ſo.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, ſome in their ſkill,
Some in their wealth, ſome in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, ſome in their horſe;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleaſure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the reſt;
But theſe particulars are not my meaſure,
All theſe I better in one general beſt.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' coſt,
Of more delight than hawks or horſes be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'ſt take
All this away, and me moſt wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worſt to ſteal thyſelf away,
For term of life thou art aſſured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will ſtay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worſt of wrongs,
When in the leaſt of them my life hath end.
I ſee a better ſtate to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canſt not vex me with inconſtant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's ſo bleſſed fair that fears no blot?—
Thou may'ſt be falſe, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So ſhall I live, ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceived huſband; ſo love's face
May ſtill ſeem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the falſe heart's hiſtory
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles ſtrange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face ſweet love ſhould ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks ſhould nothing thence but ſweetneſs tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy ſweet virtue anſwer not thy ſhow!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they moſt do ſhow,
Who, moving others, are themſelves as ſtone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation ſlow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And huſband nature's riches from expence;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but ſtewards of their excellence.
The ſummer's flower is to the ſummer ſweet,
Though to itſelf it only live and die;
But if that flower with baſe infection meet,
The baſeſt weed out-braves his dignity:
For ſweeteſt things turn ſoureſt by their deeds;
Lilies that feſter, ſmell far worſe than weeds.

XCV.

How ſweet and lovely doſt thou make the ſhame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant roſe,
Doth ſpot the beauty of thy budding name?
O, in what ſweets doſt thou thy ſins incloſe!
That tongue that tells the ſtory of thy days,
Making laſcivious comments on thy ſport,
Cannot diſpraiſe but in a kind of praiſe;
Naming thy name bleſſes an ill report.
O what a manſion have thoſe vices got,
Which for their habitation choſe out thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turns to fair that eyes can ſee!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardeſt knife ill-us'd doth loſe his edge.

XCVI.

Some ſay thy fault is youth, ſome wantonneſs;
Some ſay thy grace is youth and gentle ſport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and leſs:
Thou mak'ſt faults graces that to thee reſort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The baſeſt jewel will be well eſteem'd;
So are thoſe errors that in thee are ſeen,
To truths tranſlated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the ſtern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks tranſlate!
How many gazers might'ſt thou lead away,
If thou would'ſt uſe the ſtrength of all thy ſtate!
But do not ſo; I love thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my abſence been
From thee, the pleaſure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days ſeen?
What old December's bareneſs every where!
And yet this time remov'd was ſummer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' deceaſe:
Yet this abundant iſſue ſeem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For ſummer and his pleaſures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they ſing, 'tis with ſo dull a cheer, [near.
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's

XCVIII.

From you have I been abſent in the ſpring,
When proud-pied April, dreſs'd in all his trim,
Hath put a ſpirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the ſweet ſmell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any ſummer's ſtory tell, [grew:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praiſe the deep vermilion in the roſe;
They were but ſweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all thoſe.
Yet ſeem'd it winter ſtill, and, you away,
As with your ſhadow I with theſe did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet that
ſmells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy ſoft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou haſt too groſsly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had ſtolen thy hair:
The roſes fearfully on thorns did ſtand,
One bluſhing ſhame, another white deſpair;
A third, nor red nor white, had ſtolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could ſee,
But ſweet or colour it had ſtolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muſe, that thou forget'ſt ſo long
To ſpeak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'ſt thou thy fury on ſome worthleſs ſong,
Darkening thy power, to lend baſe ſubjects light?
Return, forgetful Muſe, and ſtraight redeem
In gentle numbers time ſo idly ſpent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays eſteem,
And gives thy pen both ſkill and argument.
Riſe, reſtive Muſe, my love's ſweet face ſurvey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a ſatire to decay,
And make Time's ſpoils deſpiſed every where.
Give my love fame faſter than Time waſtes life;
So thou prevent'ſt his ſcythe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muſe, what ſhall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So doſt thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make anſwer, Muſe: wilt thou not haply ſay,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay:
But beſt is beſt, if never intermix'd?—
Becauſe he needs no praiſe, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuſe not ſilence ſo; for it lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muſe; I teach thee how
To make him ſeem long hence as he ſhows now.

CII.

My love is ſtrengthen'd, though more weak in
ſeeming;
I love not leſs, though leſs the ſhow appear:
That love is merchandis'd, whoſe rich eſteeming
The owner's tongue doth publiſh every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the ſpring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in ſummer's front doth ſing,
And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now
Than when her mournful hymns did huſh the
night,
But that wild muſic burdens every bough,
And ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I ſometime hold my tongue,
Becauſe I would not dull you with my ſong.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muſe brings forth,
That having ſuch a ſcope to ſhow her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praiſe beſide.
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glaſs, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace.
Were it not ſinful then, ſtriving to mend,
To mar the ſubject that before was well?
For to no other paſs my verſes tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verſe can ſit,
Your own glaſs ſhows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when firſt your eye I ey'd,
Such ſeems your beauty ſtill. Three winters cold
Have from the foreſts ſhook three ſummers' pride;
Three beauteous ſprings to yellow autumn turn'd,
In proceſs of the ſeaſons have I ſeen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,
So your ſweet hue, which methinks ſtill doth ſtand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's ſummer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhime,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love controul,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhime,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O for my sake do thou with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double pennance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth lack;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alcumy,
To make of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
When I was certain, o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark, [taken.
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
Distil'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosom fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee; [me.
Mine ransoms your's, and your's must ransom

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile eſteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the juſt pleaſure loſt, which is ſo deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' ſeeing.
For why ſhould others' falſe adulterate eyes
Give ſalutation to my ſportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer ſpies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No,—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuſes, reckon up their own:
I may be ſtraight, though they themſelves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds muſt not be ſhown;
Unleſs this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badneſs reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with laſting memory,
Which ſhall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or at the leaſt ſo long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to ſubſiſt;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miſs'd.
That poor retention could not ſo much hold,
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to ſcore;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To truſt thoſe tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulneſs in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou ſhalt not boaſt that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing ſtrange;
They are but dreſſings of a former ſight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou doſt foiſt upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our deſire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy regiſters and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the preſent nor the paſt;
For thy records and what we ſee doth lie,
Made more or leſs by thy continual haſte:
This I do vow, and this ſhall ever be,
I will be true, deſpite thy ſcythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of ſtate,
It might for fortune's baſtard be unfather'd,
As ſubject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It ſuffers not in ſmiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled diſcontent,
Whereto the inviting time our faſhion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leaſes of ſhort-number'd hours,
But all alone ſtands hugely politic,
That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with ſhowers.
To this I witneſs call the fools of time,
Which die for goodneſs, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or lay'd great baſes for eternity,
Which prove more ſhort than waſte or ruining?
Have I not ſeen dwellers on form and favour
Loſe all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound ſweet foregoing ſimple favour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing ſpent?
No;—let me be obſequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with ſeconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou ſuborn'd informer! a true ſoul,
When moſt impeach'd, ſtands leaſt in thy controul.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Doſt hold time's fickle glaſs, his ſickle, hour;
Who haſt by waning grown, and therein ſhow'ſt
Thy lovers withering, as thy ſweet ſelf grow'ſt;
If nature, ſovereign miſtreſs over wrack,
As thou goeſt onwards, ſtill will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpoſe, that her ſkill
May time diſgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleaſure;
She may detain, but not ſtill keep her treaſure:
Her audit, though delay'd, anſwer'd muſt be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's ſucceſſive heir,
And beauty ſlander'd with a baſtard ſhame.
For ſince each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's falſe borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in diſgrace.
Therefore my miſtreſs' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes ſo ſuited; and they mourners ſeem
At ſuch, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a falſe eſteem:
Yet ſo they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue ſays, beauty ſhould look ſo.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my muſic, muſic play'ſt,
Upon that bleſſed wood whoſe motion ſounds
With thy ſweet fingers, when thou gently ſway'ſt
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy thoſe jacks, that nimble leap
To kiſs the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilſt my poor lips, which ſhould that harveſt reap,
At the wood's boldneſs by thee bluſhing ſtand!
To be ſo tickled, they would change their ſtate
And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bleſs'd than living lips.
Since ſaucy jacks ſo happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiſs.

CXXIX.

The expence of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;
And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belv'd with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery, my sweetest friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
And torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd in thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statue of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me.
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will to boot, and will in overplus:
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think of all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear by thy blind soul that I was thy will
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is
Will.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what doſt thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and ſee not what they ſee?
They know what beauty is, ſee where it lies,
Yet what the beſt is, take the worſt to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falſehood haſt thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?
Why ſhould my heart think that a ſeveral plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes ſeeing this, ſay this is not?
To put fair truth upon ſo fool a face? [err'd,
In things right true my heart and eyes have
And to this falſe plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love ſwears that ſhe is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know ſhe lies;
That ſhe might think me ſome untutor'd youth,
Unlearn'd in the world's falſe ſubtilties.
Thus vainly thinking that ſhe thinks me young,
Although ſhe knows my days are paſt the beſt,
Simply I credit her falſe-ſpeaking tongue;
On both ſides thus is ſimple truth ſuppreſt.
But wherefore ſays ſhe not, ſhe is unjuſt?
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old?
O love's beſt habit is in ſeeming truſt,
And age in love loves not to have years told.
Therefore I lie with her, and ſhe with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O call not me to juſtify the wrong,
That thy unkindneſs lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Uſe power with power, and ſlay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'ſt elſewhere; but in my ſight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aſide.
What need'ſt thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpreſs'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuſe thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face ſhe turns my foes,
That they elſewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not ſo; but ſince I am near ſlain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wiſe as thou art cruel; do not preſs
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much diſdain;
Leſt ſorrow lend me words, and words expreſs
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me ſo;
(As teſty ſick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their phyſicians know;)
For, if I ſhould deſpair, I ſhould grow mad,
And in my madneſs might ſpeak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wreſtling world is grown ſo bad,
Mad ſlanders by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be ſo, nor thou bely'd,
Bear thine eyes ſtraight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thouſand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they deſpiſe,
Who in deſpite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to baſe touches prone,
Nor taſte nor ſmell, deſire to be invited
To any ſenſual feaſt with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five ſenſes can
Diſſuade one fooliſh heart from ſerving thee,
Who leaves unſway'd the likeneſs of a man,
Thy proud heart's ſlave and vaſſal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That ſhe that makes me ſin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my ſin, and my dear virtue hate,
Hate of my ſin, grounded on ſinful loving:
O but with mine compare thou thine own ſtate,
And thou ſhalt find it merits not reproving;
Or if it do, not from thoſe lips of thine,
That have prophan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
And ſeal'd falſe bonds of love as oft as mine;
Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'ſt thoſe
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deſerve to pity'd be.
If thou doſt ſeek to have what thou doſt hide,
By ſelf-example may'ſt thou be deny'd!

CXLIII.

Lo as a careful houſe-wife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all ſwift diſpatch
In purſuit of the thing ſhe would have ſtay;
Whilſt her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whoſe buſy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's diſcontent;
So run'ſt thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilſt I thy babe chace thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiſs me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'ſt have thy will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying ſtill.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and deſpair,
Which like two ſpirits do ſuggeſt me ſtill;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worſer ſpirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me ſoon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my ſide,
And would corrupt my ſaint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suſpect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I gueſs one angel is another's hell.

Yet this ſhall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Thoſe lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the ſound that ſaid, *I hate*,
To me that languiſh'd for her ſake;
But when ſhe ſaw my woeful ſtate,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever ſweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate ſhe alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away ſhe threw,
And ſav'd my life, ſaying—*not you*.

CXLVI.

Poor ſoul, the centre of my ſinful earth,
Fool'd by thoſe rebel powers that thee array,
Why doſt thou pine within, and ſuffer dearth,
Painting the outward walls ſo coſtly gay?
Why ſo large coſt, having ſo ſhort a leaſe,
Doſt thou upon thy fading manſion ſpend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this exceſs,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, ſoul, live thou upon thy ſervant's loſs,
And let that pine to aggravate thy ſtore;
Buy terms divine in ſelling hours of droſs;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So ſhalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing ſtill
For that which longer nurſeth the diſeaſe;
Feeding on that which doth preſerve the ill,
The uncertain ſickly appetite to pleaſe.
My reaſon the phyſician to my love,
Angry that his preſcriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I deſperate now approve,
Deſire is death, which phyſic did except.
Paſt cure I am, now reaſon is paſt care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unreſt;
My thoughts and my diſcourſe as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly expreſs'd;
For I have ſworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correſpondence with true ſight?
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That cenſures falſely what they ſee aright?
If that be fair whereon my falſe eyes dote,
What means the world to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not ſo true as all men's: no,
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is ſo vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I miſtake my view;
The ſun itſelf ſees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'ſt me blind;
Leſt eyes well ſeeing thy foul faults ſhould find.

CXLIX.

Canſt thou, O cruel! ſay I love thee not,
When I, againſt myſelf, with thee partake!
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myſelf, all tyrant, for thy ſake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'ſt thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou low'rſt on me, do I not ſpend
Revenge upon myſelf with preſent moan?
What merit do I in myſelf reſpect,
That is ſo proud thy ſervice to deſpiſe,
When all my beſt doth worſhip thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Thoſe that can ſee thou lov'ſt, and I am blind.

CL.

O from what power haſt thou this powerful might,
With inſufficiency my heart to ſway?
To make me give the lie to my true ſight,
And ſwear that brightneſs doth not grace the day?
Whence haſt thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuſe of thy deeds
There is ſuch ſtrength and warrantiſe of ſkill,
That in my mind, thy worſt all beſt exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and ſee juſt cauſe of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou ſhould'ſt not abhor my ſtate;
If thy unworthineſs rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conſcience is;
Yet who knows not, conſcience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiſs,
Leſt guilty of my faults thy ſweet ſelf prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my groſs body's treaſon;
My ſoul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; fleſh ſtays no farther reaſon;
But riſing at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To ſtand in thy affairs, fall by thy ſide.
No want of conſcience hold it that I call
Her love, for whoſe dear love I riſe and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'ſt I am foreſworn,
But thou art twice foreſworn to me love ſwearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuſe thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd moſt;
For all my vows are oaths but to miſuſe thee,
And all my honeſt faith in thee is loſt:
For I have ſworn deep oaths of thy deep kindneſs,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy conſtancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindneſs,
Or made them ſwear againſt the thing they ſee;

For I have ſworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To ſwear, againſt the truth, ſo foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid lay'd by his brand, and fell aſleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly ſteep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateleſs lively heat, ſtill to endure,
And grew a ſeething bath which yet men prove,
Againſt ſtrange maladies a ſovereign cure.
But at my miſtreſs' eye love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breaſt;
I ſick withal, the help of bath deſired,
And thither hied, a ſad diſtemper'd gueſt,
But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire; my miſtreſs' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once aſleep,
Laid by his ſide his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilſt many nymphs that vow'd chaſte life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The faireſt votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And ſo the general of hot deſire
Was ſleeping by a virgin hand diſarm'd.
This brand ſhe quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diſeas'd; but I, my miſtreſs' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows for thee broke deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forefwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forefwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe
To break an oath, to win a paradiſe?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, ſitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, freſh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him ſtories to delight his ear;
She ſhew'd him favours to allure his eye:
To win his heart, ſhe touch'd him here and there:
Touches ſo ſoft ſtill conquer chaſtity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But ſmile and jeſt at every gentle offer:
Then fell ſhe on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He roſe and ran away; ah fool too froward!

III.

If love make me forefworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll conſtant prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that ſoul that ſees thee without wonder;
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning ſeems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is muſic and ſweet fire.
Celeſtial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To ſing the heavens' praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the ſun dried up the dewy morn,
And ſcarce the herd gone to the hedge for ſhade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an oſier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his ſpleen.
Hot was the day; ſhe hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And ſtood ſtark naked on the brook's green brim;
The ſun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this queen on him:
He ſpying her, bounc'd in, whereas he ſtood;
Oh Jove, quoth ſhe, why was not I a flood?

V.

Fair is my love, but not ſo fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor truſty;
Brighter than glaſs, and yet, as glaſs is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, ruſty:
A little pale, with damaſk dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor one falſer to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath ſhe join'd,
Between each kiſs her oaths of true love ſwearing!
How many tales to pleaſe me hath ſhe coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loſs whereof ſtill fearing!
Yet in the midſt of all her pure proteſtings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jeſtings.

She burnt with love, as ſtraw with fire flameth,
She burnt with love, as ſoon as ſtraw out burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet ſhe foil'd the framing,
She hade love laſt, and yet ſhe fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the beſt, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If muſic and ſweet poetry agree,
As they muſt needs, the ſiſter and the brother,
Then muſt the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt the one, and I the other.
Downland to thee is dear, whoſe heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth raviſh human ſenſe;
Spenſer to me, whoſe deep conceit is ſuch,
As paſſing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'ſt to hear the ſweet melodious ſound,
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of muſic, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himſelf to ſinging he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love.
* * * *
Paler for ſorrow than her milk white dove,
For Adon's ſake, a youngſter proud and wild;
Her ſtand ſhe takes upon a ſteep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She ſilly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he ſhould not paſs thoſe grounds;
Once, quoth ſhe, did I ſee a fair ſweet youth
Here in theſe brakes deep wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a ſpectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh, quoth ſhe, here was the ſore:
She ſhewed her's; he ſaw more wounds than one,
And bluſhing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet roſe, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, ſoon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the ſpring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely ſhaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too ſoon by death's ſharp ſting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree, [be.
And falls, through wind, before the fall ſhould

I weep for thee, and yet no cauſe I have;
For why? thou left'ſt me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'ſt me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee ſtill:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy diſcontent thou didſt bequeath to me.

IX.

Fair Venus with Adonis ſitting by her,
Under a myrtle ſhade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him. [me;
Even thus, quoth ſhe, the warlike god embrac'd
And then ſhe clipt Adonis in her arms:
Even thus, quoth ſhe, the warlike god unlac'd me,
As if the boy ſhould uſe like loving charms.
Even thus, quoth ſhe, he ſeized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure;
And as ſhe fetched breath, away he ſkips, [ſure.
And would not take her meaning nor her plea-
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiſs and clip me till I run away!

X.

Crabbed age and youth,
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleaſance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like ſummer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like ſummer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of ſport,
Age's breath is ſhort,
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee;
O ſweet ſhepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou ſtay'ſt too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A ſhining gloſs, that fadeth ſuddenly;
A flower that dies, when firſt it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glaſs, that's broken preſently:
A doubtful good, a gloſs, a glaſs, a flower,
Loſt, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as good loſt are ſeld or never found,
As faded gloſs no rubbing will refreſh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glaſs no cement can redreſs,
So beauty blemiſh'd once, for ever's loſt,
In ſpite of phyſic, painting, pain, and coſt.

XII.

Good night, good reſt. Ah! neither be my ſhare:
She bade good night, that kept my reſt away;
And daft me to a cabbin hang'd with care,
To deſcant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell, quoth ſhe, and come again to-morrow;
Farewell, I could not, for I ſupp'd with ſorrow.

Yet at my parting ſweetly did ſhe ſmile,
In ſcorn or friendſhip, nill I conſtrue whether:
May be, ſhe joy'd to jeſt at my exile,
May be, again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for ſhadows like myſelf,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

Lord how mine eyes threw gazes to the eaſt!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning
Doth cite each moving ſenſe from idle reſt. [riſe
Not daring truſt the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,
And wiſh her lays were tuned like the lark;

For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark diſmal dreaming night:
The night ſo pack'd, I poſt unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wiſhed ſight;
Sorrow chang'd to ſolace, ſolace mix'd with ſorrow;
For why? ſhe ſigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.
Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;

To ſpite me now, each minute ſeems an hour;
Yet not for me, ſhine ſun to ſuccour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, Night, to-night, and length thyſelf to-morrow.

XIV.

It was a lording's daughter, the faireſt one of three,
That liked of her maſter as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Engliſhman, the faireſt that eye could ſee,
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight,
To leave the maſter loveleſs, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas it was a ſpite
Unto the ſilly damſel.
But one muſt be refuſed more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be uſed, to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the truſty knight was wounded with diſdain;
Alas ſhe could not help it! [day,
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away; [gay;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady
For now my ſong is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whoſe month was ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air,
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf to heaven's breath:
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But alas! my hand hath ſworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth, ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee;
Thou for whom even Jove would ſwear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

XVI.

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams ſpeed not,
All is amiſs
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's denying,
Cauſer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is loſt, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One ſilly croſs
Brought all my loſs;
O frowning fortune, curſed, fickle dame!
For now I ſee,
Inconſtancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears ſcorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel ſpeeding!)
Fraughted with gall.
My ſhepherd's pipe can ſound no deal,
My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but ſeems afraid;
With ſighs ſo deep,
Procures to weep,
In howling wiſe, to ſee my doleful plight.
How ſighs reſound
Through heartleſs ground,
Like a thouſand vanquiſh'd men in bloody fight!
Clear wells ſpring not,
Sweet birds ſing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth; they die:
Herds ſtand weeping,
Flocks all ſleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully.
All our pleaſure known to us poor ſwains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening ſport from us is fled,
All our love is loſt, for love is dead.
Farewell, ſweet love,
Thy like ne'er was
For ſweet content, the cauſe of all my moan:
Poor Coridon
Muſt live alone,
Other help for him I ſee that there is none.

XVII.

When as thine eye has cloſe the dame,
And ſtall'd the deer that thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike,
Let reaſon rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial might:
Take counſel of ſome wiſer head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'ſt thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Leſt ſhe ſome ſubtle practice ſmell;
(A cripple ſoon can find a halt:)
But plainly ſay thou lov'ſt her well,
And ſet her perſon forth to ſale,

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late ſhe will repent,
That thus diſſembled her delight;
And twice deſire, ere it be day,
That which with ſcorn ſhe put away.

What though ſhe ſtrive to try her ſtrength,
And ban and brawl, and ſay thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to ſay;

" Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press thou never to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough,—too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Tereu, Tereu, by and by:

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shewn,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.

Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want,
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such like flattering,
" *Pity but he were a king.*"

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear the part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XIX.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But by my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XX.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,

Be the death-divining ſwan,
Leſt the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy ſable gender mak'ſt
With the breath thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt,
'Mongſt our mourners ſhalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :—
Love and conſtancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the eſſence but in one;
Two diſtincts, diviſion none:
Number there in love was ſlain.

Hearts remote, yet not aſunder;
Diſtance, and no ſpace was ſeen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen;
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did ſhine,
That the turtle ſaw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' ſight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the ſelf was not the ſame;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reaſon, in itſelf confounded,
Saw diviſion grow together;
To themſelves yet either-neither,
Simple were ſo well compounded,

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reaſon, reaſon none,
If what parts can ſo remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-ſupremes and ſtars of love,
As chorus to their tragic ſcene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all ſimplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' neſt;
And the turtle's loyal breaſt
To eternity doth reſt,

Leaving no poſterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chaſtity.

Truth may ſeem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not ſhe;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let thoſe repair
That are either true or fair;
For theſe dead birds ſigh a prayer.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale;
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun, [saw
Whereon the thought might think sometime it
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell
rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That seasoned woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are ty'd
To the orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plait,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from
thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set,—
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *some*, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
here!
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents;
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours), observed as they flew;
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old:
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,

That maidens' eyes ſtuck over all his face;
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts ſhe did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occaſion of the wind
Upon his lips their ſilken parcels hurls.
What's ſweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that ſaw him did enchant the mind;
For on his viſage was in little drawn,
What largeneſs thinks in paradiſe was ſawn.

Small ſhew of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unſhorn velvet, on that termleſs ſkin,
Whoſe bare out-brag'd the web it ſeem'd to wear;
Yet ſhew'd his viſage by that coſt moſt dear;
And nice affections wavering ſtood in doubt,
If beſt 'twere as it was, or beſt without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and therefore free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to ſee,
When winds breathe ſweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeneſs ſo with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falſeneſs in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride; and often men would ſay,
"*That horſe his mettle from his rider takes:*
Proud of ſubjection, noble by the ſway,
What rounds, what bounds, what courſe, what ſtop he makes!"
And controverſy hence a queſtion takes,
Whether the horſe by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing ſteed.

But quickly on this ſide the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accompliſh'd in himſelf, not in his caſe;
All aids, themſelves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Pier'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his ſubduing tongue
All kind of arguments and queſtion deep,
All replication prompt, and reaſon ſtrong,
For his advantage ſtill did wake and ſleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different ſkill,
Catching all paſſions in his craft of will;

That he did in the general boſom reign
Of young of old; and ſexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In perſonal duty, following where he haunted:
Conſents bewitch'd, ere he deſire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Aſk'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To ſerve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination ſet
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and manſions, theirs in thought aſſign'd;
And labouring in more pleaſures to beſtow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly ſuppos'd them miſtreſs of his heart.
My woeful ſelf, that did in freedom ſtand,
And was my own fee-ſimple, (not in part),
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reſerv'd the ſtalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as ſome my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being deſired, yielded;
Finding myſelf in honour ſo forbid,
With ſafeſt diſtance I mine honour ſhielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this falſe jewel, and his amorous ſpoil.

But ah! who ever ſhun'd by precedent
The deſtin'd ill ſhe muſt herſelf aſſay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainſt her own content,
To put the by-paſs'd perils in her way?
Counſel may ſtop a while what will not ſtay;
For when we rage, advice is often ſeen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it ſatisfaction to our blood,
That we muſt curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the ſweets that ſeem ſo good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment ſtand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taſte,
Though reaſon weep, and cry *it is thy laſt.*

For further I could ſay, *this man's untrue,*
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his ſmiling,
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling,
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
And baſtards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon theſe terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan beſiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you ſworn, to none was ever ſaid;
For feaſts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you ſee,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
Love made them not; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They ſought their ſhame that ſo their ſhame did find;
And ſo much leſs of ſhame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free;
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd),
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard,
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similies to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
She that her fame so to herself contrives,

The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be enmur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
Who disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when I the assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O how the channel to the stream gave grace
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue incloses.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daft,

Shook off my ſober guards and civil fears,
Appear to him, as he to me appears, [bore,
All melting; though our drops this difference
His poiſon'd me, and mine did him reſtore.

In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all ſtrange forms receives,
Of burning bluſhes, or of weeping water,
Or ſwooning paleneſs; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptneſs as it beſt deceives,
To bluſh at ſpeeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white, and ſwoon at tragic ſhews.

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could 'ſcape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Shewing fair Nature is both wild and tame;
And veil'd in them did win whom he would maim,
Againſt the thing he ſought, he would exclaim

When he moſt burnt in heart-wiſh'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chaſtity.

Thus merely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That th' unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubim above them hover'd:
Who young and ſimple would not be ſo lover'd?
Ah me! I fell, and yet do queſtion make,
What I ſhould do again for ſuch a ſake.

Oh! that infected moiſture of his eye!
Oh! that falſe fire, which in his cheek ſo glow'd
Oh! that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly!
Oh! that ſad breath his ſpungy lungs beſtow'd!
Oh! all that borrow'd motion ſeeming owed!
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Containing his

POEM ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,
THE HYMNS OF ASTREA,
ORCHESTRA, A POEM ON DANCING, IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PENELOPE AND ONE OF HER WOOERS,
&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

That Power, which gave me eyes the world to view,
To view myſelf, infus'd an inward light,
Whereby my Soul, as by a mirror true,
Of her own form may take a perfect ſight.

POEM ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

EDINBURGH:
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THE LIFE OF DAVIES.

Sir John Davies was born at Chiſgrove, in the pariſh of Tiſbury, Wiltſhire, in 1570. He was the third ſon of John Davies, who is ſaid by Wood to have been a wealthy tanner; but in the books which record his admiſſion into the ſociety of the Middle Temple, it is ſaid, that his father was "late of New Inn, gentleman."

In 1585, the fifteenth year of his age, he was entered a commoner of Queen's college, Oxford. At the beginning of the year 1588, he removed to the Middle Temple; but he appears to have returned occaſionally to Oxford; for in 1590 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

At the Temple he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of the law; but he was more diſtinguiſhed by his abilities, than by the regularity of his manners. He interrupted, it is ſaid, the quiet of the Inn, by miſdemeanors, for which he was fined, and by diſorders, for which he was removed from Commons.

In 1595, he was called to the Bar; but in 1598, he was expelled the ſociety of the Middle Temple, for quarrelling with the facetious Richard Martin, afterwards Recorder of London, and beating him, while they were at dinner in the common-hall.

His miſconduct appears to have retarded his progreſs at the Bar; but he ſeems never to have been inattentive to literature. Beſides the ſtudy of the law, he particularly applied himſelf to poetry, and wrote twenty-ſix Acroſtics, under the title of *Hymns of Aſtrea*, in honour of Queen Elizabeth. In 1599, he publiſhed, in 4to, his *Noſce Teipſum*, a Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, which completely eſtabliſhed his poetical reputation.

In 1601, by the favour of Lord Elleſmere, Keeper of the Great Seal, he was reſtored to his chamber in the Temple, and practiſed the law as a barriſter. The ſame year he was choſen a Member of the Houſe of Commons for Corfe-Caſtle, in Dorſetſhire. He appears to have been an active and uſeful Member of Parliament, and a ſupporter of the privileges of the Houſe, particularly in the great debate about monopolies.

On the death of Queen Elizabeth, he accompanied Lord Hunſdon into Scotland, to congratulate King James on his acceſſion to the Throne of England. Being introduced to his Majeſty by Hunſdon, the King immediately inquired if he was *Noſce Teipſum*; and being informed he was, moſt graciouſly embraced him, and aſſured him of his favour.

In 1603, he was ſent Solicitor General to Ireland; and his appointment to the office of Attorney General took place ſoon after. During his reſidence in Ireland, he was very active in the meaſures adopted for the colonization of Ulſter, and the civilization of the kingdom. Beſides his official ſervices, which were highly applauded, he publiſhed ſeveral valuable tracts on the ſtate of the people and of the country; which, in 1780, were reprinted, in one volume 8vo, under the title of "Hiſtorical Tracts."

In 1606, he was promoted to the degree of Serjeant at Law; and the year following, he received the honour of knighthood. In 1612, he was made King's Serjeant; and the ſame year he was choſen Speaker of the firſt Houſe of Commons of Ireland, formed by a general repreſentation.

In 1615, he publiſhed his Reports, with a preface to Lord Elleſmere, which is juſtly eſteemed the beſt that ever was prefixed to a law book. Soon after the publication of this work, he appears to have quitted Ireland, in conſequence of a change in its adminiſtration.

After his return to England, he was appointed to act as one of the Juſtices of Aſſize, in ſeveral circuits. He was alſo elected a Member of the Houſe of Commons for Newcaſtle under Line, in the Parliament which met at the beginning of the year 1621. He ſeems not often to have ſpoken in Parliament at this period; except on the affairs of Ireland.

In 1626, he was appointed Lord Chief Juſtice of England, in the room of Sir Randolph Crew; but before he could be ſworn in, he was carried off by an apoplexy, in the night of the 7th of December, at his houſe in the Strand, in the 57th year of his age.

He married Lady Eleanor Touchet, youngeſt daughter of George Lord Audley, Earl of Caſtlehaven, by whom he had one ſon, who was an idiot, and died young, and a daughter, named Lucy, who was married to Ferdinando Lord Haſtings, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon. His lady was a very ſingular character, and dealt much in prophecies, which brought on her very rigorous treatment, after his death, from the High Commiſſion Court. An account of her prophecies was publiſhed in 1649. She died in 1652.

From a low extraction, Davies made his way to eminence by his abilities. Camden, Bacon, Harrington, Selden, Jonſon, Hoſkins, Donne, and Corbet, are unqueſtionable authorities in his favour; but he ſeems not hitherto to have obtained a reputation adequate to his merit.

His "Hiſtorical Tracts," which are written with great accuracy and perſpicuity, have, indeed, been reprinted; but his poetical pieces, which have conſiderable excellence, are now, for the firſt time, received into an arrangement of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

The ſecond edition of his *Poem on the Immortality of the Soul* was printed in 4to, 1602, with the following title, "*Noſce Teipſum:* This oracle expounded in two elegies; I. Of Human Knowledge; II. Of the Soul of Man, and the Immortality thereof." A third edition was printed, in folio, 1688; and a fourth, in 8vo, 1697, by Tate, with an admirable preface, furniſhed by a clergyman, whoſe name he was not permitted to give the public.

An edition of his "Poetical Works," conſiſting of the "Poem on the Immortality of the Soul; Hymns to Aſtrea; and Orcheſtra, a Poem on Dancing," was printed, in 8vo, 1773, by T. Davies, a bookſeller, who has laudably employed himſelf in reviving the nobleſt monuments of the dead.

The Preface to Tate's edition has been reprinted by Mr. Davies; and as it exhibits a juſt and advantageous character of the *Noſce Teipſum*, it is alſo preſerved in the preſent edition.

The *Noſce Teipſum* is the earlieſt philoſophical poem this country has produced, and the beſt poem of the age of Elizabeth, except the Faery Queen: The language is pure, demonſtrative, and neat; and the verſification exquiſitely poliſhed, and harmonious.

The *Hymns to Aſtrea* contain much poetry and much flattery, and are greatly ſuperior to the acroſtic verſes of other writers, who are juſtly ridiculed and condemned by Dryden, in his Mac-Flecknoe, and by Addiſon, in his Eſſay on Wit.

The *Orcheſtra* contains a very ingenious explanation of the antiquity and excellency of Dancing, in a dialogue between Penelope and one of her wooers. It is much to be regretted, that it ſhould be left unfiniſhed; or what is more likely, that the imperfect part ſhould be loſt; for in all probability he completed it, being written in his youth, as appears from the concluſion. Harrington has an epigram in commendation of it, at the end of his tranſlation of Arioſto.

He is ſaid to have written ſome epigrams, printed at Middleburg, about 1598, and a metaphraſe of ſeveral of King David's Pſalms, which was never publiſhed.

The inſcription, on a monument erected near his grave in the church of St. Martin in the Fields, gives him the following character:

"He was a man of fine abilities and uncommon eloquence, and a moſt excellent writer both in proſe and verſe. He tempered the ſeverity of the lawyer with the politeneſs and learning of the gentleman: he was a faithful advocate, an impartial judge, and equally remarkable for a love of ſincere piety, and a contempt of anxious ſuperſtition."

THE PREFACE

TO

SIR JOHN DAVIES'S POEM

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

PUBLISHED IN 1699.

THERE is a natural love and fondneſs in Engliſhmen for whatever was done in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; we look upon her time as our golden age, and the great men who lived in it, as our chiefeſt heroes of virtue, and greateſt examples of wiſdom, courage, integrity, and learning.

Among many others, the author of this Poem merits a laſting honour; for, as he was a moſt eloquent lawyer, ſo, in the compoſition of this piece, we admire him for a good poet, and exact philoſopher. It is not rhyming that makes a poet, but the true and impartial repreſenting of virtue and vice, ſo as to inſtruct mankind in matters of greateſt importance. And this obſervation has been made of our countrymen, That Sir John Suckling wrote in the moſt courtly and gentlemanlike ſtyle; Waller in the moſt ſweet and flowing numbers; Denham with the moſt accurate judgment and correctneſs; Cowley with pleaſing ſoftneſs, and plenty of imagination: none ever uttered more divine thought than Mr. Herbert; none more philoſophically than Sir John Davies. His thoughts are moulded into eaſy and ſignificant words; his rhymes never miſlead the ſenſe, but are led and governed by it; ſo that in reading ſuch uſeful performances, the wit of mankind may be refined from its droſs, their memories furniſhed with the beſt notions, their judgments ſtrengthened, and their conceptions enlarged; by which means the mind will be raiſed to the moſt perfect ideas it is capable of in this degenerate ſtate.

But as others have laboured to carry out our thoughts, and to entertain them with all manner of delights abroad, it is the peculiar character of this author, that he has taught us (with Antoninus) to meditate upon ourſelves; that he has diſcloſed to us greater ſecrets at home, ſelf-reflection being the only way to valuable and true knowledge, which conſiſts in that rare ſcience of a man's ſelf, which the moral philoſopher loſes in a crowd of definitions, diviſions, and diſtinctions; the hiſtorian cannot find it amongſt all his muſty records, being far better acquainted with the tranſactions of a thouſand years paſt, than with the preſent age, or with himſelf: the writer of fables

and romances wander from it, in following the deluſions of a wild fancy, chimeras and fictions that do not only exceed the works, but alſo the poſſibility of nature. Whereas the reſemblance of truth is the utmoſt limits of poetical liberty, which our author has very religiouſly obſerved; for he has not only placed and connected together the moſt amiable images of all thoſe powers that are in our ſouls, but he has furniſhed and ſquared his matter like a true philoſopher; that is, he has made the body and ſoul, colour and ſhadow of his Poem, out of the ſtore-houſe of his own mind, which gives the whole work a real and natural beauty; when that which is borrowed out of books, (the boxes of counterfeit complexion) ſhews well or ill as it has more or leſs likeneſs to the natural. But our author is beholding to none but himſelf; and by knowing himſelf thoroughly, he has arrived to know much; which appears in his admirable variety of well choſen metaphors and ſimilitudes, that cannot be found within the compaſs of a narrow knowledge. For this reaſon, the Poem, on account of its intrinſic worth, would be as laſting as the Iliad or the Æneid, if the language it is wrote in were as immutable as that of the Greeks and Romans.

Now it would be of great benefit to the beaus of our age, to carry this glaſs in their pocket, whereby they might learn to think, rather than dreſs well. It would be of uſe alſo to the wits and virtuoſos to carry this antidote about them, againſt the poiſon they have ſucked in from Lucretius or Hobbs. This would acquaint them with ſome principles of religion; for, in old times, the poets were their divines, and exerciſed a kind of ſpiritual authority amongſt the people. Verſe in thoſe days was the ſacred ſtyle, the ſtyle of oracles and laws. The vows and thanks of the people were recommended to their gods in ſongs and hymns. Why may they not retain this privilege? for if proſe ſhould contend with verſe, it would be upon unequal terms, and (as it were) on foot againſt the wings of Pegaſus. With what delight are we touched in hearing the ſtories of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, and Æneas? Becauſe in their characters we have wiſdom, honour, fortitude, and juſtice ſet before our eyes. It was Plato's opinion, that if a man could ſee virtue, he would be ſtrangely enamoured on her perſon. Which is the reaſon why Horace and Virgil have continued ſo long in reputation, becauſe they have drawn her in all the charms of poetry. No man is ſo ſenſeleſs of rational impreſſions, as not to be wonderfully affected with the paſtorals of the ancients, when under the ſtories of wolves and ſheep, they deſcribe the miſery of people under hard maſters, and their happineſs under good. So the bitter but wholeſome Iambick was wont to make villainy bluſh; the Satire incited men to laugh at folly; the Comedian chaſtiſed the common errors of life; and the Tragedian made kings afraid to be tyrants, and tyrants to be their own tormentors.

Wherefore, as Sir Philip Sidney ſaid of Chaucer, that he knew not which he ſhould moſt wonder at, either that he in his dark time ſhould ſee ſo diſtinctly, or that we in this clear age ſhould go ſo ſtumblingly after him; ſo may we marvel at and bewail the low condition of poetry now, when in our plays ſcarce any one rule of decorum is obſerved, but in the ſpace of two hours and an half we paſs through all the fits of Bedlam; in one ſcene we are all in mirth, in the next we are ſunk into ſadneſs; whilſt even the moſt laboured parts are commonly ſtarved for want of thought; a confuſed heap of words, and empty ſound of rhyme.

This very conſideration ſhould advance the eſteem of the following poem, wherein are repreſented the various movements of the mind; at which we are as much tranſported as with the moſt excellent ſcenes of paſſion in Shakſpeare, or Fletcher: for in this, as in a mirror (that will not flatter) we ſee how the ſoul arbitrates in the underſtanding upon the various reports of ſenſe, and all the changes of imagination: how compliant the will is to her dictates, and obeys her as a queen does her king. At the ſame time acknowledging a ſubjection, and yet retaining a majeſty. How the paſſions move at her command, like a well diſciplined army; from which regular compoſure of the faculties, all operating in their proper time and place, there ariſes a complacency upon the whole ſoul, that infinitely tranſcends all other pleaſures.

What deep philoſophy is this! to diſcover the proceſs of God's art in faſhioning the ſoul of man after his own image; by remarking how one part moves another, and how thoſe motions are varied by ſeveral poſitions of each part, from the firſt ſprings and plummets, to the very hand that points out the viſible and laſt effects. What eloquence and force of wit, to convey theſe profound ſpeculations in the eaſieſt language, expreſſed in words ſo vulgarly received, that they are underſtood by the meaneſt capacities.

For the poet takes care in every line to ſatisfy the underſtanding of mankind: he follows ſtep by ſtep the workings of the mind from the firſt ſtrokes of ſenſe, then of fancy, afterwards of judgment, into the principles both of natural and ſupernatural motives: hereby the ſoul is made intelligible, which comprehends all things beſides; the boundleſs tracks of ſea and land, and the vaſter ſpaces of heaven; that vital principle of action, which has always been buſied in inquiries abroad, is now made known to itſelf; inſomuch that we may find out what we ourſelves are, from whence we came, and whither we muſt go; we may perceive what noble gueſts thoſe are, which we lodge in our boſoms, which are nearer to us than all other things, and yet nothing farther from our acquaintance.

But here all the labyrinths and windings of the human frame are laid open: 'tis ſeen by what pullies and wheels the work is carried on, as plainly as if a window were opened into our breaſt: for it is the work of God alone to create a mind.—The next to this is to ſhew how its operations are performed.

THE

AUTHOR'S DEDICATION

TO

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

To that clear majeſty which in the North
  Doth, like another ſun, in glory riſe, [worth;
Which ſtandeth fix'd, yet ſpreads her heav'nly
  Loadſtone to hearts, and loadſtar to all eyes.

Like heav'n in all, like earth to this alone,
  That tho' great ſtates by her ſupport do ſtand;
Yet ſhe herſelf ſupported is of none,
  But by the finger of th' Almighty's hand.

To the divineſt and the richeſt mind,
  Both by art's purchaſe, and by nature's dow'r,
That ever was from heaven to earth confin'd,
  To ſhew the utmoſt of a creature's pow'r:

To that great ſpring, which doth great kingdoms
  move; [ſtreams,
The ſacred ſpring, whence right and honour
Diſtilling virtue, ſhedding peace and love,
  In every place, as Cynthia ſheds her beams:

I offer up ſome ſparkles of that fire,
  Wherehy we reaſon, live, and move, and be;
Theſe ſparks by nature evermore aſpire,
  Which makes them now to ſuch a highneſs flee.

Fair ſoul, ſince to the faireſt body join'd,
  You give ſuch lively life, ſuch quick'ning pow'r;
And influence of ſuch celeſtial kind,
  As keeps it ſtill in youth's immortal flower:

As where the ſun is preſent all the year,
  And never doth retire his golden ray,
Needs muſt the ſpring be everlaſting there,
  And every ſeaſon like the month of May.

O! many, many years may you remain
  A happy angel to this happy land:
Long, long may you on earth our empreſs reign,
  Ere you in heaven a glorious angel ſtand.

Stay long (ſweet ſpirit) ere thou to heaven depart,
Who mak'ſt each place a heaven wherein thou art.

HER MAJESTY'S

Devoted Subject

And Servant,

JOHN DAVIES.

THE INTRODUCTION.

Why did my parents ſend me to the ſchools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the deſire to know firſt made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind;

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
Of the firſt parents, all the rules of good,
So that their ſkill infus'd, and did paſs all arts
That ever were, before, or ſince the flood;

And when their reaſons eye was ſharp and clear,
And (as an eagle can behold the ſun)
Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near,
As th' intellectual angels could have done:

E'en then to them th' ſpirit of lies ſuggeſts,
That they were blind, becauſe they ſaw not ill,
And breath'd into their incorrupted breaſts
A curious wiſh, which did corrupt their will.

For that ſame ill they ſtraight deſir'd to know;
Which ill, being naught but a defect of good,
In all God's works the Devil could not ſhow,
While man their Lord in his perfection ſtood.

So that themſelves were firſt to do the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,
Like him that knew not poiſon's power to kill,
Until (by taſting it) himſelf was ſlain.

E'en ſo by taſting of that fruit forbid, [find;
Where they ſought knowledge they did error
Ill they deſir'd to know, and ill they did;
And to give paſſion eyes, made reaſon blind.

For then their minds did firſt in paſſion ſee
Thoſe wretched ſhapes of miſery and woe,
Of nakedneſs, of ſhame, of poverty, [know.
Which then their own experience made them

But then grew reaſon dark, that ſhe no more,
Could the fair forms of good and truth diſcern,
Bats they became, that eagles were before;
And this they got by their deſire to learn.

But we, their wretched offſpring, what do we?
Do not we ſtill taſte of the fruit forbid?
Whilſt with fond fruitleſs curioſity,
In books profane we ſeek for knowledge hid.

What is this knowledge? but the ſky-ſtol'n fire,
For which the thief * ſtill chain'd in ice doth ſit?
And which the poor rude ſatyr † did admire,
And needs would kiſs, but burnt his lips with it.

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain, [got?
Which when Jove's gueſt ‖ embrac'd, he monſters
Or the falſe pails, ¶ which oft being fill'd with pain?
Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it? but the fiery coach
Which the youth § ſought, and ſought his death withal?
Or the boy's ⸸ wings, which when he did approach
The ſun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies waſted, and our ſpirits ſpent;
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament:

What can we know? or what can we diſcern?
When error choaks the windows of the mind;
The divers forms of things, how can we learn?
That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

When reaſon's lamp, which (like the ſun in ſky)
Throughout man's little world her beams did ſpread,
Is now become a ſparkle, which doth lie
Under the aſhes, half extinct, and dead:

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear,
This dying ſparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect theſe beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the firſt minds by grace?

* Prometheus. † See Aeſop's Fables.
‖ Ixion. ¶ Danaides. § Phaeton. ⸸ Icarus.

So might the heir, whose father hath in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high. [such:
Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his weakness
" Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
" We learn so little and forget so much."

For this the wisest of all moral men
Said, He knew nought, but that he nought did know,
And the great mocking-master mock'd not then,
When he said, Truth was buried deep below.

For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own Soul understands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious brain,
When, know thyself, his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy Soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that and this,
When of herself she can no judgment give, [is.
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, not what she

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do:
But that whereby we reason, live and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own Soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade;
We leech-craft learn, but others cure with it;
We interpret laws, which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?

No, doubtless; for the mind can backward cast
Upon herself, her understanding's light,
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the Fable of the Lady fair,
Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow,
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
And saw herself transform'd she wist not how:

At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd;
At last with terror she from thence doth fly,
And loathes the watry glass wherein she gaz'd,
And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth die:

E'en so man's Soul which did God's image bear,
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all sights her own sight least endure:

For e'en at first reflection she espies
Such strange chimæras, and such monsters there,
Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

And as the man loves least at home to be,
That hath a sluttish house haunted with sprites;
So she impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself, and in strange things delights.

For this few know themselves: for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain,
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire:

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's inmost part;
As bees in storms back to their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear;
Reform'd my will and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air:
So working seas settle and purge the wine:
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair:
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lifts my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myſelf I will not go;
Myſelf am centre of my circling thought,
Only myſelf I ſtudy, learn, and know.

I know my Body's of ſo frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill:
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my Soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is ſhe blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
Yet to the leaſt and vileſt things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a ſpan;
I know my ſenſe is mock'd in ev'ry thing;
And to conclude, I know myſelf a man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

OF THE SOUL OF MAN,

AND THE

IMMORTALITY THEREOF.

The lights of heav'n (which are the world's fair eyes)
Look down into the world, the world to see;
And as they turn or wander in the skies,
Survey all things that on this centre be.

And yet the lights which in my tow'r do shine,
Mine eyes, which view all objects nigh and far,
Look not into this little world of mine,
Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since Nature fails us in no needful thing,
Why want I means my inward self to see?
Which sight the knowledge of myself might bring,
Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That Pow'r, which gave me eyes the world to view,
To view myself, infus'd an inward light,
Whereby my Soul, as by a mirror true,
Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sun-beams in the air do shine;
So the best Soul, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine.

O light, which mak'st the light, which makes the day!
Which set'st the eye without, and mind within,
Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true form how can my spark discern,
Which, dim by nature, art did never clear?
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,
Are ignorant both what she is, and where.

One thinks the Soul is air; another fire;
Another blood, diffus'd about the heart;
Another saith, the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies;
Physicians hold that they complexions be;
Epicures make them swarms of atomies,
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral Soul fills every brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in every star;
And others think the name of Soul is vain,
And that we only well-mixt bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary;
And thus they vary in judgment of her seat;
For some her chair up to the brain do carry,
Some thrust it down into the stomach's heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the heart;
Some in the river, fountain of the veins;
Some say, she's all in all, and all in ev'ry part;
Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus theſe great clerks their little wiſdom ſhew,
While with their doctrines they at hazard play;
Toſſing their light opinions to and fro,
To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they.

For no craz'd brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the Soul, ſo vain and fond a thought;
But ſome among theſe maſters have been found,
Which in their ſchools the ſelf-ſame thing have taught.

God only wiſe, to puniſh pride of wit,
Among men's wits hath this confuſion wrought,
As the proud tow'r whoſe points the clouds did hit,
By tongues confuſion was to ruin brought.

But (thou) which didſt man's ſoul of nothing make,
And when to nothing it was fallen again,
" To make it new, the form of man didſt take;
" And God with God, becam'ſt a man with " men."

Thou that haſt faſhion'd twice this Soul of ours,
So that ſhe is by double title thine,
Thou only know'ſt her nature and her pow'rs,
Her ſubtil form thou only canſt define.

To judge herſelf, ſhe muſt herſelf tranſcend,
As greater circles comprehend the leſs;
But ſhe wants pow'r, her own pow'rs to extend,
As fetter'd men cannot their ſtrength expreſs.

But thou bright morning Star, thou riſing Sun,
Which in theſe later times haſt brought to light
Thoſe myſteries, that, ſince the world begun,
Lay hid in darkneſs and eternal night.

Thou (like the ſun) do'ſt with an equal ray
Into the palace and the cottage ſhine,
And ſhew'ſt the Soul, both to the clerk and lay,
By the clear lamp of oracle divine.

This lamp, through all the regions of my brain,
Where my ſoul ſits, doth ſpread ſuch beams of grace,
As now, methinks, I do diſtinguiſh plain
Each ſubtle line of her immortal face.

The Soul a ſubſtance and a ſpirit is,
Which God himſelf doth in the body make,
Which makes the man, for every man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.

And though this ſpirit be to th' Body knit,
As an apt means her pow'rs to exerciſe,
Which are life, motion, ſenſe, and will, and wit,
Yet ſhe ſurvives, although the Body dies.

SECTION I.

That the Soul is a thing ſubſiſting by itſelf without the Body.

She is a ſubſtance, and a real thing,
Which hath itſelf an actual working might,
Which neither from the ſenſes power doth ſpring,
Nor from the Body's humours temper'd right.

She is a vine, which doth no propping need,
To make her ſpread herſelf, or ſpring upright;
She is a ſtar, whoſe beams do not proceed
From any ſun, but from a native light.

For when ſhe ſorts things preſent with things paſt,
And thereby things to come doth oft foreſee;
When ſhe doth doubt at firſt, and chooſe at laſt,
Theſe acts her own §, without her body be.

When of the dew, which th' eye and ear do take,
From flow'rs abroad, and bring into the brain,
She doth within both wax and honey make:
This work is hers, this is her proper pain.

When ſhe from ſundry acts, one ſkill doth draw;
Gathering from divers fights one art of war;
From many caſes, like one rule of law;
Theſe her collections, not the ſenſes are.

When in th' effects ſhe doth the cauſes know;
And ſeeing the ſtream, thinks where the ſpring doth riſe;
And ſeeing the branch, conceives the root below:
Theſe things ſhe views without the Body's eyes.

When ſhe, without a Pegaſus, doth fly
Swifter than lightning's fire from Eaſt to Weſt;
About the centre, and above the ſky,
She travels then, although the body reſt.

When all her works ſhe formeth firſt within,
Proportions them, and ſees their perfect end;
Ere ſhe in act doth any part begin,
What inſtruments doth then the Body lend?

When without hands ſhe doth thus caſtles build,
Sees without eyes, and without feet doth run;
When ſhe digeſts the world, yet is not fill'd:
By her own pow'rs theſe miracles are done.

When ſhe defines, argues, divides, compounds,
Conſiders virtue, vice, and general things;
And marrying divers principles and grounds,
Out of their match a true concluſion brings.

Theſe actions in her cloſet, all alone,
(Retir'd within herſelf) ſhe doth fulfil;
Uſe of her Body's organs ſhe hath none,
When ſhe doth uſe the pow'rs of wit and will.

§ That the Soul hath a proper operation without the Body.

et in the Body's prison so she lies,
As through the Body's windows she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise, [book.
By gathering notes out of the world's great

Nor can herself discourse or judge of ought,
But what the sense collects, and home doth bring;
And yet the pow'rs of her discoursing thought,
From these collections is a diverse thing.

For though our eyes can nought but colours see,
Yet colours give them not their pow'r of sight:
So, though these fruits of sense her objects be,
Yet she discerns them by her proper light.

The workman on his stuff his skill doth shew,
And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill:
Kings their affairs do by their servants know,
But order them by their own royal will.

So, though this cunning mistress, and this queen,
Doth, as her instruments, the senses use,
To know all things that are felt, heard, or seen;
Yet she herself doth only judge and choose.

E'en as a prudent emperor, that reigns
By sovereign title over sundry lands,
Borrows, in mean affairs, his subjects pains,
Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands:

But things of weight and consequence indeed,
Himself doth in his chamber then debate;
Where all his counsellors he doth exceed,
As far in judgment, as he doth in state.

Or as the man whom princes do advance,
Upon their gracious mercy-seat to sit,
Doth common things of course and circumstance,
To the reports of common men commit:

But when the cause itself must be decreed,
Himself in person in his proper court,
To grave and solemn hearing doth proceed,
Of ev'ry proof, and ev'ry bye-report.

Then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,
And milk and honey from his tongue doth flow:
Happy are they that still are in his sight,
To reap the wisdom which his lips doth sow.

Right so the Soul, which is a lady free,
And doth the justice of her state maintain:
Because the senses ready servants be,
Attending nigh about her court, the brain:

By them the forms of outward things she learns,
For they return into the fantasie,
Whatever each of them abroad discerns,
And there enroll it for the mind to see.

But when she sits to judge the good and ill,
And to discern betwixt the false and true,
She is not guided by the senses skill,
But doth each thing in her own mirror view.

Then she the senses checks, which oft do err,
And e'en against their false reports decrees;
And oft she doth condemn what they prefer;
For with a pow'r above the sense, she sees.

Therefore no sense the precious joys conceives,
Which in her private contemplations be;
For then the ravish'd spirit th' senses leaves,
Hath her own pow'rs, and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are sweet, and full of skill,
When on the Body's instruments she plays;
But the proportions of the wit and will,
Those sweet accords are even th' angels lays.

These tunes of reason are Amphion's lyre,
Wherewith he did the Theban city found:
These are the notes wherewith the heavenly choir,
The praise of him which made the heaven doth found.

Then her self-being nature shines in this,
That she performs her noblest works alone
"The work, the touch-stone of the nature is;
"And by their operations things are known."

SECTION II.

That the Soul is more than a Perfection, or Reflection of the Sense.

Are they not senseless then, that think the Soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the Sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enroll;
A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it then that doth the Sense accuse,
Both of false judgment, and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
Which oft in torment of the Sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets spheres not much asunder:
What tells us then their distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the thunder:
What tells us then they both together are?

When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r,
Sense saith, they're crows: What makes us think them men?
When we in agues think all sweet things sour,
What makes us know our tongue's false judgment then?

What pow'r was that, whereby Medea saw,
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better course;
When her rebellious Sense did so withdraw
Her feeble pow'rs, that she pursu'd the worse?

Did Sense persuade Ulysses not to hear
The mermaid's songs which so his men did please,
That they were all persuaded, through the ear,
To quit the ship and leap into the seas?

Could any pow'r of Senſe the Roman move,
To burn his own right-hand with courage ſtout?
Could Senſe make Marius ſit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtleſs, in man there is a nature found,
Beſide the Senſes, and above them far;
"Though moſt men being in ſenſual pleaſures
"drown'd,
"It ſeems their Souls but in their Senſes are."

If we had nought but Senſe, then only they
Should have found minds, which have their
Senſes found:
But Wiſdom grows, when Senſes do decay;
And folly moſt in quickeſt Senſe is found.

If we had nought but Senſe, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more ſharp than
As having Senſe's apprehenſive might, [we;
In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick diſcourſing pow'r,
Which doth in us the erring Senſe correct;
Therefore the bee did ſuck the painted flow'r,
And birds, of grapes, the cunning ſhadow peck'd.

Senſe outſides knows, the ſoul through all things
ſees: [view:
Senſe, circumſtance; ſhe doth the ſubſtance
Senſe ſees the bark, but ſhe the life of trees;
Senſe hears the ſounds, but ſhe the concords
true.

But why do I the Soul and Senſe divide,
When Senſe is but a pow'r, which ſhe extends;
Which being in divers parts diverſify'd,
The divers forms of objects apprehends?

This power ſpreads outward, but the root doth
grow
In th' inward Soul, which only doth perceive;
For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,
Than glaſſes know what faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elſewhere,
Though our eyes open be, we cannot ſee:
And if one pow'r did not both ſee and hear,
Our ſights and ſounds would always double be.

Then is the ſoul a nature, which contains
The pow'r of Senſe, within a greater pow'r;
Which doth employ and uſe the Senſe's pains,
But ſits and rules within her private bow'r.

SECTION III.

That the Soul is more than the Temperature of the Humours of the Body.

If ſhe doth then the ſubtle ſenſe excel,
How groſs are they that drown her in the blood?
Or in the Body's humours temper'd well;
As if in them ſuch high perfection ſtood?

As if moſt ſkill in that muſician were,
Which had the beſt, and beſt tun'd inſtrument?
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
Had pow'r to make the painter excellent.

Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will?
Why doth not health bring wiſdom ſtill with it?
Why doth not ſickneſs make men brutiſh ſtill.

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water find?
What alchymiſt can draw, with all his ſkill,
The quinteſſence of theſe out of the mind?

If th' elements which have nor life, nor ſenſe,
Can breed in us ſo great a pow'r as this,
Why give they not themſelves like excellence,
Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If ſhe were but the Body's quality, [blind
Then ſhe would be with it ſick, maim'd and
But we perceive where theſe privations be,
An healthy, perfect, and ſharp-ſighted mind.

If ſhe the Body's nature did partake, [decay:
Her ſtrength would with the Body's ſtrength
But when the Body's ſtrongeſt ſinews ſlake,
Then is the Soul moſt active, quick and gay.

If ſhe were but the Body's accident,
And her ſole being did in it ſubſiſt,
As white in ſnow, ſhe might herſelf abſent,
And in the Body's ſubſtance not be miſs'd.

But it on her, not ſhe on it depends;
For ſhe the Body doth ſuſtain and cheriſh:
Such ſecret pow'rs of life to it ſhe lends,
That when they fail, then doth the Body periſh.

Since then the Soul works by herſelf alone, [ing,
Springs not from Senſe, nor humours well agree-
Her nature is peculiar, and her own;
She is a ſubſtance, and a perfect being.

SECTION IV.

That the Soul is a Spirit.

But though this ſubſtance be the root of Senſe,
Senſe knows her not, which doth but Bodies
know:
She is a Spirit, and heav'nly influence, [flow.
Which from th' fountain of God's ſpirit doth

She is a Spirit, yet not like air, or wind;
Nor like the ſpirits about the heart, or brain;
Nor like thoſe ſpirits which alchymiſts do find,
When they in ev'ry thing ſeek gold in vain.

For ſhe all natures under heaven doth paſs, [do ſee,
Being like thoſe ſpirits, which God's bright face
Or like Himſelf, whoſe image once ſhe was,
Though now (alas!) ſhe ſcarce his ſhadow be.

For of all forms, she holds the first degree,
That are to gross, material bodies knit;
Yet she herself is bodyless, and free;
And though confin'd, is almost infinite.

Were she a Body, ¶ how could she remain
Within this Body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
And in our narrow breasts contained be?

All Bodies are confin'd within some place,
But she all place within herself confines:
All Bodies have their measure and their space;
But who can draw the Soul's dimensive lines?

No Body can at once two forms admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the Soul ten thousand forms do sit,
And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

All Bodies are with other Bodies fill'd,
But she receives both heav'n and earth together:
Nor are their forms by rash encounter spill'd,
For there they stand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor can her wide embracements filled be;
For they that most and greatest things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity,
As streams enlarg'd, enlarge the channel's space.

All things receiv'd, do such proportion take,
As those things have, wherein they are receiv'd:
So little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

Then what vast Body must we make the mind,
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas, and lands;
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion stands?

Doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to Spirits, by sublimation strange;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;
Which to her proper nature she transforms,
To bear them light on her celestial wings.

This doth she, when, from things particular,
She doth abstract the universal kinds,
Which bodyless and immaterial are,
And can be only lodg'd within our minds.

And thus from divers accidents and acts,
Which do within her observation fall,
She goddesses, and pow'rs divine abstracts;
As nature, fortune, and the virtues all.

¶ That it cannot be a Body.

Again; how can she sev'ral Bodies know,
If in herself a body's form she bear?
How can a mirror sundry faces show,
If from all shapes and forms it be not clear?

Nor could we by our eyes all colours learn,
Except our eyes were of all colours void;
Nor sundry tastes can any tongue discern,
Which is with gross and bitter humours cloy'd.

Nor can a man of passions judge aright,
Except his mind be from all passions free:
Nor can a judge his office well acquit,
If he possess'd of either party be.

If, lastly, this quick pow'r a body were,
Were it as swift as in the wind or fire,
(Whose atoms do the one down side-ways bear,
And th' other make in pyramids aspire.)

Her nimble Body yet in time must move,
And not in instants thro' all places slide:
But she is nigh and far, beneath, above,
In point of time, which thought cannot divide:

She's sent as soon to China, as to Spain;
And thence returns, as soon as she is sent:
She measures with one time, and with one pain,
An ell of silk, and heav'n's wide spreading tent.

As then the Soul a substance hath alone,
Besides the Body in which she's confin'd;
So hath she not a Body of her own,
But is a spirit, and immaterial mind.

Since Body and Soul have such diversities, [gan;
Well might we muse, how first their match be-
But that we learn, that he that spread the skies,
And fix'd the earth, first form'd the soul in man.

This true, Prometheus first made man of earth,
And shed in him a beam of heav'nly fire;
Now in their mother's wombs, before their birth,
Doth in all sons of men their Souls inspire.

And as Minerva is in fables said,
From Jove, without a mother, to proceed;
So our true Jove, without a mother's aid;
Doth daily millions of Minervas breed.

SECTION V.

Erroneous Opinions of the Creation of Souls.

Then neither from eternity before, begun,
Nor from the time, when time's first point
Made he all souls, which now he keeps in store;
Some in the moon, and others in the sun:

Nor in a secret cloister doth he keep
These virgin spirits, 'till their marriage-day;
Nor locks them up in chambers, where they sleep,
Till they awake within these beds of clay.

Nor did he first a certain number make,
Infusing part in beasts and part in men;
And, as unwilling further pains to take,
Would make no more than those he framed then.

So that the widow Soul, her Body dying,
Unto the next born Body married was;
And so by often changing, and supplying, [pass.
Men's Souls to beasts, and beasts to men did

(These thoughts are fond; for since the Bodies born
Be more in number far, than those that die,
Thousands must be abortive and forlorn,
Ere others deaths to them their Souls supply:)

But as God's handmaid, Nature, doth create
Bodies in time distinct, and order due;
So God gives Souls the like successive date,
Which himself makes, in Bodies formed new:

Which himself makes of no material thing;
For unto angels he no pow'r hath giv'n
Either to form the shape, or stuff to bring
From air or fire, or substance of the heav'n.

Nor herein doth he Nature's service use;
For tho' from Bodies, she can Bodies bring,
Yet could she never Souls from Souls traduce,
As fire from fire, or light from light doth spring.

SECTION VI.

That the Soul is not ex traduce.

Alas! that some who were great lights of old,
And in their hands the lamp of God did bear!
Some rev'rend fathers did this error hold,
Having their eyes dimm'd with religious fear.

OBJECTION.

For when (say they) by rule of faith we find,
That ev'ry soul unto her Body knit,
Brings from the mother's womb the sin of kind,
The root of all the ill she doth commit.

How can we say that God the Soul doth make,
But we must make him author of her sin?
Then from man's Soul she doth beginning take,
Since in man's Soul corruption did begin.

For if God make her first, he makes her ill,
(Which God forbid our thoughts should yield unto:)
Or makes the Body her fair form to spill,
Which, of itself, it had not power to do.

Not Adam's Body, but his Soul did sin,
And so herself unto corruption brought;
But our poor Soul corrupted is within,
Ere she had sinn'd, either in act, or thought:

And yet we see in her such pow'rs divine,
As we could gladly think, from God she came;
Fain would we make him author of the wine,
If for the dregs we could some other blame.

ANSWER.

Thus these good men with holy zeal were blind,
When on the other part the truth did shine;
Whereof we do clear demonstrations find,
By light of nature, and by light divine.

None are so gross as to contend for this,
That Souls from Bodies may traduced be;
Between whose natures no proportion is,
When root and branch in nature still agree.

But many subtle wits have justify'd,
That Souls from Souls spiritually may spring;
Which (if the nature of the Soul be try'd)
Will e'en in nature prove as gross a thing.

SECTION VII.

Reasons drawn from Nature.

For all things made, are either made of nought,
Or made of stuff that ready made doth stand:
Of nought no creature ever formed ought,
For that is proper to th' Almighty's hand.

If then the Soul another Soul do make,
Because her pow'r is kept within a bound,
She must some former stuff, or matter take;
But in the Soul there is no matter found.

Then if her heav'nly form do not agree
With any matter which the world contains,
Then she of nothing must created be;
And to create, to God alone pertains.

Again, if Souls do other Souls beget,
'Tis by themselves, or by the Body's pow'r:
If by themselves, what doth their working let,
But they might Souls engender ev'ry hour?

If by the Body, how can wit and will
Join with the Body only in this act,
Since when they do their other works fulfil,
They from the Body do themselves abstract.

Again, if Souls of Souls begotten were,
Into each other they should change and move;
And change and motion still corruption bear;
How shall we then the Soul immortal prove?

If, lastly, Souls do generation use,
Then should they spread incorruptible seed:
What then becomes of that which they do lose,
When th' act of generation do not speed?

And tho' the Soul could cast spiritual seed,
Yet would she not, because she never dies;
For mortal things desire their like to breed,
That so they may their kind immortalize.

Therefore the angels, ſons of God are nam'd,
And marry not, nor are in marriage giv'n:
Their ſpirits and ours are of one ſubſtance fram'd,
And have one father, e'en the Lord of heaven;

Who would at firſt, that in each other thing,
The earth and water living Souls ſhould breed,
But that man's Soul, whom he would make their king,
Should from himſelf immediately proceed.

And when he took the woman from man's ſide,
Doubtleſs himſelf inſpir'd her Soul alone:
For 'tis not ſaid, he did man's Soul divide,
But took fleſh of his fleſh, bone of his bone.

Laſtly, God being made man for man's own ſake,
And being like man in all, except in ſin,
His Body from the virgin's womb did take;
But all agree, God form'd his Soul within.

Then is the Soul from God; ſo Pagans ſay,
Which ſaw by nature's light her heav'nly kind;
Naming her kin to God, and God's bright ray,
A citizen of heav'n, to earth confin'd.

But now I feel, they pluck me by the ear,
Whom my young muſe ſo boldly termed blind!
And crave more heav'nly light, that cloud to clear;
Which makes them think, God doth not make the mind.

SECTION VIII.

Reaſons from Divinity.

God doubtleſs, makes her, and doth make her good,
And grafts her in the Body, there to ſpring;
Which, though it be corrupted fleſh and blood,
Can no way to the Soul corruption bring:

Yet is not God the author of her ill,
Though author of her being, and being there:
And if we dare to judge our Maker's will,
He can condemn us, and himſelf can clear.

Firſt, God from infinite eternity
Decreed, what hath been, is, or ſhall be done;
And was reſolv'd, that ev'ry man ſhould be,
And in his turn, his race of life ſhould run:

And ſo did purpoſe all the Souls to make,
That ever have been made, or ever ſhall;
And that their being they ſhould only take
In human Bodies, or not be at all.

Was it then fit that ſuch a weak event
(Weakneſs itſelf, the ſin and fall of man)
His counſel's execution ſhould prevent,
Decreed and fix'd before the world began?

Or that one penal law by Adam broke,
Should make God break his own eternal law;
The ſettled order of the world revoke,
And change all forms of things which he foreſaw?

Could Eve's weak hand, extended to the tree,
In ſunder rent that adamantine chain,
Whoſe golden links, effects and cauſes be; [main?
And which to God's own chair doth fix'd re-

O could we ſee how cauſe from cauſe doth ſpring!
How mutually they link'd and folded are!
And hear how oft one diſagreeing ſtring
The harmony doth rather make than mar!

And view at once, how death by ſin is brought;
And how from death, a better life doth riſe!
How this God's juſtice, and his mercy taught!
We this decree would praiſe, as right and wiſe.

But we that meaſure times by firſt and laſt,
The ſight of things ſucceſſively do take,
When God on all at once his view doth caſt,
And of all times doth but one inſtant make.

All in Himſelf, as in a glaſs, he ſees; [be:
For from Him, by Him, thro' Him, all things
His ſight is not diſcourſive, by degrees;
But ſeeing th' whole, each ſingle part doth ſee.

He looks on Adam, as a root, or well;
And on his heirs, as branches, and as ſtreams:
He ſees all men, as one man, though they dwell
In ſundry cities, and in ſundry realms.

And as the root and branch are but one tree,
And well and ſtream do but one river make;
So, if the root and well corrupted be,
The ſtream and branch the ſame corruption take.

So, when the root and fountain of mankind
Did draw corruption, and God's curſe, by ſin;
This was a charge, that all his heirs did bind,
And all his offſpring grew corrupt therein.

And as when th' hand doth ſtrike, the man offends,
(For part from whole, law ſevers not in this)
So Adam's ſin to the whole kind extends;
For all their natures are but part of his.

Therefore this ſin of kind, not perſonal,
But real, and hereditary was;
The guilt thereof, and puniſhment to all,
By courſe of nature, and of law doth paſs.

For as that eaſy law was giv'n to all,
To anceſtor and heir, to firſt and laſt;
So was the firſt tranſgreſſion general:
And all did pluck the fruit and all did taſte.

Of this we find ſome footſteps in our law,
Which doth her root from God and nature take;
Ten thouſand men ſhe doth together draw,
And of them all, one corporation make:

Yet these, and their successors, are but one;
And if they gain, or lose their liberties,
They harm, or profit not themselves alone,
But such as in succeeding times shall rise.

And so the ancestor, and all his heirs,
Though they in number pass the stars of heav'n,
Are still but one; his forfeitures are theirs,
And unto them are his advancements giv'n:

His civil acts do bind and bar them all;
And as from Adam, all corruption take,
So, if the father's crime be capital,
In all the blood, law doth corruption make.

Is it then just with us, to disinherit
Th' unborn nephews, for the father's fault;
And to advance again, for one man's merit,
A thousand heirs that have deserved nought?

And is not God's decree as just as ours,
If he, for Adam's sin, his sons deprive
Of all those native virtues, and those pow'rs,
Which he to him, and to his race did give?

For, what is this contagious sin of kind,
But a privation of that grace within,
And of that great rich dowry of the mind,
Which all had had, but for the first man's sin.

If then a man, on light conditions gain
A great estate, to him and his for ever;
If wilfully he forfeit it again,
Who doth bemoan his heir or blame the giver;

So, though God make the Soul good, rich, and fair,
Yet when her form is to the Body knit,
Which makes the man, which man is Adam's heir,
Justly forthwith he takes his grace from it:

And then the Soul, being first from nothing brought,
When God's grace fails her, doth to nothing fall;
And this declining proneness unto nought,
Is e'en that sin that we are born withal.

Yet not alone the first good qualities,
Which in the first Soul were, deprived are;
But in their place the contrary do rise,
And real spots of sin her beauty mar.

Nor is it strange, that Adam's ill desert
Should be transferr'd unto his guilty race,
When Christ his grace and justice doth impart
To men unjust, and such as have no grace.

Lastly, the Soul were better so to be
Born slave to sin, than not to be at all;
Since (if she do believe) one sets her free,
That makes her mount the higher for her fall.

Yet this the curious wits will not content;
They yet will know (since God foresaw this ill)
Why his high providence did not prevent
The declination of the first man's will.

If by his word he had the current stay'd
Of Adam's will, which was by nature free,
It had been one, as if his word had said,
I will henceforth, that man no man shall be.

For what is man without a moving mind,
Which hath a judging wit, and chooſing will?
Now, if God's pow'r should her election bind,
Her motions then would cease and stand all still.

And why did God in man this Soul infuse,
But that he should his Maker know and love?
Now, if love be compell'd, and cannot choose,
How can it grateful, or thank-worthy prove?

Love must free-hearted be, and voluntary:
And not inchanted, or by fare constrain'd:
Nor like that love, which did Ulysses carry
To Circe's isle, with mighty charms enchain'd.

Besides, were we unchangeable in will,
And of a wit that nothing could misdeem;
Equal to God; whose wisdom shineth still,
And never errs, we might ourselves esteem.

So that if man would be invariable,
He must be God, or like a rock or tree;
For e'en the perfect angels were not stable,
But had a fall more desperate than we.

Then let us praise that pow'r, which makes us be
Men as we are, and rest contented so;
And knowing man's fall was curiosity,
Admire God's counsels, which we cannot know.

And let us know that God the maker is
Of all the Souls, in all the men that be;
Yet their corruption is no fault of his,
But the first man's that broke God's first decree.

SECTION IX.

Why the Soul is united to the Body.

This substance, and this spirit of God's own making,
Is in the Body plac'd, and planted here,
"That both of God, and of the world partaking,
"Of all that is, man might the image bear."

God first made angels bodyless, pure minds;
Then other things, which mindless Bodies be;
Last, he made man, th' horizon 'twixt both kinds,
In whom we do the world's abridgment see.

Besides, this world below did need one wight,
Which might thereof distinguish every part;
Make use thereof, and take therein delight;
And order things with industry and art:

Which also God might in his works admire,
And here beneath yield him both pray'r and praise;
As there, above, the holy angels choir
Doth spread his glory forth with spiritual lays.

Laſtly, the brute, unreaſonable wights,
Did want a viſible king, o'er them to reign:
And God himſelf thus to the world unites,
That ſo the world might endleſs bliſs obtain.

SECTION X.

In what manner the Soul is united to the Body.

But how ſhall we this union well expreſs?
Nought ties the Soul, her ſubtlety is ſuch;
She moves the Body, which ſhe doth poſſeſs;
Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells ſhe not therein, as in a tent;
Nor as a pilot in his ſhip doth ſit;
Nor as the ſpider in his web is pent;
Nor as the wax retains the print in it;

Nor as a veſſel water doth contain;
Nor as one liquor in another ſhed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain;
Nor as a voice throughout the air is ſpread:

But as the fair and cheerful morning light
Doth here and there her ſilver beams impart,
And in an inſtant doth herſelf unite
To the tranſparent air, in all and ev'ry part:

Still reſting whole, when blows the air divide;
Abiding pure, when th' air is moſt corrupted;
Throughout the air, her beams diſperſing wide;
And when the air is toſs'd, not interrupted:

So doth the piercing Soul the Body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
Indiviſible, incorruptible ſtill;
Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled or confus'd.

And as the ſun above the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the air below;
So from th' Eternal Light the Soul doth ſpring,
Though in the Body ſhe her pow'rs do ſhow.

SECTION XI.

How the Soul exerciſes her Powers in the Body.

But as the world's ſun doth effect beget
Diff'rent in dvers places ev'ry day;
Here Autumn's temperature, there Summer's heat;
Here flow'ry Spring-tide, and there Winter gray.

Here ev'n, there morn; here noon, there day, there night,
Melts wax, dries clay, makes flow'rs, ſome quick, ſome dead;
Makes the Moor black, the European white;
Th' American tawny, and th' Eaſt Indian red:

So in our little world, this Soul of ours
Being only one, and to one Body ty'd,
Doth uſe, on divers objects, divers powers;
And ſo are her effects diverſify'd.

SECTION XII.

The Vegetative Power of the Soul.

Her quick'ning power in ev'ry living part,
Doth as a nurſe, or as a mother ſerve;
And doth employ her economic art,
And buſy care, her houſehold to preſerve.

Here ſhe attracts, and there ſhe doth retain;
There ſhe decocts, and doth the food prepare;
There ſhe diſtributes it to ev'ry vein,
There ſhe expels what ſhe may fitly ſpare.

This pow'r to Martha may compared be,
Who buſy was, the houſehold things to do:
Or to a Dryas, living in a tree:
For e'en to trees this pow'r is proper too.

And though the Soul may not this pow'r extend
Out of the Body, but ſtill uſe it there;
She hath a pow'r which ſhe abroad doth ſend,
Which views and ſearcheth all things ev'ry where.

SECTION XIII.

The Power of Senſe.

This pow'r is Senſe, which from abroad doth bring
The colour, taſte, and touch, and ſcent, and [found,
The quantity and ſhape of ev'ry thing
Within earth's centre, or heav'ns' circle found.

This pow'r, in parts made fit, fit objects takes;
Yet not the things, but forms of things receives;
As when a ſeal in wax impreſſion makes,
The print therein, but not itſelf, it leaves.

And though things ſenſible be numberleſs,
But only five the Senſe's organs be;
And in thoſe five, all things their forms expreſs,
Which we can touch, taſte, feel, or hear, or ſee.

Theſe are the windows, thro' the which ſhe views
The light of knowledge, which is life's load ſtar:
" And yet while ſhe theſe ſpectacles doth uſe,
" Oft worldly things ſeem greater than they
" are."

SECTION XIV.

Seeing.

First, The two Eyes, which have the ſeeing pow'r,
Stand as one watchman, ſpy or centinel,
Being plac'd aloft, within the head's high tow'r;
And tho' both ſee, yet both but one thing tell.

Theſe mirrors take into their little ſpace
The forms of moon, and ſun, and ev'ry ſtar,
Of ev'ry Body, and of ev'ry place, [are:
Which with the world's wide arms embraced

Yet their beſt object, and their nobleſt uſe,
Hereafter in another world will be,
When God in them ſhall heav'nly light infuſe,
That face to face they may their Maker ſee.

Here are they guides, which do the Body lead,
Which elſe would ſtumble in eternal night:
Here in this world they do much knowledge read,
And are the caſements which admit moſt light:

They are her fartheſt reaching inſtrument,
Yet they no beams unto their objects ſend;
But all the rays are from their object ſent,
And in the eyes with pointed angles end.

If th' objects be far off, the rays do meet
In a ſharp point, and ſo things ſeem but ſmall;
If they be near, their rays do ſpread and fleet,
And make broad points, that things ſeem great withal.

Laſtly, nine things to ſight required are;
The pow'r to ſee, the light, the viſible thing,
Being not too ſmall, too thin, too nigh, too far,
Clear ſpace and time, the form diſtinct to bring.

Thus ſee we how the Soul doth uſe the eyes,
As inſtruments of her quick pow'r of ſight:
Hence doth th' arts optic, and fair painting riſe;
Painting, which doth all gentle minds delight.

SECTION XV.

Hearing.

Now let us hear how ſhe the ears employs:
Their office is, the troubled air to take;
Which in their mazes forms a ſound or noiſe,
Whereof herſelf doth true diſtinction make.

Theſe wickets of the Soul are plac'd on high,
Becauſe all ſounds do lightly mount aloft;
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delay'd with turns and windings oft.

For ſhould the voice directly ſtrike the brain,
It would aſtoniſh and confuſe it much;
Therefore theſe plaits and folds the ſound reſtrain,
That it the organ may more gently touch.

As ſtreams, which with their winding banks do play,
Stopp'd by their creeks, run ſoftly thro' the plain;
So in th' ear's labyrinth the voice doth ſtray,
And doth with eaſy motion touch the brain.

This is the ſloweſt, yet the daintieſt ſenſe;
For e'en the ears of ſuch as have no ſkill
Perceive a diſcord, and conceive offence;
And knowing not what's good, yet find the ill.

And tho' this ſenſe firſt gentle muſic found,
Her proper object is the ſpeech of men;
But that ſpeech chiefly which God's heralds found,
When their tongues utter what his ſpirit did pen.

Our eyes have lids, our ears ſtill ope we ſee,
Quickly to hear how ev'ry tale is prov'd:
Our eyes ſtill move, our ears unmoved be,
That though we hear quick, we be not quickly mov'd.

Thus by the organs of the eye and ear,
The Soul with knowledge doth herſelf endue:
"Thus ſhe her priſon may with pleaſure bear,
"Having ſuch proſpects, all the world to
"view."

Theſe conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,
But th' other three attend the Body ſtill;
For by their ſervices the ſoul doth find
What things are to the body good or ill.

SECTION XVI.

Taſte.

The Body's life with meats and air is fed;
Therefore the Soul doth uſe the taſting pow'r
In veins, which through the tongue and palate ſpread,
Diſtinguiſh ev'ry reliſh, ſweet and ſour.

This is the Body's nurſe; but ſince man's wit
Found th' art of cook'ry to delight his ſenſe,
More Bodies are conſum'd and kill'd with it,
Than with the ſword, famine, or peſtilence.

SECTION XVII.

Smelling.

Next, in the noſtrils ſhe doth uſe the ſmell:
As God the breath of life in them did give;
So makes he now this pow'r in them to dwell,
To judge all airs, whereby we breathe and live.

This ſenſe is alſo miſtreſs of an art,
Which to ſoft people ſweet perfumes doth ſell;
Though this dear art doth little good impart,
"Since they ſmell beſt, that do of nothing
"ſmell."

And yet good ſcents do purify the brain,
Awake the fancy, and the wits refine:
Hence old devotion, incenſe did ordain,
To make men's ſpirits apt for thoughts divine.

SECTION XVIII.

Feeling.

Lastly, the feeling pow'r, which is life's root,
Through ev'ry living part itself doth shed
By sinews, which extend from head to foot,
And, like a net, all o'er the body spread.

Much like a subtle spider, which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on ev'ry side.

By touch, the first pure qualities we learn,
Which quicken all things, hot, cold, moist, and dry;
By touch, hard, soft, rough, smooth, we do discern:
By touch, sweet pleasure and sharp pain we try.

SECTION XIX.

Of the Imagination, or Common Sense.

These are the outward instruments of sense;
These are the guards which ev'ry thing must pass,
Ere it approach the mind's intelligence,
Or touch the fantasy, wit's looking-glass.

And yet these porters, which all things admit,
Themselves perceive not, nor discern the things:
One common pow'r doth in the forehead sit,
Which all their proper forms together brings.

For all those nerves, which spirits of Sense do bear,
And to those outward organs spreading go,
United are, as in a centre, there; [know.
And there this pow'r those sundry forms doth

Those outward organs present things receive;
This inward sense doth absent things retain;
Yet strait transmits all forms she doth perceive,
Unto an higher region of the brain.

SECTION XX.

Fantasy.

Where Fantasy, near hand-maid to the mind,
Sits, and beholds, and doth discern them all;
Compounds in one, things diff'rent in their kind;
Compares the black and white, the great and small.

Besides, those single forms she doth esteem,
And in her balance doth their values try;
Where some things good, and some things ill do seem,
And neutral some, in her fantastic eye.

This busy pow'r is working day and night;
For when the outward senses rest do take,
A thousand dreams, fantastical and light,
With flutt'ring wings, do keep her still awake.

SECTION XXI.

Sensitive Memory.

Yet always all may not afore her be;
Successively she this and that intends;
Therefore such forms as she doth cease to see,
To Memory's large volume she commends.

This ledger-book lies in the brain behind,
Like Janus' eye, which in his poll was set:
The layman's tables, storehouse of the mind;
Which doth remember much, and much forget;

Here sense's apprehension end doth take;
As when a stone is into water cast,
One circle doth another circle make,
Till the last circle touch the bank at last.

SECTION XXII.

The Passion of the Sense.

But though the apprehensive pow'r do pause,
The motive virtue then begins to move;
Which in the heart below doth passions cause,
Joy, grief, and fear, and hope, and hate, and love.

These passions have a free commanding might,
And divers actions in our life do breed;
For all acts done without true reason's light,
Do from the passion of the Sense proceed.

But since the brain doth lodge the pow'rs of Sense,
How makes it in the heart those passions spring?
The mutual love, the kind intelligence [bring.
'Twixt heart and brain, this sympathy doth

From the kind heat, which in the heart doth reign,
The spirits of life do their beginning take;
These spirits of life ascending to the brain,
When they come there, the spirits of Sense do make.

These spirits of Sense, in Fantasy's high court,
Judge of the forms of objects, ill or well;
And so they send a good or ill report
Down to the heart, where all affections dwell.

If the report be good, it causeth love,
And longing hope, and well-assured joy:
If it be ill, then doth it hatred move,
And trembling fear, and vexing griefs annoy.

Yet were these natural affections good,
(For they which want them, blocks or devils be)
If reason in her first perfection stood,
That she might nature's passions rectify.

SECTION XXIII.

Local Motion.

Besides, another motive-power doth arise
Out of the heart, from whose pure blood do spring
The vital spirits; which, born in arteries,
Continual motion to all parts do bring.

This makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire:
This holds the sinews like a bridle's reins;
And makes the Body to advance, retire,
To turn, or stop, as she them slacks or strains.

Thus the Soul tunes the Body's instruments,
These harmonies she makes with life and sense;
The organs fit are by the body lent,
But th' actions flow from the Soul's influence.

SECTION XXIV.

The intellectual Powers of the Soul.

But now I have a will, yet want a wit,
T' express the working of the wit and will;
Which, though their root be to the body knit,
Use not the body, when they use their skill.

These pow'rs the nature of the Soul declare,
For to man's Soul these only proper be;
For on the earth no other wights there are
That have these heav'nly powers, but only we.

SECTION XXV.

Wit, Reason, Understanding, Opinion, Judgment, Wisdom.

The Wit, the pupil of the Soul's clear eye,
And in man's world the only shining star,
Looks in the mirror of the fantasy,
Where all the gath'rings of the senses are.

From thence this pow'r the shapes of things abstracts,
And them within her passive part receives,
Which are enlight'ned by that part which acts;
And so the forms of single things perceives.

But after, by discoursing to and fro,
Anticipating, and comparing things,
She doth all universal natures know,
And all effects into their causes brings.

When she rates things, and moves from ground to ground,
The name of Reason she obtains by this:
But when by Reason she the truth hath found,
And standeth fix'd, she Understanding is.

When her assent she lightly doth incline
To either part, she his opinion's light:
But when she doth by principles define
A certain truth, she hath true Judgment's sight.

And as from senses Reason's work doth spring,
So many Reasons Understanding gain;
And many Understandings knowledge bring;
And by much knowledge, Wisdom we obtain.

So, many stairs we must ascend upright,
Ere we attain to Wisdom's high degree:
So doth this earth eclipse our Reason's light,
Which else (in instants) would like angels see.

SECTION XXVI.

Innate Ideas in the Soul.

Yet hath the Soul a dowry natural,
And sparks of light, some common things to see;
Not being a blank where naught is writ at all,
But what the writer will, may written be.

For Nature in man's heart her laws doth pen,
Prescribing truth to wit, and good to will;
Which do accuse, or else excuse all men,
For ev'ry thought or practice, good or ill:

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
Making the world, and all therein, their food;
As fire so spreads, as no place holdeth it,
Being nourish'd still with new supplies of wood.

And though these sparks were almost quench'd with sin,
Yet they whom that just One hath justify'd,
Have them increas'd with heav'nly light within,
And like the widow's oil, still multiply'd.

SECTION XXVII.

The Power of Will, and Relation between the Wit and Will.

And as this Wit should goodness truly know,
We have a Will, which that true good should shew)
choose
Though Will do oft (when Wit false forms doth
Take ill for good, and good for ill refuse.

Will puts in practice what the Wit deviseth:
Will ever acts, and Wit contemplates still:
And as from Wit the pow'r of Wisdom riseth,
All other virtues daughters are of Will.

Will is the prince, and Wit the counſellor,
Which doth for common good in council ſit;
And when Wit is reſolv'd, Will lends her pow'r
To execute what is advis'd by Wit.

Wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth controul
Of fancy's court the judgments falſe and vain:
Will holds the royal ſceptre in the Soul,
And on the paſſions of the heart doth reign.

Will is as free as any emperor,
Naught can reſtrain her gentle liberty:
No tyrant, nor no torment, hath the pow'r
To make us will, when we unwilling be.

SECTION XXVIII.

The Intellectual Memory.

To theſe high pow'rs a ſtore-houſe doth pertain,
Where they all arts and gen'ral reaſons lay;
Which in the Soul, e'en after death, remain,
And no Lethean flood can waſh away.

SECTION XXIX.

The dependency of the Soul's faculties upon each other.

This is the Soul, and theſe her virtues be;
Which, though they have their ſundry proper ends,
And one exceeds another in degree,
Yet each on other mutually depends.

Our wit is giv'n Almighty God to know;
Our will is giv'n to love him, being known:
But God could not be known to us below,
But by his works, which through the ſenſe are ſhewn.

And as the wit doth reap the fruits of ſenſe,
So doth the quick'ning pow'r the ſenſes feed:
Thus while they do their ſundry gifts diſpenſe,
"The beſt the ſervice of the leaſt doth need."

Ev'n ſo the king his magiſtrates do ſerve;
Yet commons feed both magiſtrates and king:
The commons' peace the magiſtrates preſerve,
By borrow'd pow'r, which from the prince doth ſpring.

The quick'ning power would be, and ſo would reſt:
The ſenſe would not be only, but be well:
But wit's ambition longeth to the beſt,
For it deſires in endleſs bliſs to dwell.

And theſe three pow'rs three ſorts of men do make;
For ſome, like plants, their veins do only fill;
And ſome, like beaſts, their ſenſes pleaſures take;
And ſome, like angels, do contemplate ſtill.

Therefore the fables turn'd ſome men to flow'rs,
And others did with brutiſh forms inveſt,
And did of others make celeſtial pow'rs,
Like angels, which ſtill travel, yet ſtill reſt.

Yet theſe three pow'rs are not three Souls, but one;
As one and two are both contain'd in three;
Three being one number by itſelf alone,
A ſhadow of the bleſſed Trinity.

Oh! what is man (great Maker of mankind!)
That thou to him ſo great reſpect doſt bear!
That thou adorn'ſt him with ſo bright a mind,
Mak'ſt him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!

Oh! what a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,
What ſpreading virtue, what a ſparkling fire;
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r
Doſt thou within this dying fleſh inſpire!

Thou leav'ſt thy print in other works of thine;
But thy whole image thou in man haſt writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except (like thee) it ſhould be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath rais'd men, ſince God a man became;
The angels do admire this myſtery,
And are aſtoniſh'd when they view the ſame.

Nor hath he giv'n theſe bleſſings for a day,
Nor made them on the Body's life depend:
The Soul, though made in time, ſurvives for ay;
And though it hath beginning, ſees no end.

SECTION XXX.

That the Soul is immortal, proved by ſeveral Reaſons.

Her only end is never-ending bliſs;
Which is, the eternal face of God to ſee;
Who, laſt of ends, and firſt of cauſes, is;
And to do this, ſhe muſt eternal be.

How ſenſeleſs then, and dead a Soul hath he,
Which thinks his Soul doth with his body die;
Or thinks not ſo, but ſo would have it be,
That he might ſin with more ſecurity?

For though theſe light and vicious perſons ſay,
Our ſoul is but a ſmoke, or airy blaſt,
Which, during life, doth in our noſtrils play,
And when we die, doth turn to wind at laſt:

Although they ſay, come let us eat and drink;
Our life is but a ſpark, which quickly dies;
Though thus they ſay, they know not what to think;
But in their minds ten thouſand doubts ariſe.

Therefore no heretick's deſire to ſpread
Their light opinions, like theſe epicures;
For ſo their ſtagg'ring thoughts are comforted,
And other men's aſſent their doubt aſſures.

Yet though theſe men againſt their conſcience ſtrive,
There are ſome ſparkles in their flinty breaſts,
Which cannot be extinct, but ſtill revive; [beaſts.
That though they would, they cannot quite be

But whoſo makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himſelf therein.
His Soul's eternity ſhall clearly find,
Though th' other beauties be defac'd with ſin.

Reason I.

Drawn from the deſire of Knowledge.

Firſt, in man's mind we find an appetite
To learn and know the truth of ev'ry thing,
Which is co-natural, and born with it,
And from the eſſence of the Soul doth ſpring.

With this deſire, ſhe hath a native might
To find out ev'ry truth, if ſhe had time;
Th' innumerable effects to ſort aright,
And by degrees from cauſe to cauſe to climb.

But ſince our life ſo faſt away doth ſlide,
As doth a hungry eagle through the wind;
Or as a ſhip tranſported with the tide,
Which in their paſſage leave no print behind:

Of which ſwift little time ſo much we ſpend,
While ſome few things we through the ſenſe do ſtrain,
That our ſhort race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principles of ſkill attain.

Or God (who to vain ends hath nothing done)
In vain this appetite and pow'r hath giv'n;
Or elſe our knowledge, which is here begun,
Hereafter muſt be perfected in heav'n.

God never gave a pow'r to one whole kind,
But moſt part of that kind did uſe the ſame:
Moſt eyes have perfect ſight, though ſome be blind;
Moſt legs can nimbly run, though ſome be lame.

But in this life no ſoul the truth can know
So perfectly, as it hath pow'r to do:
If then perfection be not found below,
An higher place muſt make her mount thereto.

Reason II.

Drawn from the Motion of the Soul.

Again, how can ſhe but immortal be,
When with the motions of both will and wit,
She ſtill aſpireth to eternity,
And never reſts, till ſhe attain to it?

Water in conduit pipes can riſe no higher
Than the well-head, from whence it firſt doth ſpring:
Then ſince no eternal God ſhe doth aſpire,
She cannot be but an eternal thing.

" All moving things to other things do move,
" Of the ſame kind which ſhews their nature
. " ſuch."
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moiſture, which the thirſty earth
Sucks from the ſea, to fill her empty veins*,
From out her womb at laſt doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the graſſy plains:

Long doth ſhe ſtay, as loth to leave the land,
From whoſe ſoft ſide ſhe firſt did iſſue make:
She taſtes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forſake:

Yet nature ſo her ſtreams doth lead and carry,
As that her courſe doth make no final ſtay,
Till ſhe herſelf unto the ocean marry,
Within whoſe wat'ry boſom firſt ſhe lay.

E'en ſo the ſoul, which in this earthly mould
The Spirit of God doth ſecretly infuſe,
Becauſe at firſt ſhe doth the earth behold,
And only this material world ſhe views:

At firſt her mother-earth ſhe holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things;
She flies cloſe by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celeſtial wings:

Yet under heav'n ſhe cannot light on aught
That with her heav'nly nature doth agree;
She cannot reſt, ſhe cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleaſure of the ſenſe' contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wiſh, when he had health?
Or having wiſdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which ſeem ſweet flow'rs, with luſtre freſh and gay;
She lights on that, and this, and taſteth all;
But pleas'd with none, doth riſe, and ſoar away:

So, when the Soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no ſure footing take,
She doth return from whence ſhe firſt was ſent,
And flies to him that firſt her wings did make.

Wit, ſeeking truth, from cauſe to cauſe aſcends,
And never reſts, till it the firſt attain:
Will, ſeeking good, finds many middle ends;
But never ſtays, till it the laſt do gain.

* The Soul compared to a river.

Now God the Truth, and firſt of Cauſes is;
God is the laſt good end, which laſteth ſtill;
Being Alpha and Omega nam'd for this;
Alpha to Wit, Omega to the Will.

Since then her heavenly kind ſhe doth diſplay,
In that to God ſhe doth directly move;
And on no mortal thing can make her ſtray,
She cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this firſt true cauſe, and laſt good end,
She cannot here ſo well, and truly ſee;
For this perfection ſhe muſt yet attend,
Till to her Maker ſhe eſpouſed be.

As a king's daughter, being in perſon ſought
Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a conſtant thought,
Though ſhe to all do lend a gentle ear:

Yet ſhe can love a foreign emperor,
Whom of great worth and pow'r ſhe hears to be,
If ſhe be woo'd but by ambaſſador,
Or but his letters, or his pictures ſee:

For well ſhe knows, that when ſhe ſhall be brought
Into the kingdom where her ſpouſe doth reign;
Her eyes ſhall ſee what ſhe conceiv'd in thought,
Himſelf, his ſtate, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin-ſoul on earth doth ſtay,
She woo'd and tempted is ten thouſand ways,
By theſe great pow'rs, which on the earth bear ſway;
The wiſdom of the world, wealth, pleaſure, praiſe:

With theſe ſometimes ſhe doth her time beguile,
Theſe do by fits her fantaſy poſſeſs;
But ſhe diſtaſtes them all within a while,
And in the ſweeteſt finds a tedioufneſs.

But if upon the world's Almighty King
She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
Who by his picture drawn in every thing,
And ſacred meſſages, her love hath ſought;

Of him ſhe thinks ſhe cannot think too much;
This honey taſted ſtill, is ever ſweet;
The pleaſure of her raviſh'd thought is ſuch,
As almoſt here ſhe with her bliſs doth meet:

But when in heaven ſhe ſhall his eſſence ſee,
This is her ſov'reign good, and perfect bliſs;
Her longing, wiſhings, hopes, all finiſh'd be;
Her joys are full, her motions reſt in this:

There is ſhe crown'd with garlands of content;
There doth ſhe manna eat, and nectar drink:
That preſence doth ſuch high delights preſent,
As never tongue could ſpeak, nor heart could think.

Reason III.

From Contempt of Death in the better Sort of Spirits.

For this, the better ſouls do oft deſpiſe
The Body's death, and do it oft deſire;
For when on ground, the burthen'd balance lies,
The empty part is lifted up the higher:

But if the body's death the Soul ſhould kill,
Then death muſt needs againſt her nature be;
And were it ſo, all Souls would fly it ſtill,
For nature hates and ſhuns her contrary.

For all things elſe, which nature makes to be,
Their being to preſerve are chiefly taught;
And though ſome things deſire a change to ſee,
Yet never thing did long to turn to naught.

If then by death the Soul were quenched quite,
She could not thus againſt her nature run;
Since ev'ry ſenſeleſs thing, by nature's light,
Doth preſervation ſeek, deſtruction ſhun.

Nor could the world's beſt ſpirits ſo much err,
If death took all, that they ſhould agree,
Before this life, their honour to prefer;
For what is praiſe to things that nothing be?

Again, if by the Body's prop ſhe ſtand;
If on the Body's life, her life depend,
As Meleager's on the fatal brand,
The body's good ſhe only would intend:

We ſhould not find her half ſo brave and bold,
To lead it to the wars, and to the ſeas,
To make it ſuffer watchings, hunger, cold,
When it might feed with plenty, reſt with eaſe.

Douhtleſs, all Souls have a ſurviving thought,
Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
But if we think of being turn'd to naught,
A trembling horror in our Souls we find.

Reason IV.

From the Fear of Death in wicked Souls.

And as the better ſpirit, when ſhe doth bear
A ſcorn of death, doth ſhew ſhe cannot die;
So when the wicked Soul death's face doth fear,
E'en then ſhe proves her own eternity.

For when death's form appears, ſhe feareth not
An utter quenching or extinguiſhment;
She would be glad to meet with ſuch a lot,
That ſo ſhe might all future ill prevent:

But ſhe doth doubt what after may befal;
For nature's law accuſeth her within,
And faith, 'tis true what is affirm'd by all,
That after death there is a pain for ſin.

Then she who hath been hoodwink'd from her birth,
Doth first herself within death's mirror see;
And when her body doth return to earth,
She first takes care, how she alone shall be.

Whoever sees these irreligious men,
With burthen of a sickness weak and faint,
But hears them talking of religion then,
And vowing of their Souls to ev'ry saint?

When was there ever cursed atheist brought
Unto the gibbet, but he did adore
That blessed pow'r, which he had set at nought,
Scorn'd and blasphemed all his life before?

These light vain persons still are drunk and mad,
With surfeitings and pleasures of their youth;
But at their death they are fresh, sober, sad;
Then they discern, and then they speak the truth.

If then all Souls, both good and bad, do teach,
With gen'ral voice, that Souls can never die;
'Tis not men's flattering gloss, but nature's speech,
Which, like God's oracles, can never lie.

Reason V.

From the general Desire of Immortality.

Hence springs that universal strong desire;
Which all men have of immortality:
Not some few spirits unto this thought aspire;
But all men's minds in this united be.

Then this desire of nature is not vain,
"She covets not impossibilities;
"Fond thoughts may fall into some idle brain,
"But one assent of all, is ever wise."

From hence that gen'ral care and study springs,
That launching, and progression of the mind,
Which all men have so much of future things,
That they no joy do in the present find.

From this desire, that main desire proceeds,
Which all men have surviving fame to gain,
By tombs, by books, by memorable deeds;
For she that this desires, doth still remain.

Hence, lastly, springs care of posterities,
For things their kind would everlasting make:
Hence it is, that old men do plant young trees,
The fruit whereof another age shall take.

If we these rules unto ourselves apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind,
All these true notes of immortality
In our heart's tables we shall written find.

Reason VI.

From the very Doubt and Disputation of Immortality.

And though some impious wits do questions move
And doubt if souls immortal be, or no;
That doubt their immortality doth prove,
Because they seem immortal things to know.

For he who reasons on both parts doth bring,
Doth some things mortal, some immortal call;
Now, if himself were but a mortal thing,
He could not judge immortal things at all.

For when we judge, our minds we mirrors make;
And as those glasses which material be,
Forms of material things do only take;
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see:

So when we God and angels do conceive,
And think of truth, which is eternal too;
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,
Which if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly shew,
They should the name of reasonable bear;
For without reason, none could reason know:

So when the Soul mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternal things she doubts can move;
She proofs of her eternity doth bring,
Ev'n when she strives the contrary to prove.

For ev'n the thought of immortality,
Being an act done without the Body's aid,
Shews, that herself alone could move and be,
Although the Body in the grave were laid.

SECTION XXXI.

That the Soul cannot be destroyed.

And if herself she can so lively move,
And never need a foreign help to take;
Then must her motion everlasting prove,
"Because herself she never can forsake."

But though corruption cannot touch the mind,
By any cause * that from itself may spring,
Some outward cause fate hath perhaps design'd,
Which to the Soul may utter quenching bring.

Perhaps her cause may cease †, and she may die:
God is her cause, his Word her Maker was;
Which shall stand fix'd for all eternity,
When heav'n and earth shall like a shadow pass.

* Her cause ceaseth not.
† She hath no contrary.

Perhaps some thing repugnant to her kind,
By strong antipathy, the soul may kill;
But what can be contrary to the mind,
Which holds all contraries in concord still?

She lodgeth heat, and cold, and moist, and dry,
And life and death, peace, and war together;
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lie,
Yet neither troubleth nor disturbeth either.

Perhaps for want of food, the soul may pine *;
But that were strange, since all things bad and good;
Since all God's creatures, mortal and divine;
Since God himself is her eternal food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,
And so are subject to mortality:
But truth, which is eternal, feeds the mind,
The tree of life, which will not let her die.

Yet violence, perhaps the Soul destroys ‖,
As lightning, or the sun-beams dim the sight;
Or as a thunder clap, or cannon's noise,
The pow'r of hearing doth astonish quite:

But high perfection to the soul it brings,
T' encounter things most excellent and high;
For, when she views the best and greatest things,
They do not hurt, but rather clear the eye.

Besides, as Homer's gods, 'gainst armies stand,
Her subtle form can through all dangers slide:
Bodies are captive, minds endure no band;
"And will is free, and can no force abide."

But lastly, time perhaps at last hath pow'r §
To spend her lively pow'rs, and quench her light;
But old god Saturn, which doth all devour,
Doth cherish her, and still augment her might.

Heav'n waxeth old, and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And time itself, in time shall cease to move;
Only the Soul survives, and lives for ay.

"Our Bodies, ev'ry footstep that they make,
"March towards death, until at last they die:
"Whether they work or play, or sleep or wake,
"Our life doth pass, and with time's wings
"doth fly:

But to the Soul time doth perfection give,
And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still;
And makes her in eternal youth to live,
Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth;
The more she feeds, her strength doth more increase:
And what is strength, but an effect of youth,
Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease?

* She cannot die for want of food.
‖ Violence cannot destroy her.
§ Time cannot destroy her.

SECTION XXXII.

Objections against the Immortality of the Soul, with their respective Answers.

But now these epicures begin to smile,
And say, my doctrine is more safe than true,
And that I fondly do myself beguile,
While these receiv'd opinions I ensue.

Objection I.

For, what, say they? doth not the soul wax old?
How comes it then that aged men do dote;
And that their brains grow sottish, dull, and cold,
Which were in youth the only spirits of note?

What! are not souls within themselves corrupted?
How can there ideots then by nature be?
How is it that some wits are interrupted,
That now they dazzled are, now clearly see?

Answer.

These questions make a subtle argument
To such as think both sense and reason one;
To whom nor agent, from the instrument,
Nor pow'r of working, from the work is known.

But they that know that wit can shew no skill,
But when she things in sense's glass doth view,
Do know, if accident this glass do spill,
It nothing sees, or sees the false for true.

For, if that region of the tender brain,
Where th' inward sense of fantasy should sit,
And th' outward senses, gath'rings should retain,
By nature, or by chance, become unfit:

Either at first incapable it is,
And so few things, or none at all receives;
Or marr'd by accident, which haps amiss:
And so amiss it ev'ry thing perceives.

Then, as a cunning prince that useth spies,
If they return no news, doth nothing know;
But if they make advertisement of lies,
The prince's counsels all awry do go:

Ev'n so the Soul to such a body knit,
Whose inward senses undisposed be;
And to receive the forms of things unfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This makes the ideot, which hath yet a mind,
Able to know the truth, and choose the good;
If she such figures in the brain did find,
As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a frenzy do possess the brain,
It so disturbs and blots the forms of things,
As fantasy proves altogether vain,
And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
Build ſond concluſions on thoſe idle grounds:
Then doth it fly the good, and ill purſue;
Believing all that this falſe ſpy propounds.

But purge the humours, and the rage appeaſe,
Which this diſtemper in the fancy wrought;
Then ſhall the wit, which never had diſeaſe,
Diſcourſe, and judge diſcreetly, as it ought.

So, though the clouds eclipſe the ſun's fair light,
Yet from his face they do not take one beam;
So have our eyes their perfect pow'r of ſight,
Ev'n when they look into a troubled ſtream.

Then theſe defects in ſenſe's organs be,
Not in the ſoul, or in her working might:
She cannot loſe her perfect pow'r to ſee,
Though miſts and clouds do choke her window light.

Theſe imperfections then we muſt impute,
Not to the agent, but the inſtrument:
We muſt not blame Apollo, but his lute,
If falſe accords from her falſe ſtrings be ſent.

The Soul in all hath one intelligence;
Though too much moiſture in an infant's brain,
And too much dryneſs in an old man's ſenſe,
Cannot the prints of outward things retain:

Then doth the Soul want work, and idle ſit,
And this we childiſhneſs and dotage call;
Yet hath ſhe then a quick and active wit,
If ſhe had ſtuff and tools to work withal:

For, give her organs fit, and objects fair;
Give but the aged man, the young man's ſenſe;
Let but Medea, Æſon's youth repair,
And ſtraight ſhe ſhews her wonted excellence.

As a good harper ſtricken far in years,
Into whoſe cunning hands the gout doth fall,
All his old crotchets in his brain he bears,
But on his harp plays ill, or not at all.

But if Apollo takes his gout away,
That he his nimble figures may apply;
Apollo's ſelf will envy at his play,
And all the world applaud his minſtrelſy.

Then dotage is no weakneſs of the mind,
But of the ſenſe; for if the mind did waſte,
In all old men we ſhould this waſting find,
When they ſome certain term of years had paſs'd;

But moſt of them, e'en to their dying hour,
Retain a mind more lively, quick and ſtrong;
And better uſe their underſtanding pow'r,
Then when their brains were warm, and limbs were young.

For, though the Body waſted be and weak,
And though the leaden form of earth it bears;
Yet when we hear that half dead Body ſpeak,
We oft are raviſh'd to the heav'nly ſpheres.

Objection II.

Yet ſay theſe men, if all her organs die,
Then hath the Soul no pow'r her pow'rs to uſe:
So, in a ſort, her pow'rs extinct do lie,
When unto act ſhe cannot them reduce.

And if her pow'rs be dead, then what is ſhe?
For ſince from ev'ry thing ſome pow'rs do ſpring;
And from thoſe pow'rs, ſome acts proceeding be
Then kill both pow'r and act, and kill the thing.

Answer.

Doubtleſs, the Body's death, when once it dies,
The inſtrument of ſenſe and life doth kill;
So that ſhe cannot uſe thoſe faculties,
Although the root reſt in her ſubſtance ſtill.

But (as the Body living) wit and will
Can judge and chooſe, without the Body's aid;
Though not ſuch objects they are working ſtill,
As through the Body's organs are convey'd:

So, when the Body ſerves her turn no more,
And all her ſenſes are extinct and gone,
She can diſcourſe of what ſhe learn'd before,
In heav'nly contemplations, all alone.

So, if one man well on the lute doth play,
And have good horſemanſhip, and learning's ſkill,
Though both his lute and horſe we take away,
Doth he not keep his former learning ſtill?

He keeps it doubtleſs, and can uſe it too;
And doth both t' other ſkills in pow'r retain;
And can of both the proper actions do,
If with his lute or horſe he meet again.

So though the inſtruments, (by which we live,
And view the world) the Body's death do kill;
Yet with the Body they ſhall all revive,
And all their wonted offices fulfil.

Objection III.

But how, till then, ſhall ſhe herſelf employ?
Her ſpies are dead, which brought home news before:
What ſhe hath got, and keeps, ſhe may enjoy,
But ſhe hath means to underſtand no more.

Then what do thoſe poor ſouls, which nothing get?
Or what do thoſe which get, and cannot keep?
Like bucklers bottomleſs, which all outlet;
Thoſe ſouls, for want of exerciſe, muſt ſleep,

ANSWER.

See how man's Soul againſt itſelf doth ſtrive:
Why ſhould we not have other means to know?
As children, while within the womb they live,
Feed by the navel: here they feed not ſo.

Theſe children, if they had ſome uſe of ſenſe,
And ſhould by chance their mother's talking hear,
That in ſhort time they ſhall come forth from thence,
Would fear their birth, more than our death we fear.

They would cry out, if we this place ſhall leave,
Then ſhall we break our tender navel-ſtrings:
How ſhall we then our nouriſhment receive,
Since our ſweet food no other conduit brings?

And if a man ſhould to theſe babes reply,
That into this fair world they ſhall be brought,
Where they ſhall view the earth, the ſea, the ſky,
The glorious ſun, and all that God hath wrought:

That there ten thouſand dainties they ſhall meet,
Which by their mouths they ſhall with pleaſure take;
Which ſhall be cordial too, as well as ſweet;
And of their little limbs, tall Bodies make:

This world they'd think a fable, e'en as we
Do think the ſtory of the golden age;
Or as ſome ſenſual ſpirits 'mongſt us be,
Which hold the world to come, a feigned ſtage:

Yet ſhall theſe infants after find all true,
Though then thereof they nothing could conceive:
As ſoon as they are born, the world they view,
And with their mouths, the nurſes milk receive.

So when the Soul is born (for death is naught
But the Soul's birth, and ſo we ſhould it call)
Ten thouſand things ſhe ſees beyond her thought;
And in an unknown manner, knows them all.

Then doth ſhe ſee by ſpectacles no more,
She hears not by report of double ſpies;
Herſelf in inſtants doth all things explore;
For each thing's preſent, and before her lies.

OBJECTION IV.

But ſtill this crew with queſtions me purſues:
If Souls deceas'd (they ſay) ſtill living be,
Why do they not return, to bring us news
Of that ſtrange world, where they ſuch wonders ſee?

ANSWER.

Fond men! if we believe that men do live
Untler the zenith of both frozen poles,
Though none come thence, advertiſement to give,
Why bear we not the like faith of our Souls?

The Soul hath here on earth no more to do,
Than we have buſineſs in our mother's womb;
What child doth covet to return thereto,
Although all children firſt from thence do come?

But as Noah's pigeon, which return'd no more,
Did ſhew, ſhe footing found, for all the flood;
So when good Souls, departed through death's door,
Come not again, it ſhews their dwelling good.

And doubtleſs, ſuch a Soul as up doth mount,
And doth appear before her Maker's face,
Holds this vile world in ſuch a baſe account,
As ſhe looks down and ſcorns this wretched place.

But ſuch as are detruded down to hell,
Either for ſhame, they ſtill themſelves retire;
Or tied in chains, they in cloſe priſon dwell,
And cannot come, although they much deſire.

OBJECTION V.

Well, well, ſay theſe vain ſpirits, though vain it is,
To think our Souls to heav'n or hell do go;
Politic men have thought it not amiſs,
To ſpread this lie, to make men virtuous ſo.

ANSWER.

Do you then think this moral virtue good?
I think you do, ev'n for your private gain;
For commonwealths by virtue ever ſtood,
And common good the private doth contain.

If then this virtue you do love ſo well,
Have you no means, her practice to maintain;
But you this lie muſt to the people tell,
That good Souls live in joy, and ill in pain?

Muſt virtue be preſerved by a lie?
Virtue and truth do ever beſt agree;
By this it ſeems to be a verity,
Since the effects ſo good and virtuous be.

For, as the devil the father is of lies,
So vice and miſchief do his lies enſue:
Then this good doctrine did not he deviſe;
But made this lie, which ſaith, it is not true.

For, how can that be falſe, which ev'ry tongue
Of ev'ry mortal man affirms for true?
Which truth hath in all ages been ſo ſtrong,
As, loadſtone-like, all hearts it ever drew.

For, not the Chriſtian, or the Jew alone,
The Perſian, or the Turk, acknowledge this;
This myſtery to the wild Indian known,
And to the Cannibal and Tartar is.

This rich Aſſyrian drug grows ev'ry where;
As common in the North, as in the Eaſt:
This doctrine doth not enter by the ear,
But of itſelf is native in the breaſt.

None that acknowledge God, or providence,
Their Soul's eternity did ever doubt;
For all religion taketh root from hence,
Which no poor naked nation lives without.

For since the world for man created was,
(For only man the use thereof doth know)
If man do perish like a wither'd grass,
How doth God's wisdom order things below?

And if that wisdom still wise ends propound,
Why made he man, of other creatures, king;
When (if he perish here) there is not found
In all the world so poor and vile a thing?

If death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
Since for our service all things else were wrought;
That daws, and trees, and rocks should last so long,
When we must in an instant pass to nought.

But bless'd be that Great Pow'r, that hath us bless'd
With longer life than heav'n or earth can have;
Which hath infus'd into our mortal breast
Immortal pow'rs not subject to the grave.

For though the Soul do seem her grave to bear,
And in this world is almost bury'd quick,
We have no cause the Body's death to fear;
For when the shell is broke, out comes a chick.

SECTION XXXIII.

Three Kinds of Life answerable to the three Powers of the Soul.

For as the Soul's essential pow'rs are three;
The quick'ning pow'r, the pow'r of sense and reason;
Three kinds of life to her designed be. [season.
Which perfect these three pow'rs in their due

The first life in the mother's womb is spent,
Where she the nursing pow'r doth only use;
Where, when she finds defect of nourishment,
Sh' expels her Body, and this world she views.

This we call birth; but if the child could speak,
He death would call it; and of nature plain,
That she would thrust him out naked and weak,
And in this passage pinch him with such pain.

Yet out he comes, and in this world is plac'd,
Where all his senses in perfection be;
Where he finds flow'rs to smell, and fruits to taste,
And sounds to hear, and sundry forms to see.

When he hath pass'd some time upon the stage,
His reason then a little seems to wake;
Which tho' the spring when sense doth fade with age,
Yet can she here no perfect practice make.

Then doth aspiring Soul the Body leave,
Which we call death; but were it known to all,
What life our Souls do by this death receive,
Men would it birth, or goal-deliv'ry call.

In this third life, reason will be so bright,
As that her spark will like the sun beams shine,
And shall of God enjoy the real sight,
Being still increas'd by influence divine.

SECTION XXXIV.

The Conclusion.

O IGNORANT poor man! what dost thou bear
Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast?
What jewels, and what riches hast thou there?
What heav'nly treasure in so weak a chest?

Look in thy Soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood:
Honour and pleasure both are in my mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace:
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quick'ning pow'r with surfeitings:
Mar not her sense with sensuality:
Cast not her wit on idle things:
Make not her free will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against her nature is;
Think it a birth: and when thou go'st to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see;
Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more;
Now when thou dy'st, thou canst not hoodwink'd be.

And thou, my Soul, which turn'st with curious eye,
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of over-weening, and compare
Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train:
Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name:
Use all thy pow'rs, that blessed pow'r to praise,
Which gives thee pow'r to be, and use the same.

HYMNS OF ASTREA,

IN ACROSTIC VERSE.

HYMN I.

Of Aſtrea.

EARLY before the day doth ſpring,
Let us awake, my Muſe, and ſing;
It is no time to ſlumber;
So many joys this time doth bring,
As time will fail to number.

But whereunto ſhall we bend our lays?
E'en up to Heaven, again to raiſe
The Maid which thence deſcended,
Hath brought again the golden days,
And all the world amended.

Rudeneſs itſelf ſhe doth refine,
E'en like an alchymiſt divine,
Groſs times of iron turning
Into the pureſt form of gold;
Not to corrupt, till heaven wax old,
And be refin'd with burning.

HYMN II.

To Aſtrea.

ETERNAL Virgin, Goddeſs true,
Let me preſume to ſing to you.
Iove, e'en great Jove hath leiſure
Sometimes to hear the vulgar crew,
And hears them oft with pleaſure.

Bleſſed Aſtrea, I in part
Enjoy the bleſſings you impart,
The peace, the milk and honey,
Humanity, and civil art,
A richer dow'r than money.

Right glad am I that now I live,
E'en in theſe days whereto you give
Great happineſs and glory;
If after you I ſhould be born,
No doubt I ſhould my birth-day ſcorn,
Admiring your ſweet ſtory.

HYMN III.

To the Spring.

EARTH now is green, and heaven is blue,
Lively ſpring which makes all new,
Iolly ſpring doth enter;
Sweet young ſun-beams do ſubdue
Angry, aged winter.

Baſts are mild, and ſeas are calm,
Every meadow flows with balm,
The earth wears all her riches;
Harmonious birds ſing ſuch a pſalm,
As ear and heart bewitches.

Reſerve (ſweet ſpring) this nymph of ours,
Eternal garlands of thy flow'rs,
Green garlands never waſting;
In her ſhall laſt our ſtate's fair ſpring,
Now and for ever flouriſhing,
As long as heav'n is laſting.

HYMN IV.

To the Month of May.

EACH day of thine, sweet month of May,
Love makes a solemn holy-day.
I will perform like duty,
Sith thou resembleſt every way
Astrea, queen of beauty.

Both your freſh beauties do partake;
Either's aſpect doth ſummer make,
Thoughts of young love awaking;
Hearts you both do cauſe to ake,
And yet be pleas'd with aching.

Right dear art thou, and ſo is ſhe,
Even like attracting ſympathy,
Gains unto both like dearneſs;
Ween this made antiquity,
Name thee, Sweet May of Majeſty,
As being both like in clearneſs.

HYMN V.

To the Lark.

EARLY cheerful mounting lark,
Light's gentle uſher, morning's clerk,
In merry notes delighting;
Stint awhile thy ſong, and hark,
And learn my new inditing.

Bear up this hymn, to heav'n it bear,
Even up to heav'n, and ſing it there,
To heav'n each morning bear it;
Have it ſet to ſome ſweet ſphere,
And let the angels hear it.

Renown'd Astrea, that great name,
Exceeding great in worth and fame,
Great worth hath ſo renown'd it;
It is Astrea's name I praiſe;
Now then, ſweet lark, do thou it raiſe,
And in high heaven reſound it.

HYMN VI.

To the Nightingale.

EVERY night from ev'n to morn,
Love's choriſter amid the thorn
Is now ſo ſweet a ſinger,
So ſweet, as for her ſong I ſcorn
Apollo's voice and ſinger.

But nightingale, ſith you delight
Ever to watch the ſtarry night,
Tell all the ſtars of heaven,
Heaven never had a ſtar ſo bright,
As now to earth is given.

Royal Astrea makes our day
Eternal with her beams, nor may
Groſs darkneſs overcome her;
Now perceive why ſome do write,
No country hath ſo ſhort a night,
As England hath in ſummer.

HYMN VII.

To the Roſe.

EYE of the garden, queen of flow'rs,
Love's cup wherein lie nectar's pow'rs,
Ingender'd firſt of nectar;
Sweet nurſe-child of the ſpring's young hours,
And beauty's fair character.

Beſt jewel that the earth doth wear,
Even when the brave young ſun draws near,
To her hot love pretending;
Himſelf likewiſe like form doth bear,
At riſing and deſcending.

Roſe of the Queen of Love belov'd;
England's great kings divinely mov'd,
Gave roſes in their banner;
It ſhew'd that beauty's roſe indeed,
Now in this age ſhould them ſucceed,
And reign in more ſweet manner.

HYMN VIII.

To all the Princes of Europe.

EUROPE, the earth's ſweet paradiſe,
Let all thy kings that would be wiſe,
In politic devotion,
Sail hither to obſerve her eyes,
And mark her heav'nly motion.

Brave princeſs of this civil age,
Enter into this pilgrimage:
This ſaint's tongue's an oracle;
Her eye hath made a prince a page,
And works each day a miracle.

Raiſe but your looks to her, and ſee
Even the true beams of majeſty,
Great princes, mark her duly;
If all the world you do ſurvey,
No forehead ſpreads ſo bright a ray,
And notes a prince ſo truly.

HYMN IX.

To Flora.

EMPRESS of flow'rs, tell where away
Lies your ſweet court this May,
In Greenwich garden alleys:
Since there the heav'nly pow'rs do play
And haunt no other valleys.

B eauty, virtue, majeſty,
E loquent Muſes, three times three,
T he new freſh hours, and graces,
H ave pleaſures in the place to be,
A bove all other places.

R oſes and lilies did them draw,
E re they divine Aſtrea ſaw,
G ay flow'rs they ſought for pleaſure:
I nſtead of gath'ring crowns of flow'rs,
N ow gather thy Aſtræa's dowers,
A nd bear to heav'n that treaſure.

HYMN X.

To the Month of September.

E ach month hath praiſe in ſome degree;
L et May to others ſeem to be
I n ſenſe the ſweeteſt ſeaſon;
S eptember thou art beſt to me;
A nd beſt doth pleaſe my reaſon.

B ut neither for thy corn nor wine
E xtol I thoſe mild days of thine,
T hough corn and wine might praiſe thee,
H eav'n gives thee honour more divine,
A nd higher fortunes raiſe thee.

R enown'd art thou (ſweet Month) for this,
E mong thy days her birth-day is,
G race, plenty, peace, and honour
I n one fair hour with her were born,
N ow ſince they ſtill her crown adorn,
A nd ſtill attend upon her.

HYMN XI.

To the Sun.

E ye of the world, fountain of light,
L ife of day, and death of night,
I humbly ſeek thy kindneſs:
S weet, dazzle not my feeble ſight,
A nd ſtrike me not with blindneſs.

B ehold me mildly from that face,
E 'en where thou now doſt run thy race,
T he ſphere where now thou turneſt;
H aving like Phaeton chang'd thy place,
A nd yet hearts only burneſt.

R ed in her right cheek thou doſt riſe,
E xalted after in her eyes,
G reat glory there thou ſheweſt:
I n th' other cheek when thou deſcendeſt,
N ew redneſs unto us thou lendeſt,
A nd ſo thy round thou goeſt.

HYMN XII.

To her Picture.

E xtreme was his audacity,
L ittle his ſkill that finiſh'd thee;
I am aſham'd and ſorry,
S o dull her counterfeit ſhould be,
A nd ſhe ſo full of glory.

B ut here are colours red and white,
E ach line, and each proportion right;
T heſe lines, this red and whiteneſs,
H ave wanting yet a life and light,
A majeſty, and brightneſs.

R ude counterfeit, I then did err,
E 'en now when I would needs infer
G reat boldneſs in thy maker:
I did miſtake, he was not bold;
N or durſt his eyes her eyes behold,
A nd this made him miſtake her.

HYMN XIII.

Of her Mind.

E arth, now adieu, my raviſh'd thought
L ifted to heav'n ſets thee at naught;
I nfinite is my longing,
S ecrets of angels to be taught,
A nd things to heav'n belonging.

B rought down from heav'n of angels kind,
E 'en now I do admire her mind,
T his is my contemplation,
H er clear ſweet ſpirit which is refin'd,
A bove human creation.

R ich ſun-beam of th' eternal light,
E xcellent Soul, how ſhall I write;
G ood angels make me able;
I cannot ſee but by your eye,
N or, but by your tongue, ſignify
A thing ſo admirable.

HYMN XIV.

Of the Sun-beams of her Mind.

E xceeding glorious is the ſtar,
L et us behold her beams afar
I n a ſide line reflected;
S ight bears them not, when near they are,
A nd in right lines directed.

B ehold her in her virtue's beams,
E xtending ſun-like to all realms;
T he ſun none views too nearly:
H er well of goodneſs in the ſtreams,
A ppears right well and clearly.

R adiant virtues, if your light
E nfeeble the beſt judgment's ſight,
G reat ſplendor above meaſure
I s in the mind, from whence you flow:
N o wit may have acceſs to know,
A nd view ſo bright a treaſure.

HYMN XV.

Of her Wit.

E ye of that mind moſt quick and clear,
L ike heaven's eye which from his ſphere
I nto all things prieth,
S ees through all things ev'ry where,
A nd all their natures trieth.

B right image of an angel's wit,
E xceeding ſharp and ſwift like it,
T hings inſtantly diſcerning:
H aving a nature infinite,
A nd yet increas'd by learning.

R ebound upon thyſelf thy light,
E njoy thine own ſweet precious ſight,
G ive us but ſome reflection;
I t is enough for us if we,
N ow in her ſpeech, now policy,
A dmire thine high perfection.

HYMN XVI.

Of her Will.

E ver well affected will,
L oving goodneſs, loathing ill,
I neſtimable treaſure!
S ince ſuch a power hath power to ſpill,
A nd ſave us at her pleaſure.

B e thou our law, ſweet will, and ſay,
E v'n what thou wilt, we will obey
T his law; if I could read it;
H ercin would I ſpend night and day,
A nd ſtudy ſtill to plead it.

R oyal free-will, and only free,
E ach other will is ſlave to thee;
G lad is each will to ſerve thee:
I n thee ſuch princely pow'rs is ſeen,
N o ſpirit but takes thee for her queen,
A nd thinks ſhe muſt obſerve thee.

HYMN XVII.

Of her Memory.

E xcellent jewels would you ſee,
L ovely ladies come with me,
I will (for love I owe you)
S hew you as rich a treaſury,
A s Eaſt or Weſt can ſhew you.

B ehold, if you can judge of it,
E v'n that great ſtore-houſe of her wit,
T hat beautiful large table,
H er memory, wherein is writ
A ll knowledge admirable.

R ead this fair book, and you ſhall learn
E xquiſite ſkill; if you diſcern,
G ain heav'n by this diſcerning;
I n ſuch a memory divine,
N ature did form the Muſes nine,
A nd Pallas queen of learning.

HYMN XVIII.

Of her Fancy.

E xquisite curioſity,
L ook on thyſelf with judging eye,
I f aught be faulty, leave it:
S o delicate a fantaſy
A s this, will ſtraight perceive it.

B ecauſe her temper is ſo fine,
E ndow'd with harmonies divine;
T herefore if diſcord ſtrike it,
H er true proportions do repine,
A nd ſadly do miſlike it.

R ight otherwiſe a pleaſure ſweet,
E 'er ſhe takes in actions meet,
G racing with ſmiles ſuch meetneſs;
I n her fair forehead beams appear,
N o ſummer's day is half ſo clear,
A dorn'd with half that ſweetneſs.

HYMN XIX.

Of the Organs of her mind.

E clips'd ſhe is, and her bright rays
L ie under veils, yet many ways
I s her fair form revealed;
S he diverſely herſelf conveys,
A nd cannot be concealed.

B y inſtruments her pow'rs appear
E xceedingly well tun'd and clear:
T his lute is ſtill in meaſure,
H olds ſtill in tune, e'en like a ſphere,
A nd yields the world ſweet pleaſure.

R eſolve me, Muſe, how this thing is,
E re a body like to this
G ave heav'n to earthly creature?
I am but fond this doubt to make
N o doubt the angels bodies take,
A bove our common nature.

HYMN XX.

Of the Paſſions of the Heart.

EXAMINE not th' inſcrutable heart,
Light Muſe of her, though ſhe in part
Impart it to the ſubject;
Search not, although from heav'n thou art,
And this an heav'nly object.

But ſince ſhe hath a heart, we know,
Ere ſome paſſions thence do flow,
Though ever ruled with honour;
Her judgment reigns, they wait below,
And fix their eyes upon her.

Rectify'd ſo, they in their kind
Encreaſe each virtue of her mind,
Govern'd with mild tranquillity;
In all the regions under heav'n,
No ſtate doth bear itſelf ſo even,
And with ſo ſweet facility.

HYMN XXI.

Of the innumerable Virtues of her Mind.

ERE thou proceed in theſe ſweet pains
Learn Muſe how many drops it rains
In cold and moiſt December;
Sum up May flow'rs, and Auguſt's grains,
And grapes of mild September.

Bear the ſea's ſand in memory,
Earth's graſs, and the ſtars in ſky,
The little moats which mounted,
Hang in the beams of Phœbus eye,
And never can be counted.

Recount theſe numbers numberleſs,
Ere thou her virtue can expreſs,
Great wits this count will cumber.
Inſtruct thyſelf in numb'ring ſchools;
Now courtiers uſe to beg for fools,
All ſuch as cannot number.

HYMN XXII.

Of her Wiſdom.

EAGLE ey'd wiſdom, life's loadſtar,
Looking near on things afar;
Jove's beſt belov'd daughter,
Shows to her ſpirit all that are,
As Jove himſelf hath taught her.

By this ſtraight rule ſhe rectifies
Each thought that in her heart doth riſe;
This is her clear true mirror,
Her looking-glaſs, wherein ſhe ſpies
All forms of truth and error.

Right princely virtue fit to reign,
Enthroniz'd in her ſpirit remain,
Guiding our fortunes ever;
If we this ſtar once ceaſe to ſee,
No doubt our ſtate will ſhipwreck'd be,
And torn and ſunk for ever.

HYMN XXIII.

Of her Juſtice.

EXIL'D Aſtrea's come again,
Lo here ſhe doth all things maintain
In number, weight, and meaſure:
She rules us with delightful pain,
And we obey with pleaſure.

By love ſhe rules more than by law,
E'en her great mercy breedeth awe;
This is her ſword and ſceptre;
Herewith ſhe hearts did ever draw,
And this guard ever kept her.

Reward doth ſit in her right hand,
Each virtue thence takes her garland
Gather'd in honour's garden:
In her left hand (wherein ſhould be
Nought but the ſword) ſits clemency,
And conquer's vice with pardon.

HYMN XXIV.

Of her Magnanimity.

EVN as her ſtate, ſo is her mind,
Lifted above the vulgar kind,
It treads proud Fortune under;
Sun-like it ſits above the wind,
Above the ſtorms and thunder.

Brave ſpirit, large heart, admiring nought,
Eſteeming each thing as it ought,
That ſwelleth not, nor ſhrinketh:
Honour is always in her thought,
And of great things ſhe thinketh.

Rocks, pillars, and heaven's axle-tree,
Exemplify her conſtancy;
Great change never change her:
In her ſex fears are wont to riſe,
Nature permits, virtue denies,
And ſcorns the face of danger.

HYMN XXV.

Of her Moderation.

EMPRESS of kingdoms though ſhe be,
Larger is her ſov'reignty,
If ſhe herſelf do govern;
Subject unto herſelf is ſhe,
And of herſelf true ſovereign.

Beauty's crown though she do wear,
Exalted into Fortune's chair,
Thron'd like the queen of pleasure:
Her virtues still possess her ear,
And counsel her to measure.

Reason, if she incarnate were,
Ev'n Reason's self could never bear
Greatness with moderation;
In her one temper still is seen,
No liberty claims she as queen,
And shews no alteration.

HYMN XXVI.

To Envy.

Envy, go weep; my Muse and I
Laugh thee to scorn, thy feeble eye
Is dazzled with the glory
Shining in this gay poesy,
And little golden story.

Behold how my proud quill doth shed
Eternal nectar on her head:
The pomp of coronation
Hath not such pow'r her fame to spread,
As this my admiration.

Respect my pen as free and frank
Expecting not reward nor thank,
Great wonder only moves it;
I never made it mercenary,
Nor should my Muse this burthen carry
As hir'd but that she loves it.

ORCHESTRA;

OR,

A POEM EXPRESSING THE ANTIQUITY AND EXCELLENCY OF DANCING.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PENELOPE AND ONE OF HER WOOERS.

NOT FINISHED.

TO THE PRINCE.

Sir, whatſoever you are pleas'd to do,
It is your ſpecial praiſe that you are bent,
And ſadly ſet your princely mind thereto:
Which makes you in each thing ſo excellent.

Hence is it, that you came ſo ſoon to be
A man at arms, in ev'ry point aright;
The faireſt flow'r of noble chivalry;
And of Saint George's band, the braveſt knight.

And hence it is, that all your youthful train
In activeneſs, and grace, you do excel,
When you do courtly dancings entertain,
Then dancing's praiſe may be preſented well.

To you, whoſe action adds more praiſe thereto,
Than all the Muſes with their pens can do.

ORCHESTRA;

OR,

A POEM ON DANCING.

I.

Where lives the man that never yet did hear
Of chaſte Penelope, Ulyſſes' queen?
Who kept her faith unſpotted twenty year,
Till he return'd that far away had been,
And many men, and many towns had ſeen:
Ten year at ſiege of Troy he ling'ring lay,
And ten year in the Midland ſea did ſtray.

II.

Homer, to whom the muſes did carouſe
A great deep cup with heav'nly nectar fill'd,
The greateſt, deepeſt cup in Jove's great houſe,
(For Jove himſelf had ſo expreſsly will'd)
He drank off all, nor let one drop be ſpill'd;
Since when, his brain that had before been dry,
Became the well-ſpring of all poetry.

III.

Homer doth tell in his abundant verſe,
The long laborious travels of the man,
And of his lady too he doth rehearſe,
How ſhe illudes with all the art ſhe can,
Th' ungrateful love which other lords began:
For of her lord, falſe fame had long ſince ſworn,
That Neptune's monſters had his carcaſe torn.

IV.

All this he tells, but one thing he forgot,
One thing moſt worthy his eternal ſong,
But he was old, and blind, and ſaw it not,
Or elſe he thought he ſhould Ulyſſes wrong,
To mingle it his tragic acts among:
Yet was there not in all the world of things,
A ſweeter burthen for his muſes wings.

V.

The courtly love Antinous did make,
Antinous that freſh and jolly knight,
Which of the gallants that did undertake
To win the widow, had moſt wealth and might,
Wit to perſuade, and beauty to delight.
The courtly love he made unto the queen,
Homer forgot as if it had not been.

VI.

Sing then Terpſichore, my light muſe ſing
His gentle art, and cunning courteſy:
You, lady, can remember ev'ry thing,
For you are daughter of queen memory;
But ſing a plain and eaſy melody: [ground,
For the ſoft mean that warbleth but the
To my rude ear doth yield the ſweeteſt ſound.

VII.

One only night's diſcourſe I can report,
When the great torch-bearer of heav'n was gone
Down in a maſk unto the Ocean's court,
To revel it with Thetis all alone;
Antinous diſguiſed and unknown,
Like to the ſpring in gaudy ornament,
Unto the caſtle of the princeſs went.

VIII.

The ſov'reign caſtle of the rocky iſle,
Wherein Penelope the princeſs lay,
Shone with a thouſand lamps, which did exile
The ſhadows dark, and turn'd the night to day,
Not Jove's blue tent, what time the ſunny ray

Behind the bulwark of the earth retires,
Is ſeen to ſparkle with more twinkling fires.

IX.

That night the Queen came forth from far within,
And in the preſence of her court was ſeen;
For the ſweet ſinger Phæmius did begin
To praiſe the worthies that at Troy had been;
Somewhat of her Ulyſſes ſhe did ween. [ſing,
In his grave hymn the heav'nly man would
Or of his wars, or of his wandering.

X.

Pallas that hour with her ſweet breath divine
Inſpir'd immortal beauty in her eyes,
That with celeſtial glory ſhe did ſhine,
Brighter than Venus when ſhe doth ariſe
Out of the waters to adorn the ſkies;
The wooers all amazed do admire,
And check their own preſumptuous deſire.

XI.

Only Antinous when at firſt he view'd [ſhin'd,
Her ſtar bright eyes that with new honour
Was not diſmay'd, but therewithal renew'd
The nobleneſs and ſplendor of his mind;
And as he did fit circumſtances find,
Unto the throne he boldly did advance,
And with fair manners woo'd the Queen to dance.

XII.

" Goddeſs of women, ſith your heav'nlineſs
" Hath now vouchſaf'd itſelf to repreſent
To our dim eyes, which though they ſee the leſs,
" Yet are they bleſs'd in their aſtoniſhment,
" Imitate heaven whoſe beauty's excellent;
" Are in continual motion day and night,
" And move thereby more wonder and de-
" light.

XIII.

" Let me the mover be, to turn about
" Thoſe glorious ornaments, that youth and love
" Have fix'd in you, ev'ry part throughout,
" Which if you will in timely meaſure move,
" Not all thoſe precious gems in heav'n above
" Shall yield a ſight more pleaſing to behold,
" With all their turns and tracings manifold."

XIV.

With this the modeſt princeſs bluſh'd and ſmil'd
Like to a clear and roſy eventide;
And ſoftly did return this anſwer mild:
" Fair Sir, you needs muſt fairly be deny'd,
" Where your demand cannot be ſatisfy'd:
" My feet which nature only taught to go,
" Did never yet the art of footing know.

XV.

" But why perſuade you me to this new rage?
" (For all diſorder and miſrule is new)
" For ſuch miſgovernment in former age
" Our old divine forefathers never knew;
" Who if they liv'd, and did the follies view
" Which their fond nephews make their chief
" affairs,
" Would hate themſelves that had begot ſuch
" heirs."

XVI.

" Sole heir of virtue and of beauty both,
" Whence cometh it (Antinous replies)
" That your imperious virtue is ſo loth
" To grant your beauty her chief exerciſe?
" Or from what ſpring doth your opinion riſe.
" That dancing is a frenzy and a rage,
" Firſt known and us'd in this new fangled
" age?

XVII.

" Dancing * (bright Lady) then began to be,
" When the firſt ſeeds whereof the world did
" ſpring,
" The fire, air, earth, and water did agree,
" By love's perſuaſion, nature's mighty king,
" To leave their firſt diſorder'd combating;
" And in a dance ſuch meaſure to obſerve,
" As all the world their motion ſhould pre-
" ſerve.

XVIII.

" Since when they ſtill are carried in a round,
" And changing come one in another's place,
" Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,
" But ev'ry one doth keep the bounded ſpace
" Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace:
" This wond'rous miracle did love deviſe,
" For dancing is love's proper exerciſe.

XIX.

" Like this, he fram'd the God's eternal bow'r,
" And of a ſhapeleſs and confuſed maſs,
" By his through piercing and digeſting pow'r,
" The turning vault of heaven formed was:
" Whoſe ſtarry wheels he hath ſo made to paſs,
" As that their movings do a muſic frame,
" And they themſelves ſtill dance unto the
" ſame.

XX.

" Or if this (all) which round about we ſee,
" (As idle Morpheus ſome ſick brains have
" taught)
" Of undivided motes compacted be,
" How was this goodly architecture wrought?
" Or by what means were they together
" brought?
" They err, that ſay they did concur by
" chance, [dance.
" Love made them meet in a well order'd

XXI.

" As when Amphion with his charming lyre
" Begot ſo ſweet a ſyren of the air,
" That with her rhetoric made the ſtones conſpire
" The ruin of a city to repair,
" (A work of wit and reaſon's wiſe affair:)
" So love's ſmooth tongue, the motes ſuch
" meaſure taught
" That they join'd hands, and ſo the world
" was wrought.

XXII.

" How juſtly then is dancing termed new,
" Which with the world in point of time begun;
" Yea, time itſelf, (whoſe birth Jove never knew,
" And which indeed is elder than the ſun)
" Had not one moment of his age outrun,
" When out leap'd dancing from the heap of
" things,
" And lightly rode upon his nimble wings.

* The antiquity of dancing.

XXIII.

" Reason hath both her pictures in her treasure,
" Where time the measure of all moving is;
" And dancing is a moving all in measure;
" Now if you do resemble that to this,
" And think both one, I think you think amiss:
" But if you judge them twins, together got,
" And time first born, your judgment erreth
" not.

XXIV.

" Thus doth it equal age with age enjoy,
" And yet in lusty youth for ever flow'rs,
" Like love his sire, whom painters make a boy,
" Yet is he eldest of the heav'nly pow'rs;
" Or like his brother time, whose winged hours
" Going and coming will not let him die,
" But still preserve him in his infancy."

XXV.

This said; the Queen with her sweet lips, divine,
Gently began to move the subtle air,
Which gladly yielding, did itself incline
To take a shape between those rubies fair;
And being formed, softly did repair
With twenty doublings in the empty way,
Unto Antinous' ears, and thus did say:

XXVI.

" What eye doth see the heav'n but doth admire
" When it the movings of the heav'ns doth see?
" Myself, if I to heav'n may once aspire,
" If that be dancing, will a dancer be:
" But as for this your frantic jollity
" How it began, or whence you did it learn,
" I never could with reason's eye discern."

XXVII.

Antinous answer'd: " Jewel of the earth,
" Worthy you are that heav'nly dance to lead;
" But for you think our dancing base of birth,
" And newly born but of a brain-sick head,
" I will forthwith his antique gentry read;
" And for I love him, will his herald be,
" And blaze his arms, and draw his pedigree.

XXVIII.

" When Love had shap'd this world, this great
" fair wight, [tains,
" That all wights else in this wide womb con-
" And had instructed it to dance aright, ¶
" A thousand measures with a thousand strains,
" Which it should practise with delightful pains,
" Until that fatal instant should revolve,
" When all to nothing should again resolve.

XXIX.

" The comely order and proportion fair
" On ev'ry side, did please his wand'ring eye,
" Till glancing through the thin transparent air,
" A rude disorder'd rout he did espy
" Of men and women, that most spightfully
" Did one another throng, and crowd so sore,
" That his kind eye in pity wept therefore.

XXX.

" And swifter than the light'ning down he came,
" Another shapeless chaos to digest,
" He will begin another world to frame,
" (For Love till all be well will never rest)
" Then with such words as cannot be expressed,

¶ The original of dancing.

" He cuts the troops, that all asunder fling,
" And ere they wist, he casts them in a ring.

XXXI.

" Then did he rarify the element,
" And in the centre of the ring appear, [went,
" The beams that from his forehead spreading
" Begot an horror, and religious fear
" In all the souls that round about him were;
" Which in their ears attentiveness procures,
" While he, with such like sounds their minds
" allures.

XXXII.

" How doth confusion's mother, headlong chance†,
" Put reason's noble squadron to the rout?
" Or how should you that have the governance
" Of nature's children, heav'n and earth
" throughout, [out?
" Prescribe them rules, and live yourselves with-
" Why should your fellowship a trouble be,
" Since man's chief pleasure is society?

XXXIII.

" If sense hath not yet taught you, learn of me
" A comely moderation and discreet,
" That your assemblies may well order'd be
" When my uniting pow'r shall make you meet,
" With heav'nly tunes it shall be temper'd
" sweet:
" And be the model of the world's great
" frame, [name.
" And you earth's children, Dancing shall it

XXXIV.

" Behold the world how it is whirled round,
" And for it is so whirled, is named so;
" In whose large volume many rules are found
" Of this new art, which it doth fairly show:
" For your quick eyes in wand'ring to and fro
" From East to West, on no one thing can
" glance,
" But if you mark it well, it seems to dance.

XXXV.

" First you see fix'd in this huge mirror blue
" Of trembling lights §, a number numberless,
" Fix'd they are nam'd, but with a name untrue,
" For they all move, and in a dance express
" That great long year that doth contain no less
" Than threescore hundreds of those years
" in all, [tural.
" Which the sun makes with his course na-

XXXVI.

" What if to you these sparks disorder'd seem
" As if by chance they had been scatter'd there?
" The gods a solemn measure do it deem,
" And see a just proportion ev'ry where,
" And know the points whence first their mov-
" ings were,
" To which first points when all return again,
" The axle-tree of heav'n shall break in twain.

XXXVII.

" Under that spangled sky, five wand'ring flames¶,
" Besides the King of Day, and Queen of Night,
" Are wheel'd around, all in their sundry frames,
" And all in sundry measures do delight.
" Yet altogether keep no measure right:

† The speech of Love, persuading men to learn dancing.
§ By the orderly motion of the fixed stars.
¶ Of the planets.

" For by itself, each doth itself advance,
" And by itself, each doth a galliard dance.

XXXVIII.

Venus, the mother of that baſtard Love,
" Which doth uſurp the world's great marſhal's
" name,
" Juſt with the ſun her dainty feet doth move,
" And unto him doth all the geſtures frame:
" Nor after, now afore the flattering dame,
" With divers cunning paſſages doth err,
" Still him reſpecting that reſpects not her.

XXXIX.

" For that brave ſun the father of the day,
" Doth love this earth, the mother of the night,
" And like a reveller in rich array
" Doth dance his galliard in his leman's ſight
" Both back, and forth, and ſideways paſſing
" light,
" His princely grace doth ſo the gods amaze,
" That all ſtand ſtill and at his beauty gaze.

XL.

" But ſee the earth, when he approacheth near,
" How ſhe for joy doth ſpring, and ſweetly
" ſmile;
" But ſee again her ſad and heavy cheer
" When changing places he retires a while;
" But thoſe black clouds he ſhortly will exile,
" And make them all before his preſence fly,
" As miſts conſum'd before the cheerful eye.

XLI.

" Who doth not ſee the meaſures of the moon,
" Which thirteen times ſhe danceth ev'ry year?
" And ends her pavin, thirteen times as ſoon
" As doth her brother, of whoſe golden hair
" She borroweth part and proudly doth it wear;
" Then doth ſhe coily turn her face aſide,
" That half her cheek is ſcarce ſometimes
" deſcry'd.

XLII.

" Next her, the pure, ſubtle, and cleanſing fire *
" Is ſwiftly carried in a circle even:
" Though Vulcan be pronounc'd by many a liar
" The only halting god that dwells in heav'n:
" But that foul name may be more fitly giv'n
" To your falſe fire, that far from heav'n is
" fall,
" And doth conſume, waſte, ſpoil, diſorder all.

XLIII.

" And now behold your tender nurſe the air †,
" And common neighbour that aye runs around,
" How many pictures and impreſſions fair
" Within her empty regions are there found,
" Which to your ſenſes dancing do propound;
" For what are breath, ſpeech, echoes, muſic,
" winds,
" But dancings of the air in ſundry kinds?

XLIV.

" For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
" Now in, now out, in time and meaſure true;
" And when you ſpeak, ſo well ſhe dancing loves,
" That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
" With thouſand forms ſhe doth herſelf endue:
" For all the words that from your lips re-
" pair, [air,
" Are naught but tricks and turnings of the

* Of the fire. † Of the air.

XLV.

" Hence is her prattling daughter echo born,
" That dances to all voices ſhe can hear:
" There is no ſound ſo harſh that ſhe doth ſcorn,
" Nor any time wherein ſhe will forbear
" The airy pavement with her feet to wear:
" And yet her hearing ſenſe is nothing quick,
" For after time ſhe endeth ev'ry trick.

XLVI.

" And thou ſweet muſic, dancing's only life,
" The ear's ſole happineſs, the air's beſt ſpeech,
" Loadſtone of fellowſhip, charming rod of ſtrife,
" The ſoft mind's paradiſe, the ſick mind's leech,
" With thine own tongue thou trees and ſtones
" can teach,
" That when the air doth dance her fineſt
" meaſure,
" Then art thou born the gods and mens
" ſweet pleaſure.

XLVII.

" Laſtly, where keep the winds their revelry,
" Their violent turnings, and wild whirling
" hays?
" But in the air's tranſlucent gallery?
" Where ſhe herſelf is turn'd a hundred ways,
" While with thoſe maſkers wantonly ſhe plays;
" Yet in this miſrule, they ſuch rule embrace,
" As two at once encumber not the place.

XLVIII.

" If then fire, air, wand'ring and fix'd lights
" In ev'ry province of the imperial ſky,
" Yield perfect forms of dancing to your ſights,
" In vain I teach the ear, that which the eye
" With certain view already doth deſcry.
" But for your eyes perceive not all they ſee,
" In this I will your ſenſes maſter be.

XLIX.

" For lo the ſea * that fleets about the land,
" And like a girdle clips her ſolid waiſt,
" Muſic and meaſure both can underſtand:
" For his great cryſtal eye is always caſt
" Up to the moon, and on her fixed faſt:
" And as ſhe danceth in her pallid ſphere,
" So danceth he about the centre here.

L.

" Sometimes his proud green waves in order ſet,
" One after other flow unto the ſhore,
" Which when they have with many kiſſes wet,
" They ebb away in order as before;
" And to make known his courtly love the
" more,
" He oft doth lay aſide his three-fork'd mace,
" And with his arms the tim'rous earth em-
" brace.

LI.

" Only the earth doth ſtand for ever ſtill,
" Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains
" meet,
" (Although ſome wits enrich'd with learning's
" ſkill
" Say heav'n ſtands firm, and that the earth
" doth fleet,
" And ſwiftly turneth underneath their feet)
" Yet though the earth is ever ſtedfaſt ſeen,
" On her broad breaſt hath dancing ever been,

* Of the ſea.

LII.

" For thoſe blue veins that through her body ſpread,
" Thoſe ſapphire ſtreams which from great
" hills do ſpring *,
" (The earth's great dugs; for ev'ry wight is fed
" With ſweet freſh moiſture from them iſſuing)
" Obſerve a dance in their wild wand'ring:
" And ſtill their dance begets a murmur ſweet,
" And ſtill the murmur with the dance doth
" meet.

LIII.

" Of all their ways I love Meander's path
" Which to the tune of dying ſwans doth dance,
" Such winding ſlights, ſuch turns and cricks he
" hath,
" Such creaks, ſuch wrenches, and ſuch dalliance;
" That whether it be hap or heedleſs chance,
" In this indented courſe and wriggling play
" He ſeems to dance a perfect cunning hay.

LIV.

" But wherefore do theſe ſtreams for ever run?
" To keep themſelves for ever ſweet and clear:
" For let their everlaſting courſe be done,
" They ſtraight corrupt and foul with mud ap-
" pear.
" O ye ſweet nymphs that beauty's loſs do fear,
" Contemn the drugs that phyſic doth deviſe,
" And learn of love this dainty exerciſe.

LV.

" See how thoſe flow'rs that have ſweet beauty
" too,
" The only jewels that the earth doth wear †,
" When the young ſun in bravery her doth woo)
" As oft as they the whiſtling wind do hear,
" Do wave their tender bodies here and there;
" And though their dance no perfect mea-
" ſure is,
" Yet oftentimes their muſic makes them kiſs.

LVI.

" What makes the vine about the elm to dance,
" With turnings, windings, and embracements
" round?
" What makes the loadſtone to the north advance
" His ſubtle point, if from thence he found
" His chief attracting virtue to redound?
" Kind nature firſt doth cauſe all things to
" love,
" Love makes them dance, and in juſt or-
" der move.

LVII.

" Hark how the birds do ſing, and mark then how
" Jump with the modulation of their lays,
" They lightly leap, and ſkip from bough to bough:
" Yet do the cranes deſerve a greater praiſe
" Which keep ſuch meaſure in their airy ways,
" As when they all in order naked are,
" They make a perfect form triangular.

LVIII.

" In the chief angle flies the watchful guide,
" And all the followers their heads do lay
" On their foregoers backs, on either ſide;
" But the captain hath no reſt to ſtay
" His head forwearied with the windy way,
" He back retires, and then the next behind
" As his lieutenant leads them through the
" wind.

LIX.

" But why relate I ev'ry ſingular?
" Since all the world's great fortunes and affairs
" Forward and backward rapp'd and whirled are,
" According to the muſic of the ſpheres:
" And change herſelf, her nimble feet upbears
" On a round ſlippery wheel that rolleth ay,
" And turns all ſtates with her imperious
" ſway.

LX.

" Learn then to dance, you that are princes born,
" And lawful lords of earthly creatures all;
" Imitate them, and therefore take no ſcorn,
" For this new art to them is natural,
" And imitate the ſtars celeſtial:
" For when pale death your vital twiſt ſhall
ſever, [ever.
" Your better parts muſt dance with them for

LXI.

" Thus Love perſuades, and all the crowd of men
" That ſtands around doth make a murmuring:
" As when the wind loos'd from his hollow den,
" Among the trees a gentle baſe doth ſing,
" Or as a brook through pebbles wandering:
" But in their looks they utter'd this plain
" ſpeech,
" That they would learn to dance, if Love
" would teach §.

LXII.

" Then firſt of all he doth demonſtrate plain
" The motions ſeven that are in nature found,
" Upward and downward, forth, and back again,
" To this ſide, and to that, and turning round ‖;
" Whereof a thouſand brawls he doth com-
" pound,
" Which he doth teach unto the multitude,
" And ever with a turn they muſt conclude.

LXIII.

" As when a nymph ariſing from the land,
" Leadeth a dance with her long watery train
" Down to the ſea, ſhe wryes to every hand,
" And every way doth croſs the fertile plain:
" But when at laſt ſhe falls into the main,
" Then all her traverſes concluded are,
" And with the ſea, her courſe is circular.

LXIV.

" Thus when at firſt Love had them marſhalled,
" As erſt he did the ſhapeleſs maſs of things,
" He taught them rounds and winding hays to
" tread,
" And about trees to caſt themſelves in rings:
" As the two bears whom the firſt mover flings
" With a ſhort turn about heaven's axle-tree,
" In a round dance for ever wheeling be.

LXV.

" But after theſe, as men more civil grew,
" He did more grave and ſolemn meaſures
" frame ¶,
" With ſuch fair order and proportion true,

* Of the rivers.
† Of other things upon the earth.
§ How Love taught men to dance.
‖ Rounds or Country Dances.
¶ Meaſures.

" And correſpondence ev'ry way the ſame,
" That no fault-finding eye did ever blame.
" For ev'ry eye was moved at the ſight [light.
" With ſober wond'ring, and with ſweet de-

LXVI.

" Not thoſe young ſtudents of the heav'nly book,
" Atlas the great, Prometheus the wiſe,
" Which on the ſtars did all their lifetime look,
" Could ever find ſuch meaſure in the ſkies,
" So full of change and rare varieties;
" Yet all the feet whereon theſe meaſures go,
" Are only ſpondees, ſolemn, grave, and ſlow.

LXVII.

" But for more diverſe and more pleaſing ſhow,
" A ſwift and wand'ring dance * ſhe did invent,
" With paſſages uncertain to and fro,
" Yet with a certain anſwer and conſent
" To the quick muſic of the inſtrument.
" Five was the number of the muſic's feet,
" Which ſtill the dance did with five paces
" meet.

LXVIII.

" A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
" A ſpirit and a virtue maſculine,
" Impatient that her houſe on earth ſhould ſtay
" Since ſhe herſelf is fiery and divine:
" Oft doth ſhe make her body upward fine;
" With lofty turns and capriols in the air,
" Which with the luſty tunes accordeth fair.

LXIX.

" What ſhall I name thoſe current traverſes †,
" That on a triple dactly foot do run
" Cloſe by the ground with ſliding paſſages,
" Wherein that dancer greateſt praiſe hath won
" Which with beſt order can all orders ſhun:
" For every where he wantonly muſt range,
" And turn, and wind, with unexpected
" change.

LXX.

" Yet is there one the moſt delightful kind,
" A lofty jumping, or a leaping round §,
" Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,
" And whirl themſelves with ſtrict embrace-
" ments bound,
" And ſtill their feet an anapeſt do ſound:
" An anapeſt is all their muſic's ſong,
" Whoſe firſt two feet are ſhort, and third
" is long.

LXXI.

" As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove
" That taught the Spartans dancing on the
ſands,
" Of ſwift Eurotas, dance in heav'n above,
" Knit and united with eternal hands;
" Among the ſtars their double image ſtands,
" Where both are carried with an equal pace,
" Together jumping in their turning race.

LXXII.

" This is the net wherein the ſun's bright eye
" Venus and Mars entangled did behold,
" For in the dance their arms they ſo employ,
" As each doth ſeem the other to enfold:
" What if lewd wits another tale have told
" Of jealous Vulcan, and of iron chains?
" Yet this true ſenſe that forged lie contains.

LXXIII.

" Theſe various forms of dancing Love did frame,
" And beſide theſe, a hundred millions more,
" And as he did invent, he taught the ſame,
" With goodly'geſture, and with comely ſhow,
" Now keeping ſtate, now humbly honouring
" low:
" And ever for the perſons and the place
" He taught moſt fit, and beſt according
" grace ‖.

LXXIV.

" For Love, within his fertile working brain
" Did then conceive thoſe gracious virgins three,
" Whoſe civil moderation does maintain
" All decent order and conveniency,
" And fair reſpect and ſeemly modeſty.
" And then he thought it fit they ſhould be
" born, [adorn.
" That their ſweet preſence dancing might

LXXV.

" Hence is it that theſe Graces painted are
" With hand in hand dancing an endleſs round:
" And with regarding eyes, that ſtill beware
" That there be no diſgrace amongſt them
found;
" With equal foot they beat the flow'ry ground,
" Laughing or ſinging, as their paſſions will,
" Yet nothing that they do becomes them ill.

LXXVI.

" Thus Love taught men, and men thus learn'd of
" Love
" Sweet muſic's ſound with feet to counterfeit,
" Which was long time before high thund'ring
" Jove
" Was lifted up to heaven's imperial ſeat:
" For though by birth he were the prince of
" Crete,
" Nor Crete, nor heav'n, ſhould the young
" prince have ſeen,
" If dancers with their timbrels had not been.

LXXVII.

" Since when all ceremonious myſteries,
" All ſacred orgies and religious-rites,
" All pomps, and triumphs, and ſolemnities,
" All funerals, nuptials, and like public fights,
" All parliaments of peace, and warlike fights,
" All learned arts, and every great affair,
" A lively ſhape of dancing ſeems to bear ¶.

LXXVIII.

" For what did he who with his ten-tongu'd lute
" Gave beaſts and blocks an underſtanding ear?
" Or rather into beſtial minds and brute
" Shed and infus'd the beams of reaſon clear?
" Doubtleſs for men that rude and ſavage were
" A civil form of dancing he devis'd,
" Wherewith unto their gods they ſacrific'd.

LXXIX.

" So did Muſæus, ſo Amphion did,
" And Linus with his ſweet enchanting ſong,
" And he whoſe hand the earth of monſters rid,

* Galliards. † Courantoes. § Lavoltaes.

‖ Grace in dancing.
¶ The uſe and forms of dancing in ſundry affairs of man's life.

" And had men's ears faſt chained to his
" tongue;
" And Theſeus to his wood-born ſlaves among,
" Us'd dancing as the fineſt policy
" To plant religion and ſociety.

LXXX.

" And therefore now the Thracian Orpheus' lyre,
" And Hercules himſelf, are ſtellify'd;
" And in high heaven amidſt the ſtarry quire
" Dancing their parts continually do ſlide:
" So on the zodiac Ganymede doth ride;
" And ſo is Hebe with the Muſes nine
" For pleaſing Jove with dancing, made di-
" vine.

LXXXI.

" Wherefore was Proteus ſaid himſelf to change
" Into a ſtream, a lion, and a tree,
" And many other forms fantaſtic ſtrange;
" As in his fickle thought he wiſh'd to be?
" But that he danc'd with ſuch facility,
" As like a lion he could pace with pride,
" Ply like a plant, and like a river ſlide.

LXXXII.

" And how was Cenæus made at firſt a man,
" And then a woman, then a man again,
" But in a dance? which when he firſt began
" He the man's part in meaſure did ſuſtain;
" But when he chang'd into a ſecond ſtrain,
" He danc'd the woman's part another ſpace,
" And then return'd into his former place.

LXXXIII.

" Hence ſprang the fable of Tereſias,
" That he the pleaſure of both ſexes try'd;
" For in a dance he man and woman was,
" By often change of place from ſide to ſide:
" But for the woman eaſily did ſlide, [art,
" And ſmoothly ſwim with cunning hidden
" He took more pleaſure in a woman's part.

LXXXIV.

" So to a fiſh Venus herſelf did change;
" And ſwimming through the ſoft and yield-
ing wave,
" With gentle motions did ſo ſmoothly range,
" As none might ſee where ſhe the water drave:
" But this plain truth that falſed fable gave,
" That ſhe did dance with ſliding eaſineſs,
" Pliant and quick in wand'ring paſſages.

LXXXV.

" And merry Bacchus practis'd dancing too,
" And to the Lydian numbers rounds did make;
" The like he did in th' Eaſtern Indies do,
" And taught them all when Phœbus did awake,
" And when at night he did his coach forſake,
" To honour heav'n, and heav'n's great
" rolling eye,
" With turning dances, and with melody.

LXXXVI.

" Thus they who firſt did found a common-weal,
" And they who firſt religion did ordain,
" By dancing firſt the people's hearts did ſteal,
" Of whom we now a thouſand tales do feign;
" Yet do we now their perfect rules retain,
" And uſe them ſtill in ſuch deviſes new,
" As in the world long ſince their withering
" grew.

LXXXVII.

" For after towns and kingdoms founded were,
" Between great ſtates aroſe well-ordered
" war;
" Wherein moſt perfect meaſure doth appear,
" Whether their well-ſet ranks reſpected are
" In quadrant form or ſemicircular;
" Or elſe the march, when all the troops
" advance,
" And to the drum in gallant order dance.

LXXXVIII.

" And after wars, when white-wing'd Victory
" Is with a glorious triumph beautify'd,
" And every one doth Iö Iö cry,
" Whilſt all in gold the conqueror doth ride;
" The ſolemn pomp that fills the city wide
" Obſerves ſuch rank and meaſure every
" where,
" As if they altogether dancing were.

LXXXIX.

" The like juſt order mourners do obſerve,
(" But with unlike affection and attire)
" When ſome great man that nobly did deſerve,
" And whom his friends impatiently deſire,
" Is brought with honour to his lateſt fire:
" The dead corpſe too in that ſad dance is
" mov'd;
" As if both dead and living dancing lov'd.

XC.

" A diverſe cauſe, but like ſolemnity,
" Unto the temple leads the baſhful bride,
" Which bluſheth like the Indian ivory
" Which is with dip of Tyrian purple dy'd:
" A golden troop doth paſs on ev'ry ſide
" Of flouriſhing young men and virgins gay,
" Which keep fair meaſure all the flow'ry
way.

XCI.

" And not alone the general multitude,
" But thoſe choice Neſtors which in council
" grave
" Of cities and of kingdoms do conclude,
" Moſt comely order in their ſeſſions have:
" Wherefore the wiſe Theſſalians ever gave
" The name of leader of their countries
" dance
" To him that had their countries govern-
ance.

XCII.

" And thoſe great maſters of their liberal arts
" In all their ſeveral ſchools do dancing
" teach;
" For humble grammar firſt doth ſet the parts
" Of congruent and well-according ſpeech;
" Which rhetoric, whoſe ſtate the clouds doth
" reach,
" And heav'nly poetry, do forward lead,
" And diverſe meaſure diverſely do tread.

XCIII.

" For rhetoric clothing ſpeech in rich array,
" In looſer numbers teacheth her to range,
" With twenty tropes, and turnings ev'ry way,
" And various figures, and licentious change;
" But poetry, with rule and order ſtrange,
" So curiouſly doth move each ſingle pace,
" As all is mar'd, if ſhe one foot miſplace.

xciv.

" Theſe arts of ſpeech the guides and marſhals
" are;
" But logic leadeth reaſon in a dance,
" Reaſon the connoiſſeur and bright load-ſtar,
" In this world's ſea t' avoid the rock of
" chance,
" For with cloſe following and continuance
" One reaſon doth another ſo enſue,
" As in concluſion ſtill the dance is true.

xcv.

" So muſic to her own ſweet tunes doth trip
" With tricks of 3, 5, 8, 15, and more:
" So doth the art of numb'ring ſeem to ſkip
" From even to odd in her proportion'd ſcore:
" So do thoſe ſkills, whoſe quick eyes do explore
" The juſt dimenſion both of earth and hea-
" ven,
" In all their rules obſerve a meaſure even.

xcvi.

" Lo, this is dancing's true nobility:
" Dancing the child of muſic and of love;
" Dancing itſelf both love and harmony,
" Where all agree, and all in order move;
" Dancing, the art that all arts do approve:
" The fair character of the world's conſent,
" The heav'n's true figure, and th' earth's
" ornament."

xcvii.

The queen, whoſe dainty ears had borne too long
The tedious praiſe of that ſhe did deſpiſe,
Adding once more the muſic of the tongue
To the ſweet ſpeech of her alluring eyes,
Began to anſwer in ſuch winning wiſe,
As that forthwith Antinous' tongue was
ty'd;
His eyes faſt fix'd, his ears were open wide.

xcviii.

" Forſooth (quoth ſhe) great glory you have won,
" To your trim minion dancing all this while,
" By blazing him Love's firſt begotten ſon;
" Of ev'ry ill the hateful father vile,
" That doth the world with ſorceries beguile:
" Cunningly mad, religiouſly prophane,
" Wit's monſter, reaſon's canker, ſenſe's
" bane.

xcix.

" Love taught the mother that unkind deſire
" To waſh her hands in her own infant's blood;
" Love taught the daughter to betray her ſire
" Into moſt baſe and worthy ſervitude;
" Love taught the brother to prepare ſuch food
" To feaſt his brother, that the all-ſeeing ſun,
" Wrapt in a cloud, that wicked ſight did
" ſhun.

c.

" And ev'n this ſelf-ſame Love hath dancing
" taught,
" An art that ſheweth th' idea of his mind
" With vainneſs, frenzy, and miſorder fraught;
" Sometimes with blood and cruelties unkind:
" For in a dance Tereus' mad wife did find
" Fit time and place by murder of her ſon
" T' avenge the wrong his traiterous ſire
" had done.

ci.

" What mean the mermaids when they dance and
ſing,
" But certain death unto the mariner?
" What tidings do the dancing dolphins bring,
" But that ſome dangerous ſtorm approacheth
" near?
" Then ſith both love and dancing liveries bear
" Of ſuch ill hap, unhappy may I prove,
" If ſitting free I either dance or love."

cii.

Yet once again Antinous did reply;
" Great queen, condemn not Love * the inno-
cent,
" For this miſchievous luſt, which traiterouſly
" Uſurps his name, and ſteals his ornament:
" For that true love which dancing did invent,
" Is he that tun'd the world's whole har-
" mony,
" And link'd all men in ſweet ſociety.

ciii.

" He firſt extracted from th' earth mingled mind
" That heav'nly fire, or quinteſſence divine,
" Which doth ſuch ſympathy in beauty find,
" As is between the elm and fruitful vine,
" And ſo to beauty ever doth incline:
" Life's life it is, and cordial to the heart,
" And of our better part, the better part.

civ.

" This is true Love, by that true Cupid got,
" Which danceth galliards in your am'rous eyes,
" But to your frozen heart approacheth not,
" Only your heart he dares not enterprize;
" And yet through every other part he flies,
" And every where he nimbly danceth now,
" That in yourſelf, yourſelf perceive not how.

cv.

" For your ſweet beauty daintily transfus'd
" With due proportion throughout ev'ry part,
" What is it but a dance where Love hath us'd
" His fineſt cunning, and more curious art;
" Where all the elements themſelves impart,
" And turn, and wind, and mingle with ſuch
" meaſure, [pleaſure?
" That th' eye that ſees it, ſurfeits with the

cvi.

" Love in the twinkling of your eyelids danceth,
" Love danceth in your pulſes and your veins,
" Love when you ſow, your needles point ad-
" vanceth,
" And makes it dance a thouſand curious ſtrains
" Of winding rounds, whereof the form remains:
" To ſhew, that your fair hands can dance
" the hay, [they.
" Which your fine feet would learn as well as

cvii.

" And when your ivory fingers touch the ſtrings
" Of any ſilver ſounding inſtrument,
" Love makes them dance to thoſe ſweet mur-
" murings,
" With buſy ſkill, and cunning excellent:
" O that your feet thoſe tunes would repreſent
" With artificial motions to and fro,
" That Love this art in ev'ry part might
ſhow!

* True Love inventor of dancing.

CVIII.

" Yet your fair ſoul, which came from heav'n above
" To rule this houſe, another heav'n below,
" With divers powers in harmony doth move,
" And all the virtues that from her do flow,
" In a round meaſure hand in hand do go:
" Could I now ſee, as I conceive this dance,
" Wonder and love would caſt me in a trance.

CIX.

" The richeſt jewel in all the heav'nly treaſure
" That ever yet unto the earth was ſhown,
" Is perfect concord, th' only perfect pleaſure
" That wretched earth-born men have ever known,
" For many hearts it doth compound in one:
" That what ſo one doth will, or ſpeak, or do,
" With one conſent they all agree thereto.

CX.

" Concord's true picture ſhineth in this art,
" Where divers men and women ranked be,
" And every one doth dance a ſeveral part,
" Yet all as one, in meaſure do agree,
" Obſerving perfect uniformity:
" All turn together, all together trace,
" And all together honour and embrace.

CXI.

" If they whom ſacred love hath link'd in one,
" Do, as they dance, in all their courſe of life;
" Never ſhall burning grief nor bitter moan,
" Nor factious difference, nor unkind ſtrife,
" Ariſe betwixt the huſband and the wife:
" For whether forth or back, or round he go,
" As the man doth, ſo muſt the woman do.

CXII.

" What if by often interchange of place
" Sometime the woman gets the upper hand?
" That is but done for more delightful grace,
" For on that part ſhe doth not ever ſtand:
" But, as the meaſure's law doth her command,
" She wheels about, and ere the dance doth end,
" Into her former place ſhe doth tranſcend.

CXIII.

" But not alone this correſpondence meet
" And uniform conſent doth dancing praiſe,
" For comelineſs, the child of order ſweet,
" Enamels it with her eye-pleaſing rays:
" Fair comelineſs, ten hundred thouſand ways,
" Through dancing ſheds itſelf, and makes it ſhine,
" With glorious beauty, and with grace di-vine.

CXIV.

" For comelineſs is a diſpoſing fair
" Of things and actions in fit time and place;
" Which doth in dancing ſhew itſelf moſt clear,
" When troops confus'd, which here and there do trace
" Without diſtinguiſhment or bounded ſpace,
" By dancing rule into ſuch ranks are brought,
" As glads the eye, as raviſheth the thought.

CXV.

" Then why ſhould reaſon judge that reaſonleſs
" Which is wit's offspring, and the work of art,
" Image of concord and of comelineſs,
" Who ſees a clock moving in every part,
" A ſailing pinnace, or a wheeling cart,
" But thinks that reaſon, ere it came to paſs,
" The firſt impulſive cauſe and mover was?

CXVI.

" Who ſees an army all in rank advance,
" But deems a wiſe commander is in place
" Which leadeth on that brave victorious dance?
" Much more in dancing's art, in dancing's grace
" Blindleſs itſelf may reaſon's footſteps trace:
" For of Love's maze it is the curious plot
" And of man's fellowſhip the true love knot.

CXVII.

" But if theſe eyes of yours, (load ſtars of love
" Shewing the world's great dance to your mind's eye)
" Cannot with all their demonſtrations move
" Kind apprehenſion in your fantaſy
" Of dancing's virtue, and nobility:
" How can my barbrous tongue win you thereto, [never do?
" Which heav'n and earth's fair ſpeech could

CXVIII.

" O Love my king; if all my wit and power
" Have done you all the ſervice that they can,
" O be you preſent in this preſent hour,
" And help your ſervant and your true liege-man,
" End that perſuaſion which I erſt began:
" For who in praiſe of dancing can perſuade
" With ſuch ſweet force as love, which dancing made?"

CXIX.

Love heard his pray'r, and ſwifter than the wind
Like to a page, in habit, face and ſpeech,
He came, and ſtood Antinous behind†,
And many ſecrets to his thoughts did teach:
At laſt a cryſtal mirror he did reach
Unto his hands, that he with one raſh view,
All forms therein by Love's revealing knew.

CXX.

And humbly honouring, gave it to the queen
With this fair ſpeech: See, faireſt queen (quoth he)
" The faireſt ſight that ever ſhall be ſeen,
" And th' only wonder of poſterity,
" The richeſt work in nature's treaſury;
" Which ſhe diſdains to ſhew on this world's ſtage,
" And thinks it far too good for our rude age.

CXXI.

" But in another world divided far,
" In the great, fortunate, triangled iſle,
" Thrice twelve degrees remov'd from the north ſtar,
" She will this glorious workmanſhip compile,
" Which ſhe hath been conceiving all this while
" Since the world's birth, and will bring forth at laſt, [paſt."
" When ſix and twenty hundred years are

CXXII

Penelope, the queen, when ſhe had view'd
The ſtrange eye-dazzling admirable ſight,
Fain would have prais'd the ſtate and pulchritude,

† A paſſage to the deſcription of dancing in that age.

But she was stricken dumb with wonder quite,
Yet her sweet mind retain'd her thinking might;
Her ravish'd mind in heav'nly thoughts did dwell,
But what she thought, no mortal tongue can tell.

CXXIII.

You lady Muse, whom Jove the counsellor
Begot of memory, wisdom's treasures,
To your divining tongue is given a power
Of uttering secrets large and limitless:
You can Penelope's strange thoughts express
Which she conceiv'd, and then would fain have told,
When she the wond'rous crystal did behold.

CXXIV.

Her winged thoughts bore up her mind so high,
As that she ween'd she saw the glorious throne
Where the bright moon doth sit in majesty,
A thousand sparkling stars about her shone;
But she herself did sparkle more alone
Than all those thousand beauties would have done
If they had been confounded all in one.

CXXV.

And yet she thought those stars mov'd in such measure,
To do their sovereign honour and delight,
As sooth'd her mind with sweet enchanting pleasure,
Although the various change amaz'd her sight,
And her weak judgment did entangle quite:
Beside, their moving made them shine more clear,
As diamonds mov'd, more sparkling do appear.

CXXVI.

This was the picture of her wondrous thought;
But who can wonder that her thought was so,
Sith Vulcan king of fire that mirror wrought,
(Who things to come, present, and past, doth know)
And there did represent in lively show
Our glorious English court's divine image,
As it should be in this our golden age.

* * * * * * * *

Here are wanting some Stanzas describing Queen Elizabeth.

Then follow these:

CXXVII.

Her brighter dazzling beams of majesty
Were laid aside, for she vouchsaf'd awhile
With gracious, cheerful, and familiar eye
Upon the revels of her court to smile;
For so time's journies she doth oft beguile:
Like sight no mortal eye might elsewhere see
So full of state, art, and variety.

CXXVIII.

For of her barons brave, and ladies fair,
(Who had they been elsewhere most fair had been)
Many an incomparable lovely pair,
With hand in hand were interlinked seen,
Making fair honour to their sovereign queen;
Forward they pac'd, and did their pace apply
To a most sweet and solemn melody.

CXXIX.

So subtle and so curious was the measure,
With unlook'd for change in ev'ry strain;
As that Penelope wrapt with sweet pleasure,
When she beheld the true proportion plain
Of her own web weav'd and unweav'd again;
But that her art was somewhat less she thought,
And on a mere ignoble subject wrought.

CXXX.

For here, like to the silkworm's industry,
Beauty itself out of itself did weave
So rare a work, and of such subtlety,
As did all eyes entangle and deceive,
And in all minds a strange impression leave:
In this sweet labyrinth did Cupid stray,
And never had the power to pass away.

CXXXI.

As when the Indians, neighbours of the morning,
In honour of the cheerful rising sun,
With pearl and painted plumes themselves adorning,
A solemn stately measure have begun:
The god, well pleas'd with that fair honour done,
Sheds forth his beams, and doth their faces kiss
With that immortal glorious face of his.

CXXXII.

So, &c. &c. * * * *

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOSEPH HALL,

Containing his

SATIRES.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I firſt adventure, follow me who liſt,
And be the ſecond *Engliſh* ſatiriſt.

PROLOGUE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF HALL.

Joseph Hall, ſucceſſively Biſhop of Exeter and Norwich, was born at Briſtow Park, in the pariſh of Aſhby de la Zouch, in Leiceſterſhire, 1ſt July 1574.

His father, according to his own account, was an officer under the Earl of Huntingdon, Preſident of the North, who, from his infancy, had deſtined him to the Church; and his mother, whom he has celebrated for her examplary piety, was extremely ſolicitous that he ſhould be of a profeſſion which ſhe herſelf held ſo much in veneration.

He received his ſchool-education at his native place; and, at the age of fifteen, he was ſent to Emanuel college, Cambridge, of which, in due time, after taking his degrees, he became a fellow.

He often diſputed and preached before the Univerſity; and he read the rhetoric lecture in the public ſchools for two years, with great applauſe; or, as he himſelf expreſſes it, "was encouraged with a ſufficient frequency of auditors."

He diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a wit and a poet very early in life; for, in 1597, his 23d year, he publiſhed his *Virgidemiarum; Satires, in ſix books*, which completely eſtabliſhed his poetical reputation.

After eight years reſidence in college, he was preſented to the rectory of Halſted, in Suffolk, by Sir Robert Drury; and, being thus ſettled, he married the daughter of Mr. George Winniff, with whom he lived happily forty-nine years.

In 1605, he accompanied Sir Edmund Bacon to the Spa, where he compoſed his *Second Century of Meditations*; which were well received at court, and much read by Prince Henry.

On his return, he was appointed Chaplain to that promiſing young prince, and had the donative of Waltham Holy-croſs given him by Lord Denny, afterwards Earl of Norwich.

In 1612, he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

During his reſidence at Waltham, he was made a prebendary of the collegiate church of Wolverhamton; and, in 1616, dean of Worceſter; while he was attending the embaſſy of Lord Hay into France.

In 1617, he attended his Majeſty, as one of his chaplains, into Scotland, where he exerted himſelf in ſupport of Epiſcopacy, againſt Preſbyterianiſm.

Having acquired a conſiderable reputation in polemical divinity, he was ſent, the year following, with other Engliſh divines, to the Synod of Dort; which the declining ſtate of his health obliged him to leave in a ſhort time. On his departure, the preſident and aſſiſtants of that famous aſſembly took a ſolemn leave of him; and the deputies of the States preſented him with a rich medal of gold, "as a monument," he ſays, "of their reſpect for his poor endeavours."

Having refuſed, in 1624, the biſhopric of Glouceſter from King James, he accepted, in 1627, that of Exeter from King Charles.

In 1641, he was tranſlated to the ſee of Norwich, which he enjoyed, not without ſome allay to his happineſs; for the civil wars breaking out, he had his ſhare in the ſeverities exerciſed againſt the biſhops at that time by the prevailing party, of which he has given an account in his *Hard Meaſure*, printed in 1647.

In 1643, the Committee of Sequeſtration deprived him of his palace and revenues; upon which he retired to a ſmall eſtate which he rented at Higham, near Norwich, where he ended his life, on the 8th September 1656, in the 82d year of his age.

His proſe writings are very numerous, making in all three volumes in folio, and "are filled," ſays Bayle, "with fine thoughts, excellent morality, and a great deal of piety:" a commendation which cannot be fully admitted, without making ſome deductions for the imbecillity of his *Sermons*, and the ſtrain of vulgar credulity and enthuſiaſm in which *The Specialities of his Life*, and ſome other pieces are written. His *Miſcellaneous Epiſtles*, dedicated to Prince Henry, have the merit of being the firſt example of that kind of writing which appeared in England. His *Mundus alter et idem*, in which, under a pretended deſcription of the *Terra Auſtralis*, he gives a very ingenious ſatire on the vices and follies of mankind, is equally valuable and forgotten, and particularly merits republication. His *Meditations* are juſtly eſteemed, and have been frequently printed; and, very lately, modernized by Mr. Glaſſe.

The *Virgidemiarum* are not printed with his other writings; and are not even mentioned by him, through his extreme modeſty, in the *Specialities of his Life*. Pope ſaw them, but ſo late in life, that he could only "wiſh he had ſeen them ſooner." They were reprinted at Oxford in 1753, and are now, for the firſt time, admitted into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

Wyat, in his Epiſtles, has much of the familiar elegance of Horace; but the merit of introducing into the Engliſh language the firſt legitimate ſatire, was reſerved for Hall.

I firſt adventure, follow me who liſt,
And be the ſecond *Engliſh* ſatiriſt.

The Italians had Arioſto, and the French Regnier, who might have ſerved him as models for imitation; but he copies the ancients, and chiefly Juvenal and Perſius; though he wants not many ſtrokes of elegance and delicacy, which ſhew him perfectly acquainted with the manner of Horace.

The three firſt books of the *Virgidemiarum* are called *Toothleſs Satires*, *Poetical*, *Academical*, *Moral*; the three laſt, *Biting Satires*.

The compliment which was given of old to Homer and Archilochus, is due to Hall; for the improvements which have been made by ſucceeding poets, bear no proportion to the diſtance of time between him and them.

Upon comparing him with Donne, his ſucceſſor, it will appear, that his verſes are more muſical and flowing; that he is not inferior to him in wit, and that he exceeds him in his characters, which are more numerous, and drawn with greater art and ſtrength of colouring.

Many of his lines would do honour to the moſt harmonious of our modern poets. The ſenſe has generally ſuch a pauſe, and will admit of ſuch a punctuation at the cloſe of the ſecond line, as if it were calculated for a modern ear.

He has an animated idea of good poetry, and frequently avows his admiration of Spenſer, who was his contemporary, and whom he imitates in the uſe of obſolete words, which leſſen the value, and diminiſh the perſpicuity of his writings.

THE AUTHOR'S POSTSCRIPT

TO HIS SATIRES.

It is not for every one to reliſh a true and natural ſatire, being of itſelf, beſides the nature and inbred bitterneſs and tartneſs of particulars, both hard of conceit and harſh of ſtyle, and therefore cannot but be unpleaſing both to the unſkilful and over muſical ear; the one being affected with only a ſhallow and eaſy matter, the other with a ſmooth and current diſpoſition: ſo that I well foreſee in the timely publication of theſe my concealed ſatires, I am ſet upon the rack of many mercileſſe and peremptory cenſures, which ſith the calmeſt and moſt plauſible writer is almoſt fatally ſubject to, in the curioſity of theſe nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted upon the occaſion of ſo buſy and ſtirring a ſubject? One thinks it miſ-beſeeming the author, becauſe a poem; another, unlawful in itſelf, becauſe a ſatire; a third, harmful to others, for the ſharpneſs; and a fourth, unſatire-like, for the mildneſs: the learned, too perſpicuous, being named with Juvenal, Perſius, and the other ancient ſatires: the unlearned, favourleſs, becauſe too obſcure, and obſcure, becauſe not under their reach. What a monſter muſt he be that would pleaſe all!

Certainly look what weather it would be, if every almanack ſhould be verified: much what like poems, if every fancy ſhould be ſuited. It is not for this kind to deſire or hope to pleaſe, which naturally ſhould only find pleaſure in diſpleaſing: notwithſtanding, if the fault finding with the vices of the time may honeſtly accord with the good will of the parties, I had as lieve eaſe myſelf with a ſlender apology, as wilfully bear the brunt of cauſeleſs anger in my ſilence: for poetry itſelf, after the ſo effectual and abſolute endeavours of her honoured patrons, either ſhe needeth no new defence, or elſe might well ſcorn the offer of ſo impotent and poor a client. Only for my own part, though were ſhe a more unworthy miſtreſs, I think ſhe might be inoffenſively ſerved with the broken meſſes of our twelve o'clock hours, which homely ſervice ſhe only claimed and found of me, for that ſhort while of my attendance: yet having thus ſoon taken my ſolemn farewell of her, and ſhak'd hands with all her retinue, why ſhould it be an eye-ſore unto any, ſith it can be no loſs to myſelf?

For my ſatires themſelves, I ſee two obvious cavils to be anſwered: one concerning the matter; than which I confeſs none can be more open to danger, to envy; ſith faults loath nothing more than the light, and men love nothing more than their faults; and therefore, what through the nature of the faults, and fault of the perſons, it is impoſſible ſo violent an appeachment ſhould be quietly brooked. But why ſhould vices be unblamed for fear of blame? And if thou may'ſt ſpit upon a toad unvenomed, why may'ſt thou not ſpeak of vice without danger? Eſpecially ſo warily as I have endeavoured; who, in the unpartial mention of ſo many vices, may ſafely profeſs to be altogether guiltleſs in myſelf to the intention of any guilty perſon who might be blemiſhed by the likelihood of my conceived application, thereupon chooſing rather to marre mine own verſe, than another's name; which, notwithſtanding, if the injurious reader ſhall wreſt to his own ſpight, and diſparaging of others, it is a ſhort anſwer, *Art thou guilty?* Complain not, thou art not wronged. *Art thou guiltleſs?* Complain not, thou art not touched. The other, concerning the manner, wherein perhaps too much ſtooping to

the low reach of the vulgar, I ſhall be thought not to have any whit kindly raught my ancient Roman predeceſſors, whom, in the want of more late and familiar precedents, I am conſtrained thus far off to imitate; which thing I can be ſo willing to grant, that I am further ready to warrant my action therein to any indifferent cenſure. Firſt, therefore, I dare boldly avouch, that the Engliſh is not altogether ſo natural to a ſatire as the Latin; which I do not impute to the nature of the language itſelf, being ſo far from diſabling it any way, that methinks I durſt equal it to the proudeſt in every reſpect; but to that which is common to it with all the other common languages, Italian, French, German, &c. In their poeſies, the fettering together the ſeries of the verſes, with the bonds of like cadence or deſinence of rhyme, which, if it be unuſually abrupt, and not dependent in ſenſe upon ſo near affinity of words, I know not what a loathſome kind of harſhneſs and diſcordance it breedeth to any judicial ear; which if any more confident adverſary ſhall gainſay, I wiſh no better trial than the tranſlation of one of Perſius's ſatires into Engliſh; the difficulty and diſſonance whereof ſhall make good my aſſertion: beſides, the plain experience thereof in the ſatires of Arioſto, (ſave which, and one baſe French ſatire, I could never attain the view of any for my direction, and that alſo might for need ſerve for an excuſe at leaſt) whoſe chain-verſe, to which he fettereth himſelf, as it may well afford a pleaſing harmony to the ear, ſo can it yield nothing but a flaſhy and looſe conceit to the judgment. Whereas the Roman numbers, tying but one foot to another, offereth a greater freedom of variety, with much more delight to the reader. Let my ſecond ground be, the well-known dainties of the time; ſuch, that men rather chooſe careleſsly to loſe the ſweet of the kernel, than to urge their teeth with breaking the ſhell wherein it was wrapped; and therefore ſith that which is unſeen is almoſt undone, and that is almoſt unſeen which is unconceived, either I would ſay nothing to be untalk'd of, or ſpeak with my mouth open, that I may be underſtood. Thirdly, the end of this pains was a ſatire, but the end of my ſatire a further good, which whether I attain or no, I know not; but let me be plain with the hope of profit, rather than purpoſely obſcure only for a bare name's ſake.

Notwithſtanding, in the expectation of this quarrel, I think my firſt ſatire doth ſomewhat reſemble the ſour and crabbed face of Juvenal's, which I, endeavouring in that, did determinately omit in the reſt, for theſe forenamed cauſes, that ſo I might have ſomewhat to ſtop the mouth of every accuſer. The reſt to each man's cenſure; which let be as favourable as ſo thankleſs a work can deſerve or deſire.

A DEFIANCE TO ENVY.

Nay, let the prouder pines of *Ida* feare
The ſudden fires of heaven, and decline
Their yielding tops that dar'd the ſkies whilere;
And ſhake your ſturdy trunks, ye prouder pines,
Whoſe ſwelling grains are like begall'd alone,
With the deep furrows of the thunder-ſtone.

Stand ye ſecure, ye ſafer ſhrubs below,
In humble dales, whom heav'ns do hot deſpight;
Nor angry clouds conſpire your overthrow,
Envying at your too diſdainful height.
Let high attempts dread envy and ill tongues,
And cow'rdly ſhrinke for feare of cauſeleſſe wrongs.

So wont big oaks feare winding ivy weed;
So ſoaring eagles fear the neighbour funne;
So golden Mazor wont ſuſpicion breed,
Of deadly hemlock's poiſoned potion;
So adders ſhroud themſelves in faireſt leaves;
So fouler fate the fairer thing bereaves.

Nor the low buſh feares climbing ivy twine;
Nor lowly buſtard dreads the diſtant rays;
Nor earthen pot wont ſecret death to ſhrine;
Nor ſubtle ſnake doth lurk in pathed ways;
Nor baſer deed dreads envy and ill tongues,
Nor ſhrinks ſo ſoon for fear of cauſeleſſe wrongs.

Needs me then hope, or doth me need miſ-dread:
Hope for that honour, dread that wrongful ſpite:
Spite of the party, honour of the deed,
Which wont alone on lofty objects light.
That envy ſhould accoſt my muſe and me,
For this ſo rude and reckleſſe poeſy.

Would ſhe but ſhade her tender browes with bay,
That now lie bare in careleſſe wilful rage;
And trance herſelf in that ſweet extacy,
That rouzeth drooping thoughts of baſhful age:
(Though now thoſe bays and that aſpired thought,
In careleſſe rage ſhe ſets at worſe than nought.)

Or would we looſe her plumy pineon,
Manicled long with bonds of modeſt feare, ſgone,
Soone might ſhe have thoſe keſtrels proud out-
Whoſe flighty wings are dew'd with wetter aire,
And hopen now to ſhoulder from above
The eagle from the ſtairs of friendly Jove.

Or liſt ſhe rather in late triumph reare
Eternal trophies to ſome conquerour,
Whoſe dead deſerts ſlept in his ſepulcher,
And never ſaw, nor life, nor light before:
To lead ſad Pluto captive with my ſong,
To grace the triumphs he obſcur'd ſo long.

Or ſcoure the ruſted ſwords of elviſh knights,
Bathed in pagan blood, or ſheath them new
In myſty moral types; or tell their fights,
Who mighty giants, or who monſters ſlew;
And by ſome ſtrange inchanted ſpeare and ſhield,
Vanquiſh'd their ſoe, and won the doubtful [field.

May-be ſhe might in ſtately ſtanzas frame
Stories of ladies, and advent'rous knights,
To raiſe her ſilent and inglorious name
Unto a reachleſſe pitch of praiſes hight,
And ſomewhat ſay, as more unworthy done,
Worthy of braſſe, and hoary marble ſtone.

Then might vain Envy waſte her duller wing,
To trace the airy ſteps ſhe ſpiteing ſees,
And vainly faint in hopeleſſe following
The clouded paths her native droſſe denies.
But now ſuch lowly ſatires here I ſing,
Not worth our Muſe, not worth her envy ing.

Too good (if ill) to be expos'd to blame;
Too good, if worſe, to ſhadow ſhameleſſe vice:
Ill, if too good, not anſwering their name:
So good and ill in fickle cenſure lies.
Since in our ſatire lies both good and ill,
And they and it in varying readers will.

Witneſſe, ye Muſes, how I wilful ſung
Theſe heady rhimes, withouten ſecond care;
And wiſh'd them worſe, my guilty thoughts among;
The ruder ſatire ſhould go ragg'd and bare,
And ſhew his rougher and his hairy hide,
Though mine be ſmooth, and deck'd in careleſſe pride.

Would we but breathe within a wax-bound quill,
Pan's ſeven-fold pipe, ſome plaintive paſtoral,
To teach each hollow grove and ſhrubby hill,
Each murmuring brook, each ſolitary vale,
To ſound our love, and to our ſong accord,
Wearying Echo with one changleſſe word.

Or liſt us make two ſtriving ſhepherds ſing,
With coſtly wagers for the victory,
Under Menalcas judge; while one doth bring
A carven bowl well wrought of beechen tree,
Praiſing it by the ſtory, or the frame,
Or want of uſe, or ſkilful maker's name.

Another layeth a well-marked lamb,
Or ſpotted kid, or ſome more forward ſteere;
And from the paile doth praiſe their fertile dam:
So do they ſtrive in doubt, in hope, in feare,
Awaiting for their truſty umpire's doome,
Faulted as falſe by him that's overcome.

Whether ſo me liſt my lovely thought to ſing,
Come dance, ye nimble Dryads, by my ſide;
Ye gentle wood-nymphs, come; and with you bring [guide.
The willing fawns, that mought your muſick
Come nymphs and fawns, that haunt thoſe ſhady groves,
While I report my fortunes or my loves.

Or whether liſt me ſing ſo perſonate,
My ſtriving ſelfe to conquer with my verſe,
Speake, ye attentive ſwains that heard me late,
Needs me give graſſe unto the conquerors.
At Colin's feet I throw my yielding reed;
But let the reſt win homage by their deed.

But now (ye Muſes) ſith your ſacred heſts
Profaned are by each preſuming tongue,
In ſcornful rage I vow this ſilent reſt,
That never field nor grove ſhall heare my ſong.
Only theſe refuſe rhimes I here miſ-ſpend,
To chide the world, that did my thoughts offend.

SATIRES.

BOOK I.

PROLOGUE.

I first adventure, with fool-hardy might,
To tread the steps of perilous despite.
I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist.
Envy waits on my back, Truth on my side;
Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.
Envy the margent holds, and Truth the line:
Truth doth approve, but Envy doth repine.
For in this smoothing age who durst indite,
Hath made his pen an hired parasite,
To claw the back of him that beastly lives,
And pranck base men in proud superlatives.
Whence damned vice is shrouded quite from shame,
And crown'd with virtue's meed, immortal name!
Infamy, dispossess'd of native due,
Ordain'd of old on looser life to sue:
The world's eye-bleared with these shameless lyes,
Mask'd in the shew of meal-mouth'd poesies.
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thankless task,
And do the ugly face of Vice unmask:
And if thou canst not thine high flight remit,
So as it mought a lowly satire fit,
Let lowly satires rise aleft to thee:
Truth be thy speed, and Truth thy patron be.

SATIRE I.

Nor ladies wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight.
Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
Of mighty Mahound, and great Termagaunt.
Nor list I sonnet of my mistress' face,
To paint some Bloweſſe with a borrowed grace;
Nor can I bide to pen some hungry scene
For thick skin ears, and undiscerning eyne.
Nor ever could my scornful Muse abide
With tragic shoes her ankles for to hide.
Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fawning tayle
To some great Patron, for my best avayle.
Such hunger starven trencher poetrie,
Or let it never live, or timely die:
Nor under every bank and every tree,
Speak rhymes unto my oaten minstralsie:
Nor carol out so pleasing lively laies,
As mought the Graces move my mirth to praise.
Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,
I them † bequeath: whose statues wandring twine
Of ivy mix'd with bays, circling around
Their living temples likewise laurel bound.
Rather had I, albe in careless rhymes,
Check the mis-order'd world, and lawless times.
Nor need I crave the Muse's midwifery,
To bring to light so worthless poetry:
Or if we list, what haser Muse can bide,
To sit and sing by Granta's naked side?
They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,
E'er since the fame of their late ¶ bridal day.
Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,
To tell our Grant his banks are left for lore.

† E. of Surrey, Wyat, Sidney, Dyer, &c.

SATIRE II.

Whilom the sisters nine were vestal maides,
And held their temple in the secret shades
Of fair Parnassus, that two-headed hill,
Whose auncient fame the southern world did fill;
And in the stead of their eternal fame,
Was the cool stream that took his endless name,

¶ See Spenser.

From out the fertile hoof of winged ſteed:
There did they ſit and do their holy deed, [late
That pleas'd both heav'n and earth—till that of
Whom ſhould I fault? or the moſt righteous fate,
Or heav'n, or men, or fiends, or ought beſide,
That ever made that foul miſchance betide?
Some of the ſiſters in ſecurer ſhades
Defloured were—
And ever ſince, diſdaining ſacred ſhame,
Done ought that might their heav'nly ſtock defame.
Now is Parnaſſus turned to a ſtewes,
And on bay-ſtocks the wanton myrtle grewes;
Cytheron hill's become a brothrel bed,
And Pyrene ſweet turn'd to a poiſon'd head
Of coal black puddle, whoſe infectious ſtain
Corrupteth all the lowly fruitful plain.
Their modeſt ſtole, to gariſh looſer weed, [meed:
Deck'd with love favours, their late whoredoms
And where they wont ſip of the ſimple flood,
Now toſs they bowls of Bacchus' boiling blood.
I marvell'd much, with doubtful jealouſie,
Whence came ſuch litters of new poetrie:
Methought I fear'd, leſt the horſe-hooſed well
His native banks did proudly overſwell
In ſome late diſcourent, thence to enſue
Such wondrous rabblements of rhymſters new:
But ſince, I ſaw it painted on fame's wings,
The Muſes to be woxen wantonings.
Each buſh, each bank, and each baſe apple ſquire
Can ſerve to fate their beaſtly lewd deſire.
Ye baſtard poets ſee your pedigree,
From common trulls and loathſome brothelry!

SATIRE III.

With ſome pot fury, raviſh'd from their wit,
They ſit and muſe on ſome no-vulgar writ:
As frozen dunghills in a winter's morn,
That void of vapours ſeemed all beforn,
Soon as the ſun ſends out his piercing beams,
Exhale out filthy ſmeak and ſtinking ſteams.
So doth the baſe, and the fore-barren brain,
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.
One higher pitch'd doth ſet his ſoaring thought
On crowned kings, that fortune hath low brought:
Or ſome upreared, high aſpiring ſwaine,
As it might be the Turkiſh Tamberlaine:
Then weeneth he his baſe drink drowned ſpright,
Rapt to the threefold loft of heaven hight,
When he conceives upon his faigned ſtage
The ſtalking ſteps of his great perſonage,
Graced with huff-cap terms and thundring threats;
That his poor hearers hair quite upright ſets.
Such ſoon as ſome brave minded hungry youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide ſtrained mouth,
He vaunts his voyce upon an hired ſtage,
With high ſet ſteps, and princely carriage;
Now ſooping in ſide robes of royalty,
That erſt did ſkrub in lowſy brokery,
There if he can with terms Italianate
Big ſounding ſentences, and words of ſtate,
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verſe,
He raviſhes the gazing ſcaffoklers:
Then certes was the famous Corduban, ‖
Never but half ſo high tragedian.
Now, leſt ſuch frightful ſhews of Fortune's fall,
And bloody tyrant's rage, ſhould chance apall
The dead ſtruck audience, 'midſt the ſilent rout,
Comes leaping in a ſelf-misformed lout,
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And juſtles ſtraight into the prince's place;
Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,
With gladſome noiſe of that applauding crowd.
A goodly hotch-potch! when vile ruffetings
Are match'd with monarchs, and with mighty kings.
A goodly grace to ſober tragic muſe,
When each baſe clown his clumbſy fiſt doth bruiſe,
And ſhew his teeth in double rotten row,
For laughter at his ſelf-reſembled ſhow.
Meanwhile our poets in high parliament
Sit watching every word and geſturement,
Like curious cenſors of ſome doughty gear,
Whiſpering their verdict in their fellows ear.
Woe to the word whoſe margent in their ſcrole
Is noted with a black condemning coal.
But if each period might the ſynod pleaſe,
Ho:—bring the ivy boughs, and bands of bays.
Now when they part and leave the naked ſtage,
Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
To curſe and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
That thus hath laviſh'd his late half-penny.
Shame that the Muſes ſhould be bought and ſold
For every peaſant's braſs, on each ſcaffold.

SATIRE IV.

Too popular is tragic poeſie,
Straining his tip-toes for a farthing fee,
And doth beſide on rhymeleſs numbers tread,
Unbid iambics flow from careleſs head.
Some braver brain in high heroic rhymes
Compileth worm-eat ſtories of old times:
And he like ſome imperious Maroniſt,
Conjures the Muſes that they him aſſiſt.
Then ſtrives he to bombaſt his feeble lines
With far-fetch'd phraſe;
And maketh up his hard betaken tale [vale,
With ſtrange enchantments, fetch'd from darkſome
Of ſome ¶ Meliſſa, that by magic doom
To Tuſcans ſoil tranſporteth Merlin's tomb.
Painters and poets hold your auncient right:
Write what you will, and write not what you might:
Their limits be their liſt, their reaſon will.
But if ſome painter in preſuming ſkill,
Should paint the ſtars in centre of the earth,
Could ye forbear ſome ſmiles, and taunting mirth?
But let no rebel ſatyr dare traduce
Th' eternal legends of thy faerie muſe,
Renowned Spencer: whom no earthly wight
Dares once to emulate, much leſs dares deſpight.
Saluſt † of France, and Tuſcan Arioſt,
Yield up the lawrel garland ye have loſt:
And let all others willow wear with me,
Or let their undeſerving temples bared be.

‖ Seneca, ¶ Arioſto, † Dubartas,

SATIRE V.

Another, whose more heavy hearted saint
Delights in nought but notes of rueful plaint,
Urgeth his melting muse with solemn tears
Rhyme of some dreary fates of luckless peers.
Then brings he up some branded whining ghost,
To tell how old misfortunes had him tos'd.
Then must he ban the guiltless fates above,
Or fortune frail, or unrewarded love.
And when he hath parbrak'd his grieved mind,
He sends him down where erst he did him find,
Without one penny to pay Charon's hire,
That waiteth for the wand'ring ghosts retire.

SATIRE VI.

Another scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,
Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times:
Give me the numbred verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue:
Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt with chaunged feet
And headstrong dactyls making music meet.
The nimble dactyl striving to outgo,
The drawling spondees pacing it below.
The lingering spondees, labouring to delay,
The breathless dactyls with a golden stay.
Whoever saw a colt wanton and wild,
Yok'd with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
Can right areed how handsomely befets
Dull spondees with the English dactylets?
If Jove speak English in a thundring cloud,
Thwick thwack, and riff raff, roars he out aloud.
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coin of words never articulate.

SATIRE VII.

Great is the folly of a feeble brain,
O'errul'd with love, and tyrannous disdain:
For love, however in the basest breast,
It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best.
Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry.
While they hang gazing on their mistress' eye.
The lovesick poet, whose importune prayer
Repulsed is with resolute despair,
Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame,
With public plaints of his conceived flame.
Then pours he forth in patched sonnettings
His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings:
As though the staring world hang'd on his sleeve,
When once he smiles, to laugh: and when he sighs, to grieve.
Careth the world, thou love, thou live, or die?
Careth the world how fair thy fair one be?
Fond wit-wal that wouldst load thy witless head
With timely horns, before thy bridal bed.
Then can he term his dirty ill-fac'd bride
Lady and queen, and virgin deify'd:
Be she all sooty black, or berry brown. [blown.
She's white as morrows milk, or flakes new
And though she be some dunghill drudge at home,
Yet can he her resign some refuse room
Amidst the well known stars: or if not there,
Sure will he saint her in his Kalendere.

SATIRE VIII.

Hence ye profane: mell not with holy things
That Sion's Muse from Palestina brings.
Parnassus is transform'd to Sion hill,
And iv'ry palms her steep ascents done fill.
Now good ‖ Saint Peter weeps pure Helicon,
And both the Maries make a music mean:
Yea, and the prophet of the heav'nly lyre,
Great Solomon, sings in the Englisli quire;
And is become a new found sonnetist,
Singing his love, the holy spouse of Christ:
Like as she were some light skirts of the rest,
In mightiest inkhornisms he can thither wrest.
Ye Sion Muses shall by my dear will,
For this your zeal and far admired skill,
Be straight transported from Jerusalem,
Unto the holy house of Bethlehem.

SATIRE IX.

Envy ye Muses at your thriving mate,
Cupid hath crowned a new laureat:
I saw his statue gayly 'tir'd in green,
As if he had some second Phœbus been.
His statue trimm'd with the venerean tree,
And shrined fair within your sanctuary.
What, he, that erst to gain the rhyming goal,
The worn recital post of capitol,
Rhymed in rules of stewish ribaldry,
Teaching experimental bawdery!
Whiles th' itching vulgar tickled with the song,
Hanged on their unready poet's tongue.
Take this ye patient Muses; and foul shame
Shall wait upon your once profaned name.
Take this ye Muses, this so high despite,
And let all hateful luckless birds of night:
Let screeching owls nest in your razed roofs,
And let your floor with horned satyres hoofs
Be dinted, and defiled every morn:
And let your walls be an eternal scorn.
What if some Shoreditch fury should incite
Some lust-stung lecher: must he needs indite
The beastly rites of hired venery,
The whole world's universal bawd to be?
Did never yet no damned libertine,
Nor elder heathen, nor new ¶ Florentine,
Though they were famous for lewd liberty,
Venture upon so shameful villany;
Our epigrammatarians old and late,
Were wont be blam'd for too licentiate.
Chaste men, they did but glance at Lesbia's deed,
And handsomely leave off with cleanly speed.
But arts of whoring, stories of the stews,
Ye Muses will ye bear, and may refuse?
Nay let the Devil and Saint Valentine,
Be gossips to those ribald rhymes of thine.

‖ Robert Southwell's St. Peter's Complaint.
¶ Peter Aretine.

SATIRES.

BOOK II.

PROLOGUE.

Or been the manes of that Cynic ſpright,
Cloath'd with ſome ſtubborn clay and led to light?
Or do the relic aſhes of his grave
Revive and riſe from their forſaken cave?
That ſo with gall-wet words and ſpeeches rude
Controuls the manners of the multitude.

Envy belike incites his pining heart,
And bids it fate itſelf with others ſmart.
Nay, no deſpight; but angry Nemeſis,
Whoſe ſcourge doth follow all that done amiſs:
That ſcourge I bear, albe in ruder fiſt,
And wound, and ſtrike, and pardon whom ſhe liſt.

SATIRE I.

For ſhame! write better Labeo, or write none;
Or better write, or Labeo write alone:
Nay, call the Cynic but a wittie foole,
Thence to abjure his handſome drinking bowl;
Becauſe the thirſtie ſwaine with hollow hand,
Conveied the ſtreame to weet his drie weaſand.
Write they that can, though they that cannot doe;
But who knowes that, but they that do not know.
Lo! what it is that makes white rags ſo deare,
That men muſt give a teſton for a queare.
Lo! what it is that makes gooſe wings ſo ſcant,
That the diſtreſſed ſempſter did them want:
So laviſh ope-tyde cauſeth faſting lents,
And ſtarveling famine comes of large expence.
Might not (ſo they were pleas'd that beene above)
Long paper abſtinence our death remove?
Then manie a Lollerd would in forfaitment,
Beare paper faggots o'er the pavement.
But now men wager who ſhall blot the moſt,
And each man writes. *There's ſo much labour loſt,*
That's good, that's great: nay, much is ſeldom well,
Of what is bad, a little's a greate deale.
Better is more: but beſt is nought at all.
Leſſe is the next, and leſſer criminal.
Little and good, is greateſt good ſave one,
Then Labeo, or write little, or write none.
Tuſh, but ſmall paines can be but little art,
Or lode full drie-fats fro the forren mart,
With folio volumes, two to an oxe hide,
Or elſe ye pamphleteer go ſtand aſide;
Reade in each ſchoole, in everie margent quoted,
In everie catalogue for an authour noted.
There's happineſſe well given and well got,
Leſſe gifts, and leſſer gaines, I weigh them not.
So may the giant roam and write on high,
Be he a dwarfe that writes not their as I.
But well fare Strabo, which as ſtories tell,
Contriv'd all Troy within one walnut ſhell.
His curious ghoſt now lately hither came;
Arriving neere the mouth of luckie Tame,
I ſaw a piſmire ſtruggling with the load,
Dragging all Troy home towards her abode.
Now dare we hither, if we durſt appeare,
The ſubtile ſtithy man that liv'd while ere:
Such one was once, or once I was miſtaught,
A ſmith at Vulcan's owne forge upbrought,
That made an iron chariot ſo light,
The coach horſe was a flea in trappings dight.
The tameleſſe ſteed could well his waggon wield,
Through downes and dales of the uneven field.
Strive they, laugh we: meanewhile the black ſtorie
Paſſes new Strabo, and new Strabo's Troy.
Little for great; and great for good; all one:
For ſhame! or better write, or Labeo write none.
But who conjur'd this bawdie Poggie's ghoſt,
From out the ſtewes of his lewde homebred coaſt:
Or wicked Rablais' drunken revellings,
To grace the miſrule of our tavernings?

Or who but bayes into blind Cupid's fift,
That he ſhould crowne what laureats him liſt?
Whoſe words are thoſe, to remedie the deed,
That cauſe men ſtop their noſes when they read?
Both good things ill, and ill things well; all one?
For ſhame! write cleanly Labeo, or write none.

SATIRE II.

To what end did our laviſh anceſtours
Erect of old theſe ſtately piles of ours;
For thread-bare clerks, and for the ragged muſe,
Whom better ſit ſome cotes of ſad ſecluſe?
Bluſh niggard Age, and be aſham'd to ſee,
Theſe monuments of wiſer anceſtrie.
And ye faire heapes the Muſes ſacred ſhrines,
(In ſpight of time and envious repines)
Stand ſtill and flouriſh till the world's laſt day,
Upbraiding it with former love's decay.
Here may you Muſes, our deare ſoveraignes,
Scorne each baſe lordling ever you diſdaines;
And every peaſant churle, whoſe ſmokie roofe
Denied harbour for your deare behoofe.
Scorne ye the world before it do complaine,
And ſcorne the world that ſcorneth you againe.
And ſcorne contempt itſelfe that doth incite
Each ſingle ſold 'ſquire to ſet you at ſo light.
What needes me care for anie bookiſh ſkill,
To blot white papers with my reſtleſſe quill:
Or pore on painted leaves, or beat my braine
With far-fetch thought; or to conſume in vaine
In latter even, or midſt of winter nights,
Ill ſmelling oyles, or ſome ſtill watching lights.
Let them that meane by bookiſh buſineſſe
To earne their bread, or hopen to profeſſe
Their hard got ſkill, let them alone for me,
Buſie their braines with deeper brokerie.
Great gaines ſhall bide you ſure, when ye have ſpent
A thouſand lamps, and thouſand reames have rent
Of needleſs papers; and a thouſand nights
Have burned out with coſtly candle lights.
Ye paliſh ghoſts of Athens, when at laſt
Your patrimonie ſpent in witleſſe waſt,
Your friends all wearie, and your ſpirits ſpent,
Ye may your fortunes ſeeke, and be forwent
Of your kind couſins, and your churliſh ſires,
Left there alone, midſt the faſt folding briers.
Have not I lands of faire inheritance,
Deriv'd by right of long continuance,
To firſt-borne males, ſo liſt the law to grace,
Nature's firſt fruits in an eternal race?
Let ſecond brothers, and poore neſtlings,
Whom more injurious nature later brings
Into the naked world; let them affaine
To get hard pennyworths with ſo bootleſſe paine.
Tuſh! what care I to be Arceſilas,
Or ſome ſad Solon, whoſe deed furrowed face,
And ſullen head, and yellow clouded ſight,
Still on the ſtedfaſt earth are muſing pight;
Mutt'ring what cenſures their diſtracted minde,
Of brain-ſick paradoxes deeply hath deſiude:
Or of Parmenides, or of darke Heraclite,
Whether all be one, or ought be infinite?
Long would it be ere thou haſt purchaſe bought,
Or welthier wexen by ſuch idle thought.
Fond fool! ſix feet ſhall ſerve for all thy ſtore;
And he that cares for moſt ſhall find no more.
We ſcorne that wealth ſhould be the final end,
Whereto the heavenly Muſe her courſe doth bend;
And rather had be pale with learned cares,
Than paunched with thy choyce of changed fares.
Or doth thy glorie ſtand in outward glee?
A lave-ear'd aſſe with gold may trapped be.
Or if in pleaſure? live we as we may,
Let ſwiniſh Grill delight in dunghill clay.

SATIRE III.

Who doubts? the laws fell down from heaven's height,
Like to ſome gliding ſtarre in winters night?
Themis, the ſcribe of God, did long agone
Engrave them deepe in during marble ſtone,
And caſt them downe on this unruly clay,
That men might know to rule and to obey.
But now their characters depraved bin,
By them that would make gain of others ſin.
And now hath wrong ſo maiſtered the right,
That they live beſt that on wrongs offall light.
So loathly flye that lives on galled wound,
And ſcabby ſeſters inwardly unſound,
Feeds fatter with that poys'nous carrion,
Than they that haunt the healthy limbs alone.
Wo to the weale where many lawyers be,
For there is ſure much ſtore of maladie.
'Twas truely ſaid, and truely was foreſeene
That fat kine are devoured of the leane.
Genus and Species long ſince barefoote went,
Upon their ten toes in wilde wanderment:
Whiles father Bartoll on his footcloth rode,
Upon high pavement gayly ſilver ſtrow'd.
Each homebred ſcience percheth in the chaire,
While ſacred artes grovell on the groundſell bare.
Since pedling Barbariſmes gan be in requeſt,
Nor claſſicke tongues, nor learning found no reſt.
The crowching client, with low bended knee,
And manie worſhips, and faire flatterie,
Tells on his tale as ſmoothly as him liſt,
But ſtill the lawyer's eye ſquints on his fiſt;
If that ſeem lined with a larger fee,
Doubt not the ſuite, the law is plaine for thee.
Though muſt he buy his vainer hope with price,
Diſclout his crownes, and thanke him for advice.
So have I ſeene in a tempeſtuous ſtowre,
Some bryer buſh ſhewing ſhelter from the ſhore
Unto the hopeful ſheepe, that faine would hide
His fleecie coate from that ſame angry tide:
The ruthleſſe breere, regardleſſe of his plight,
Laies holde upon the fleece he ſhould acquite,
And takes advantage of the careleſſe prey,
That thought ſhe in ſecurer ſhelter lay.
The day is faire, the ſheepe would far to feede,
The tyrant brier holdes faſt his ſhelters meed,

And claimes it for the fee of his defence :
So robs the ſheepe, in favour's faire pretence.

SATIRE IV.

Worthie were Galen to be weighed in gold,
Whoſe help doth ſweeteſt life and health uphold ;
Yet by ſaint Eſculape he ſollemne ſwore,
That for diſeaſes they were never more,
Fees never leſſe, never ſo little gaine,
Men give a groate, and aſke the reſt againe.
Groats-worth of health can anie leech allot ?
Yet ſhould he have no more that gives a groate.
Should I on each ſicke pillow leane my breſt,
And grope the pulſe of everie mangie wreſt ;
And ſpie out marvels in each urinall ;
And rumble up the filths that from them fall ;
And give a doſſe for everie diſeaſe,
In preſcripts long and tedious recipes,
All for ſo leane reward of art and me ?
No horſeleach but will looke for larger fee.
Meanewhile if chaunce ſome deſp'rate patient die,
Com'n to the period of his deſtinie :
(As who can croſſe the fatal reſolution,
In the decreed day of diſſo'ution :)
Whether ill tendment, or recureleſſe paine,
Procure his death ; the neighbours all complaine,
Th' unſkilful leech murdered his patient,
By poyſon of ſome foule ingredient.
Hereon the vulgar may as ſoone be brought
To Socrates his poyſoned hemlock drought,
As to the wholſom julap, whoſe receat
Might his diſeaſe's lingring force defeat.
If nor a dramme of triacle ſoveraigne,
Or aqua vitæ, or ſugar candian,
Nor kitchin cordials can it remedie,
Certes his time is come, needs mought he die.
Were I a leech, as who knows what may be,
The liberal man ſhould live, and carle ſhould die.
The ſickly ladie, and the gowtie peere
Still would I haunt, that love their life ſo deare.
Where life is deare, who cares for coyned droſſe ?
That ſpent is counted gaine, and ſpared, loſſe :
Or would conjure the chymick mercurie,
Riſe from his horſedung bed, and upwards flie ;
And with glaſſe ſtills, and ſticks of juniper,
Raiſe the black ſpright that burnes not with the fire :
And bring quinteſſence of elixir pale,
Out of ſublimed ſpirits minerall.
Each powdred graine ranſometh captive kings,
Purchaſeth reallmes, and life prolonged brings.

SATIRE V.

Saw'st thou ever Siquis patch'd on Paul's church
To ſeeke ſome vacant vicarage before ? [doore
Who wants a churchman that can ſervice ſay,
Read faſt and faire his monthly homily ?
And wed and bury, and make chriſten-ſoules ?
Come to the left-ſide alley of Saint Poules ?
Thou ſervile foole, why could'ſt thou not repaire
To buy a benefice at ſteeple-faire !
There moughteſt thou, for but a ſlender price,
Avowſon thee with ſome fat benefice :
Or if thee liſt not waite for dead mens ſhoon,
Nor pray each morn th' incumbent's daies were
A thouſand patrons thither ready bring, [done :
Their new-ſalne churches to the chaffering ;
Stake three yeares ſtipend : no man aſketh more :
Go take poſſeſſion of the church-porch doore,
And ring thy bells ; lucke ſtroken in thy fiſt :
The parſonage is thine, or ere thou wiſt.
Saint Fooles of Gotam mought thy pariſh be
For this thy baſe and ſervile ſymonie.

SATIRE VI.

A gentle ſquire would gladly entertaine
Into his houſe ſome trencher-chaplaine :
Some willing man that might inſtruct his ſons,
And that would ſtand to good conditions.
Firſt, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
Whiles his young maiſter lieth o'er his head.
Second, that he do, on no default,
Ever preſume to ſit above the ſalt.
Third, that he never change his trencher twiſe.
Fourth, that he uſe all common courteſies ;
Sit beare at meales, and one halfe riſe and wait.
Laſt, that he never his young maiſter beat,
But he muſt aſk his mother to define,
How many jerkes he would his breech ſhould line.
All theſe obſerv'd, he could contented bee,
To give five markes and winter liverie.

SATIRE VII.

In th' heaven's univerſal alphabet
All earthly thinges ſo ſurely are foreſet,
That who can read thoſe figures, may foreſhew
Whatever thing ſhall afterwards enſue :
Faine would I know (might it our artiſt pleaſe)
Why can his tell-troth Ephemerides
Teach him the weather's ſtate ſo long beforne,
And not foretell him, nor his fatall horne,
Nor his death's day, nor no ſuch ſad event ;
Which he mought wiſely labour to prevent ?
Thou damned mock art, and thou brainſick tale
Of old aſtrologie : where didſt thou vaile
Thy curſed head thus long, that ſo it miſt
The black bronds of ſome ſharper fatyriſt ?
Some doting goſſip mongſt the Chaldee wives,
Did to the credulous world thee firſt derive ;
And ſuperſtition nurs'd thee ever ſence,
And publiſht in profounder art's pretence :
That now, who pares his nailes, or libs his ſwine,
But he muſt firſt take counſel of the ſigne.
So that the vulgars count for faire or foule,
For living or for dead, for ſick or whole.
His feare or hope, for plentie or for lacke,
Hangs all upon his new year's almanack.

If chance once in the ſpring his head ſhould ake,
It was foretold : thus ſays mine almanack.
In th' heaven's high ſtreet are but dozen roomes,
In which dwells all the world, paſt and to come.
Twelve goodly innes they are, with twelve fayre
Ever well tended by our ſtar-divines. [ſignes,
Everie man's head innes at the horned Ramme,
The whiles the necke the Black-bull's gueſt became,
Th'arms, by good hap, meet at the wraſtling twins,
Th' heart in the way at the Blue-lion innes.
The leggs their lodging in Aquarius got;
That is the Bride-ſtreete of the heaven I wot.
The feet took up the Fiſh with teeth of gold;
But who with Scorpio lodg'd may not be told.
What office then doth the ſtar-gazer beare?
Or let him be the heaven's oſtelere,
Or tapſters ſome, or ſome be chamberlaines,
To waite upon the gueſts they entertaine.
Hence can they reade, by virtue of their trade,
When any thing is miſt, where it was laide.
Hence they divine, and hence they can deviſe,
If their aim faile, the ſtars to moralize,
Demon, my friend, once liver-ſicke of love,
Thus learn'd I by thy ſignes his griefe remove:
In the blinde Archer firſt I ſaw the ſigne,
When thou receiv'dſt that wilful wound of thine;
And now in Virgo is that cruel mayde,
Which hath not yet with love thy love repaide.
But marke when once it comes to Gemini,
Straightway fiſh-whole ſhall thy ſicke-liver be.
But now (as th' angrie heavens ſeeme to threat
Manie hard fortunes, and diſaſters great)
If chance it come to wanton Capricorne,
And ſo into the Ram's diſgraceful horne,
Then learne thou of the ugly Scorpion,
To hate her for her fowle abuſion:
Thy refuge then the balance of right,
Which ſhall thee from thy broken bond acquite:
So with the Crab, go back whence thou began,
From thy firſt match, and live a ſingle man.

SATIRES.

BOOK III.

PROLOGUE.

Some say my satyres over loosely flowe,
Nor hide their gall enough from open showe:
Not, riddle-like, obscuring their intent;
But, pack-staffe plaine, uttring what thing they ment;
Contrarie to the Roman ancients,
Whose words were short, and darksome was their sense.
Who reads one line of their harsh poesies,
Thrice must he take his winde, and breath him thrice:
My Muse would follow them that have foregone,
But cannot with an English pineon;
For looke how farre the ancient comedie
Past former satires in her libertie:
So farre must mine yield unto them of olde;
'Tis better be too bad, than be too bolde.

SATIRE I.

Time was, and that was term'd the time of gold,
When world and time were young, that now are old,
(When quiet Saturne sway'd the mace of lead,
And pride was yet unborne, and yet unbred.)
Time was, that whiles the autumne fall did last,
Our hungrie sires gap'd for the falling mast of the Donian oakes.
Could no unhusked akorne leave the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be;
And if some nice and liquorous appetite
Desir'd more daintie dish of rare delite,
They seal'd the stored crab with clasped knee,
Till they had fated their delicious eye:
Or search'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy rowes,
For brierie berries, or hawes, or sourer sloes:
Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all,
They lick'd oak-leaves besprint with hony fall.
As for the thrise three angled beech nut-shell,
Or chesnut's armed huske, and hide kernell,
No squire durst touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the court, and for the king's owne board.
Their royall plate was clay, or wood, or stone;
The vulgar, save his hand, else he had none.
Their only cellar was the neighbour brooke:
None did for better care, for better looke.
Was then no plaining of the brewer's scape,
Nor greedie vintner mix'd the stained grape.
The king's pavilion was the grassy green,
Under safe shelter of the shadie treen.
Under each banke men layd their limbs along,
Not wishing anie ease, not fearing wrong:
Clad with their owne, as they were made of old,
Not fearing shame, not feeling any cold.
But when by Ceres huswifrie and paine,
Men learn'd to burie the reviving graine,
And father Janus taught the new-found vine,
Rise on the elme, with many a friendly twine:
And base desire bade men to delven low,
For needlesse mettals, then gan mischief grow.
Then farewell fayrest age, the world's best dayes,
Thriving in all as it in age decaies.
Then crept in pride, and peevish covetise,
And men grew greedy, discordous and nice.
Now man, that erst haile-fellow was with beast,
Woxe on to ween himself a god at least.
Nor aerie fowl can take so high a flight,
Though she her daring wings in clouds have dight;
Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding sea,
Though Thetis selfe should swear her safetie.

Nor fearfull beaſt can dig his cave ſo lowe,
As could he further than earth's center go;
As that the ayre, the earth, or ocean,
Should ſhield them from the gorge of greedie man.
Hath utmoſt Inde ought better than his owne?
Then utmoſt Inde is neare, and rife to gone.
O nature! was the world ordain'd for nought
But fill man's maw, and feede man's idle thought?
Thy grandſire's words ſavour'd of thriftie leekes,
Or manly garlike; but thy furnace reekes
Hot ſteams of wine; and can aloofe deſcrie
The drunken draughts of ſweet autumnitie.
They naked went; or clad in ruder hide,
Or home-ſpun ruſſet, void of forraine pride:
But thou canſt maſke in gariſh gauderie,
To ſuite a fooſe's far-fetch'd liverie.
A French head join'd to neck Italian:
Thy thighs from Germanie, and breſt from Spain:
An Engliſhman in none, a fooſe in all:
Many in one, and one in ſeverall.
Then men were men; but now the greater part
Beaſts are in life, and women are in heart.
Good Saturne ſelfe, that homely emperour,
In proudeſt pomp was not ſo clad of yore,
As is the under-groome of the oſtlerie,
Huſbanding it in work-day yeomanrie.
Lo! the long date of thoſe expired dayes,
Which the inſpired Merlin's word foreſayes;
When dunghill peaſants ſhall be dight as kings,
Then one confuſion another brings:
Then farewell faireſt age, the world's beſt dayes,
Thriving in ill, as it in age decayes.

SATIRE II.

Great Oſmond knowes not how he ſhall be known [gone:
When once great Oſmond ſhall be dead and
Unleſſe he rear up ſome rich monument,
Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament
Some ſtately tombe he builds, Egyptian wiſe,
Rex Regum written in the pyramis.
Whereas great Arthur lies in ruder oak,
That never felt none but the feller's ſtroke.
Small honour can be got with gaudy grave:
Nor it thy rotten name from death can ſave.
The fairer tombe, the fouler is thy name;
The greater pompe procuring greater ſhame.
Thy monument make thou thy living deeds;
Nor other tomb than that true virtue needs.
What! had he nought whereby he might be knowne
But coſtly pilements of ſome curious ſtone?
The matter nature's, and the workman's frame;
His purſe's coſt: where then is Oſmond's name?
Deſerv'dſt thou ill? well were thy name and thee,
Wert thou inditched in great ſecrecie;
Where as no paſſenger might curſe thy duſt,
Nor dogs ſepulchrall fate their gnawing luſt.
Thine ill deſerts cannot be grav'd with thee,
So long as on thy grave they ingraved be.

SATIRE III.

The courteous citizen bade me to his feaſt,
With hollow words, and overly requeſt:
"Come, will ye dine with me this holyday?"
I yielded, though he hop'd I would ſay nay:
For had I mayden'd it, as many uſe:
Loath for to grant, but loather to refuſe.
"Alacke ſir, I were loath; another day,—
"I ſhould but trouble you;—pardon me, if you
"may."
No pardon ſhould I need; for, to depart
He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for monie, Darhiſhirian wife;
(That's one too manie is a naughtie guiſe.
Who looks for double biddings to a feaſt,
May dine at home for an importune gueſt.
I went, then ſaw, and found the greate expence;
The fare and faſhions of our citizens.
Oh, Cleoparical! what wanteth there
For curious coſt, and wondrous choice of cheere?
Beeſe, that erſt Hercules held for fineſt fare:
Purke for the fat Bœotian, or the hare
For Martial; fiſh for the Venetian;
Gooſe-liver for the likorous Romane,
Th' Athenian's goate; quaile, Iolan's cheere;
The hen for Eſculape, and the Parthian deere;
Grapes for Arceſilas, figs for Plato's mouth,
And cheſnuts faire for Amarillis' tooth.
Hadſt thou ſuch cheere? wert thou evere there before?
Never,—I thought ſo: nor come there no more.
Come there no more; for ſo meant all that coſt;
Never hence take me for thy ſecond hoſt.
For whom he means to make an often gueſt,
One diſh ſhall ſerve; and welcome make the reſt.

SATIRE IV.

Were yeſterday Polemon's natals kept,
That ſo his threſhold is all freſhly ſteept
With new ſhed blood? Could he not ſacrifice
Some ſorry morkin that unbidden dies;
Or meager heifer, or ſome rotten ewe;
But he muſt needs his poſts with blood embrew,
And on his way-doore fix the horned head,
With flowers and with ribbands garniſhed?
Now ſhall the paſſenger deeme the man devout.
What boots it be ſo, but the world muſt know't?
O the fond boaſting of vain-glorious man!
Does he the beſt, that may the beſt be ſeene?
Who ever gives a pair of velvet ſhooes
To th' Holy Rood, or liberally allowes
But a new rope to ring the curſew bell,
But he deſires that his great deed may dwell,
Or graven in the chancel window glaſſe,
Or in the laſting tombe of plated braſſe?
For he that doth ſo few deſerving deeds,
'Twere ſure his beſt ſue for ſuch larger meeds.
Who would inglorious live, inglorious die,
And might eaternize his name's memorie?

And he that cannot brag of greater ſtore,
Muſt make his ſomewhat much, and little more.
Nor can good Myſon weare on his left hand,
A ſignet ring of Briſtol diamond,
But he muſt cut his glove to ſhew his pride,
That his trim jewel might be better ſpy'd:
And that men mought ſome burgeſſe him repute,
With ſattin ſleeves hath grac'd his ſacke-cloth ſuit.

SATIRE V.

Fie on all courteſie, and unruly windes,
Two onely foes that faire diſguiſement findes.
Strange curſe! but fit for ſuch a fickle age,
When ſcalpes are ſubject to ſuch vaſſalage.
Late travelling along in London way,
Mee met, as ſeem'd by his diſguis'd array,
A luſty courtier, whoſe curled head
With abron locks was fairely furniſhed.
I him ſaluted in our laviſh wiſe:
He anſwers my untimely courteſies.
His bonnet vail'd, ere ever I could thinke,
Th' unruly winde blows off his periwinke.
He lights and runs, and quickly hath him ſped,
To overtake his over-running head.
The ſportfull winde, to mock the headleſſe man,
Toſſes apace his pitch'd Rogerian,
And ſtraight it to a deeper ditch hath blowne:
There muſt my yonker fetch his waxen crowne.
I lookt, and laught, whiles in his raging minde,
He curſt all courteſie, and unruly winde.
I lookt and laught, and much I marvailed,
To ſee ſo large a cauſ-way in his head,
And me bethought, that when it firſt begon,
'Twas ſome ſhroad autumne that ſo bar'd the bone.
Is't not ſweet pride when, when the crownes
muſt ſhade,
With that which jerks the hams of every jade,
Or floor-ſtrow'd locks from off the barber's ſheares?
But waxen crownes well gree with borrow'd
haires.

SATIRE VI.

When Gullion dy'd (who knows not Gullion?
And his drie ſoule arriv'd at Acheron,
He faire beſought the feryman of hell,
That he might drinke to dead Pantagruel.
Charon was afraid leſt thirſtie Gullion,
Would have drunke dry the river Acheron.
Yet laſt conſented for a little hyre,
And down he dips his chops deep in the myre,
And drinkes, and drinkes, and ſwallows in the
ſtreeme,
Untill the ſhallow ſhores all naked ſeeme.
Yet ſtill he drinkes, nor can the boatman's cries,
Nor crabbed oares, nor prayers make him riſe.
So long he drinkes, till the blacke caravell,
Stands ſtill faſt gravell'd on the mud of hell.
There ſtand they ſtill, nor can go, nor retyre,
Though greedie ghoſts quicke paſſage did require.
Yet ſtand they ſtill, as though they lay at rode,
Till Gullion his bladder would unlode.
They ſtand, and waite, and pray for that good
houre;
Which, when it came, they ſailed to the ſhore,
But never ſince dareth the ferryman,
Once entertaine the ghoſt of Gullian.
Drinke on dry ſoule, and pledge ſir Gullion:
Drinke to all healths, but drinke not to thine
owne.

Deſunt nonulla.

SATIRE VII.

Seest thou how gayly my young maſter goes,
Vaunting himſelfe upon his riſing toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's ſide;
And picks his glutted teeth ſince late noon-tide?
'Tis Ruffio: Trow'ſt thou where he din'd to-
day?
In ſooth I ſaw him ſit with Duke Humfray.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheere,
Keepes he for everie ſtraggling cavaliere.
And open houſe, haunted with great reſort;
Long ſervice mixt with muſicall diſport.
Many faire yonker with a feather'd creſt,
Chooſes much rather be his ſhot-free gueſt,
To fare ſo freely with ſo little coſt,
Than ſtake his twelvepence to a meaner hoſt.
Hadſt thou not told me, I ſhould ſurely ſay
He touch'd no meat of all this live-long day.
For ſure methought, yet that was but a gueſſe,
His eyes ſeem'd ſunk for verie hollowneſſe,
But could he have (as I did it miſtake)
So little in his purſe, ſo much upon his backe?
So nothing in his maw? yet ſeemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt gut no too much ſtuffing felt.
Seeſt thon how ſide it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles ſlip.
Yet for all that, how ſtifly ſtruts he by,
All trapped in the new-found braverie.
The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their ſo kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from fartheſt Spaine,
His grandame could have lent with leſſer paine?
Though he perhaps ne'er paſs'd the Engliſh ſhore,
Yet fain would counted be a conquerour.
His haire, French-like, ſtares on his frighted head,
One lock amazon-like diſheveled,
As if he meant to weare a native cord,
If chance his fates ſhould him that bane afford.
All Britiſh bare upon the briſtled ſkin,
Cloſe notched is his beard both lip and chin;
His linnen collar labyrinthian ſet,
Whoſe thouſand double turnings never met:
His ſleeves half hid with elbow pineonings,
As if he meant to flie with linnen wings.
But when I looke, and caſt mine eyes below,
What monſter meets mine eyes in human ſhew?
So ſlender waiſt with ſuch an abbot's loyne,
Did never ſober nature ſure conjoyne.
Lik'ſt a ſtrawne ſcar-crow in the new-ſowne field,
Rear'd on ſome ſticke, the tender corn to ſhield.

Or if that ſemblance ſuit not everie deale,
Like a broad ſhak-forke with a ſlender ſteel.
Deſpiſed nature ſuit them once aright,
Their bodie to their coate, both now miſ-dight.
Their bodie to their clothes might ſhapen be,
That nill their clothes ſhape to their bodie.
Mean while I wonder at ſo proud a backe,
Whiles th' empty guts loud rumblen for long lacke:
The belly envieth the back's bright glee,
And murmurs at ſuch inequality.
The backe appeares unto the partial eyne,
The plaintive belly pleads they bribed beene:
And he, for want of better advocate,
Doth to the ear his injury relate.
The back, inſulting o'er the belly's need,
Says, thou thyſelf, I others eyes muſt feed.
The maw, the guts, all inward parts complaine
The back's great pride, and their own ſecret paine.
Ye witleſſe gallants, I beſtrew your hearts,
That ſets ſuch diſcord 'twixt agreeing parts,
Which never can be ſet at onement more,
Until the maw's wide mouth be ſtopt with ſtore.

THE CONCLUSION.

Thus have I writ, in ſmoother cedar tree,
So gentle Satires, penn'd ſo eaſily.
Henceforth I write in crabbed oak tree rynde,
Search they that mean the ſecret meaning find.
Hold out ye guilty and ye galled hides,
And meet my far-fetch'd ſtripes with waiting ſides.

SATIRES.

BOOK IV.

The Author's Charge to his ſecond Collection of Satires, call'd Biting Satires.

Ye luckleſſe rhymes, whom not unkindly ſpight
Begot long ſince of truth and holy rage,
Lye here in wombe of ſilence and ſtill night,
Until the broils of next unquiet age:
That which is others grave ſhall be your wombe,
And that which bears you, your eternal tombe.

Ceaſe ere you gin, and ere ye live be dead;
And dye and live ere ever ye be borne;
And be not borne ere ye be buried;
Then after live, ſith you have dy'd beforne.
When I am dead, and rotten in the duſt,
Then gin to live, and leave when others luſt.

For when I die, ſhall envy dye with me,
And lie deep ſmother'd with my marble ſtone;
Which while I live cannot be done to dye,
Nor, if your life gin ere my life be done,
Will hardly yield t'avvait my mourning hearſe
But for my dead corps change my living verſe.

What ſhall the aſhes of my ſenſeleſſe urne
Need to regard the raving world above?
Sith afterwards I never can returne,
To feel the force of hatred or of love.
Oh! if my ſoul could ſee their poſthume ſpight,
Should it not joy and triumph in the ſight?

Whatever eye ſhall find this hateful ſcrole
After the date of my deare exequies,
Ah pity thou my plaining orphan's dole,
That faine would ſee the ſunne before it dies.
It dy'd before; now let it live againe;
Then let it dye, and bide ſome famous bane.

Satis eſt potuiſſe videri.

SATIRE I.

Che baiar vuol, bai.

Who dares upbraid theſe open rhymes of mine
With blindfold Aquines, or dark Venuſine? [vain
Or rough-hewn Peretiſmes, writ in th' antique
Like an old ſatire, and new Flaccian? [brow,
Which who reads thrice, and rubs his rugged
And deep intendeth every doubtful row,
Scoring the margent with his blazing ſtars,
And hundreth crooked interlinears,
(Like to a merchant's debt-roll new defac'd,
When ſome crack'd manour croſs'd his book at laſt)
Should aid in rage the curſe-beat page out rive,
And in each duſt heap bury me alive,
Stamping like Pucephall, whoſe ſlacken'd raines
And bloody fetlocks fry with ſeven mens braines.
More cruel than the cravon ſatire's ghoſt,
That bound dead bones unto a burning poſt;
Or ſome more ſtrait-lac'd juror of the teſt,
Impannel'd of an Holyfax inqueſt:
Yet well bethought, ſtoops down and reads anew;
The beſt lies low, and loathes the ſhallow view;

Quoth old Eudemon, when his gout-ſwolne fiſt
Gropes for his double ducates in his chiſt:
Then buckle cloſe his careleſſe lids once more,
To poſe the pore-blind ſnake of Epidaore.
That Lycius may he match'd with Gaulard's ſight,
That ſees not Paris for the houſes height;
Or Wily Cyppus, that can winke and ſnort
While his wife dallies on Mæcenas' ſkort:
Yet when he had my crabbled pamphlet read
As oftentimes as Philip hath been dead,
Bids all the furies haunt each peeviſh line
That thus have rack'd their friendly reader's eyne;
Worſe than the Logogryphes of later times,
Or hundreth riddles ſhak'd to ſleeveleſſe rhymes.
Should I endure theſe curſes and deſpight
While no man's eare ſhould glow at what I write?
Laheo is whipt, and laughs me in the face:
Why? for I ſmite and hide the galled place.
Gird but the cynick's helmet on his head,
Cares he for Talus, or his flayle of lead?
Long as the crafty cuttle lieth ſure
In the blacke cloud of his thicke vomiture,
Who liſt complaine of wronged faith or fame,
When he may ſhift it to another's name?
Calvus can ſcratch his elbow and can ſmile,
That thriftleſſe Pontice bites his lips the while.
Yet I intended in that ſelfe device
To checke the churle for his knowne covetiſe.
Each points his ſtraight forefinger to his friend,
Like the blind dial on the belfry end.
Who turns it homeward, to ſay this is I,
As bolder Socrates in the comedy?
But ſingle out, and ſay once plat and plaine
That coy Matrona is a courtezan;
Or thou falſe Cryſpus choak'dſt thy wealthy gueſt
Whiles he lay ſnoring at his midnight reſt,
And in thy dung-cart didſt the carkaſſe ſhrine
And deepe intombe it in Port-eſquiline,
Proud Trebius lives, for all his princely gait,
On third-hand ſuits, and ſcrapings of the plate.
Titius knew not where to ſhroude his head
Until he did a dying widow wed,
Whiles ſhe lay doating on her death's bed.
And now hath purchas'd lands with one night's paine,
And on the morrow wooes and weds againe.
Now ſee I fire flakes ſparkle from his eyes,
Like a comet's tail in th' angry ſkies;
His pouting cheeks puff up above his brow,
Like a ſwolne toad touch'd with the ſpider's blow;
His mouth ſhrinks ſideward like a ſcornful playſe,
To take his tired ear's ingrateful place.
His ears hang living like a new lugg'd ſwine,
To take ſome counſel of his grieved eyne.
Now laugh I loud, and breake by ſplene to ſee
This pleaſing paſtime of my poeſie;
Much better than a Paris-garden beare,
Or prating puppet on a theatre?
Or Mimoe's whiſtling to his tabouret,
Selling a laughter for a cold meal's meat.
Go to then, ye my ſacred Semonees,
And pleaſe me more, the more you do diſpleaſe.
Care we for all thoſe bugs of idle feare?
For Tigels grinning on the theatre?
Or ſcar-babe threatenings of the raſcal crew;
Or wind-ſpent verdicts of each ale-knight's view?
Whatever breaſt doth freeze for ſuch falſe dread,
Beſhrew his baſe white liver for his meed.
Fond were that pity, and that feare were ſin,
To ſpare waſte leaves that ſo deſerved bin.
Thoſe toothleſſe toys that dropt out by miſhap,
Be but as lightning to a thunder-clap.
Shall then that foul infamous Cyned's hide
Laugh at the purple wales of other's ſide?
Not if he were as near as, by report,
The ſtewes had wont to be th' tennies court:
He that, while thouſands envy at his bed,
Neighs after bridals, and freſh maidenhead;
While flaviſh Juno dares not to look awry,
To frowne at ſuch imperious rivalry;
Not though ſhe ſees her wedding jewels dreſt
To make new bracelets for a ſtrumpet's wreſt;
Or like ſome ſtrange diſguiſed Meſſaline,
Hires a night's lodging of his concubine;
Whether his twilight torch of love do call
To revels of uncleanly muſicall,
Or midnight plays, or taverns of new wine,
Hye ye white aprons to your landlord's ſigne;
When all, ſave toothleſſe age, or infancy,
Are ſummon'd to the court of venery.
Who liſt excuſe? when chaſter dames can hire
Some ſnout fair ſtripling to their apple ſquire,
Whom ſtaked up like to ſome ſtallion ſteed,
They keep with eggs and oyſters for the breed.
O Lucine! barren Caia hath an heir,
After her huſband's dozen years deſpair.
And now the bribed midwife ſwears apace,
The baſtard babe doth bear his father's face.
But hath not Lelia paſs'd her virgin years?
For modeſt ſhame (God wot!) or penal fears?
He tells a merchant tidings of a prize,
That tells Cynedo of ſuch novelties,
Worth little leſs than landing of a whale,
Or Godes' ſpoils, or a churl's funerale.
Go bid the banes and point the bridal day,
His broking bawd hath got a noble prey;
A vacant tenement, an honeſt dowre
Can fit his pander for her paramoure,
That he, baſe wretch, may clog his wit-old head,
And give him hanſel of his Hymen-bed.
Ho! all ye females that would live unſhent,
Fly from the reach of Cyned's regiment.
If Trent be drawn to dregs and Low refuſe,
Hence, ye hot lecher, to the ſteaming ſtewes.
Tyber, the famous ſink of Chriſtendome,
Turn thou to Thames, and Thames run towards Rome.
Whatever damned ſtreame but thine were meet
To quench his luſting liver's boiling heat?
Thy double draught may quench his dog-days rage
With ſome ſtale Bacchis, or obſequious page,
When wirthen Lena makes her ſale-ſet ſhews
Of wooden Venus with fair limned brows;
Or like him more ſome vailed matron's face,
Or trained prentice trading in the place.
The cloſe adultreſſe, where her name is red, [bed,
Comes crawling from her huſband's luke-warm
Her carrion ſkin bedaub'd with odours ſweet,
Groping the poſtern with his bared feet.

Now play the ſatire whoſo liſt for me,
Valentine ſelf, or ſome as chaſte as he.
In vaine ſhe wiſheth long Alkmæna's night,
Curſing the haſty dawning of the light;
And with her cruel lady-ſtar uproſe
She ſeeks her third rouſt on her ſilent toes,
Beſmeared all with loathſome ſmoake of luſt,
Like Acheron's ſteams, or ſmoldring fulphur duſt.
Yet all day ſits ſhe ſimpering in her mew,
Like ſome chaſte dame, or ſhrined ſaint in ſhew;
Whiles he lies wallowing with a weſty-head
And paliſh carcaſſe, on his brothel-bed,
Till his ſalt bowels boil with poiſonous fire;
Right Hercules with his ſecond Deianire.
O Eſculape! how rife is phyſick made,
When each braſſe baſon can profeſſe the trade
Of ridding pocky wretches from their paine,
And do the beaſtly cure for ten groats gaine?
All theſe and more deſerve ſome blood-drawn lines,
But my ſix cords beene of too looſe a twine:
Stay till my beard ſhall ſweep mine aged breaſt,
Then ſhall I ſeem an awful ſatiriſt:
While now my rhymes reliſh of the ferule ſtill,
Some noſe-wiſe pedant ſaith; whoſe deep-ſeen ſkill
Hath three times conſtrued either Flaccus o'er,
And thrice rehears'd them in his trivial floore.
So let them tax me for my hot blood's rage,
Rather than ſay I doated in my age.

SATIRE II.

Arcades ambo.

Old driveling Lolio drudges all he can
To make his eldeſt ſonne a gentleman.
Who can deſpaire to ſee another thrive,
By loan of twelvepence to an oyſter-wive?
When a craz'd ſcaffold, and a rotten ſtage,
Wan all rich Nævius his heritage,
Nought ſpendeth he for feare, nor ſpares for coſt
And all he ſpends and ſpares beſides is loſt.
Himſelfe goes patched like ſome bare cottyer,
Leſt he might ought the future ſtocke appeyre.
Let giddy Coſmius change his choice array,
Like as the Turk his tents, thrice in a day,
And all to ſun and air his ſuits untold
From ſpiteful moths, and frets, and hoary mold,
Bearing his pawn-laid lands upon his backe
As ſnailes their ſhells, or pedlers do their packe.
Who cannot ſhine in tiſſues and pure gold
That hath his lands and patrimony ſold?
Lolio's ſide coat is rough pamphilian
Gilded with drops that downe the boſome ran,
White carſey hoſe patched on either knee,
The very emblème of good huſbandry,
And a knit night-cap made of coarſeſt twine,
With two long labels button'd to his chin;
So rides he mounted on the market-day,
Upon a ſtraw-ſtufft pannel all the way,
With a mannd charg'd with houſhold merchandize,
With eggs, or white-meate, from both dayries;
And with that buys he roaſt for Sundry noone,
Proud how he made that week's proviſion,
Elſe is he ſtall-fed on the worky day,
With browne-bread cruſts ſoften'd in ſodden whey,
Or water-gruel, or thoſe paups of meale
That Maro makes his ſimule, and cybeale:
Or once a weeke, perhaps for novelty,
Reez'd bacon foords ſhall feaſt his family;
And weens this more than one egg cleft in twaine
To feaſt ſome patrone and his chappelaine:
Or more than is ſome hungry galliant's dole,
That in a dearth runs ſneaking to an hole,
And leaves his man and dog to keepe his hall
Leſt the wild room ſhould run forth of the wall.
Good man! him liſt not ſpend his idle meales
In quinſing plovers, or in wining quailes;
Nor toot in cheap-ſide baſkets earn and late
To ſet the firſt tooth in ſome novell cate.
Let ſweet-mouth'd Mercia bid what crowns ſhe pleaſe
For half-red cherries, or greene garden peaſe,
Or the firſt artichoaks of all the yeare,
To make ſo laviſh coſt for little cheare:
When Lolio feaſteth in his revelling fit,
Some ſtarved pullen ſcoures the ruſted ſpit.
For elſe how ſhould his ſonne maintained be
At inns of court or of the chancery:
There to learn law, and courtly carriage,
To make amends for his mean parentage;
Where he unknowne and ruffling as he can,
Goes currant each where for a gentleman?
While yet he rouſteth at ſome uncouth ſigne,
Nor ever red his tenures ſecond line.
What broker's louſy wardrobe cannot reach
With tiffued pains to pranck each peaſant's breech?
Couldſt thou but give the wall, the cap, the knee,
To proud Sartorio that goes ſtraddling hy.
Wert not the needle pricked on his ſleeve,
Doth by good hap the ſecret watch-word give?
But hear'ſt thou Lolio's ſonne? gin not thy gaite
Until the evening owl or bloody bat:
Never until the lamps of Paul's been light,
And niggard lanterns ſhade the moon-ſhine night;
Then when the guilty bankrupt, in bold dreade,
From his cloſe cabbin thruſts his ſhrinking heade,
That hath been long in ſhady ſhelter pent
Impriſoned for feare of priſonment.
May be ſome ruſſet-coat parochian
Shall call thee couſin, friend, or countryman,
And for thy hoped firſt croſſing the ſtreete
Shall in his father's name his god-ſon greete.
Could never man work thee a worſer ſhame
Than once to minge thy father's odious name?
Whoſe mention were alike to thee as lieve
As a catch-poll's fiſt unto a bankrupt's ſleeve;
Or an *hos ego* from old Petrarch's ſpright
Unto a plagiary ſonnet-wright.
There, ſoon as he can kiſs his hand in gree,
And with good grace bow it below the knee,
Or make a Spaniſh face with fawning cheere,
With th' iſland conge like a cavalier,
And ſhake his head, and cringe his neck and ſide,
Home hies he in his father's farm to bide.
The tenants wonder at their landlord's ſonne,
And bleſſe them at ſo ſudden coming on,
More than who vies his pence to view ſome trick
Of ſtranges Moroco's dumb arithmetick,

Or the young elephant, or two-tayl'd ſteere,
Or the rigg'd camell, or the fiddling frere.
Nay then his Hodge ſhall leave the plough and waine,
And buy a booke, and go to ſchoole againe.
Why mought not he as well as others done,
Riſe from his feſcue to his Littleton?
Fools they may feed with words and live by ayre,
That climb to honour by the pulpit's ſtayre:
Sit ſeven years pining in an anchore's cheyre,
To win ſome patched ſhreds of Minivere;
And ſeven more plod at a patron's tayle
To get a gilded chapel's cheaper ſayle.
Old Lolio ſees, and laugheth in his ſleeve
At the great hope they and his ſtate do give. [all,
But that which glads and makes him proud'ſt of
Is when the brabling neighbours on him call
For counſel in ſome crabbed caſe of law,
Or ſome indentments, or ſome bond to draw:
His neighbour's gooſe hath grazed on his lea,
What action mought be enter'd in the plea?
So new-fall'n lands have made him in requeſt,
That now he looks as lofty as the beſt.
And well done Lolio, like a thrifty ſire,
'Twere pity but thy ſonne ſhould prove a ſquire.
How I foreſee in many ages paſt,
When Lolio's captive name is quite defac'd,
Thine heir, thine heir's heir, and his heir again
From out the loynes of careful Lolian,
Shall climb up to the chancell pewes on high,
And rule and raigne in their rich tenancy;
When perch'd aloft to perfect their eſtate
They rack their rents unto a treble rate;
And hedge in all the neighbour common lands,
And clodge their ſlaviſh tenants with commands;
Whiles they, poor ſouls, with feeling ſigh complaine,
And wiſh old Lolio were alive againe,
And praiſe his gentle ſoule and wiſh it well,
And of his friendly facts full often tell.
His father dead! tuſh, no it was not he,
He finds records of his great pedigree,
And tells how firſt his famous anceſtour
Did come in long ſince with the conquerour.
Nor hath ſome bribed herald firſt aſſign'd
His quartered arms and creſt of gentle kind;
The Scottiſh barnacle, if I might chooſe,
That of a worme doth waxe a winged gooſe;
Nathleſſe ſome hungry ſquire for hope of good
Matches the churl's ſonne into gentle blood,
Whoſe ſonne more juſtly of his gentry boaſts
Than who were borne at two py'd painted poſts,
And had ſome traunting merchant to his ſire,
That trafick'd both by water and by fire.
O times! ſince ever Rome did kings create,
Braſſe gentlemen, and Cæſars laureate,

Or ſhew their painted faces gayly dreſt,
From ever ſince before the laſt conqueſt?
Or tedious bead-rolls of deſcended blood,
From father Japhet ſince Ducalion's flood?
Or call ſome old church-windows to record
The age of thy fair armes;———
Or find ſome figures halfe obliterate
In rain-beat marble near to the church-gate
Upon a croſſe-legg'd tombe: what boots it thee
To ſhew the ruſted buckle that did tie
The garter of thy greateſt grandſires knee?
What to reſerve their relicks many yeares,
Their ſilver ſpurs, or ſpils of broken ſpeares?
Or cite old Ocland's verſe, how they did weild
The wars in Turwin, or in Turney field?
And if thou canſt in picking ſtrawes engage
In one half day thy father's heritage;
Or hide wharever treaſures he thee got,
In ſome deep cock-pit, or in deſp'rate lot
Upon a fix ſquare piece of ivory,
Throw both thyſelf and thy poſterity?
Or if (O ſhame!) in hired harlot's bed
Thy wealthy heirdome thou have buried:
Then Pontice little boots thee to diſcourſe
Of a long golden line of anceſtours.
Ventrous Fortunio his farm hath ſold,
And gads to Guiane land to fiſh for gold,
Meeting perhaps, if Orenoque deny,
Some ſtraggling pinnace of Polonian rye:
Then comes home floating with a ſilken ſail,
That Severne ſhaketh with his cannon-peal;
Wiſer Raymundus, in his cloſet pent,
Laughs at ſuch danger and adventurement,
When half his lands are ſpent in golden ſmoke,
And now his ſecond hopeful glaſſe is broke.
But yet if hap'ly his third fornace hold,
Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold:
So ſpend thou Pontice, if thou canſt not ſpare,
Like ſome ſtout ſeaman, or philoſopher.
And where thy fathers gentle? that's their praiſe;
No thank to thee by whom their name decays;
By virtue got they it, and valourous deed;
Do thou ſo, Pontice, and be honoured.
But elſe, look how their virtue was their owne,
Not capable of propagation.
Right ſo their titles beene, nor can be thine,
Whoſe ill deferts might blanke their golden line.
Tell me, thou gentle Trojan, doſt thou prize
Thy brute beaſts worth by their dams qualities?
Say'ſt thou this colt ſhall prove a ſwift-pac'd ſteed
Only becauſe a Jennet did him breed?
Or ſay'ſt thou this ſame horſe ſhall win the prize,
Becauſe his dam was ſwifteſt Truncheſice,
Or Runcevall his ſire? himſelf a Gallaway?
Whiles like a tireling jade he lags half-way.
Or whiles thou ſeeſt ſome of thy ſtallion race,
Their eyes bor'd out, maſking the miller's maze,
Like to a Scythian ſlave ſworne to the payle,
Or dragging frothy barrels at his tayle?
Albe wiſe nature in her providence,
Wont in the want of reaſon and of ſenſe,
Traduce the native virtue with the kind,
Making all brute and ſenſeleſſe things inclin'd
Unto their cauſe, or place where they were ſowne;
That one is like to all, and all like one.

SATIRE III.

Fuimus troes. Vel vix ea noſtra.

What boots it Pontice, though thou could'ſt diſcourſe
Of a long golden line of anceſtours?

Was never fox but wily cubs begets;
The bear his fierceneſſe to his brood beſets:
Nor fearful hare falls out of lyon's ſeed,
Nor eagle wont the tender dove to breed:
Crect ever wont the cypreſs ſad to bear,
Acheron banks the paliſh popelar:
The palm doth rifely riſe in Jury field,
And Alpheus waters nought but olives wild.
Aſopus breeds big bullruſhes alone,
Meander, heath; peaches by Nilus growne.
An Engliſh wolfe, an Iriſh toad to ſee,
Were as a chaſte man nurs'd in Italy.
And now when nature gives another guide
To human kind, that in his boſome bides,
Above inſtinct, his reaſon and diſcourſe,
His being better, is his life the worſe?
Ah me! how ſeldome ſee we ſonnes ſucceed
Their father's praiſe, in proweſſe and great deed?
Yet certes if the ſire be ill inclin'd,
His faults befal his ſonnes by courſe of kind.
Scaurus was covetous, his ſonne not ſo;
But not his pared nayle will he forego.
Florian the ſire did women love alive,
And ſo his ſon doth too, all but his wife.
Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own;
Brag of his lands, if they are not forgone;
Brag of thine own good deeds, for they are thine
More than his life, or lands, or golden line.

SATIRE IV.

Plus beaque fort.

CAN I not touch ſome upſtart carpet-ſhield
Of Lolio's ſonne, that never ſaw the field,
Or taxe wild Pontice for his luxuries,
But ſtraight they tell me of Tireſias eyes?
Or luckleſſe Collingbern's feeding of the crowes,
Or hundreth ſcalps which Thames ſtill over-flowes,
But ſtraight Sigalion nods and knits his browes,
And winkes and waftes his warning hand for feare,
And liſps ſome ſilent letters in my eare?
Have I not vow'd for ſhunning ſuch debate?
Pardon ye ſatires, to degenerate!
And wading low in the plebeian lake,
That no ſalt wave ſhall froth upon my backe.
Let Labeo, or who elſe liſt for me,
Go looſe his ears, and fall to alchimy:
Only let Gallio give me leave a while
To ſchoole him once or ere I change my ſtile.
O lawleſſe paunch! the cauſe of much deſpight,
Through raunging of a curriſh appetite,
When ſpleeniſh morſels cram the gaping maw,
Withouten diet's care or trencher-law;
Though never have I Salerne rhymes profeſt,
To be ſome lady's trencher-critick gueſt;
Whiles each bit cooleth for the oracle,
Whoſe ſentence charms it with a rhyming ſpell.
Touch not this coler, that melancholy,
This bit were dry and hot, that cold and dry.
Yet can I ſet my Gallio's dieting,
A peſtle of a lark, or plover's wing;
And warn him not to caſt his wanton eyne
On groſſer bacon, or ſalt haberdine,
Or dried flitches of ſome ſmoked beeve,
Hang'd on a writhen wythe ſince Martin's eve,
Or burnt larke's heeles, or raſhers raw and greene,
Or melancholick liver of an hen,
Which ſtout Vorano brags to make his feaſt,
And claps his hand on his brave oſtridge breaſt;
Then falls to praiſe the hardy Janizar,
That ſucks his horſe ſide, thirſting in the war;
Laſtly, to ſeal up all that he hath ſpoke,
Quaffes a whole tunnell of tobacco ſmoke.
If Martius in boiſt'rous buffs be dreſs'd,
Branded with iron plates upon the breaſt,
And pointed on the ſhoulders for the nonce,
As new come from the Belgian garriſons,
What ſhould thou need to envy ought at that,
Whenas thou ſmelleſt like a civet cat?
Whenas thine oyled locks ſmooth platted fall,
Shining like varniſh'd pictures on a wall.
When a plum'd ſanne may ſhade thy chalked face,
And lawny ſtrips thy naked boſom grace.
If brabbling Make-fray, at each fair and ſize,
Picks quarrels for to ſhew his valiantize,
Straight preſſed for an hungry Swizzer's pay,
To thruſt his fiſt to each part of the fray;
And piping hot puffs toward the pointed plaine
With a broad Scot, or proking ſpit of Spaine;
Or hoyſeth ſayle up to a forraine ſhore,
That he may live a lawleſſe conquerour.
If ſome ſuch deſp'rate hackſter ſhall deviſe
To rouze thine hare's-heart from her cowardice,
As idle children ſtriving to excell
In blowing bubbles from an empty ſhell;
Oh Hercules! how like to prove a man,
That all ſo rath thy warlike life began?
Thy mother could thee for thy cradle ſet
Her huſband's ruſty iron corſelet,
Whoſe jargling ſound might rock her babe to reſt,
That never plain'd of his uneaſy neſt:
There did he dreame of dreary wars at hand,
And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could ſtand.
But who hath ſeene the lambs of Tarentine,
May gueſſe what Gallio his manners beene;
All ſoft as is the falling thiſtle-downe,
Soft as the fumy ball, or Mortian's crowne.
Now Gallio, gins thy youthly heat to raigne
In every vigorous limb and ſwelling vaine;
Time bids thee raiſe thine headſtrong thoughts on high,
To valour and advent'rous chivalry:
Pawne thou no glove for challenge of the deed,
Nor make thy Quintaine others armed head
T' enrich the waiting herald with thy ſhame,
And make thy loſſe the ſcornful ſcaffold's game.
Wars, God forefend! nay God defend from war;
Suone are ſonnes ſpent, that not ſoon reared are.
Gallio may pull me roſes ere they fall,
Or in his net entrap the tennis-ball,
Or tend his ſpar-hawke mantling in her mew,
Or yelping beagles buſy heeles purſue,
Or watch a ſinking corke upon the ſhore,
Or halter finches through a privy doore,

Or liſt he ſpend the time in ſportful game,
In daily courting of his lovely dame,
Hang on her lips, melt in her wanton eye,
Dance in her hand, joy in her jollity;
Here's little perill, and much leſſer paine,
So timely Hymen do the reſt reſtraine.
Hye, wanton Gallio, and wed betime,
Why ſhould'ſt thou leeſe the pleaſures of thy prime?
Seeſt thou the roſe-leaves fall ungathered?
Then hye thee, wanton Gallio, to wed.
Let ring and ferule meet upon thine hand,
And Lucine's girdle with her ſwathing band.
Hye thee, and give the world yet one dwarfe more,
Such as it got when thou thy ſelfe waſt bore:
Looke not for warning of thy bloomed chin,
Can ever happineſſe too ſoone begin?
Virginius vow'd to keep his maidenhead,
And eats chaſt lettice, and drinks poppy-ſeed,
And ſmells on camphire faſting; and that done,
Long hath he liv'd, chaſte as a vailed nunne;
Free as a new-abſolved damoſell,
That frier Cornelius ſhrived in his cell,
Till now he wax'd a toothleſſe bachelour,
He thaws like Chaucer's froſty Januere,
And ſets a month's mind upon ſmiling May,
And dyes his beard that did his age bewray;
Biting on annys-ſeede and roſemarine,
Which might the fume of his rot lungs refine:
Now he in Charon's barge a bride doth ſecke,
The maidens mocke, and call him withered leeke,
That with a greene tayle hath an hoary head,
And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

SATIRE V.

Stupet albius ære.

Would now that Matho were the ſatyriſt,
That ſome fat bribe might greaſe him in the fiſt,
For which he need not brawl at any bar,
Nor kiſſe the book to be a perjurer;
Who elſe would ſcorne his ſilence to have ſold,
And have his tongue tyed with ſtrings of gold?
Curius is dead, and buried long ſince,
And all that loved golden abſtinence.
Might he not well repine at his old fee,
Would he but ſpare to ſpeake of uſury?
Hirelings enow beſide can be ſo baſe,
Though we ſhould ſcorne each bribing varlet's braſſe:
Yet he and I could ſhun each jealous head,
Sticking our thumbs cloſe to our girdle-ſtead.
Though were they manicled behind our backe,
Another's fiſt can ſerve our fees to take.
Yet purſy Euclio cheerly ſmiling pray'd
That my ſharp words might curtail their ſide trade:
For thouſands beene in every governall
That live by loſſe, and riſe by others fall.
Whatever ſickly ſheepe ſo ſecret dies,
But ſome foule raven hath beſpoke his eyes?
What elſe makes N———, when his lands are ſpent,
Go ſhaking like a threadbare malecontent,
Whoſe bandleſſe bonnet vailes his o'ergrown chin,
And ſullen rags bewray his morphew'd ſkin:
So ſhips he to the wolfiſh weſtern iſle,
Among the ſavage kernes in ſad exile;
Or in the Turkiſh wars at Cæſar's pay
To rub his life out till the lateſt day.
Another ſhifting gallant to forecaſt
To gull his hoſteſs for a month's repaſt,
With ſome gall'd trunk, ballaſt with ſtraw and ſtone,
Left for the pawn of his proviſion.
Had F———'s ſhop layn ſallow but from hence,
His doores cl- ſe ſeal'd, as in ſome peſtilence,
Whiles his light heeles their fearful flight can take,
To get ſome badgeleſſe blue upon his back.
Tocullio was a wealthy uſurer,
Such ſtore of incomes had he every year,
By buſhels was he wont to mete his coine,
As did the old wife of Trimalcion.
Could he do more that finds an idle roome
For many hundreth thouſands on a toombe?
Or who rears up four free-ſchooles in his age
Of his old pillage, and damn'd ſurpluſage?
Yet now he ſwore by that ſweete croſſe he kiſs'd
(That ſilver croſſe, where he had facrific'd
His coveting ſoule, by his deſire's own doome,
Daily to die the devil's martyrdome)
His angels were all flowne up to their ſky,
And had forſooke his naked treaſury.
Farewell, Aſtrea, and her weights of gold,
Untill his lingring calends once be told;
Nought left behind but wax and parchment ſcroles,
Like Lucian's dreame, that ſilver turn'd to coals.
Should'ſt thou him credit that nould credit thee?
Yes, and may'ſt ſweare he ſwore the verity.
The ding-thrift heir, his ſhift-got ſumme miſpent,
Comes drooping like a penleſſe penitent,
And beats his faint fiſt on Tocullio's doore;
It loſt the laſt, and now muſt call for more.
Now hath the ſpider caught a wand'ring fly,
And draws her captive at her cruel thigh:
Soon is his errand read in his pale face,
Which bears dumb characters of every caſe.
So Cyned's duſky cheeke and fiery eye,
And hairleſſe brow, tells where he laſt did lye.
So Matho doth bewray his guilty thought,
While his pale face doth ſay his cauſe is nought.
Seeſt thou the wary angler trayle along
His feeble line, ſoone as ſome pike too ſtrong
Hath ſwallowed the baite that ſcornes the ſhore,
Yet now near-hand cannot reſiſt no more.
So lieth he aloofe in ſmooth pretence,
To hide his rough intended violence;
As he that under name of Chriſtmas cheere
Can ſtarve his tennant's all th' enſuing yeare.
Paper and wax, (God wot!) a weake repay
For ſuch deepe debts and downcaſt ſums as they:
Write, ſeale, deliver, take, go ſpend and ſpeede,
And yet full hardly could his preſent need
Part with ſuch ſum; for but as yeſter-late
Did Furnus offer pen-worths at eaſy-rate,

For ſmall diſburſment; he the bankes hath broke,
And needs mote now ſome further playne o'erlook;
Yet ere he go faine would he be releaſt,
Hye ye, ye ravens, hye you to the feaſt.
Provided that thy lands are left entire,
To be redeem'd or ere thy day expire:
Then ſhalt thou teare thoſe idle paper bonds
That thus had fettered thy pawned lands.
Ah foole! for ſooner ſhalt thou ſell the reſt
Than ſtake ought for thy former intereſt;
When it ſhall grind thy grating gall for ſhame,
To ſee the lands that beare thy grandſire's name
Become a dunghill peaſant's ſummer-hall,
Or lonely hermit's cage inhoſpitall;
A pining gourmand, an imperious ſlave,
An horſe-leech, barren wombe, and gaping grave;
A legal thiefe, a bloodleſſe murtherer,
A fiend incarnate, a falſe uſurer:
Albe ſuch mayne extort ſcorns to be pent
In the clay walls of thatched tenement:
For certes no man of a low degree
May bid two gueſts, or gout, or uſury;
Unleſſe ſome baſe hedge-creeping Collybiſt
Scatters his refuſe ſcraps on whom he liſt
For Eaſter gloves, or for a Shrove-tide hen,
Which bought to give, he takes to ſell again.
I do not meane ſome glozing merchant's ſcate,
That laugheth at the cozened world's deceit,
When as an hundred ſtocks lie in his fiſt,
He leaks and ſinks, and breaketh when he liſt.
But Nummius eas'd the needy gallant's care
With a baſe bargain of his blowen ware
Of fuſted hops, now loſt for lack of ſale,
Or mould brown paper that could nought avail;
Or what he cannot utter otherwiſe,
May pleaſure Fridoline for treble price;
Whiles his falſe broker lieth in the wind,
And for a preſent chapman is aſſign'd,
The cut-throat wretch, for their compacted gaine,
Buys all but for one quarter of the mayne;
Whiles if he chance to break his deare-bought day,
And forfeit, for default of due repay,
His late intangled lands; then, Fridoline,
Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pine.
If Mammon's ſelfe ſhould ever live with men,
Mammon himſelf ſhall be a citizen.

SATIRE VI.

Quid placet ergo?

I wot not how the world's degenerate,
That men or know or like not their eſtate:
Out from the Gades up to th' eaſtern morne,
Not one but holds his native ſtate forlorne.
When comely ſtriplings wiſh it were their chance,
For Cænis diſtaffe to enchange their lance,
And weare curl'd periwigs, and chalk their face,
And ſtill are poring on their pocket-glaſſe.
Tyr'd with pinn'd ruffs and fans, and partlet ſtrips,
And buſks and verdingales about their hips;
And tread on corked ſtilts a priſoner's pace,
And make their napkin for their ſpitting place,
And gripe their waiſt within a narrow ſpan:
Fond Cænis, that would'ſt wiſh to be a man!
Whoſe maniſh houſewives like their refuſe ſtate,
And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,
Who like a cot-queene freezeth at the rock,
Whiles his breech't dame doth man the forren ſtock.
Is't not a ſhame to ſee each homely groome
Sit perched in an idle chariot roome,
That were not meete ſome pannel to beſtride,
Surſingled to a galled hackney's hide?
Each muck-worme will be rich with lawleſſe gaine,
Although he ſmother up mowes of ſeven years graine,
And hang'd himſelf when corne grows cheap again;
Although he buy whole harveſts in the ſpring,
And foyſt in falſe ſtrikes to the meaſuring;
Altho' his ſhop be muffled from the light,
Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian night;
Nor full nor faſting can the carle take reſt,
While his George-Nobles ruſten in his cheſt;
He ſleeps but once, and dreames of burglary,
And wakes, and caſts about his frighted eye,
And gropes for th' eves in ev'ry darker ſhade;
And if a mouſe but ſtirre, he calls for ayde.
The ſturdy ploughman doth the ſoldier ſee
All ſcarſed with py'd colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate,
And now he gins to loathe his former ſtate;
Now doth he inly ſcorne his Kendall-Greene,
And his patch'd cockers now deſpiſed beene;
Nor liſt he now go whiſtling to the carre,
But ſells his teeme, and fetleth to the warre.
O warre! to them that never try'd thee, ſweete!
When his dead mate falls groveling at his feete,
And angry bullets whiſtlen at his eare,
And his dim eyes ſee nought but death and drere.
Oh happy ploughman! were thy weale well knowne:
Oh happy all eſtates, except his own!
Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well ſpent,
If he can live to ſee his name in print;
Who when he is once fleſhed to the preſſe,
And ſees his handfell have ſuch faire ſucceſſe,
Sung to the wheele, and ſung unto the payle,
He ſends forth thraves of ballads to the ſale;
Nor then can reſt, but volumes up bodg'd rhymes,
To have his name talk'd of in future times,
The brain-ſick youth that feeds his tickled eare
With ſweet-ſauc'd lies of ſome falſe traveller,
Which hath the Spaniſh decades read awhile,
Or whet-ſtone leaſings of old Mandeville;
Now with diſcourſes breakes his midnight ſleepe;
Of his adventures through the Indian deepe,
Of all their maſſy heapes of golden mine,
Or of the antique toombes of Paleſtine,
Or of Damaſcus magick wall of glaſſe,
Of Solomon his ſweating piles of braſſe,

Of the bird Ruc that bears an elephant,
Of mermaids that the southerne seas do haunt,
Of headlesse men, of savage cannibals,
The fashions of their lives and governals;
What monstrous cities there erected be,
Cayro, or the city of the Trinity.
Now are they dunghill cocks that have not seene
The bordering Alpes, or else the neighbour Rhine:
And now he plies the newes-full grashopper,
Of voyages and ventures to inquire.
His land mortgag'd, he, sea-beat in the way,
Wishes for home a thousand sighs a day:
And now he deems his home-bred fare as leafe
As his parcht bisket, or his barrel'd beefe.
Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
Oh let me lead an academick life;
To know much, and to think we nothing know;
Nothing to have, yet think we have enowe;
In skill to want, and wanting seek for more;
In weale nor want, nor wish for greater store.
Envy ye monarchs, with your proud excesse,
At our low sayle, and our high happinesse.

SATIRE VII.

POMH PTMH.

Who says these Romish pageants been too high
To be the scorne of sportful poesy?
Certes not all the world such matter wist
As are the seven hills, for a satyrist.
Perdie I loath an hundred Mathoes tongues,
An hundred gamesters shifts, or landlords wrongs,
Or Labeo's poems, or base Lolio's pride,
Or ever what I thought or wrote beside.
When once I think if carping Aquine's spright
To see now Rome, were licenc'd to the light,
How his enraged ghost would stamp and stare,
That Cæsar's throne is turn'd to Peter's chayre;
To see an old shorne Lozell perched high,
Crossing beneath a golden canopy;
The whiles a thousand hairlesse crownes crouch low,
To kisse the precious case of his proud toe;
And for the lordly Fasces borne of old,
To see two quiet crossed keyes of gold,
Or Cybele's shrine, the famous Pantheon's frame,
Turn'd to the honour of our Lady's name.
But that he most would gaze and wonder at,
Is th' horned mitre, and the bloody hat,
The crooked staffe, their coule's strange form and store,
Save that he saw the same in hell before;
To see the broken nuns, with new-shorne heads,
In a blind cloyster tosse their idle beades,
Or louzy coules come smoking from the stewes,
To raise the lewd rent to their lord accrewes,
(Who with ranke Venice doth his pompe advance
By trading of ten thousand courtezans)
Yet backward must absolve a female's sinne,
Like to a false dissembling Theatine,
Who when his skin is red with shirts of male
And rugged haire-cloth scoures his greasy nayle,
Or wedding garment tames his stubborne backe,
Which his hempe girdle dies all blue and black;
Or of his almes-boule three dayes supp'd and din'd,
Trudges to open stewes of either kinde;
Or takes some cardinal's stable in the way,
And with some pampered mule doth weare the day,
Kept for his lord's own saddle when him list.
Come, Valentine, and play the satyrist,
To see poor sucklings welcom'd to the light
With searing irons of some soure Jacobite,
Or golden offers of an aged soole,
To make his coffin some Franciscan's coule;
To see the Pope's blacke knight, a cloaked frere,
Sweating in the channel like a scavengere;
Whom erst thy bowed hamme did lowly greete,
When at the corner-crosse thou didst him meete,
Tumbling his rosaries hanging at his belt,
Or his barretta, or his towred felt:
To see a lazy dumbe Acholithite
Armed against a devout flye's despight,
Which at th' high altar doth the chalice vaile
With a broad flie-flappe of a peacocke's tayle,
The whiles the liquorous priest spits every trice
With longing for his morning sacrifice,
Which he reares up quite perpendiculare,
That the mid church doth spighte the chancel's fare,
Beating their empty mawes that would be fed
With the scant morsels of the sacrists bread:
Would he not laugh to death when he should heare
The shamelesse legends of St. Christopher,
St. George, the Sleepers, or St. Peter's well,
Or of his daughter good St. Petronell?
But had he heard the female father's groane,
Yeaning in mids of her procession;
Or now should see the needlesse tryal-chayre,
(When each is proved by his bastard heyre)
Or saw the churches, and new calendere
Pester'd with mongrel saints and relicks deare,
Should he cry out on Codro's tedious toombes,
When his new rage would ask no narrower roomes?

SATIRES.

BOOK V.

SATIRE I.

Sit pœna merenti.

Pardon, ye glowing cares; needs will it out,
Though brazen walls compaſs'd my tongue about
As thick as wealthy Scrobio's quick-ſet rowes
In the wide common that he did encloſe.
Pull out mine eyes, if I ſhall ſee no vice;
Or let me ſee it with deteſting eyes.
Renowned Aquine, now I follow thee,
Far as I may, for feare of jeopardy;
And to thy hand yield up the ivy-mace
From crabbed Perſius, and more ſmooth Horace;
Or from that ſhrew, the Roman poeteſſe,
That taught her goſſips learned bitterneſſe;
Or Lucile's muſe, whom thou didſt imitate,
Or Menips old, or Paſquillers of late.
Yet name I not Mutius or Tigilline,
Though they deſerve a keener ſtyle than mine;
Nor meane to ranſack up the quiet grave,
Nor burn dead bones, as he example gave.
I taxe the living; let the dead aſhes reſt,
Whoſe faults are dead, and nailed in their cheſt.
Who can refrain that's guiltleſſe of their crime,
Whiles yet he lives in ſuch a cruel time?
When Titio's grounds, that in his grandſire's dayes,
But one pound fine, one penny rent did raiſe,
A ſummer ſnow-ball, or a winter roſe,
Is growne to thouſands, as the world now goes.
So thrift and time ſets other things on floate,
That now his ſonne ſoups in a ſilken coate,
Whoſe grandſire happily, a poore hungry ſwaine,
Begg'd ſome caſt abbey in the church's wayne:
And but for that, whatever he may vaunt,
Who knows a monk had been a mendicant?
While freezing Matho, that for one lean fee
Won't term each term the term of Hillary,
May now, inſtead of thoſe his ſimple fees,
Get the fee-ſimples of faire manneries.
What, did he counterfeat his prince's hand,
For ſome ſtreave lordſhip of concealed land?
Or on each Michael and Lady-day,
Tooke he deepe forfeits for an hour's delay?
And gain'd no leſſe by ſuch injurious brawl,
Than Gamius by his ſixth wife's burial?
Or hath he wonne ſome wider intereſt,
By hoary charters from his grandſire's cheſt,
Which late ſome bribed ſcribe, for ſlender wage,
Writ in the characters of another age;
That Plowdon ſelfe might ſtammer to rehearſe,
Whoſe date o'erlooks three centuries of years.
Who ever yet the tracks of weale ſo try'd,
But there hath been one beaten way beſide?
He, when he lets a leaſe for life, or yeares,
(As never he doth until the date expires;
For when the full ſtate in his fiſt doth lie,
He may take vantage of the vacancy)
His fine affords ſo many treble pounds
As he agreeth yeares to leaſe his grounds:
His rent in fair reſpondence muſt ariſe
To double trebles of his one yeare's priee.
Of one baye's breadth, God wot! a ſilly coate,
Whoſe thatched ſpars are furr'd with fluttiſh ſoote
A whole inch thick, ſhining like black-moor's brows,
Through ſmoke that down the headleſſe barrel blows.
At his bed's feet feeden his ſtalled teeme;
His ſwine beneath, his pullen o'er the beame.
A ſtarved tenement, ſuch as I gueſſe
Stands ſtraggling in the waſtes of Holderneſſe;
Or ſuch as ſhiver on a Peake hill ſide,
When March's lungs beate on their turf-clad hide,
Such as nice Lipſius would grudge to ſee
Above his lodging in wild Weſtphalye;
Or as the Saxon king his court might make,
When his ſides playned of the neat-heard's cake.
Yet muſt he haunt his greedy landlord's hall
With often preſents at each feſtival:
With crammed capons every New-yeares morne,
Or with green cheeſes when his ſheep are ſhorne:

Or many maunds full of his mellow fruite,
To make some way to win his weighty suite.
Whom cannot gifts at last cause to relent,
Or to win favour, or flee punishment?
When griple patrons turn their sturdie steele
To waxe, when they the golden flame do feele:
When grand Mæcenas casts a glavering eye
On the cold present of a poesy:
And left he might more frankly take than give,
Gropes for a French crowne in his empty sleeve.
Thence Clodius hopes to set his shoulders free
From the light burden of his Napery.
The smiling landlord shewes a sun-shine face,
Feigning that he will grant him further grace,
And leers like Æsop's foxe upon a crane
Whose neck he craves for his chirurgian:
So lingers off the lease until the last,
What recks he then of paines or promise past?
Was ever feather, or fond woman's mind
More light than words? the blasts of idle wind!
What's sib or fire, to take the gentle slip,
And in th' exchequer ret for suretyship?
Or thence thy starved brother live and die,
Within the cold Coal harbour sanctuary?
Will one from Scots-bank bid but one groate more,
My old tenant may be turned out of doore,
Though much he spent in th' rotten roof's repaire,
In hope to have it left unto his heir:
Though many a load of marle and manure layd,
Reviv'd his barren leas, that erst lay dead.
Were he as Furius, he would defy
Such pilfering slips of petty landlordry:
And might dislodge whole colonies of poore,
And lay their roose quite level with the sloore,
Whiles yet he gives as to a yielding fence,
Their bag and baggage to his citizens,
And ships them to the new-nam'd Virgin-lond,
Or wilder Wales where never wight yet wonn'd.
Would it not vex thee where thy sires did keep,
To see the dunged folds of dag-tayl'd sheep?
And ruin'd house where holy things were said,
Whose free-stone walls the thatched roose upbraid,
Whose shrill saint's bell hangs on his lovery,
While the rest are damned to the plumbery?
Yet pure devotion lets the steeple stand,
And idle battlements on either hand:
Lest that, perhaps, were all those relicks gone,
Furius his sacrilege could not be knowne.

SATIRE II.

Heis quærite Trojam.

House-keeping's dead, Saturio, wot'st thou where?
Forsooth they say far hence in Breckneckshire.
And ever since, they say that feel and taste,
That men may breck their neck soon as their fast.
Certes, if pity dy'd at Chaucer's date,
He liv'd a widower long behind his mate:
Save that I see some rotten bed-rid fire,
Which to outstrip the nonage of his heire,
Is cramm'd with golden broths, and drugs of price,
And each day dying lives, and living dies;
Till once surviv'd his wardship's laten eve,
His eyes are clos'd, with choice to die or live.
Plenty and He dy'd both in that same yeare,
When the sad sky did shed so many a teare.
And now, who list not of his labour faile,
Mark with Saturio my friendly tale.
Along thy way thou canst not but descry
Fair glittering halls to tempt the hopeful eye,
Thy right eye 'gins to leap for vaine delight,
And surbeat toes to tickle at the sight;
As greedy T—— when in the sounding mould
He finds a shining potshard tip'd with gold;
For never syren tempts the pleased eares,
As these the eye of fainting passengers.
All is not so that seemes, for surely then
Matrona should not be a courtezan;
Smooth Chrysalus should not be rich with fraud,
Nor honest R—— be his own wife's bawd.
Look not asquint, nor stride across the way
Like some demurring Alcide to delay;
But walk on cheerly, till thou have espy'd
Saint Peter's finger at the church-yard side.
But wilt thou needs when thou art warn'd so well
Go see who in so garish walls doth dwell?
There findest thou some stately Dorick frame,
Or neat Ionick worke;——
Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,
That overcroweth all the world beside.
Which rear'd to raise the crazy monarch's fame,
Strives for a court and for a college name;
Yet nought within but lousy coules doth hold,
Like a scabb'd cuckow in a cage of gold.
So pride above doth shade the shame below;
A golden periwig on a black moor's brow.
When Mævio's first page of his poesy,
Nail'd to an hundred postes for novelty,
With his big title an Italian mot,
Layes siege unto the backward buyer's groat;
Which all within is drafty sluttish geere,
Fit for the oven, or the kitchen fire.
So this gay gate adds fuel to thy thought,
That such proud piles were never rais'd for nought.
Beat the broad gates a goodly hollow sound
With double echoes doth again rebound;
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
Nor churlish porter canst thou chasing see:
All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite.
The marble pavement hid with desart weed,
With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock feed:
But if thou chance cast up thy wond'ring eyes,
Thou shalt discern upon the frontispiece
ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ graven up on high,
A fragment of old Plato's poesy:
The meaning is "Sir foole ye may be gone,
"Go back by leave, for way here lieth none."
Look to the tow'red chimnies which should be
The windpipes of good hospitality,
Through which it breatheth to the open aire,
Betokening life, and liberal welfare;
Lo! there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,
And fills the tunnell with her circled nest;
Nor half that smoke from all his chimnies goes
Which one tobacco pipe drives through his nose.

So raw-bone hunger ſcorns the mudded walls,
And 'gins to revel it in lordly halls.
So the black prince is broken looſe againe
That ſaw no ſunne ſave once (as ſtories ſaine)
That once was, when in Trinacry I weene
He ſtole the daughter of the harveſt queene,
And gript the mawes of barren Sicily
With long conſtraint of pineful penury;
And they that ſhould reſiſt his ſecond rage,
Have pent themſelves up in the private cage
Of ſome blind lane, and there they lurk unknowne
Till th' hungry tempeſt once be overblowne:
Then like the coward after neighbour's fray,
They creep forth boldly, and aſk, Where are they?
Meanwhile the hunger ſtarv'd appurtenance
Muſt bide the brunt, whatever ill miſchance:
Grim Famine ſits in their ſore-pined face,
All full of angles of unequal ſpace,
Like to the plane of many ſided ſquares,
That wont be drawne out by geometars;
So ſharp and meager that who ſhould them ſee
Would ſwear they lately came from Hungary.
When their braſſe pans and winter coverlid
Have wip'd the maunger of the horſe's bread,
Oh me! what odds there ſeemeth 'twixt their cheer
And the ſwolne bezzle at an alehouſe fire,
That tonnes in gallons to his burſten paunch,
Whoſe ſlimy draughts his drought can never ſtaunch?
For ſhame, ye gallants! grow more hoſpital,
And turn your needleſſe wardrobe to your hall.
As laviſh Virro that keeps open doores,
Like Janus in the warres,——
Except the twelve days, or the wake-day feaſt,
What time he needs muſt be his couſin's gueſt.
Philene hath bid him, can he chooſe but come?
Who ſhould pull Virro's ſleeve to ſtay at home?
All yeare beſides who mealtime can attend:
Come Trebius, welcome to the table's end.
What though he chires on purer manchet's crowne,
While his kind client grindes on blacke and browne,
A jolly rounding of a whole foot broad,
From off the mong-corne heap ſnall Trebius load.
What though he quaffe pure amber in his bowle
Of March brew'd wheat, yet ſleeks my thirſting foul
With paliſh oat, frothing in Boſton clay,
Or in a ſhallow cruiſe, nor muſt that ſtay
Within thy reach, for feare of thy craz'd braine,
But call and crave, and have thy cruiſe againe:
Elſe how ſhould even tale be regiſtred,
Or all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrel's head?
And if he liſt revive his heartleſs graine
With ſome French grape, or pure Canarſane
When pleaſing Bourdeaux falls into his lot,
Some ſow'riſh Rochelle cuts thy thirſting throate.
What though himſelfe craveth his welcome friend
With a cool'd pittance from his trencher's end,
Muſt Trebius' lip hang toward his trencher ſide?
Nor kiſſe his fiſt to take what doth betide?
What though to ſpare thy teeth he employs thy tongue
In buſy queſtions all the dinner long?
What though the ſcornful waiter lookes aſkile,
And pouts and frowns, and curſeth thee the while,
And takes his farewell with a jealous eye,
At every morſell he his laſt ſhall ſee?
And if but one exceed the common ſize,
Or make an hillock in thy checke ariſe,
Or if perchance thou ſhouldeſt, ere thou wiſt,
Hold thy knife upright in thy griped fiſt,
Or ſitteſt double on thy backward ſeat,
Or with thine elbow ſhad'ſt thy ſhared meat,
He laughs thee, in his fellow's eare to ſcorne,
And aſks aloud, where Trebius was borne?
Though the third ſewer takes thee quite away
Without a ſtaffe, when thou would'ſt longer ſtay,
What of all this? Is't not enough to ſay,
I din'd at Virro his owne board to-day?

SATIRE III.

KOINA ΦΙΛΩΝ.

The ſatire ſhould be like the porcupine,
That ſhoots ſharp quills out in each angry line,
And wounds the bluſhing checke, and fiery eye,
Of him that hears, and readeth guiltily.
Ye antique ſatires, how I bleſſe your dayes,
That brook'd your bolder ſtile, their own diſpraiſe,
And well near wiſh, yet joy my wiſh is vaine,
I had been then, or they been now againe!
For now our eares been of more brittle mold,
Than thoſe dull earthen eares that were of old:
Sith theirs, like anvils, bore the hammer's head,
Our glaſſe can never touch unſhivered.
But from the aſhes of my quiet ſtile
Henceforth may riſe ſome raging rough Lucile,
That may with Æſchylus both find and leeſe
The ſnaky treſſes of th' Eumenides:
Meanwhile, ſufficeth me, the world may ſay
That I theſe vices loath'd another day,
Which I hane done with as devout a cheere
As he that rounds Poul's pillars in the yeare,
Or bends his ham downe in the naked quire.
'Twas ever ſaid, Frontine, and ever ſeene,
That golden clerkes but wooden lawyers been.
Could ever wiſe man wiſh, in good eſtate,
The uſe of all things indiſcriminate?
Who wots not yet how well this did beſeeme
The learned maſter of the academe?
Plato is dead, and dead is his device, [wiſe,
Which ſome thought witty, none thought ever
Yet certes Mæcha is a Platoniſt
To all, they ſay, ſave whoſo do not liſt;
Becauſe her huſband, a far traficK'd man,
Is a profeſs'd Peripatecian.
And ſo our grandſires were in ages paſt,
That let their lands lie all ſo widely waſte,
That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent
Within ſome province, or whole ſhire's extent.
As nature made the earth, ſo did it lie,
Save for the furrowes of their huſbandry;
Whenas the neighboor lands ſo couched layne
That all hore ſhew of one fair champian:
Some headleſſe croſſe they digged on their lea,
Or roll'd ſome marked meare-ſtone in the way.

Poor ſimple men! for what mought that availe,
That my field might not fill my neighbour's payle,
More than a pilled ſtick can ſtand in ſtead,
To bar Cynedo from his neighbour's bed;
More than the thread-bare client's poverty
Debars th' attorney of his wonted fee?
If they were thriftleſſe, mought not we amend,
And with more care our dangered fields defend?
Each man can guard what thing he deemeth deare,
As fearful merchants do their female heir,
Which, were it not for promiſe of their wealth,
Need not be ſtalled up for fear of ſtealth;
Would rather ſtick upon the bellman's cries,
Though proffer'd for a branded Indian's price.
Then raiſe we muddy bulwarks on our banks,
Beſet around with treble quick ſet ranks;
Or if thoſe walls be over weak a ward,
The ſquared bricke may be a better guard.
Go to, my thrifty yeoman, and upreare
A brazen wall to ſhend thy land from feare.
Do ſo; and I ſhall praiſe thee all the while,
So be thou ſtake not up the common ſtyle;
So be thou hedge in nought but what's thine owne;
So be thou pay what tithes thy neighbours done;
So be thou let not lie in fallow'd plaine
That which was wont yield uſury of graine.
But when I ſee thy pitched ſtakes do ſtand
On thy incroached piece of common land,
Whiles thou diſcommoneſt thy neighbour's kyne,
And warn'ſt that none feed on thy field ſave thine;
Brag no more, Scrobius, of thy mudded bankes,
Nor thy deep ditches, nor three quickſet rankes.
O happy dayes of old Ducalion,
When one was landlord of the world alone!
But now whoſe choler would not riſe to yield
A peaſant halfe ſtakes of his new mown field,
Whiles yet he may not for the treble price
Buy out the remnant of his royalties?
Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,
Scorne thou to live, if others live beſide;
And trace proud Caſtile that aſpires to be
In his old age a young fifth monarchy:
Or the red hat that cries the luckleſſe mayne,
For wealthy Thames to change his lowly Rhine.

SATIRE IV.

Poſſunt, quia poſſe videntur.

Villius, the wealthy farmer, left his heire
Twice twenty ſterling pounds to ſpend by yeare:
The neighbours praiſen Villio's hide-bound ſonne,
And ſay it was a goodly portion.
Not knowing how ſome merchants dow'r can riſe,
By Sunday's tale to fifty centuries;
Or to weigh downe a leaden bride with gold,
Worth all that Matho bought, or Pontice ſold.
But whiles ten pound goes to his wife's new gowne,
Nor little leſſe can ſerve to ſuit his owne;
Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting-man,
Or buys an hoode, or ſilver handled fanne,
Or hires a Friezeland trotter, halfe yard deepe,
To drag his tumbrell through the ſtaring Cheape;
Or whiles he rideth with two liveries,
And's treble rated at the ſubſidies;
One end a kennel keeps of thriftleſſe hounds;
What think ye reſts of all my younker's pounds
To diet him, or deal out at his doore,
To coffer up, or ſtocke his waſting ſtore?
If then I reckon'd right, it ſhould appeare
That forty pounds ſerve not the farmer's heire.

SATIRES.

BOOK VI.

SATIRE I.

Semel insanivimus.

Labeo reserves a long naile for the nonce,
To wound my margeant through ten leaves at once,
Much worse than Aristarchus his blacke pile
That pierc'd old Homer's side;———
And makes such faces that me seems I see
Some foul Megæra in the tragedy,
Threat'ning her twined snakes at Tantale's ghost;
Or the grim visage of some frowning post
The crabtree porter of the Guildhall gates;
While he his frightful beetle elevates,
His angry eyne look all so glaring bright,
Like th' hunted badger in a moonlesse night:
Or like a painted staring Saracen;
His cheeks change hue like th' air-fed vermin skin,
Now red, now pale, and swol'n above his eyes
Like to the old Colossian imageries.
But when he doth of my recanting heare,
Away ye angry fires, and frosts of feare,
Give place unto his hopeful temper'd thought
That yields to peace, ere ever peace be sought:
Then let me now repent me of my rage
For writing satires in so righteous age.
Whereas I should have stroak'd her tow'rdly head,
And cry'd *euoe* in my satires stead;
Sith now not one of thousand does amisse,
Was never age I weene so pure as this.
As pure as old Labulla from the banes,
As pure as through faire channels when it raines;
As pure as is a black moor's face by night,
As dung-clad skin of dying Heraclite.
Seeke over all the world, and tell me where
Thou find'st a proud man, or a flatterer;
A thief, a drunkard, or a paricide,
A lecher, liar, or what vice beside?
Merchants are no whit covetous of late,
Nor make no mart of time, gain of deceit.
Patrons are honest now, o'er they of old,
Can now no benefice be bought or sold?
Give him a gelding, or some two yeares tithe,
For he all bribes and simony defy'th.
Is not one pick-thank stirring in the court,
That seld was free till now, by all report.
But some one, like a claw-back parasite,
Pick'd mothes from his master's cloake in sight,
Whiles he could pick out both his eyes for need,
Mought they but stand him in some better stead.
Nor now no more smell-feast Vitellio
Smiles on his master for a meal or two,
And loves him in his maw, loaths in his heart,
Yet soothes, and yeas and nays on either part.
Tattelius, the new-come traveller,
With his disguised coate and ringed eare,
Trampling the bourse's marble twice a day,
Tells nothing but stark truths I dare well say;
Nor would he have them known for any thing,
Though all the vault of his loud murmuring.
Not one man tells a lie of all the yeare,
Except the Almanack or Chronicler.
But not a man of all the damned crew,
For hills of gold would sweare the thing untrue.
Pansophus now, though all in the cold sweat,
Dares venture through the feared castle-gate,
Albe the faithful oracles have foresayne,
The wisest senator shall there be slaine:
That made him long keepe home as well it might,
Till now he hopeth of some wiser wight.
The vale of Standgate, or the Suter's hill,
Or westerne plaine are free from feared ill.
Let him that hath nought, feare nought I areed:
But he that hath ought hye him, and God speed.
Nor drunken Dennis doth, by breake of day,
Stumble into blind taverns by the way,
And reel me homeward at the ev'ning starre,
Or ride more eas'ly in his neighbour's chayre.
Well might these cheeks have fitted former times,
And shoulder'd angry Skelton's breathlesse rhymes.

Ere Chryſalus had barr'd the common boxe,
Which erſt he pick'd to ſtore his private ſtocks;
But now hath all with vantage paid againe,
And locks and plates what doth behind remaine:
When erſt our dry foul'd fires ſo laviſh were,
To charge whole boots-full to their friends welfare;
Now ſhalt thou never ſee the ſalt beſet
With a big-bellied gallon flagonet.
Of an ebbe cruiſe muſt thirſty Silen ſip,
That's all foreſtalled by his upper lip;
Somewhat it was that made his paunch ſo peare,
His girdle ſell ten inches in a yeare.
Or when old gouty bed-rid Euclio
To his officious factor fair could ſhew
His name in margent of ſome old caſt bill,
And ſay, Lo! whom I named in my will,
Whiles he believes, and looking for the ſhare
Tendeth his cumbrous charge with buſy care
For but a while; for now he ſure will die,
By his ſtrange qualme of liberality.
Great thanks he gives—but God him ſhield and ſave
From ever gaining by his maſter's grave:
Only live long and he is well repaid,
And wets his forced cheeks while thus he ſaid;
Some ſtrong ſmell'd onion ſhall ſtir his eyes
Rather than no ſalt teares ſhall then ariſe.
So looks he like a marble toward raine,
And wrings and ſnites, and weeps, and wipes again:
Then turns his back and ſmiles, and looks aſkance,
Seas'ning again his ſorrow'd countenance;
Whiles yet he wearies heav'n with daily cries,
And backward death with devout ſacrifice,
That they would now his tedious ghoſt bereav'n,
And wiſhes well, that wiſh'd no worſe than heav'n.
When Zoylus was ſicke, he knew not where,
Save his wrough nigt-cap, and lawn pillowbear.
Kind fooles! they made him ſick that made him fine;
Take thoſe away, and there's his medicine.
Or Gellia wore a velvet maſtick-patch
Upon her temples when no tooth did ache;
When beauty was her rheume I ſoon eſpy'd,
Nor could her plaiſter cure her of her pride.
Theſe vices were, but now they ceas'd off long:
Then why did I a righteous age that wrong?
I would repent me were it not too late,
Were not the angry world prejudicate.
If all the ſeven penitential
Or thouſand white wands might me ought availe;
If Trent or Thames could ſcoure my foule offence
And ſet me in my former innocence,
I would at laſt repent me of my rage:
Now, bear my wrong, I thine, O righteous age.
As for fine wits, an hundred thouſand fold
Paſſeth our age whatever times of old.
For in that puiſne world, our fires of long
Could hardly wag their too unwieldy tongue.
As pined crowes and parrots can do now,
When hoary age did bend their wrinkled brow:
And now of late did many a learned man
Serve thirty years prenticeſhip with Priſcian;
But now can every novice ſpeake with eaſe
The far-fetch'd language of th' Antipodes.
Would'ſt thou the tongues that erſt were learned right,
Though our wiſe age hath wip'd them of their right;
Would'ſt thou the courtly three in moſt requeſt,
Or the two barbarous neighbours of the Weſt?
Bibinus ſelfe can have ten tongues in one,
Though in all ten not one good tongue alone.
And can deep ſkill lie ſmothering within,
Whiles neither ſmoke nor flame diſcerned bin?
Shall it not be a wild fig in a wall,
Or fired brimſtone in a minerall?
Do thou diſdain, O ever-learned age!
The tongue-ty'd ſilence of that Samian ſage:
Forth ye fine wits and ruſh into the preſſe,
And for the cloyed world your works addreſſe.
Is not a gnat, nor fly, nor ſeely ant,
But a fine wit can make an elephant.
Should Bandell's throſtle die without a ſong,
Or Adamantius, my dog, be laid along,
Downe in ſome ditch without his exequies,
Or epitaphs, or mournful elegies?
Folly itſelf, and baldneſſe may be prais'd,
And ſweet conceits from filthy objects rais'd.
What do not fine wits dare to undertake?
What dare not fine wits do for honour's ſake?
But why doth Balbus his dead doing quill
Parch in his ruſty ſcabbard all the while;
His golden fleece o'ergrowne with mouldy hoare
And though he had his witty works forſwore?
Belike of late now Balbus hath no need,
Nor now belike his ſhrinking ſhoulders dread
The catch-poll's fiſt—The preſſe may ſtill remaine
And breathe, till Balbus be in debt againe.
Soon may that be! ſo I had ſilent beene,
And not this rak'd up quiet crimes unſeen.
Silence is ſafe, when ſaying ſtirreth ſore,
And makes the ſtirred puddle ſtink the more.
Shall the controller of proud Nemeſis
In lawleſſe rage upbraid each other's vice,
While no man ſeeketh to reflect the wrong,
And curb the raunge of his miſruly tongue?
By the two crownes of Parnaſſe ever-green,
And by the cloven head of Hippocrene
As I true poet am, I here avow
(So ſolemnly kiſs'd he his laurell bough)
If that bold ſatire unrevenged be
For this ſo ſaucy and foule injury.
So Labeo weens it my eternal ſhame
To prove I never earn'd a poet's name.
But would I he a poet if I might,
To rub my browes three days and wake three nights,
And bite my nails, and ſcratch my dullard head,
And curſe the backward Muſes on my bed
About one peeviſh ſyllable; which out-ſought
I take up Tales joy, ſave for fore-thought
How it ſhall pleaſe each ale-knight's cenſuring eye,
And hang'd my head for fear they deem awry:
While thread-bare Martiall turns his merry note
To beg of Rufus a caſt winter coate;
While hungry Marot leapeth at a beane,
And dieth like a ſtarved Cappuchein;
Go Arioſt, and gape for what may fall
From trencher of a flattering cardinall;

And if thou getteſt but a pedant's fee,
Thy bed thy board, and courſer livery,
O honour far beyond a brazen ſhrine,
To ſit with Tarleton on an ale poſt's ſigne!
Who had but lived in Auguſtus' dayes,
'Thad been ſome honour to be crown'd with bayes;
When Lucan ſtretched on his marble bed
To think of Cæſar, and great Pompey's deed:
Or when Achelaus ſhav'd his mourning head,
Soon as he heard Steſichorus was dead.
At leaſt, would ſome good body of the reſt
Set a gold pen on their baye-wreathed creſt;
Or would their face in ſtamped coin expreſſe,
As did the Mytelens their poeteſſe.
Now as it is, beſhrew him if he might,
That would his browes with Cæſar's laurell dight.
Though what ail'd me, I might not well as they
Rake up ſome furworne tales that ſmother'd lay
In chimney corners ſmoak'd with winter fires,
To read and rock aſleep our drowſy fires?
No man his threſhold better knowes, than I
Brute's firſt arrival, and firſt victory;
Saint George's forrell, or his croſſe of blood,
Arthur's round board, or Caledonian wood,
Or holy battles of bold Charlemaine,
What were his knights did Salen's ſiege maintaine;
How the mad rival of faire Angelice
Was phyſick'd from the new-found paradiſe.
High ſtories they, which with their ſwelling ſtraine
Have riven Frontoc's broad rehearſal plaine.
But ſo to fill up books, both backe and ſide,
What needs it? Are there not enow beſide?
O age well thriven and well fortunate,
When each man hath a muſe apropriate;
And ſhe, like to ſome ſervile eare-bor'd ſlave
Muſt play and ſing when and what he'd have!
Would that were all—ſmall fault in number lies,
Were not the feare from whence it ſhould ariſe.
But can it be ought but a ſpurious ſeed
That growes ſo riſe in ſuch unlikely ſpeed?
Sith Pontian left his barren wife at home,
And ſpent two years at Venice and at Rome,
Returned, hears his bleſſing aſk'd of three,
Cries out, O Julian law! adultery!
Though Labeo reaches right (who can deny?)
The true ſtrains of heroick poeſy:
For he can tell how fury reft his ſenſe,
And Phœbus fill'd him with intelligence.
He can implore the heathen deities
To guide his bold and buſy enterprize;
Or filch whole pages at a clap for need
From honeſt Petrarch, clad in Engliſh weed;
Wile big *but eh's!* each ſtanza can begin,
Whoſe trunk and taile ſluttiſh and heartleſſe been,
He knowes the grace of that new elegance,
Which ſweet Philiſides fetch'd of late from France,
That well beſeem'd his high-ſtil'd Arcady,
Though others marre it with much liberty,
In epithets to joine two wordes in one
Forſooth, for adjectives can't ſtand alone:
As a great poet could of Bacchus ſay,
That he was *Semele-ſemori-gena.*
Laſtly he names the ſpirit of Aſtrophel;
Now hath not Labeo done wondrous well?
But ere his Muſe her weapon learn to wield,
Or dance a ſober pirrhicke in the field,
Or marching wade in blood up to the knees,
Her *arma virum* goes by two degrees,
The ſheepe-cote firſt hath beene her uurſery
Where ſhe hath worne her idle infancy,
And in high ſtartups walk'd the paſtur'd plaines,
To tend her taſked herd that there remaines,
And winded ſtill a pipe of oate or breare,
Striving for wages who the praiſe ſhall beare;
As did whilere the homely Carmelite,
Following Virgil, and he Theocrite;
Or elſe hath beene in Venus' chamber train'd
To play with Cupid, till ſhe had attain'd
To comment well upon a beauteous face,
Then was ſhe fit for an heroic place;
As witty Pontan in great earneſt ſaid,
His miſtreſs' breaſts were like two weights of lead.
Another thinks her teeth might liken'd be
To two faire rankes of pales of ivory,
To fence in ſure the wild beaſt of her tongue,
From either going far, or going wrong;
Her grinders like two chalk-ſtones in a mill,
Which ſhall with time and wearing waxe as ill
As old Catillaes, which wont every night
Lay up her holy pegs till next day-light,
And with them grind ſoft-ſimpring all the day,
When, leſt her laughter ſhould her gums bewray,
Her hands muſt hide her mouth if ſhe but ſmile;
Faine would ſhe ſeeme all frixe and frolicke ſtill.
Her forehead faire is like a brazen hill
Whoſe wrinkled furrows which her age doth breed
Are dawbed full of Venice chalke for need:
Her eyes like ſilver ſaucers faire beſet
With ſhining amber, and with ſhady let,
Her lids like Cupid's bow caſe, where he hides
The weapons that doth wound the wanton ey'd:
Her chin like Pindus, or Parnaſſus hill,
Where down deſcends th' o'erflowing ſtream doth fill
The well of her faire mouth.—Each hath his praiſe.
Who would not but wed poets now a dayes!

ELEGY ON DR. WHITAKER*.

Bind ye my browes with mourning cypariſſe,
And paliſh twigs of deadlie poplar tree,
Or if ſome ſadder ſhades ye can deviſe,
Thoſe ſadder ſhades vaile my light-loathing eie:
I loath the laurel-bandes I loved beſt,
And all that maketh mirth and pleaſant reſt.

If ever breath diſſolv'd the world to teares,
Or hollow cries made heaven's vault reſound:
If ever ſhrieks were founded out ſo cleare,
That all the worlds waſt might heare around: [cries,
Be mine the breath, the teares, the ſhrikes, the
Yet ſtill my griefe unſeene, unfounded lies.

Thou flattering Sun, that ledſt this loathed light,
Why didſt thou in thy ſaffron-robes ariſe?
Or foldſt not up the day in drearie night?
And wakſt the weſterne worldes amazed eies?
And never more riſe from the ocean,
To make the morn, or chaſe night-ſhades again.

Heare we no bird of day, or dawning morne,
To greet the ſun, or glad the waking eare:
Sing out ye ſcrich-owles lowder then aforne,
And ravens blacke of night; of death of driere:
And all ye barking foules yet never ſeene,
That fill the moonleſſe night with hideous din.

Now ſhall the wanton Devils daunce in rings
In everie mode, and everie heath hore:
The Elviſh Faeries, and the Gobelins:
The hoofed Satyres ſilent heretofore:
Religion, Vertue, Muſes, holie mirth
Have now forſworne the late forſaken earth.

The Prince of Darkneſſe gins to tyrannize,
And reare up cruel trophees of his rage:
Faint earth through her deſpairing cowardice
Yields up herſelfe to endleſſe vaſſalage: [Hell,
What Champion now ſhall tame the power of
And the unrulie ſpirits overquell?

The world's praiſe, the pride of Nature's proofe,
Amaze of times, hope of our faded age:

Religions hold, Earth's choice, and Heaven's love,
Patterne of Vertue, patron of Muſes ſage:
All theſe and more were Whitaker's alone,
Now they in him, and he and all are gone.

Heaven, Earth, Nature, Death, and every Fate,
Thus ſpoild the careleſſe world of woonted joy:
Whiles each repin'd at others pleaſing ſtate,
And all agreed to work the world's annoy:
Heaven ſtrove with Earth, Deſtiny gave the doome,
That Death ſhould Earth and Nature overcome.

Earth takes one part, when forced Nature ſendes
The ſoul, to flit into the yeelding ſkie;
Sorted by death into their fatal ends,
Foreſeene, foreſett from all eternitie:
Deſtinie by Death ſpoyl'd feeble Natures frame,
Earth was deſpoyl'd when Heaven overcame.

Ah, coward Nature, and more cruell Death,
Envying Heaven, and unworthy mold,
Unweildy carkaſſe and unconſtant breath,
That did ſo lightly leave your living hold:
How have ye all conſpir'd our hopeleſſe ſpight,
And wrapt us up in Griefes eternall night.

Baſe Nature yeeldes, imperious Death commaundes.
Heaven deſires, durſt lowly duſt denie?
The Fates decreed, no mortall might withſtand,
The ſpirit leaves his load, and lets it lie.
The fenceleſſe corpes corrupts in ſweeter clay,
And waytes for worms to waſte it quite away.

Now ginne your triumphes, Death and Deſtinies,
And let the trembling world witneſſe your waſt:
Now let blacke Orphney raiſe his gaſtly neighes,
And trample high, and helliſh ſome outcaſt:
Shake he the earth and teare the hollow ſkies,
That all may feele and feare your victories.

And after your triumphant chariot,
Drag the pale corpes that thus you did to die,
To ſhew what goodly conqueſts ye have got,
To fright the world, and fill the woondring eie:
Millions of lives, of deaths no conqueſt were,
Compared with one onely Whitakere.

* King's profeſſor, and maſter of St. John's College, Cambridge; he died in 1595. This elegy was annexed to the "Carmen Funebre Caroli Hovni, 1596." and is now reprinted from Nichols's "Select Collection of Poems," 8 vols. 12mo. Lond. 1780.

But thou, O ſoule, ſhalt laugh at their deſpite,
Sitting beyond the mortal mans extent,
All in the boſome of that bleſſed ſpright:
Which the great God for thy ſafe conduct ſent,
He through the circling ſpheares taketh his flight,
And cuts the ſolid ſkie with ſpirituall might.

Open ye golden gates of Paradiſe,
Open ye wide unto a welcome ghoſt:
Enter, O ſoule, into thy boure of bliſſe,
Through all the throng of Heaven's hoaſt:
Which ſhall with triumph gard thee as thou go'ſt
With pſalmes of conqueſt and with crownes of coſt.

Seldome had ever ſoule ſuch entertaines,
With ſuch ſweet hymnes, and ſuch a glorious crowne.
Nor with ſuch joy amids the heavenly traines,
Was ever led to his Creator's throne:
There now he lives, and ſees his Saviour's face,
And ever ſings ſweet ſongs unto his grace.

Meanewhile, the memorie of his mightie name,
Shal live as long as aged earth ſhal laſt:
Enrolled on berill walles of fame,
Ay ming'd, ay mourn'd: and wiſhed oft in waſt.
Is this to die, to live for evermore.
A double life: that neither liv'd afore?

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